

JILLICIOUS EROTICA

Stories of Family Love



Erotic Incest Fantasy Fiction

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Introduction

A collection of incest stories mostly dealing with sibling love. The intent of my stories is to explore the emotional as well as sexual aspects of such relationships. These are intended to be short stories for a quick read. There are a few longer and unfinished stories included as well. They will be finished as time permits with this file updated as necessary.

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Vegas Vacation

A gentle breeze blew across my forehead; a nice respite from the sweltering heat of Las Vegas. My brother, Matt, and I had talked for years about coming to Vegas one day. A dream vacation for each of us. For years we had been putting it off due to one reason or another. I wasn't prepared for this impulsive trip. As far as I knew we were going to a movie. Instead, Matt started driving, away from the movie theater and towards Vegas.

We arrived just in time to see the sun set. The darkening sky contained a beautiful shade of pink which stretched across the horizon. In spite of our haste we were unable to see the Bellagio fountains spray jets of air across this perfect sunset. Instead we simply watched them in the dark of night with their artificial lights.

"Did you like that Chrissy?" Matt asked.

"Yeah, that was pretty. I'm glad I got to see it," I replied.

"Well, I'm going to use the restroom. Don't go too far. We still need to get a hotel room."

"I'll just stay right here," I told Matt as he walked away.

Mere seconds passed before I heard his voice. A New Jersey pronunciation with a mobster like idiom. "Hey, you pretty thing," he said.

I looked over and saw a man standing next to me. His hair was slicked back with what seemed to be an entire can of moose. His forehead wrinkled from his expression which appeared to be a mix between anticipation and lustful desire. I would like to say I was looking up at him but that would not be the case. He was a short and stocky fellow who reeked of Old Spice. Oh yeah, this guy was a little creepy but I answered him anyways. "Um, hi."

"Will your boyfriend be jealous if he sees you flirting with me?" he asked.

"He isn't my boyfriend, so probably not," I said.

"Well, then who is this man who graces such a beautiful sight?"

"My brother; he might be a little jealous to find a creepy guy like you talking to me."

"Oh babe, why have you got to be so rude? I am only trying to make a friend here. By the way, my name is Frank. And you are making that difficult," he responded to me which followed with a rather awkward pause. "So babe, whats your price?"

"Excuse me?"

"I said what's your price? Everyone has a price. How much money will it take to get you into bed?"

"I'm not a whore."

"Now don't take this wrong, baby. I never said you were a whore. Every woman has a price. Some women want marriage, some want a new car, others just need dinner. Then there are those special women who only need one drink. So I ask again, what is your price?"

"I would never sleep with you."

"How much just to watch you do the deed? A thousand? Two thousand?"

I sneered at him, "Not even close."

"Da-a-a-amn, baby. You sure know how to turn a guy down. What about ten thousand?"

"Ten thousand? You may be getting close to watching," I replied.

"I'll give you fifteen thousand if you let me watch your brother," he said.

"Not a fucking chance. I wouldn't fuck my brother for even a hundred thousand," I told him.

"Now your talkin'," Frank yelled exuberantly! "Are you even worth a hundred thousand?"

"I'm worth more than you can afford."

"I could afford to pay you a quarter million just to watch you fuck your own brother."

Such an enormous sum of money caught my attention. If he weren't such a creepy looking guy I would have probably agreed to fuck him for the ten thousand he mentioned earlier. But a quarter million! Even if I split it with Matt I would have enough money to pay off my student loans and still have a substantial down payment on a house.

Frank broke the silence, "I can see ya thinkin about it baby. Whaddya say?"

"Let me talk to Matt and see what he says."

"Oooh, his name is Matt huh? What's your name baby?"

"Christine," I said to him just as Matt walked up behind me.

"Who's this," Matt asked?

"My name is Frank," he said as he extended his hand for a friendly shake.

Matt reached out and shook his hand. "We need to talk," I said. Then I grabbed him and led him away.

"Why are you talking to such a weird guy," Matt asked?

"He offered me a quarter million for sex," I said.

"Could that scumbag even come up with that much just for sex with you."

"I'm not sure. But one more thing; he doesn't want to have sex with me, he wants to watch us do it."

Matt's face lit up a little. "Do you want to do it?"

"I think so. If you are willing."

"We get paid quarter million dollars and I get to have sex with each other? Since this has come up can I tell you one of my deepest secrets," Matt asked?

"It can't really get anymore awkward than it already is," I said.

"I've always wanted to have sex with you," Matt blurted out.

"Really? You have always wanted me? Why didn't you say anything?"

"Because we aren't supposed to have sex. Let me go talk to him and see if he even has that much money."

I watched Matt as he began talking to Frank. They were far enough away that I couldn't hear what they were saying but I could tell there were fierce negotiations. The more I thought about the situation the more I felt myself beginning to cream my panties. In a matter of minutes I had gone from a bit of a prude to a complete whore, willing to sell myself for sex with my brother. What shocked me most was that I felt near instant lust towards Matt after he told me his secret.

Matt finally returned. "So I think we worked it out. He is going to pay for a suite here in the Bellagio for the next three nights. I convinced him to transfer the money to my bank account before we have sex. But he wants to watch us to make out with each other before he transfers all the money."

"You think he has it," I asked?

"I don't know. But if he gets us a suite here then we at least get a free room for just a little kissing."

Matt had a fantastic point. I would make out with him for a really nice room which I personally would have to work for a week just to pay for. Matt made a small gesture towards Frank with a head nod and a hand wave simultaneously. Frank made his way towards us, "So, am I going to see some incest sex today," he asked?

"Only if you really deliver the money," Matt told him. "I'll call my bank to make sure the transfer goes through."

We both followed Frank to the concierge. Surprisingly, they knew him by name and knew exactly what he wanted. A key card was handed to him with a confirmation of billing his account as usual. We followed him to the elevator, he knew exactly where he was going.

"So you get a lot of brothers and sisters to fuck each other around here," I asked?

"Nah," Frank said, "I've never seen family fucking. I mostly get a lot of women who will go for the one or two thousand I first asked for you. But when you told me you wouldn't fuck your brother you gave me a mission, I knew I was watching you two do it."

Matt put his hand on my shoulder and ran it across my back. He gripped my opposite shoulder, furthest from him, and pulled me into his chest. "As long as you deliver the cash then we'll let you watch."

"Hey buddy, I'm good for it. Don't you worry. All you need to do is fill your sweet sister there with your cum and do all the other things to her I talked to you about."

Other things? What did Matt agree to? What the hell have I gotten myself into? I sure hope he didn't agree to let this guy in on the action. All my insecurities passed through my mind on the elevator. My worrying was stopped by the sound of the elevator as it reached our floor. We followed Frank to the door where he swiped the card through the magnetic reader.

The door swung open to reveal the room to us. The entry way was adorned with gorgeous marble. There was a soft couch on the right surrounded by two white leather chairs, all opposed by a wide screen television. I had never stayed in a hotel with an all out living room inside. Off to the left was a very small lavatory, only a sink and commode. The bedroom was off to the left with a king sized bed filling its space. A bed whose linens appeared to be of the highest quality. A conveniently placed chair sat in the corner; obviously destined to be used by Frank. The main bathroom was to die for! It was covered in elegant marble; the craftsmanship of its finish was superb. Not only that, it had two separate and private bathrooms inside of itself. One with a shower and another with a whirlpool tub. One thing was for sure; this room was made for a good fucking.

I climbed up on the bed, it was invitingly comfortable. Were it not for the impending incestuous pounding I was about to receive, I would have fallen asleep at an instant. Matt followed me onto the bed and made his way over top of me. Admittedly, that first kiss was really awkward. But as we continued to let our lips lock their embrace became more natural. The feel of awkwardness passed, turning into lust.

My brother suddenly jumped off me and sat up on the edge of the bed facing Frank. "It will cost you to watch the rest," he said.

"Tell me your bank account number and routing number and I'll make a phone call. The transfer will be quick," Frank replied.

Matt reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. "I'll be right back," he said and he grabbed a pen and paper. He walked into the bathroom and shut the door. Neither I nor Frank could hear what he was saying, but he was sure talking a lot.

"Did he have to call his girlfriend for permission," Frank asked snidely?

"As far as I know he doesn't have a girlfriend," I said.

"Well if he doesn't hurry this up I'm going to go find a different woman. It would save me an assload of money."

"I'm sorry," I said, "why don't I go see what's taking him so long?"

"Why don't you show me your tits instead? I want to see what I'm paying for."

I felt apprehensive about taking off my shirt in front of Frank without my brother in the room. I wasn't really sure what kind of a guy he was but I was sure that he seemed to be rather wealthy. If only he just had a little tact. I did as the man asked me to, after all, he was giving me a lot of money.

I lifted my shirt over my head, revealing my purple and lacy bra. It had some see through lace but not enough that he could make out my nipples through it. Frank groaned a little as I put my hands behind my back to get the clasp. My tits bounced as I worked to let them free from the bonds of my bra. With a little wiggle and some wobbles my bra came free, allowing my voluptuous breasts to hang from my body.

"Oh my," Frank stated. "Those are fucking incredible. Stand in front of me here with your hands over your head and twirl around."

I did as he asked, showing off my body to his view. I bounced my breasts up and down for him as I spun in circles. After I got started showing off I also got really turned on. I turned to face him and rolled my nipples between my index finger and my thumb. I could tell from

the tent in Frank's pants that he was enjoying the show. He became a little distracted then reached down and rubbed his cock through his pants a few times before his focus turned back to me.

"A fine set of tits you have, baby," Frank said lustfully. "Are you sure you don't want me involved?"

So including Frank as a part of our sexual adventure was not a part of Matt's agreement with him. That was a huge relief for me. "No sweetie," I said, "I'm too excited about fucking my own brother. I had never really thought about it before."

"If I didn't pay you and left the room, would you still fuck him?"

"Yes...yes, I think I would."

Just then Matt emerged from the bathroom. He handed a piece of paper to Frank. Frank, in turn, picked up his phone and made a call.

"Getting started without me," Matt asked?

"Oh, uh, yeah. You were in there a while so Frank asked me to show off for him," I replied.

"I'm a bit disappointed that I didn't get to take your shirt off. But I'm happy to see your boobs, they are awesome."

Matt sat down on the edge of the bed. "Well, why don't you show off for me a bit."

I repeated a similar dance for Matt that I had done for Frank, making sure to bounce my grand tits gratuitously for him. I ended my showing off for my brother differently than I did for Frank. I climbed up on his lap and smothered his face with my mammaries. "Suck my titties," I requested. Matt did as I asked, suckling my breasts with enthusiasm. He must have kissed nearly every inch of my boobs before Frank finally interrupted us.

"The transfer is complete," Frank said. "You can call your bank to verify it if you would like."

Matt quickly pushed me off of his lap and grabbed for his phone. He dialed quickly, "Hello Susan," he said, "This is Matt. Is it there?" His question was followed up with an inaudible voice on the other end of the phone. She seemed to talk forever. Matt was finally able to get off the phone and turn his attention back to me.

I lay back on the bed and bit my lower lip. "Is my big brother ready to fuck me," I asked?

"Fucking fuck yes I'm going to fuck your fuckhole," Matt replied. I chuckled at his response.

Matt stood in front of me. I fully expected him to climb back up and continue molesting my tits. Instead he reached for the button on my pants. With a quick flick of his wrist my pants had been opened. I lifted my ass to help with his efforts. He tugged at my jeans, easily removing them from my body. Then my brother started from the bottom. He kissed my feet, then my ankles, and up my legs; he was really giving me a thorough loving with his lips.

Matt's touch guided me up to my knees, with my ass towards Frank. He pulled my panties down to my knees. "Look at that fucking pussy," Frank yelled! "That is a sweet piece."

I couldn't see it but I like to imagine that Matt's face was adorned with a gigantic smile while looking at my cunt. I did get to hear his response to Frank. "Yes, that is a nice pussy. And it will be my dick in it."

"Yeah, yeah," Frank replied. "Just do what I told you to. Do what I'm paying you for."

Matt didn't say anything else, he just continued his barrage of kisses across my body. He kissed nearly every inch of my ass cheeks before he finally settled in my crack. Then he pulled out his tongue and began kissing up and down my ass crack. He stopped on my asshole and focused his tongue on its little pucker. I had been given some pretty decent oral in my life but no man had ever taken my ass in such a way. It was new, different, a bit odd, but really nice.

Matt ate at my asshole for quite some time until Frank grunted, "Thats good, move on now."

My brother's gentle touch guided me onto my back. The sexual tension in my pussy was at an all time high, especially after the rimming Matt had given me. He started at my feet again and kissed up my inner thighs. He finally made it to my pussy, boy was it ever aching for him. The only desire I had at that point was for my brother to suck my pussy lips into his mouth and suck as hard as he possibly could. Thats not what Matt did, fuck no, he teased the shit out of my cunt.

He first licked up the outer edge of one side of my cunt. "You are so fucking wet," he said.

"Lick it up," I requested.

Matt then licked up the outer edge of the other side of my cunt. "I want to taste your pussy juice," he said.

"Please, stop teasing me and do it," I said.

He pushed his tongue into my pubic hair and wiggled it down to the top of my slit, teasing it just above my clit. "Do you love incest," he asked.

"Oh yes, I want my brother's cock."

His tongue reached down and licked my taint; taint my pussy and taint my asshole, just that skin in between. "How much do you want me."

"I really want you. Fuck me. Now."

Matt's tongue finally made it to my vagina and lapped up my glistening fluid. "You taste like heaven," he said.

"Dig in with your tongue."

This request Matt complied with. His tongue dug deep into my cunt, I'm sure as far as he could reach.

Frank moved up out of his chair and hovered over us to get a better view of my brother eating my pussy. I decided to help with the show and cupped my breast. I lifted my nipple to my mouth and sucked my titties as my brother fucked my hole with his tongue.

Frank looked at my face, watching me suck my own tits. "Now," he said, "Lick up her slit and suck hard on her clit."

Matt did as he said. I could not help but to scream out in ecstasy. My nipple slipped from my mouth as my back involuntarily arched upwards. My brother's sucking had released an immense amount of sexual tension from my body. Matt continued to suck on my clit while doing his best to dart his tongue back down to my fuck hole. His teasing, combined with the masterful way that he now worked my cunt, brought me right to the brink of orgasm very quickly. Matt licked and sucked while Frank watched. He watched Matt bring me to a quick and incredibly intense orgasm.

I screamed aloud, yelling Matt's name. "Yes Matt! Oh fuck yeah! Suck my cunt! Suck my juice, brother!" Soon enough my orgasm passed. Matt persisted in working at my pussy. He would suck in my labia and stretch them back before releasing them to snap back against me. He did this repeatedly until my breathing returned to normal and I had calmed down.

"That was fucking amazing to watch," Frank said. I was beginning to get used to him being there. I was certainly comfortable with Matt's handiwork as well.

"Shit, Matt," I said, "I've never been given a treat like that."

Matt simply smiled at me while Frank made another request, "Pull out your cock and take her ass."

"Wait a second," I said, "I never agreed to anal."

"I'm paying good money to watch this. You will take his cock up your sweet ass." Frank had a very valid point. We did just get a large sum of money to fuck around.

"Fine then," I replied, "Only if you get us some lube."

Frank seemed to be a prepared guy. He mentioned that he has done this many times with different women. Apparently he has run into the need for lube before. He reached into his suit jacket and pulled out a little bottle of astroglide. "This should help him get his dick into that tight little ass of yours," he told me as he dropped the lube next to me.

Matt had started undressing, pulling his shirt off to reveal his sexy chest. I decided to help my brother with his clothes and sat up in front of him. I grabbed the waist of his pants, pulling them open, then dropping them to the floor. He stepped out of his pant legs leaving him wearing nothing but his boxers. From the look of things he was hung pretty well. Nonetheless I was still curious as to what was behind that thin fabric. I pulled his boxers down to reveal his cock. He had a big head on his dick, almost a bit out of proportion, with a nice spattering of thick veins that ran along its shaft. What impressed me most was his balls. His testicles hung like fuzzy dice on a rear view mirror, swaying with every movement. My brother's cock was impressive, not quite as big as some guys I had seen at frat parties, but still substantial.

I cupped Matt's balls in my left hand and gave them a gentle squeeze. I grabbed his shaft in my right hand and jerked him off a bit. I sucked the head of his cock into my mouth, working circles around it with my tongue. I was slowly working his cock into my mouth trying to adjust to his bulbous head, when Frank chimed in again. "That's enough sweet thing. I want to see you take that cock in your ass." One thing about Frank is that he was sure persistent.

"What position do you want her in," Matt asked?

"Do it doggystyle, get your ass in the air baby."

I did as Frank told me. I moved up on the bed, making enough room for Matt behind me, and hoisted my rear end upwards to his view. Matt opened the astroglide and applied a very generous amount to my asshole. He then rubbed his cock down with a good amount. My brother rubbed his cock between my ass cheeks before stopping at my asshole. "Hey babe," he said, "are you ready for this?"

"Yes, please give me your cock. Be gentle Matt, I've never done anal before," I told him.

Matt began pushing his cock into my ass. I began to moan, I'm not sure if my moaning was because of pleasure or pain. He began moving his cock, fucking my ass. I couldn't help but

give a little whimper each time my brother pushed his cock into me. The feeling of anal is hard to describe, unpleasant to me but yet somehow tantalizing. My brother was really beginning to get into the swing of things, I could feel his balls tapping up against my cunt with every thrust. I reached down and began rubbing my clit in response.

Frank watched as my brother thrust into my ass. Before long he stopped us. "This is nice, but it ain't workin' for me," he said. "I want to see less man ass and more of this sweet woman's body. Matt, go sit in that chair there. Christine, back up to your brother and sit your ass on his cock."

Matt moved over to the chair and I backed up to him as Frank requested. At first I had no idea how this was supposed to work. "Sit on your brother, then put your feet up on his legs," Frank said, "Then lift your ass back up and get his cock in there." I followed his commands and eventually eased my brother's cock back into my ass. "Good," Frank said, "now start bouncing that tight ass of yours up and down."

I began moving myself up and down on Matt's cock. I could feel his dick moving in and out as before, this time at a different angle. As I bounced on his cock I could see why Frank wanted us in such a position. My healthy tits bounced up and down in front of him while my cunt was open to his view. He could see the anal sex and could appreciate my body all at the same time. I have to admit, Frank knew exactly what positions were best for his pleasure.

I moved my asshole up and down my brother's shaft until his breathing became heavier. That's when Frank stopped us again, "Get your ass off his cock. Finish him off with your mouth," he said.

I climbed off Matt's dick. "But he was just in my ass. I don't want to suck on him now."

Matt chimed in, "Just suck my dick Chrissy. I'm almost there, I swear."

I took my brother's cock in my hand again and started jerking him. I sucked his cock into my mouth and continued my barrage of his dick and balls. I can say that I've never gone ass-to-mouth before, but I can now say that I'm not too excited about doing it. I circled my tongue around Matt's dick head as I had before while jerking him furiously. "That's right," Frank said, "get his cum out. Get it all over your face."

I decided that it was time to stop arguing with Frank over what he wanted us to do. So I jerked my brother's cock furiously while I sucked his cock head and circled my tongue around it. Matt's breathing was becoming heavier and I knew he was getting close to cumming. I gripped his balls with my free hand, massaging them until he started squirting his hot man juice in my mouth. The first squirt slammed against the back of my throat. I pulled out his cock and allowed his cum to squirt all over my face as Frank had told me to.

One squirt went up the bridge of my nose, the top of it landing on my forehead. Another got caught on my lip and dripped into my mouth. Another ended up on my cheek. Another string of cum landed on my eyelid; luckily I was quick enough to close it before it ended up in my eye. I then put the tip of his cock in my mouth and sucked on the end. I took the last few ejaculations into my mouth. I swallowed what I had collected and began licking his cum off my lips.

Frank spoke up after I took my brother's load all over my face, "That's a good girl."

I simply smiled and said, "I'll do anything for Matty here."

Matt laughed, "I'll get you a towel to wipe off your face."

After cleaning off my cheeks, forehead, and eyelid, I collapsed on the bed. My ass was sore and I had just swallowed a good amount of my own brother's fluid. Matt lay down next to me and began sucking on my tits again. It felt so nice having his mouth pleasuring my nipples. However, I couldn't help but notice Frank was still hanging out as if he was waiting for something.

"Is that all you wanted us to do Frank," I asked?

"No," Matt replied to me. "But we will have to wait until my cock gets hard again. It shouldn't take long."

I looked at Matt, "What else did you say we would do for him?"

Matt stopped sucking my boobs and moved himself so his face was next to mine. Instead of answering me he just leaned in and kissed me. Of course I kissed him back. This kiss was different than those we shared before sex. This kiss was full of emotional passion as opposed to lustful passion. I could feel him opening up to me. It was as if he was trying to tell me that he loved me through his kiss. I knew exactly how he felt. I would be lying if I said I felt as strongly as Matt did. I did feel closer to him, I did love him, and I certainly enjoyed myself, but I wasn't sure that I was really in love with him.

Matt pulled away. "I love you Chrissy," he said. "I mean really love you."

I put my arm around him and rubbed his back lightly. "I know baby," I said, "I can tell by the way you kiss me."

"Do you love me too? Really love me?"

I was caught up in the heat of the moment and responded without thinking much. "I love you too. Really love you," I told him. It wasn't until I had actually said it that I realized I may have been speaking the truth. I cuddled with Matt for a while, completely ignoring

Frank's presence. The more time we spent close, kissing, fondling, exploring, and loving each other, the more I actually began to fall for him.

Matt broke our passionate embrace quickly. He climbed off the end of the bed and grabbed my feet. Swiftly, I was pulled down to the edge of the bed, my legs hoisted up along my brother's body. Then I felt it; his dick was hard as a rock. He rubbed his cock against my slit, up and down. He unknowingly was teasing my hole with every pass. After he felt we were both sufficiently lubed he began pressing his dick into my cunt. I could only moan with absolute pleasure. My ass had taken a beating from his tool and now my pussy was about to be pleased.

Matt placed his hands behind my knees and pinned my legs up against my chest. I gripped around my thighs to help him keep my legs in place. With me in such a position Matt was able to push his cock in deep, very deep. I had been fucked by well hung guys in the past; but Matt, even though he was not as big as previous fuckers, had penetrated just as far. He began thrusting into my cunt, agitating my labia and my soft vaginal walls.

I stared deep into Matt's eyes, I would even say deeper than he was penetrating me. I started talking dirty to him, "Fuck your sister! Fuck me harder. Ride me dammit!"

Matt responded, "You like that? Take my meat like a whore. I love fucking my sister."

We went back and forth, loudly talking dirty to each other. The sexual tension was beginning to build in my cunt. By this time Matt had been fucking me for a little over five minutes with his cock still performing like a champ. My pussy, on the other hand, was beginning to reach its peak. My body began shaking and I started thrusting back at Matt with all my might. The second orgasm he had given me was with his spectacular dick. An orgasm that consumed my body and caused all my muscles to twitch to exhaustion.

After I had finished cumming Matt motioned for me to get up on all fours. I followed his lead, even though I was beginning to have a hard time holding myself up. His cock filled my cunt once again and began its hard thrusting motion. My full tits were swinging back and forth. His balls were slapping up against my clit with every deep penetrating dive. I looked up to see Frank sitting in the chair directly in front of me. He had his cock out and was slowly stroking himself. I moaned as my brother continued to fill me with his cock, and he moaned in response.

Matt continuously humped me. I had figured his cock would have given out by then but he was still going strong. We fucked for maybe another ten minutes or so before he pulled his cock out. I was thinking he was going to shoot his cum on my ass but instead he motioned for me to lay down. I didn't complain, My arms needed a rest anyways. He climbed on top of

me in the missionary position and plunged his cock back into my fuck hole. We started kissing again while we maintained our fucking. Only a few more minutes and I could hear Matt's breathing become heavier. I knew that for a second time, he was close to cumming.

"Are you going to pull out," I asked?

Matt made one last deep thrust into my pussy and yelled out, "I'm cumming in my sister!"

I grabbed his ass and pulled him in tight against me. My womb had been turned into a cum depository for my brother's seed. I couldn't help but to enjoy the feel of his cock pulsating inside me. Matt collapsed on top of me. I honestly don't blame him. After all the fucking he just did he must have been at least a little tired.

Our erotic moment was interrupted by Frank. "One last thing to do," was all he said.

Matt slid himself off my body so he lay next to me. He motioned for me to get on top of him. "Get your pussy up here," he said. I did as he had asked. No man had ever had me bring my cunt up over his face after fucking. There lay Matt underneath me, with his mouth open, waiting for gravity to deliver his cum. One big drop, then two, and then my brother's mouth made contact with my swollen, used, and very satisfied pussy. He sucked and licked up all our combined sex juices. He licked my cunt clean of his invading army.

When Matt was done I lay down next to him. I looked over and saw Frank still jerking his cock. I leaned over and talked to Matt, "Would you mind if I let Frank cum on my tits? He has been such a good boy."

"If you want him to then let him do it," Matt told me.

"Frank," I said, "Do you want to put your cum on my tits?"

Without saying anything Frank made his way to the edge of the bed. I slid over to make things easier for him. He began jerking his cock faster. Before long his cum began squirting out onto my tits. I started rubbing his cum into my skin while he pulled up his pants.

"Fuck that was good," Frank said.

"Did you like watching a brother fuck his sister," I asked?

"More than you will ever know, sweet thing." Frank reached down and took a feel of my tit. "You are a fine woman." Then he looked over at Matt, "You best be treating this one right. She can take one hell of a fucking and she don't complain about it either."

"Oh I will," Matt said. "I've got the rest of the weekend to treat her right."

"Yeah, you sure do," Frank confirmed. "Just make sure you check out on time. This little fuck session has already cost me enough."

"We will," Matt said.

Frank started walking towards the door, "I can tell you two have started falling in love. That's nice. You to enjoy yourselves. I'll see myself out."

As soon as he turned the corner Matt leaped up for his cell phone. He must have put the number on speed dial because he only pressed a few buttons. "Hey Sarah," he said. "Its Matt." Then there was a pause while she talked. "Yeah, transfer the money to my savings and close that account please." Matt listened while the bank teller, whose name was apparently Sarah, talked to him. Before long he hung up his phone.

"I have something I need to show you," he told me. Matt opened up the web browser on his phone and logged onto his online banking. "Take a look at this," he said as he held his phone in front of my face. On the screen showed the last transfer. It wasn't the \$250,000 I had agreed to with Frank. Somehow my brother had convinced him to pay us an entire half a million.

"How the fuck did you get him to give us that much," I asked?

"I rimmed your ass, I ate your cunt, I fucked your ass, you sucked my dick after it was in your ass, I fucked you doggystyle, and I finally ate my own cum out of your pussy."

"Thats all he wanted to double the price?"

"No," Matt said with a pause, "He wanted us to fall in love."

"That was one hell of a act you put on," I exclaimed!

"It was no act. I'm pretty sure I do love you."

I was dumbfounded for a second. It took me a bit to reply to him, "I think I might be falling for you too. Let's just see how the weekend goes."

Matt smiled at me, "I'll go start some hot water in that whirlpool tub. I think you might have some cum on your tits that needs washing off."

"I think your right, baby," I said. "Why don't you get it started. I'll be right in."

It didn't take long for our time in Vegas to end. The next time I come to this town I'll make sure I get out of the hotel room and see some sights. Matt and I spent that weekend looking at each other and the hotel room walls. We also spent a lot of time with our genitals entwined.

After we got home we ended up buying a house together. That has made it pretty hard for both of us to move on with our lives. As long as we bring someone home to meet the parents every once in a while they don't ask questions. But my heart belongs to my brother, my lover. No matter what happens I know he will always be available to me, and I to him.

One Last Slumber Party

It started simply enough. I had persuaded my parents to let me have one last slumber party before my friends and I headed off to college. The guests were just a few close friends, Crystal, Jen, Emily, Katie, and then there was me, I'm Karrie. It started off great with reflecting of crazy things we did during high school and the occasional embarrassing moment. It wasn't long before our slumber party had digressed to a silly game, a mix of truth or dare and spin the bottle. The game was simple; a democratic vote on a dare followed by a spin of the bottle to see who had to carry it out. We affectionately called it bottle dare.

Our game started innocently. The dare was originally intended for us to share deep held secrets about ourselves. It wasn't long before it started becoming physical. Some of the dares given involved two spins, to decide the girls involved. My friend Crystal ended up kissing Jen, passionately. Then I had to suck on Emily's boob. Katie licked Jen's pussy, Crystal had to masturbate to orgasm in view of all of us, Jen had to get a spanking from all of us, Emily licked up Crystal's orgasm juice after she was done, and Jen and Katie scissored each other. Yes, our game had gone from sharing embarrassing moments to creating more.

It soon started to involve more than us girls. Crystal suggested that one of us had to go flash my brother, Kevin. We all knew that Crystal had the hots for Kevin although she would never admit it. Her incessant flirting gave us all the information we needed. Fortunately for her Kevin was home from college for the summer. Of course I disagreed with the dare. I didn't want to end up being the one to show off my stuff to my brother. Despite my dissent the vote went out and the dare was agreed upon. The bottle was spun, every time the bottle neck passed me I sighed with relief. When the bottle finally stopped, pointing towards Emily, I figured I had dodged a bullet. She dutifully went to Kevin's room, with all of us watching from the hallway. Her shirt came up, her tits came out, and Kevin's jaw hit the floor. She smiled and scurried back to my room.

I imagine that Kevin figured he had won the jackpot. A random flashing of breasts for his masturbation fantasies. I also figured that would be the end of Kevin's involvement in our degrading game. How wrong I was! Fueled by her adrenaline rush, Emily suggested the next dare, one of us had to kiss him. The bottle spun up and again I was relieved to see it land on anyone besides myself. This time it was Jen's turn. She quickly bounded down the hallway, knocked on his door, and offered up a kiss. Of course he complied with her request.

Upon Jen's return she suggested another dare involving Kevin. I could see where this was going and it was only a matter of chance before I finally got hit with doing something with my brother. Before I could voice my opposition Jen informed us of the next dare, one of us has to invite him into the room to make playing the game with him easier. Katie quickly spun the bottle and it finally stopped, on me. For being a dare including my brother it wasn't that bad of a dare to fulfill, all things considered. So I made my way to Kevin's room.

"What the hell are you doing in there," he asked.

"It's a dare game. Sort of like truth or dare but we spin a bottle to see who has to do it, and apparently without much truth happening," I informed him.

"So what does this have to do with me?"

"The other girls suggested you might want to join us in my room to make this a little easier to include you."

"Wow," Kevin seemed nearly speechless.

"You don't have to if you don't want," I said.

"Oh, I'm definitely coming in there. But what if we have to do something?"

"Let's just hope that doesn't happen. If it does we'll just have to close our eyes and pretend we are with someone else."

Kevin just smiled at me, "As long as you are okay with this."

"Well, I don't want to make my party be lame, so I guess."

Kevin joined us in my room. Throughout our few dares with him we had all gotten dressed to observe their completion. So it was as if we were starting over but with new blood in the mix.

Crystal looked intensely at Kevin, "Why don't we let Kevin suggest the dares from now on?" The look in her eye gave us the impression that she was looking for some intense action from him. The rest of the girls thought that was a great idea and none of them seemed to notice that I was now in an awkward position with my brother, sexual dares being offered up which needed to be fulfilled.

The first dare wasn't too bad. It didn't involve any physical touching with Kevin. One of us had to get naked and stay that way for the rest of the game. We took our spots around the bottle and spun it up. Just my luck it landed on me. Now twice in a row. My friends looked at me as I stood up. I could feel Kevin's gaze as I began to remove my clothes. Katie cheered

me on as she could see I was feeling timid. So I did it quickly, like jumping into a pool of cold water or ripping off a Band-Aid. I sat down trying to cover myself as best I could.

"What are you doing," Jen asked?

"Yeah," Crystal joined in. "Turn around and let Kevin get a look of how hot you are."

I complied with their requests and turned to face Kevin. I could see and feel his eyes moving up and down my naked body. I kept my legs crossed and my hands over my lap.

"Oh come on," exclaimed Jen. "Show him your cooch!"

I apprehensively moved my hands and leaned back. I spread my legs for him to see, reaching down with one hand to slightly spread open my lips for his viewing pleasure. I was a bit ashamed for him to see my pussy was rather wet from this game of play. The intense moment was stopped with Katie suggesting that Kevin give us another dare.

So the game moved on, suggestions from Kevin nearly identical to what we had done before. Katie masturbated for him, I kissed Crystal, Emily and Jen made out, Katie licked my pussy, and Crystal was felt up by Kevin. Oh you should have seen Crystal's face when she was chosen to be groped by him. We could all tell she loved every minute of it.

It was after Kevin was exploring Crystal's body she suggested that one of us should fuck him. It was the inevitable dare. I knew it would lead up to this. I figured it would be really hot to watch my brother get it on with one of my friends but I prayed that I would be excluded from this dare. I shyly stood away from the bottle assuming they would ignore my self non-admission. Crystal, Jen, and Emily looked at me as if I were to assume my spot among the circle around our bottle. I could see Katie didn't want me to join in on this one but kept her opinion to herself. I gave into peer pressure and joined in. The bottle spun for what seemed an eternity. As fate would have it the bottle chose me to be penetrated by Kevin.

"This is going to be hot," Jen stated emphatically.

"Stop," Katie finally spoke. "We can't make her have incest sex with her own brother."

"No, we can't make her do it," Crystal said. "This is a dare and if she doesn't fuck him then she will be eternally our slave. However, if she does, she will be the undisputed champion."

Emily joined in with a suggestion of her own, "Karrie, if you do it with your brother then I've got a hundred dollar bill in my purse with your name on it."

I looked at Emily, "Show me first."

Emily went for her purse and pulled out a tantalizingly crisp bill with Benjamin Franklin staring at me. Jen, Katie, and Crystal all jumped up and went for their purses as well.

"I've got sixty bucks to contribute," Jen said.

"I've got a fifty," Katie said.

"I've got seventy-five dollars," said Crystal. "And a condom too."

I looked at all four of them. "So if I do this I'll get close to three hundred bucks."

"Yes," they all seemed to apply in unison.

"You really want to watch me fuck my own brother?"

"It would be so fucking hot," Jen replied. Emily and Crystal were also exited by the thought and Katie just shrugged her shoulders.

I looked over at Kevin, "It's up to you."

I sighed deeply and agreed. The girls all jumped with excitement. "Can I put the condom on," Crystal asked?

"Go ahead," I told her.

Crystal moved towards my brother with the other girls in tow. Together they all stripped his body of clothing and planted sensual kisses all around. Crystal moved down to his cock and took her sweet time putting the condom on. She was able to get in a little jerking and a bit of mouth action before the others pulled her away.

My friends moved aside making room for me. I lay down on my bed turning my head to one side and closing my eyes. My brother made his way on top of me and was ready to penetrate my pussy when we were interrupted.

"Not like that," Jen said. "Open your eyes and look at him. Share your souls as you fuck." I couldn't believe this was happening. My brother was mere centimeters from having his way with me while my best friends watched.

I opened my eyes and stared deeply into my brother's eyes. He kissed me softly as he pushed his cock into my soaking wet pussy. He started pumping me full of his cock. Damn he was good, much better than my now ex-boyfriend. He fucked me vigorously while the girls watched. Jen began masturbating and Crystal kept trying to get in on my action. She just

wouldn't stop rubbing Kevin's ass, legs or back. It didn't take long for Emily and Katie to begin rubbing each other as they watched Kevin's manhood piercing me.

I got lost in the excitement and the taboo nature of our actions. I began moaning loudly and yelling for him to fuck me. Crystal joined in with cheers of dirty talk. Jen also shared her excitement while Katie and Emily cooed in delight.

Jen quickly reached orgasm through her masturbating and joined Crystal in her groping of our illicit sex. Instead of reaching for Kevin she caressed my body. Her touch helped accelerate my body into a flurry of an orgasm. Kevin kept fucking me faster and harder as my muscles twitched and I screamed in sexual satisfaction. Kevin's cock continued to fuck me throughout my seizing orgasm.

My pussy was satisfied and my clitoris was sensitive but I continued to endure my brother's relentless fucking. Katie and Emily had gotten each other off and joined us all on my bed with their hands all over me and Kevin. It wasn't long after this that I could hear Kevin beginning to breathe more heavily. I knew he was close to cumming. I watched his face as he buried his cock balls deep inside of me. I could feel the pulsating of his cock as it emptied itself, inciting a small orgasm inside of me.

When he was done he collapsed on me as his cock slipped out. One of the girls removed the condom and they all took turns rubbing the cum out of it on each other. They also took turns stroking his cock as it lost its hard state.

Kevin moved his head next to mine and whispered in my ear, "That was amazing. Thank you."

I kissed his cheek and whispered back to him, "I liked it too. Hopefully next time my friends won't be here to interrupt us."

"Do you want to do this again," he whispered back inquisitively.

"Anytime," I responded.

By this time the girls had returned to Kevin and I. They began rubbing themselves on top of us and before long we were a large sweaty pile of nakedness. Everyone seemed so content with our cuddle puddle and would have stayed there for hours. But like all good things it had to end. Boy did it end quickly when we heard the garage door open, my parents were home. Kevin grabbed his clothes and darted to his room.

The rest of us threw on panties and night shirts just in time. We all laid back down on my bed and started giggling as my mom opened my door. "Hello," she said intrusively. "It sounds like your all having fun in here." We all responded affirmatively. "Have you seen Kevin at all tonight," she asked.

I hated lying to my mother but I sure as hell wasn't going to tell her that her mommy's boy just fucked his sister. "No mom. I think he has been in his room all night," I said to her.

"Okay," my mom said as she began shutting my door. "Don't stay up too late."

We were all quiet as we heard my mom knock on Kevin's door. We opened my door and strained to hear anything that she said to him. We didn't hear much of anything but it must have gone well because she never said anything to us that night.

We sat up talking about how hot the sex was. Even Katie admitted that she would like to see us do it again sometime. All of them even mentioned how it was money well spent. So after we knew my parents were asleep we went and woke Kevin, inviting him back into my room. He offered to sleep with the rest of my friends. All but Crystal refused as they wanted to see him do me again. Crystal wanted to try him out for herself. So while he banged her we all just watched impatiently. We could even tell Kevin wasn't too into her and was more exited about doing me again that night. I even had a little jealous streak come over me while they were doing it.

That night my friends watched my brother fill me with his man meat over and over as his cock was able. The time between erections was getting longer and longer. Before long my friends had fallen asleep.

I cuddled up to my brother, "Stay in my bed tonight."

"I can't," he said. "I told mom I would go with her in the morning. She can't find me in here."

He cuddled with me for a bit longer before he moved off my bed. I looked up at him from my sleepy state, "I love you Kevin."

"I love you too sis."

We have continued our relationship. Although sibling sex in a dorm room is difficult. It is sometimes hard to clear the room of all roommates. We'll have to do something different next year to avoid roommate problems.

Lost In Space: The Lost Episode

"Danger, Will Robinson! Dan-guu-weeaaar," the robot's voice had died out execrably.

If Penny Robinson had to listen to Robby the Robot's continuing malfunctioning programming any longer she would scream. Will had done his best to keep the damn pile of junk running after all these years. Long years lost in space with no clear destination. After the disappointment of misleading alien life in the Alpha-Centari system, they decided to head back to Earth. Along the way their computers had somehow miscalculated the course. And now they were truly lost in space. The only real explanation was the extreme magnetic interference from the junk planet they had once encountered.

They had persisted for many years, scraping by with the meager scraps of food they could find, until they could get their hydroponic garden back at full strength. Deuteronium had proved to be rather abundant among the stars; providing enough fuel to continue on to a habitable planet. At this point any habitable planet would do. The Robinson family had intended to stop at the first blue dot they found, to settle and be the first parents, a sort of Adam and Eve of that planet.

Penny had grown weary of being consigned to live in the desolate vastness of space. Years had passed without sight of any system of planets. After all this time she had blossomed into a beautiful young woman. But what man would have her? They had the foresight to bring along enough clothing and food for the entire family. In their planning they had completely ignored providing a future mate for both her and Will.

These thoughts had come upon her as they prepared for the wedding of Judy Robinson and the ever handsome Major West. She was harvesting extra food from their hydroponic garden in order help celebrate the coming events. How she longed for her own marriage. The day she would be treated as a princess to celebrate the beginning of a new life. To her dismay she knew that day would never come. She would never have the same opportunity as her older sister Judy.

Even the old codger, Dr. Smith, was not even an option. He had passed away after a rather large diamond had fallen from his shelf onto his head during the night. John Robinson jettisoned him out into the emptiness of space along with that huge rock. There was no need for greed out in these parts, as there was not a single soul to trade with. Judy had given up on ever having a true love.

Penny was not the only person aboard the ship who had grown up without hope of finding a significant other. Will Robinson had also grown into a handsome man while his hormones

had been raging for years. The only thing keeping him busy was Robby the Robot. Were it not for the constant breakdowns Robby was troubled with he would be instead servicing himself more frequently. There is only so much a young man can do in space. Even Will had noticed the imbalance of available women. He had no other prospects, not one. Only his mom and two older sisters were aboard for this trip.

Will was not as much of a pessimist or prude as his sisters or mother, at least not in thought. What everyone else saw as an unfortunate situation to be in was in fact a great opportunity for Will. As they aged he began to notice his sister, Penny. How could you blame the guy? She was the only other single girl around for millions of astronomical units. He knew it wouldn't take much persuading to get her interested. He had noticed her looking at Major West and occasionally even at him. The only difficulty could be convincing the rest of the family. None of them could possibly stand for such an idea. Will knew he had to try despite what they may say.

Penny had retired to her quarters. A small area with just enough space for a bed, a desk, and a chair. It was about the size of a dorm room would have been had she stayed on Earth and gone to college. But instead she was stuck out, literally in the middle of nowhere. Tears came to her eyes as she considered their future prospects. She began to wipe her eyes as she heard a knock at her door.

"Penny," it was Will's voice that she had recognized. "Penny, may I come in?"

"Yes, Will," Penny said while trying to hide her whimpering. "Please come in."

"Have you been crying," Will asked.

"Just a little," she replied.

"Whats bothering you? You know I'm here to help."

"I'm just sad is all. Judy is getting married to Don. It seems like mom and dad have always been married. And well," Judy began catching her breath, "well you and I, Will, we won't ever have anyone to marry."

"That's what I came to talk to you about. I feel the same way. I look at mom and dad and they seem so happy. I look at Judy and Don and I know they will have a happy life. I want that too Penny."

"But with who Will? There is no one left for us."

"Yes, Penny, there is someone left for both of us. We are left for each other."

"William Robinson!" Penny's reaction had been enough to let Will know what she thought. But she still voiced her thoughts nonetheless. "Do you know what that would mean? Do you have any idea? It would be wrong! It would be incest!"

Will took a seat next to Penny on her bed. "Yes, I know what it would be. But what other choice do we have? Even if we find a habitable planet to populate someone will have incest to keep humans alive there. Us or Judy's offspring. I say we just do it. I would respect your decision about us, but I really think you should consider my proposition. We may not have anyone but we could have each other."

The gravity of their situation came crashing down on Penny. She knew Will was right in his assertions but was having a hard time coming to terms with her only option.

Will waited in silence with Penny. He could tell she was mulling over his words. He put his arm around her and pulled her in, thinking a few actions could help convince her. She looked over at him, with a concerned look on her face. He could only do one more thing. Will leaned in and planted a kiss on Penny's fertile lips.

Penny did not stop him. Instead she kissed him back, their lips locking in a loving and understanding way. She finally pulled back and leaned her forehead against his. "Will," she said, "what would we ever tell mom? What would dad say? They would never allow us to be married to each other."

"We can only do our best to help them understand. I love you Penny. We are each others only hope for true happiness. If mom and dad can't understand that then when we find a planet we can run away together and make it on our own."

"You really love me Will?"

"Yes Penny. I do love you with all my heart." Will's blood pressure was about to erupt. He had just affirmed his feelings towards his sister. It had only been a few seconds but it had felt like hours. The silence finally got to him and he pulled his forehead away from hers and moved in for another kiss. As their lips touched Will could feel the electric shock of love being returned to him from his sister. He knew she had come to the same conclusion as he had.

Will moved back slightly as to break apart from Penny. She in turn moved forward slightly to stay in contact. Will knew this kiss would be more than what he had originally bargained for. Penny leaned further in until Will had fallen over backwards onto her bed. The loving kiss quickly turned lustful as Penny became more aggressive towards Will. She motioned for him to move completely onto the bed where she straddled him and continued to smother his face in kisses.

Penny sat up for a moment. She looked deeply into Will's eyes as she lifted her ratty old dress up over her head. Will's eyes were engulfed in the sight of her perfect breasts, those gorgeous round orbs of passion hanging over his head. Her perfect curves lead directly to her slightly darker aureoles which in turn accentuated her erect nipples. Will reached his hand upwards and cupped his sister's perfection in his hands. In turn Penny let out a slight moan of affirmation.

"I believe I've fallen in love with the most beautiful girl in the galaxy," Will blurted out.

Penny's only reaction was to lean back down towards Will and slide her hands beneath his shirt, expressing a need to have him reciprocate her actions to remove his clothing. He arched his back as she helped him slide his shirt up over his head. She lay back down to continue the spattering of kisses, their bare chests coming into contact for the first time. For both this was an erotic moment which defied all expectations. Neither had been this far with the opposite sex, and yet, somehow, it felt so right to be with each other.

What to them seemed like hours was in fact just a short moment. The electric charge of eroticism surged through their bodies as Penny's kisses made their way down Will's chest. She reached his pants and fumbled with the clasp, until he finally helped her with it. Will lifted his ass in the air, allowing Penny to pull his pants off. His cock was exposed to the cool circulating air of the Jupiter 2 spacecraft. Penny watched as his erection throbbed with passion for her. She had never before seen a cock so close. Its long shaft topped with a huge head only increased her desire to have him inside her.

A different desire overcame Penny as she stared down at Will's cock. She had never thought that what she was about to do was acceptable. She gave his cock head a kiss before she plunged the entire thing into her mouth. Penny bobbed up and down on Will's cock as he moaned in appreciation. She became even more horny as the taste of his pre-cum tickled her taste buds. She leaned upwards while continuing to stroke his cock as they looked into each others eyes. It was as if they were sharing their souls through sight.

"Will, I need you to show me the love you feel for me," Penny erotically pleaded.

Will knew it was time for him to take charge of the situation. Penny had done her part to get Will naked. What surprised him most was that somehow she was still wearing those silly stretch pants they had decided on for their family space uniform while he was completely naked. They had exchanged places and he had in turn followed Penny's lead.

Will started back at Penny's lips, getting a little taste of his cock. He moved to her neck, lingering on her collarbone. Kissing down to her beautiful orbs he focused on her nipples as she moaned in delight. Finally breaking away he kissed his way down her torso, making a

quick stop at her navel. He continued down to her light green stretch pants and began to give them a tug. She lifted her hips in the air to accommodate his action. Penny was now just as naked as Will.

The musty smell of Penny's pussy pulled him in. She spread her legs revealing her hairy cooch to Will's view. So many years in space they had gone without the comforts of luxury such as razors. It did not matter to Will. He still desired to taste her as he had done to him. He moved his finger up and down her slit, feeling her wetness. He lifted his finger to his lips and took a taste.

A little taste of Penny's pussy increased Will's desire. He plunged his face into her womanhood, licking up her wetness. The more he engorged himself on her pussy the more she expressed her pleasure through gratuitous moaning. He licked up her labia, sucking it in and extruding it again. As his tongue reached her clit she grabbed his head and held it there. "Lick me there Will. Suck it," Penny Pleaded. Will ravaging her clitoris as he was instructed. Penny continued to hold his head in place as she quickly reached orgasm.

"Will," Penny gasped, "That was amazing."

Will moved himself upon Penny. Their nude bodies rubbing against each other as he moved in for a kiss. Penny could taste herself on his lips just as Will had tasted himself when she kissed him earlier. "I want to spend my life with you," Will said.

"I would like that," Penny replied. She felt Will's dick pressing against her leg. She spread herself wide open for him. "You can do it if you want," she told him.

Will knew he had completely convinced Penny of their inevitable destiny. He pressed against her soaking wet pussy. Her womanhood gave way which allowed him to gently slide himself into her. They were now one. She gazed into his eyes as he began sliding himself in and out of her. They were both overcome with a pleasure neither had known before. A bliss so wonderful that Will couldn't help but cum after only a few sound thrusts of his cock; exploding inside his sister.

The look on Penny's face had told Will that she enjoyed the feeling of the sex they had just experienced. The lack of bucking back at him as he came informed him that she did not cum with him. He was a bit disappointed, "I'm sorry you didn't have an orgasm."

"Don't worry about it Will. You gave me one before," Penny replied. "Besides, the sensation of your sperm shooting into me was good enough."

Will leaned in for one more kiss as his cock slipped from Penny's love tunnel. "I'm happy you decided to be with me," he told her.

An interruption. The blaring sound of an alarm came from each speaker of the ship's intercom system. Four loud alarm sounds and then silence. Will jumped off Penny and began putting on his pants. Then a voice sounded across the intercom. "Everybody to the bridge! We have reached a habitable planet!" The excitement in John Robinson's voice quickly spread to his children. Will dressed in a near instant and ran off followed shortly by Penny.

They had all come running onto the bridge. Out the window was the sight of a blue orb with green land. Maureen hugged her husband in delight. It was obvious that she had been overcome with tranquility. John looked at his wife and children. Then he focused on Judy and then at Major West. "Why don't we have the wedding right after we land," he asked with excitement? Everyone cheered in agreement.

Shortly after they landed John Robinson conducted a wedding for his daughter and Major West. It went beautifully. Judy was in the best dress they had on the ship and Major West in a crisp, clean uniform. Together they quickly ran back into the confines of the ship.

"Well," said John Robinson, "It looks like this planet is unpopulated."

"Don't worry honey. Don and Judy will soon remedy that," Maureen said as they both laughed.

"Mom, Dad," Will interrupted. "Since it appears we are here alone; Penny and I have something we need to talk to you about."

Sweet Sherrie

The first time I ever saw Sherrie I was blown away. I tried to look up but I just couldn't stop gawking at her. Those things had to be the largest natural breasts I had ever seen. I had never seen a woman with so much jiggle up top. I didn't even know they made bras that big. I now know that a woman can buy an F cup.

I didn't start dating Sherrie because of her naturally large mammaries. Of course they have been a really enjoyable bonus to being with her but they are not why we are together. She is a wonderful woman, loving, kind, generous, intelligent, and surprisingly active. It was her personality and her smile that really attracted me. Her looks are average. I know that's a somewhat mean thing to say about a woman, especially considering I called her my girlfriend. Her nose was a tad larger, her cheeks are round just like her face, and she was certainly rotund.

Despite being a larger, rubenesque woman, she is immensely physically active. I'm not exactly sure how she can walk so far and exercise so much while still retaining her shape. I would imagine a girl like that to be much smaller. Despite her shape she had an incredibly cute look. I've already said she was no supermodel, and that is true. It is easy to see that there is a difference between hot and cute. Sherrie is cute; her eyes are deep and intoxicating, her smile will light up any room, and her skin soft as can be.

I'm a guy, so really I can't completely say I didn't start dating Sherrie for her tits. I was curious. I wanted to know what they felt like and how they tasted. My intention was to just get a little action from her and then move on. However, my intentions were overrun by her personality, which completely engulfed me. I didn't want to admit that a thin looking guy like myself would have fallen for such a voluptuous woman. For every passing minute I spent with her I would want to spend another five. She was really interested in me, my life, and who I was. It was hard not to do the same with her.

The first time I fucked Sherrie was really enjoyable. It was really tame, just the plain old missionary position. I had never been with a woman like her before. She put her entire heart and soul into making love. Did I also mention that her skin was extremely soft? It was like cuddling up to a plush teddy bear with a wet vagina. Up to that point in my life I had not felt anything like it.

It didn't take long for Sherrie to loosen up in the bedroom. She loves sucking her own tits. She gives blowjobs liberally, almost as if it is her duty to suck my cock. She will do any position I suggest. She is not afraid to bring toys in with us. She masturbates herself to

orgasm after orgasm while I watch. I have been offered anal sex many times, even though I know she doesn't enjoy it. The words that would come out of her mouth during sex would make a sailor cringe. Yeah, she is definitely a devil in the bedroom, but a complete angel in public.

The only thing about Sherrie that gave me second doubts about my relationship with her was the chubbiness. Everyone wants the perfect mate, the ideal partner. In my mind Sherrie wasn't perfect for me, merely decent for me. It wasn't until I tried cheating on her by dating other women, that I understood how great she really was. Other women tended to either be timid in bed or have some serious bitchiness issues. After a little taste of how other women were it didn't take long for me to make up my mind about Sherrie.

The one thing that really pushed me over the edge was an awkward encounter with her mother. Sherrie still lived with her mother, which I was fine with. It was just the two of them, her father had been out of the picture for over twenty years. So I was sitting in their living room one day, waiting for Sherrie to get her hair done or something like that when her mom walked in. She looked at me and sat down across from me. Sherrie looked really similar to her mother. It was clear who she inherited her eyes and smile from, as well as her abnormally large boobs.

After what seemed like hours of awkward staring Sherrie's mom, Cassandra, spoke to me. "So, Sherrie tells me that you really like her."

"Uhm, yeah," I said.

"She tells me that you are a good titty sucker."

Now this was getting really fucking weird. "Thanks," I said bashfully, "I guess."

"She says you satisfy her."

"I try."

"Then why is it taking you so long to get serious with her?"

"I don't really know."

"Well if you don't get serious soon she may just have to find another man. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yeah," I said, "I'm pretty sure I know what you mean."

I did it. I took the fucking plunge. I was scared shitless to ask her. I made sure the day was perfect, with the perfect meal, the perfect hike up into the hills, the perfect view of the city

below as the sun was setting, all followed up with the perfect diamond ring. You should have seen me! Kneeling below this wonderful woman, over 500 feet higher than the city lights, asking her to spend her life with me. "Sherrie," I said, "Will you marry me?"

She looked down at me, her smile as big as ever. "Oh shit," she said. "I knew this was coming. I can't say that I will marry you until I share something with you."

That was a bit odd. By this point we knew each other really well. We had talked about everything, our lives before meeting and our aspirations for the future. I was pretty damn sure she had goals that were very similar to mine. Still she told me to wait. I had not considered why she, at the age of 26, had not been already wed.

"Well, why don't you just share it with me now," I asked?"

"I can't. I don't have what I need here."

"What do you need?"

Sherrie sighed loudly, "Just come to my house for dinner tomorrow. I'll give it to you then."

Our trip back home was a bit awkward, to say the least. I kept trying to guess what this thing was she needed to share with me. Was it a gift or a secret? I had tried to coerce any information out of her that I could. Instead of talking more she became more distant, almost as if I had upset her.

I didn't see her at all the next day. She didn't go to work that day, called in sick. She wouldn't answer her phone. I sent her a text and she merely responded with a short message, "Tonight, 7pm. See you then."

I was anxious the whole day. I was able to bide my time, not that I had a choice in the matter, until that evening. I arrived ten minutes early. I knocked on her door but no one answered. I knew she was home, her car was in the driveway. Her mother's car was in the driveway too! I was really becoming irate because of Sherrie's disregard. I eventually sat on her front porch and fiddled with my cell phone. I was determined to find out why she wanted me there.

Right after the time on my cell phone turned to 7:00 it began to buzz. A text, from Sherrie. "The front door is unlocked. Let yourself in."

I opened the door. Sherrie had spent the day preparing for my arrival. Rose petals marked the path I was intended to take. Following them I made my way into the kitchen. It was adorned with the same rose petals and a tasteful number of candles, the lights were out. Sherrie stood next to the table wearing a very sensual black baby doll lingerie set.

"Please," Sherrie said, "Join me for dinner?" I walked towards her and moved in for a kiss. I was stopped short as she pulled away. "Not yet," she said, "We have much to discuss." She pulled a chair out for me, her hand directing me to sit. I did as was implied and she took a seat across from me.

I cleared my throat, "So your mom's car is in the driveway."

Sherrie cut me off, "Yes, she knows you are here."

"And you are comfortable sitting in the kitchen wearing such an enticing outfit?"

Sherrie seemed to ponder over what I said. When she spoke it was as if she completely ignored my question. "There are some things about me that you need to know."

"Okay," I said intently.

"You first have to promise that what you hear tonight does not leave this house."

I was completely intrigued. She greeted me in sexy lingerie and now was about to tell me why she wouldn't say yes to my proposal. "I promise I won't say anything."

"Good," Sherrie said, "The first thing you need to know is that you aren't the first guy who proposed to me."

"I don't care how many guys proposed to you," I told her, "I just want to know why you won't say yes to me."

"We'll get to that," she snapped. "The first guy who asked me to marry him wouldn't speak to me after I told him my secret."

"And so you think I'll do the same," I asked?

Sherrie seemed to ignore my questioning. "The second guy seemed fine with my secret until I asked him to do it with me." By this time I figured I would let her finish without interruption. "The third guy was willing to participate with me but went running after the first time we did it. Now there is you. You are number four. I love you so much."

I felt I needed to put in my two cents, "I love you too, baby."

Sherrie's smile adorned her face, "I'm happy that you have asked me to marry you," she said before she went silent.

"So are you going to tell me this secret," I asked?

"I'll show you my secret after we finish dinner."

This wasn't the first time I had quietly spent time with Sherrie. It was pretty normal for us to just sit quietly together after our conversations had ended. This was different, our conversation had not been resolved. Our meal passed nearly noiselessly. Sherrie cleared the table, the only sounds were the dishes clanking together.

"If you really want to marry me," she finally said, "then you must agree to live with my choices."

"If you don't mind I would like to know what it is first," I said.

Sherrie slipped off her panties, leaving only the sheer baby doll top covering her. Trust me when I say it didn't really cover much. She dropped her panties on the table then took a seat next to me. She spread her legs and gently separated her pussy lips with two fingers. "Are you ready for dessert," she asked?

I was really curious to what her secret was. I figured if I didn't like it I should at least fuck her one more time. So I moved off my chair and onto my knees, ready to eat her pussy. "No, no, no," she said. "You can't eat my pussy until you think about a few things."

I looked up at her, "Would you just tell me already?"

She then screamed out, "He's ready!"

Cassandra walked into the kitchen. The sight of her was rather stunning. She stood before me wearing a matching baby doll lingerie set. The only difference is that hers was red.

"Sherrie tells you are a good titty sucker," she said. I could only gawk at her without saying a word. Cassandra pulled out one of her mammoth tits, "Why don't you show me how good you are?"

I looked over at Sherrie, then back at her mother, then back at Sherrie. "Are you serious?"

"Yes," Sherrie told me, "I want you to love my mom."

Cassandra removed her panties just as Sherrie had. She walked over to the table and dropped her panties before sliding her ass up on top of it. "Please," Cassandra said, "taste me, suck my tits and lick my pussy." I looked back over at Sherrie, she nodded approvingly.

I reached out and grabbed Cassandra's tit, slipping her nipple into my mouth. I sucked for a moment before licking and kissing my way around her aureoles. Her skin was nearly as soft as Sherrie's and her moans were also identical. Before long I had lost myself in her bosom. I was finally awakened from the titty trance when Cassandra spoke, "Oh baby, you are right. He is a good titty sucker!"

What happened next really threw me for a loop. Sherrie answered her mom's remark, "Wait until he gets to your cunt." Then she got up off her chair and leaned in to kiss her mother. I really had to stop and take in the scene before me. My girlfriend had started making out with her own mom.

"Holy fuck," I said under my breath.

Sherrie smiled and pulled away from her mom, "I heard that," she said. "This is what I've been keeping from you. My mom is my secret."

"So you fuck each other," I asked?

Cassandra chimed in, "Yes! And my daughter is one fun piece of ass." After her statement they started making out again.

"Sooo..." I started, "you are bisexual?"

Sherrie and her mother stopped kissing and looked at me. "Only with my mom," Sherrie said.

"So you wouldn't fuck any other women," I asked?

"I have no desire to."

"But you want to fuck your mom?"

They both giggled at my last question. "Oh yeah," they both said in unison as their lips locked again.

"So you want me to just accept it?"

Sherrie moved away from her mom and knelt down by me. "I want to marry you. I love you. I can see us spending our lives together. But if you marry me you must promise to pleasure my mom as you pleasure me."

"So you are telling me that to marry you I must promise to fuck your mom too?"

Cassandra reached down and rubbed her daughter's shoulder, Sherrie returned to her embrace. "Yes," they both said together. Then instead of resuming their kissing they both watched, waiting for my answer.

Cassandra was quickly able to extract an answer from me. "Well," she said while spreading her legs, "If the answer is yes then it ain't gonna lick itself. If the answer is no then you know where to find the door." I looked towards both of them. At this point Cassandra seemed indifferent to my decision while I could see in Sherrie's eyes what answer she wanted.

I moved my head in between Cassandra's legs and lightly licked up her cunt slit. I started gently as I always had with Sherrie, licking the sides of her pussy gently before concentrating on her fuck hole. Cassandra tasted very familiar though slightly different. The more I ate her pussy the more I was amazed by her similarity to Sherrie. I knew exactly where to lick and when to lick it. I knew right when I was to ferociously tease her clit with my tongue. I could feel the tension in the room, Cassandra's orgasm was on the brink. Her moans were muffled by Sherrie's kisses as her orgasm began ripping through her body. I continued my barrage on her clit while Sherrie squeezed her in a lustful embrace.

"Fuck," Cassandra said, "You are pretty good. With enough time you can learn to be great!"

I looked at Sherrie, my love, and asked, "What about your pussy? Does it need to be eaten?"

"Oh," Cassandra said, "He is attentive to your needs. I think I might like him."

"Yes mother," Sherrie said, "He always makes sure I get off." Then she looked at me, "I do need my pussy to be eaten but I think my mom needs to feel your cock more than I need your tongue."

Together mother and daughter moved from the table. Sherrie leaned in to kiss me while removing my shirt. Cassandra fell to her knees and removed my pants hastily. I was kissing Sherrie while I could feel her mother inspecting my dick. She stroked my cock and lifted my balls, as if to judge their weight. Then she popped the head of my dick into her mouth, giving it a good sucking.

Cassandra stopped sucking on my dick, taking a moment to look it over again. "His cock looks satisfactory," she said. "I would like to try it."

"Yes mother," Sherrie said.

Cassandra bent her hips over the table, giving me a great view of her ass and inviting cunt. I reached down and stroked my cock a few times then moved it towards her. I rubbed my dick up and down her slit until our combined juices had created enough lube. I slid my dick into Sherrie's mom, taking time to savor the feeling. As I stood with my hips flush against Cassandra's ass, Sherrie climbed up on the table in front of her mom.

"Lick my cunny mommy," Sherrie said.

Just the mere sound of Sherrie pleading for her mother's mouth had caused me to become extremely horny. I started slamming my cock in and out of her mom's cunt. She wasn't as tight as Sherrie but she was taking it like a pro. Not that I'm hung like a porn star or anything. The decibel level of Cassandra and Sherrie's moans together implied that they thought otherwise. I'm not proud to say this, but the insane level of taboo that I was

experiencing caused my dick to reach its peak faster than normal. I buried my cock balls deep into Cassandra, letting loose one long stream of hot cum. One shot of sexy sperm after another filled my girlfriend's mom. Cassandra's moans affirmed her pleasure of feeling my sperm.

"Well," Cassandra said, "He doesn't last too long."

"I'm sure it is just because he is watching my mom eat my cunt," Sherrie said.

"Let's hope so," Cassandra replied, "I would hate to think this will always happen. Lick your cum out of my pussy while I finish off my daughter," she commanded me.

I had never licked up my own mess but I figured there was a first time for everything. Hesitantly at first I took a small taste of our mixed juices. The taste was overpoweringly from Cassandra. As I continued licking her cunt the taste shifted to something completely different. I knew I was now licking up my own cum but I didn't care. At this point I was more worried about redeeming my abnormally quick cock eruption. I continued licking and sucking her pussy until Sherrie gave her signature orgasm moan. That's when I stopped and looked up to see Cassandra licking her daughter's cunt with nearly all her energy. My view was incredible, I couldn't have asked for more.

After Sherrie was satisfied she moved off the table and came over to kiss me. "Mmmm," she started, "You taste good."

Cassandra turned around and snuggled up to me, opposite of Sherrie. "Let me taste," She said as she leaned in for a kiss. "Oh, yes. He does taste good. It looks like he swallowed all that cum too."

"So what do you think," asked Sherrie? "Do you want to marry into my family and have two women to be your cum dumpsters?"

"I don't know if I can support two women," I said, "but I'll do my best to fuck you as much as I can."

Cassandra laughed, "Oh sweetie, I don't need you to support me. I have enough money. What I need is a man around the house who can take care of me and my daughter."

"Sounds like I have nothing to lose," I said.

Sherrie squealed in delight while she bounced up and down, clapping her hands. "I'm so happy baby. If you love both of us then yes, I'll marry you!"

"If the sex is always this hot then of course I'll do it," I said.

"That's good to hear," Cassandra said. "You can move in whenever you are ready. We'll make room for your things."

I spent the rest of the evening choosing which cunt to slide my cock into, watching a mother and daughter orally pleasure each other, and licking each of their sexual secretions. It was a night filled with fucking and proclamations of love for each other.

I woke late the next morning, completely exhausted. Both Cassandra and Sherrie were gone and a note was on the pillow next to me. It read: "Good morning sweetie. I hope to see you after I get home from work. I'll make you dinner then you can fuck my face, or my cunt, or my mom's face, or her cunt. Hope you have a good day thinking about us."

I had hit the jackpot. Two sexy ladies, though a little larger, were willing to give themselves to me fully. All I had to do was come up with an erection.

I picked up my cell phone and made a call. Answered after a few rings. "Hi mom," I said, "I've got some great news. Why don't you come over to Sherrie's house tonight at 7:00 and I'll tell you all about it."

The Birthday Gift

Kyle was shocked at the sight. It was an unusually hard day at school and now instead of relaxing he would have to figure out how to deal with this situation. He was a clueless teenager that didn't even know what to say.

Before him stood an incredibly gorgeous sight. She took his breath away, with her hair down and her body clad in a revealing baby doll. It was see through around her midriff. Through it Kyle could see the tiny thong. Her nipples were completely covered but the baby doll showed some impressive cleavage.

"Welcome home baby," she said. "I've got something special planned for you today."

Kyle stammered, "Bu... but I've... I've never even kissed a girl."

"Oh, sweet sixteen and never been kissed? This will be more exciting than I thought." She reached out and took his hand. "Come with me."

Kyle was lead back to a familiar bedroom with the door closing behind them. She leaned in towards him and kissed his lips. "Not too bad. We are going to have to work on your kissing." She motioned for him to lift his arms over his head. She gently removed his shirt. She kissed her way down his body. She knelt down before him. With her help his pants fell to the ground. Pausing for a moment she looked up at him, "You remind me so much of your father."

Grabbing Kyle's bare cock his seductress pulled him into her. She swallowed his member completely. This new feeling sent him immediately into erotic pleasure. She bobbed her head up and down on his dick, a feeling completely new to him. She began switching between stroking his cock and sucking it.

Kyle began fucking her back. He shoved his dick into her face, she did not resist. She grabbed his ass, guiding his thrusts. With his young age and his inexperience it wasn't long before Kyle's balls began to tighten. The first spurt of cum shot swiftly out of his cock. He handily filled his new lover's mouth with his love.

"Hhmmm," she moaned heartily, swallowing afterwards. "I love the taste of your cum."

"That was the greatest birthday present ever."

"Oh, baby. We aren't done yet. You are a young stud. It won't be long before your cock is up again. Why don't you take charge? I'll lay on the bed and you can explore my body. Start up top with my breasts?"

Kyle's woman lay on the bed and looked at him enchantingly. She slipped one of the straps of her baby doll down for encouragement. Kyle moved his naked body up on top of hers. Her silky lingerie felt fantastic against his skin. He reached up and pulled down her other lingerie strap. He tugged lightly until both her breasts were exposed.

Kyle had spent hours studying breasts on the Internet. Of all the naked women his eyes had come upon there were none who's breasts compared to the sight. The two natural breasts staring back at him were somehow more enticing in person than any breasts in pictures had ever been. He leaned in and began sucking on one nipple. His seductress whimpered, "Oh baby. Not so hard. Suck them softly."

Kyle did as he was instructed. He eased up on her nipple and began caressing it with his lips and tongue. She moaned with delight, an affirmation of her pleasure. "Would you like to try the other one," she asked? Kyle switched to her other breast, treating her nipple as gently as the other.

Kyle's impatience became apparent as he began tugging at her baby doll. She stopped him and helped remove it from her body. He sucked quickly on each nipple again and kissed down her body as she had done to his. He reached her thong, pulling it downwards. "Did you want to taste my pussy," she asked.

Kyle nodded affirmatively. She lifted her hips as he pulled off her thong completely. She was now as naked as him. He moved his head between her legs. His nostrils sucked in the smell of her freshly shaved pussy. He kissed her pussy lips in a feeble attempt to please her. "No, lick it," she requested.

Kyle followed her instructions and began licking her pussy. His inexperience showed through again. Despite his imperfection of oral sex was bearable. She still enjoyed having his wet tongue wander between her lips.

It wasn't long before she felt him humping up against her leg with his second erection. "I think you are ready," she told him. "Would you like to come up here and put your dick in me?" Kyle didn't need a second invitation. He was quickly hovering over her with his cock at the ready. She reached down and grabbed it. She guided him to the proper location as he pressed himself inward.

A feeling overcame Kyle's body, one that surpassed the pleasure of the previous blow job. Were it not for that blow job he would have blown his load just as he first entered his lover's pussy. Instead he was able to hold out and after he got passed the initial shock of pleasure his desire to move greatly increased. His cock easily slid out and back in.

Kyle began fucking in and out. His cock slid with ease as his partner began feeling the pleasure of his member. She began moaning with his movements with her hips bucking back at him. As they thrust towards each other their skin slapped together. Thwack, thwack, thwack, was the sound of their sex. Her moans turned into words with each movement, "OH... YES... FUCK ME!" Only a few more lunges from Kyle's cock before it could take no more. He buried himself against her as his dick expelled its spunky seed.

Out of breath, Kyle collapsed against her sweaty body. His new lover began stroking his hair trying to calm him down.

"Not bad for your first time baby." She told him. "I know the more we do it the better you will get."

"Thanks," Kyle replied.

"I hope this was a good birthday present for you," she inquired

"Oh yeah it was"

"I must tell you a few things before you go," she said. "Your dad can never know about this. Now that you are old enough to do fuck me you can have me any time I am available and we are alone, just ask. But no girlfriends while you have me."

"That sounds great!"

"A few more things. You must obey me or else the sex goes away. Always do as I ask and keep good grades."

"I'll do my best mom," Kyle said.

She smiled at him, "Good sweetie. Now go tell your older brother that mommy is ready for him. I've still got a lot of fucking to do before your father gets home."

He Raped Me

I'll never forget that day. It is still as vivid today as it was over ten years ago, almost as if it happened yesterday. I've never told a single soul about what he did to me. He was such a good guy and still is to this day. He was pushed over the edge by a girlfriend who tormented him mercilessly.

It was a few days after I graduated from high school. My brother Zach had returned home from college to watch my graduation and spend a few weeks at home. He had brought his new girlfriend, Miranda, home with him as well. Honestly, that was a bit awkward and most likely the cause of his sexual frustration. Our parents insisted that they sleep in different bedrooms. So she got stuck in my room, annoying the hell out of me. That's one hell of a graduation present.

There were some dynamics of their relationship that I didn't know until later. Miranda was a huge cock tease. She would take her clothes off for my brother and let him touch her all over. She would even let him eat her out. On the other hand if any of his clothes began coming off she would quickly dress herself. The sexual pleasure was for her only. Miranda had somehow assumed that Zach would be sexually satisfied just looking at her.

Their time together was with only each other for most of the day. It didn't take long for my brother to finally be frustrated by her actions. She would do her naked modeling and then insist she remained clothed while he masturbated himself. They were in his room going through these motions once again. I was in my room enjoying a lazy summer morning, still lounging in my pajamas. That is when the fight started.

Zach yelled out, "Just take off your clothes and let me fuck you."

Miranda yelled back at him with her whiney voice, "No. I'm not ready."

This was followed by a lot of inaudible conversation and the sound of shuffling. There was some grunting and obvious sounds of a struggle. I knew what my brother was going to do to Miranda. Part of me wanted it to happen while part of me wanted to stop it for the sake of womanhood. I walked into the hallway thinking that just knowing I was there might stop their fight.

Before I could make my presence known I heard the sound of a loud crack. It was the sound of an open palm across skin. A moment later Miranda came running out of my brother's room, right past me without the slightest acknowledgment, and out the door. Zach came barging out of his room after a short time. He stopped when he saw me staring at him.

He yelled at me in a most primal way, "What the fuck are you looking at?"

I didn't say a word. I only cowered slightly. Zach and I have had fights in the past. I've always done well in standing my ground. This time there was something different about the way he looked at me. His eyes stared deep into me as if Zach himself was no longer in his own body. He looked like a tiger ready to pounce on its prey. His bare chest moved up and down with every huff of his breath. The only thing that covered him was a pair of shorts that showed a generous outline of his cock. Now that I look back at it I have to admit that it was quite an erotic looking sight.

Now imagine if you will, a hunter looking for prey who happens upon a cowering prize. A prize who didn't have much covering herself in return. There was only a long night shirt and a pair of panties that covered my nakedness. Zach pushed me backwards towards my room. Instinctually I tried to fight; pushing him back. This only made his rage gain intensity. His physical advance became more forceful until I was finally pushed onto my bed.

Zach grabbed at my night shirt and pulled it upwards. I again tried fighting his advances. He tugged and jerked by shirt back and forth, stretching it beyond its capability to stay in place. It wasn't long before his strength had overpowered me. My once lovely night shirt was ripped from my body. It was a terrible mess. I was never able to use it again.

At this point I was only wearing my panties while my breasts were now exposed to Zach's ravenous view. It was then that I knew this was going to be more than him venting his anger through a fight. I clenched my legs together in the hopes that he would eventually give up. His resolve to be sexually satisfied was greater than my strength to hold my legs together.

Zach climbed up on my body and straddled me over my chest, just under my breasts. He pawed at my tits while I tried to fight him off. He eventually gave up on feeling my boobs and grabbed my neck with one hand. He held me down tightly, barely loose enough to allow be to breathe. He turned his body and with his other hand began tugging at my panties in the same manner that he had my shirt.

I was under extreme duress. I had no desire to allow Zach to penetrate me. I also knew that he would eventually get his way. With one hand tightly around my neck I was also becoming scared for my life. I used all the fortitude I could muster and struck him with a closed fist across his face.

Zach stopped and looked at me. He moved his hand from my neck and pushed down on my collar bone with all his weight. He clenched his other fist and lifted it into the air above me. I flinched, closing my eyes. I fully expected a return punch to the face. Instead I received an

infuriating blow to the shoulder. There was enough pain inflicted upon me that I was unable to keep my guard up.

Zach moved off of me while I rolled in pain. Without any real further struggle he was able to remove my underwear. I rolled onto my back, exposing my body to him, as if to say I surrender. He dropped his shorts allowing his cock to come free from its only bound.

For the first time I was actually able to say something. "Please don't do this," I pleaded while tears ran down my cheeks. It must have sounded pitiful behind the sounds of whimpering.

"Shut the fuck up," Zach commanded. "I'm getting pussy today and I don't fucking care who it belongs to. So why don't you stop fighting me and enjoy it? You know you can't stop it."

I knew I had been defeated. No matter what my actions were my brother was going to fuck me. I began to bawl nearly uncontrollably. I felt Zach begin to wipe my tears from my face. At first I thought he was doing something to help alleviate the emotional trauma he was causing. He was doing no such thing. Instead he was using my tears to help moisten up my pussy.

Zach rubbed his dick through the tears he had relocated to my cunt. Between his pre-cum, my tears, and the natural secretions of my pussy he was able to push himself into me. By this time I was physically spent and morally dejected. I lay limp on my bed while my own brother fucked me, crying all the while.

Zach's dick moved in and out of my cunt in rapid succession. The primal way he was fucking me let me know how deeply his desires ran. There was no emotion and no feelings transferred between us. He fucked me for what seemed like ages; a constant pounding of our sexual organs.

The longer my brother fucked me the more he seemed to soften. Eventually he began kissing my cheek or neck. I merely continued to lay as limp as before. As before, he persisted in his actions, eventually suckling my breasts. Just before I was about to give in to his growing emotional pleas he did something that ruined the moment. My brother began licking up the tears on my face. It was as if he was telling me that he delighted in my suffering.

My crying continued as I tried to push out words, "No. Please stop." I can only imagine that they must have been made inaudible by my sobbing.

Zach began moaning loudly. His groans and grunts became louder and faster. I knew it was coming. I knew his sperm was going to make its way into my uterus. It was then that I

realized he could get me pregnant. I tried to push him off but my body was too tired and he was too strong. His cock began to pulse and he emptied his load into his sister.

After he finished Zach collapsed on top of me. He pushed himself back up and looked towards me. Our eyes met for a short moment. The look of animal instinct seemed to have left him and I was staring back at my brother, he was back. His dick slid out of me as he moved off my body.

"I'm sorry," he said. He turned to leave but stopped short. Zach stared back at me with what seemed to be a look of panic. "Don't you fucking tell anyone about this or I'll do it to you again." He then vacated my room.

My body was sore and I was an emotional wreck. I finally had the courage to stand and inspect myself in the mirror. My brother had left many marks on me, some of which would inevitably become bruises. I spread my stance and squatted down. His cum leaked from my now raped hole onto the floor.

I cried for nearly a week afterwards, at least until my period came. Once I knew that I had not become pregnant my mind was put at ease. I was a recluse for the rest of that summer as I worked through the traumatic feelings. I was scared to tell anyone about my brother's actions. Not because he threatened me but because I knew what would happen to him if I did.

I understand why Zach did it. Miranda had pushed his primal urges to the point where he lost control. Ironically I never saw that self-righteous bitch again. I am no longer upset with him; I have forgiven him. I still struggle with feelings of guilt and inadequacy. I do not feel guilty for being raped. I feel guilty because I enjoyed it. I feel guilty because I think of it often. I feel guilty because I want to be raped again. I feel guilty because I want my own brother to be my rapist.

I Raped Her

Not a day goes by without me thinking about what I did. It was ten years ago; right after my sister, Vicky, graduated from high school. I decided to go home from college and support her by attending her graduation. I had planned on spending a few weeks at home. What I did not plan on was my girlfriend tagging along. It was a last minute thing.

Miranda was my girlfriend. She was hot as could be. Her hair shined like a halo and her eyes looked innocent. She had a petite nose which rested over her equally tiny mouth. From top to bottom she was small, along with her small facial features she also had some small shoulders, itty bitty titties, a tiny waist, and a little ass. She would always complain about having to buy her clothes in the kids department. Not a bad problem if you ask me.

My relationship with Miranda had been moving a lot slower than I was used to. I had a few girlfriends at college before her. Those girls knew how to do it all, they sucked dick like pros and seemed to be always horny. Miranda was a bit different, which was what attracted me to her in the first place. It was also what caused me to loose my cool. You see, she wouldn't have sex with me.

Oh Miranda would get naked all right. She would request I ravish her body. She wanted me to suck on her tiny titties. She would let me touch her anywhere I wanted. I even amassed a fairly large collection of erotic images of her. But the one thing she would never let me do is penetrate her, with anything. I tried fingering her one time and she freaked out. Fucking let loose about not wanting to give me her virginity when she wasn't ready. What the fuck right? She wants the sexual pleasure without paying for it.

So anyways, I'm on my way out the door for my sister's graduation. Miranda comes running along and lets me know that her plans fell through and that she would love to accompany me. I'm thinking, "Fantastic. Maybe I'll get her to sleep in my bed with me and we can finally fuck." Well, that was a great thought but of course my mom had other plans. Miranda ended up sleeping in Vicky's room which was a fucking bummer.

So a few days after the graduation we are in my room. My parents are both at work and Miranda and I are going through the motions again. She is laying on my bed and I've got my tongue working on her cunt. She is moaning pretty good this time and I figure I could get away with taking off my shorts and jumping on her. So I discreetly slip my shorts off and start kissing up her body. My dick bumps up against her pussy and I can feel her wetness beginning to engulf me. I should have expected her to freak out.

Miranda jumps up and throws on some panties as fast as she can. Her pants follow which are then topped off with a shirt. She starts grabbing all her clothes and shoving them into her bag. I know she intends to leave so I just figure I would take it if she wouldn't give it to me.

Through our already heated conversation I just yell out, "Just get naked and fuck me!"

She turns around and yells back at me, "I'm not going to," or some shit like that.

So we keep talking as Miranda is getting her shit together. I try my best to convince her but I realize it won't happen. I grabbed her around the waist and threw her down on my bed and jump back on. She looks up at me and fucking slaps me across the face as hard as she could. Honestly, it really hurt, not only physically but emotionally. I realized that I had just wasted nearly a year on this dumb girl who would never really love me the way I needed. In my moment of hesitation she was able to get out from underneath me.

Miranda ran out of my room and I was about to follow when I realized I was naked. It took me a second to find my shorts and put them on. I was on my way to stop her when I ran into Vicky along the way. She was standing in the hallway between me and our front door. I couldn't help but look at her. She was only wearing a thin and obviously well worn night shirt that went down to her knees. Her healthy tits hung low, a stark contrast to Miranda's little nubbins. Her nipples were doing their best to poke through their thin constraints.

Staring at Vicky caused my sexual rage to be suddenly redirected. She just happened to be the first woman I saw. My dick needed some pussy so badly that I could barely think straight. The only thing that kept running through my head was that there was a pussy right in front of me. All I had to do was to take it. I pushed her towards her bed just as I had pushed Miranda towards mine. The difference is that Vicky knew how to hold her own. She fought back which only made me more resolute.

We struggled against each other and I was finally able to pull Vicky's shirt off. I took a second to look at her tits. They were gorgeous; too big to be perky but still full and round. Her aureolas were a bit larger than any other girl I had been with. She also had some significantly sized nipples to match.

I had successfully pushed Vicky to her bed and climbed on top of her. I got a few good rubs of her tits before she started getting really feisty. So I held her down any way I could. I knew getting her panties off would be a fight but I was ready, apparently she was too. She fucking punched me. Not the sissy ass slap that Miranda had left me with, but instead an all out right hook. I wanted to punch her face back so fucking bad. I was going to. I had my fist all clenched and above me then I realized I would probably leave a bruise and our parents would ask what happened. So instead I slugged her shoulder.

Vicky rolled over on her side and started crying. I knew this was my chance to get her panties off so I started ripping them down. She struggled a little but not nearly as much as she had before. When she rolled onto her back she was completely nude.

Vicky kept crying as she started pleading, "Don't do this."

"Shut the fuck up, bitch," I yelled. "I need some pussy and you have one. I'm fucking you so why don't you just enjoy it?"

I looked down at her cunt and knew I needed it. I pulled my shorts off and tried to show her my dick, she was about to get it. I spread her legs and looked down at her cunt. It was as dry as could be. I may have been making my sister fuck me but I hate the feel of a dry pussy. I liked my fingers and ran them up her lips. I then saw all the tears she was making and figured they might help. So I picked up as much as I could with my fingers and let her tears wet her hole.

I rubbed my cock along Vicky's lips until it was wet enough. She kept laying limp as can be so I decided to just use her cunt as I needed. I started ramming my dick into her as hard as I could. I would have figured with all the teasing that Miranda did to me that my dick would have ejaculated only seconds after entering my sister. Instead it seemed to go on as if it needed to stay in her. I pounded her limp body while she lay with her head to one side, crying.

Continuing to fuck her I started feeling as if I should make a connection with her in some way. Vicky's body began to relax. I even began feeling her hips starting to move a little with mine. I knew she was starting to enjoy getting fucked. So I leaned in and kissed her cheek, trying to wipe away her tears. Apparently trying to reach out to her backfired on me. Her body stiffened back up and she began crying harder. I heard some moans come from her but I could only make out, "No."

About this time I was beginning to feel bad for forcing her to fuck. What was I to do? I was beginning to feel the cum building up in my balls. I knew I had to finish. So it was back to plain fucking with no meaning. All the while Vicky just lay beneath me, limp bodied, with tears pouring down her face.

It didn't take much longer before my balls tightened and my cock began shooting my load into my sister. I couldn't help but groan and moan from the pleasure and release I was feeling. As bad as I was feeling at this moment about raping Vicky I couldn't help but enjoy the release she gave me. My dick was in a cunt and my balls were finally empty after all that time with my girlfriend teasing the fuck out of me.

I lifted myself up as my cock slid from her freshly raped and cummed in hole. My eyes met with hers and for quick moment I thought she had the look that she had enjoyed being with me. After looking into her eyes I felt pretty bad. I stood up and looked down at her naked body; she was really gorgeous and I never had the chance to enjoy her properly. I felt I should say something, "I'm sorry," I blurted out.

Vicky just continued to lay there, not attempting to cover up, not attempting anything, just staring back at me. On my way out the door I realized what could happen if our parents found out about me taking Vicky by force. I turned back to her and said, "Don't fucking tell anyone about this." Then I left.

I still feel guilty for what I did to her. I have tried to talk to Vicky about what I did and she just says stuff like, "Its fine," or "Its in the past." I just hope that one day she can forgive me.

I Raped Her Again

I had another sexual encounter with Vicky. I'm a bit sad to say that she wouldn't remember it. I guess that could be a good thing considering our first encounter was a bit violent. I certainly wouldn't expect her to willingly fuck me after what I did to her the first time. I performed a selfish act that caused our fairly good brother and sister relationship to go to shit. But fuck, I needed some pussy and she just happened to be there.

Our second sexual encounter happened during her sophomore year at college. It was her 21st birthday and her friends had taken her out to do a little bar hopping. At the time she was barely talking to me again. She would say hello and ask how I was doing but would not have any conversations with me. I was still worried about her, especially on her birthday when I knew she would get completely wasted.

I followed my sister and her friends as covertly as I could. Her night started off as I figured it would. She drank a few beers and flirted with guys who would buy her some shots. All the different types of alcohol she was mixing was creating a recipe for a throw-up drunk. I knew she would end up sleeping next to a toilet that night.

I could tell she had about enough. I could see her night was coming to an end. Then something happened that caught me completely off guard. I saw a quite sober guy go up and talk to my sister and her friends. I could hear her friends boisterously telling him that Vicky needed a good fuck for her birthday. He seemed interested but insisted on buying her another drink. She obviously didn't need one. I watched him as he went to the bar for another beer. He paused for a moment after he got it and I saw him dump something into her drink. Vicky was already drunk enough to fuck about any guy who asked but this guy thought it was necessary to drug her.

This complete douchebag gave the beer to my sister before I could get over to her. She had taken a few very large drinks of it before I grabbed it out of her hand. "Don't drink this," I told her.

She responded to me with an abundance of slurred speech, "Wha-t the fu-ck a-are you d-oin here?"

Then the asshat who just drugged her chimed in, "I'm going to go take a leak. When I get back I'll get rid of this guy for you and we can go to my place." It was a good thing he walked off. I would have kicked the shit out of him had he not done so.

Vicky looked back at me, "F-uck you," she said in a slurred manner.

"Listen Vic, that guy just drugged that beer you drank. If you are cool with getting date raped and possibly killed then go home with him. Otherwise come home with me or have your friends take you home."

Vicky was about to the point of not being able to make decisions for herself. Most of her friends, except their driver, were in about the same state. The designated driver recognized me because I had been to my sister's apartment a few times. That was when her designated driver friend spoke up, "Why don't you take her home? I've already got enough with all these other drunk girls."

That was enough for me. I reached down and helped Vicky up out of the booth. "Let's go," I told her.

"Fu- Fu-ck you," she said.

I could easily see that Vicky was completely wasted. I could also see that the drug was beginning to take effect. Luckily I didn't live too far away so I was able to get her to my place before she passed out. Vicky was able to walk most of the way into my apartment. Right after we got in the door she looked at me and said, "I feel sick."

I knew Vicky would be hurling all over my apartment if I didn't act fast. I quickly carried her into the bathroom where she crudely spewed all over herself. I was able to get her head down to the toilet for the second, third, and fourth round. She was able to get to her feet after regurgitating a massive amount of alcohol. She looked in the mirror and with slurred speech said, "Uh, shi-t. I vomited on my shirt." So she pulled her shirt off over her head, spreading the vomit across her hair. "Help me with this bra," she said with slurred speech.

It was easy to unclasp her bra. I was right behind her. She let it fall to the ground and turned to face me. Her tits were just as beautiful as I remembered them. "Do you remember when you raped me," she asked?

She was drunk as can be. I knew she wouldn't remember anything when she woke up. "Yeah," I replied.

"Good," she said right before she collapsed on me. The drugs had taken full effect now, Vicky was out cold. My first intention was to go lay her on my bed and then leave her alone until she woke up. Then I looked at her hair. It was covered in puke, as was her pants. Her shirt was definitely covered as well.

There was no chance in Hell that I planned on smelling this all night, and most likely well into the next day. So I decided to clean her up before putting her to bed. I lay her down in the bathtub and worked her pants off of her. I took off her panties as well. I honestly don't

know why I did, I mean, it wasn't really necessary. She must have expected to get some action because her pussy was neatly groomed. Not completely shaven but nicely trimmed into a patch above her slit.

Now she was completely naked in my tub and smelled awful. I first turned on the shower. I had a removable shower head back then so it made for easy cleanup. I washed her body the best I could. Then I started washing her hair. It must have taken me at least half an hour on her hair alone. But I finally got it done. I dried her off as best I could then moved her to my bed.

I put Vicky's clothes in the wash then went to work cleaning up my now puke covered bathroom. It was really fucking gross. Chunks of her last meal were scattered all over the place along with a wretched smell of semi-digested Jack Daniels and random beers. By the time I got the bathroom cleaned her clothes were ready to be put in the dryer. I stayed up and waited for her clothes, fully intending to at least put her panties and bra back on her.

So I went into my bedroom with her freshly cleaned clothes. I looked in my closet and found a t-shirt long enough to cover her. Vicky lay in my bed exactly as I had left her. I reached down and checked to make sure she was still breathing; good. I checked her pulse and it was as strong as ever. I was worried about her but after a few hours of being passed out she still had a strong pulse and was breathing normally.

My problem was that I didn't get her dressed right away. Had I just put some clothes on her quickly and then left the room I wouldn't have ended up doing what I did. Instead I sat looking at her, remembering back to when I buried my cock inside her. Then I touched her lovely breasts. They were much more appealing that I remembered. However, the last time we were naked together I didn't get much of a change to feel them. I ran my hands up and down her body from her neck to her pelvis.

I finally reached in between her legs and felt her pussy. Soft as can be and also slightly wet. I wasn't sure if she was wet from the shower or horny wet, all I knew is that it wouldn't take much to get inside of her again. This time around I savored her pussy. I decided to go down on her even though it wouldn't do much for her during her current state. No matter to me, I just wanted to taste her cunt.

I licked up her juices and teased her pussy until it was dripping wet. After I did this I realized that I couldn't stop. I had gone too far to just quit now. I took my clothes off and jerked my cock a little while I looked at her. I moved myself up between her legs and rubbed my dick between her slit. The feel of her wetness on my dick head was fantastic. I hadn't been with a girl all year and my sister's pussy was once again available in my time of need.

I moved my body on top of Vicky's and buried my cock inside her. It felt so wrong but it felt so right. Her cunt massaged my dick as I moved it in and out. Over and over I pounded her sleeping body. It was a bit surreal fucking my sister like I was. Unlike the last time we fucked there was no fighting, and certainly no crying. On the other hand I knew she wouldn't remember me taking advantage of her as I was.

Right before I came my mind was filled with thoughts of her getting pregnant. So as I felt my balls tighten up I pulled my cock from her pussy. I shot my load all up her stomach and onto her chest. I rubbed my cum into her skin.

I lay down next to her and began sucking on her perfect breasts. They were soft and supple. I sucked and sucked until I began to doze off. I fell asleep that night cuddled up to my sister's naked body while she was passed out drunk and drugged.

I woke the next morning and quickly remembered the previous night when I saw Vicky's naked body. I checked her breathing and pulse once again, both good. I got up and showered then returned to my bedroom. She was still passed out. I covered her with my blanket and left the room. The more I thought about what I had done to her the more I wanted it again. Those feelings combined with disgust in myself. However, the feelings of wanting her body again were stronger. This time I ran off to the local drug store and grabbed a small box of condoms, three pack.

I figured she would have been awake when I got back but she wasn't. So I took my clothes off once again, donned a condom, and had my way with her a second time. I tried to be fast in case she woke up, but she was as passed out as she was the night before. I lay next to her after I got done fucking her that second time. By then I figured if she woke up I would be honest with her and tell her what I had done. She already hated me anyways.

The longer I stayed next to her the more I struggled with feelings of desire versus feelings of disgust. But the call of that condom box looking back at me won out. As soon as my cock was hard again I put on another condom and fucked her for what seemed like ages. By this time I was kind of hoping she would wake up and figure out what I was doing. I kind of wanted her to know we were doing it again.

The third condom was far easier to use than the first or second. I was no longer struggling with emotions or feelings, I just figured I would fuck her as much as I could. So after some time of rubbing her body, sucking her tits, and licking at her cunt, I put the third condom on and had her pussy a third time that day. The third time it took me forever to cum. I actually had to take a break and go again after a short breather.

I lay next to Vicky for a few more hours before I finally put on her panties and the t-shirt I had previously found for her. I looked at the clock and realized I had spent most of the day either next to, on top of, or inside of my naked sister. I was so fucking hungry after a marathon fuck like that. I got up and made myself dinner then watched television for a while. I figured I would sleep out on the couch that night.

Well, the couch didn't happen. I ended up back in my bed next to Vicky. I was pretty sexually satisfied so I took a few gropes of her body before I fell asleep. The next morning she was starting to moan in her sleep. I knew she would wake soon. I got up and made some breakfast for both of us. Perfect timing too, she came stumbling into the kitchen right as it was done.

"What the fuck happened last night," she asked?

"You mean what the fuck happened two nights ago," I said.

"I've been passed out for two days?"

"No, two nights and a day."

"How did I get here?"

"I was at the same bar as you were. I saw a guy drug your drink so I left with you before he could."

"How did I get in your t-shirt?"

"You threw up all over yourself then took your clothes off. Then you passed out."

"So why don't I have any vomit on me now?"

"I washed you off, put you in my t-shirt, and put you to bed." As I was talking to her I realized I shouldn't mention what I did to her. Though with as much and as hard as I fucked her the day before I was surprised she didn't say her cunt was aching.

"Then what happened," Vicky asked?

"Then you slept it off. And now you are awake just in time for breakfast."

"I'm sorry I took my clothes off in front of you."

"Its okay," I told her, "I didn't mind."

"You're a fucking pervert."

Our conversation continued on throughout breakfast and the rest of that morning. It was the first time Vicky had talked to me since I raped her three years before. We caught up on our lives. She briefly mentioned my previous raping and said she put it behind her. Though she never actually said she forgave me. I would understand if she never does. I never told her about my day fucking her drugged body. I imagine it would have made things much worse between us had she figured I was fucking her while she slept.

So to this day I have kept it a secret. To this day I have not told a single soul until now. I still want her. I want to be with her. I'm married now and so is she. But that doesn't mean we can't share something special every once in a while. Sometimes I think she is flirting with me. Then I remember that she is my sister and is most likely just being friendly. I guess I should be happy for getting what I have and leave it as a fantasy.

Excerpt from Vicky's journal which she wrote in after she got home:

I got fucked up drunk on my birthday. Zach saved me from a guy who drugged my drink. I'm pretty thankful to him for that. But he saw me naked, even washed me off. I woke up in his bed only wearing a t-shirt and my panties. I can't prove it but I think he may have fucked me. If he did he fucked me hard; my pussy was really sore when I woke up. I hope he enjoyed it because I didn't get to. Maybe I can tease him enough to get him to rape me one more time. This time when I'm awake. Is it bad that I want him to force me?

The Preacher's Wife

I am still amazed at how much jealousy and vanity exists among all these church going women. Of course I would have never learned this had I not married Dan. Being the shepherd of a religious flock my preacher husband usually ended up resolving many of these quarrels. And by being his wife I sometimes got dragged into the middle of them. I had to be the example that all these envious women looked to. I didn't do it for personal social status. I did it for Dan because I really love him.

I wasn't always pretending to be the perfect woman. Before I met Dan I was a slut - A real whore's whore. I would fuck nearly any cock presented to me. My cravings for cock were so powerful that I often cheated on my high school boyfriend. A boyfriend who my parents absolutely hated. My dad would grit his teeth and smile every time I brought him home with me. Nearly every time my dad would remind me of my upbringing in his religiously conservative home.

I stayed with my boyfriend because it upset my father and also he was large and looked intimidating. The intimidating part helped with my devious sexual adventures. But my dolt of a boyfriend was none the wiser. Despite my father's aversion to him he wanted to wait until marriage. He was always such a white knight. My boyfriend's insistence of waiting to have sex led me to fuck around on him. That and it was the easiest way to rebel against my parents.

My first exposure to cock was a dirty magazine I found which had been discarded by the side of the road. Seeing the images of sex aroused me beyond anything I had imagined. My boyfriend would have nothing to do with me if I had pushed him into sex. Instead I learned to use my relationship with him as leverage. I became a master at seduction. So many insecure guys willing to do as I suggested. Most of the time I was able to manipulate them into thinking they were the ones who started our sexual encounters. I always went for the introverts. They kept their mouths shut and my pussy full. I was a full fledged virginity buster babe.

I finally broke up with my boyfriend when I went to college. He received an all out football scholarship to a major school in the Big Ten. On the other hand I ended up at the state university. Even though I was in the same state as my parents I was still a few hours drive away. For the first time in my life I had learned what freedom meant. I didn't have to tell anyone where I was going, what I was doing, or when I would get back. It was heaven.

Fortunately for me my dorm roommate didn't show until the first day of classes. This left me a few nights to myself. Perfect for a cock loving slut. The first night I found the cutest guy who would give me the time of day and invited him in for a romp in the sack. I saw that guy around campus a few times while I was there but I never knew his name. I'm pretty sure he didn't even live in the dorms.

It didn't take long for my roommate to get the idea that I would be fucking any time I was there. She was such a prude; so similar to my mother. She would get all pissed off and storm out every time she saw a guys ass. Sometimes I would intentionally have naked men in the dorm just for the shock value.

The thing that changed my life is when sex went further than I was comfortable with. I went to the frat party expecting a quality fuck or a fun threesome. Instead I was dished up more than I had bargained for. It was an impetuous decision to go to the party. I walked into a party with people I didn't know and no clear way out. At first it was no big deal. I did my regular party tendencies. I did my best to flirt and manipulate the guys into thinking they were getting a real catch.

Before long before I was sucking a cock out in the open. I was so against this. I would always seek out some form of privacy but this time I had lost my senses. A crowd formed and watched as I finished off this guy. I used his cum to put on a show for the rest of the party goers. It was an ego booster to hear guys cheering for a cum guzzling slut.

Shortly after I finished swallowing another cock was thrust into my face. I didn't think much of it. I went after that cock as I had the first. The other guys began getting more involved reaching in for quick grabs of my body. As I finished up the second guy I noticed that more cocks were out. I wasn't sure how long I would be able to keep this up.

After the load of cum splashed into my throat I was lifted upon the table. Man sausage was everywhere. I felt one pushing into my cunt while another guy was moving in for his turn at oral sex. My hands were guided to cocks of their own. The guy fucking me even moved a bit to accommodate one of his frat brothers. That cock ended up in my ass. I was being fucked in every hole that could fit a man. Despite this all-consuming gang bang I was able to glance around the room at all the other men looking for a piece. It was going to be a long night.

I woke some time later in a bathtub. I wasn't sure how much time had passed but the sun was beginning to crest over the horizon. All the cum shot on my body earlier had begun to dry. Crusty patches of it fell off my body as I moved. I had never seen or consumed so much cum as I had the night before. I stood up and felt the aftermath; my pussy was sore, my ass burned in pain, and my tits felt as if they had been squeezed to death. I turned on a hot shower and cried. For the first time in my life I felt awful for what I had been doing. My

thoughts turned to my parents. I could imagine my father berating me for my choices while my mother sat back and cried while she watched.

I knew I had to leave before anyone saw me. I finished washing the cum out of my hair. There were no towels to be found anywhere. I had no idea where my clothes were. I had to suck it up and walk out into this unknown house where I had been repeatedly fucked. Frat boys were passed out drunk all around me. I was able to find some pants that fit and a shirt that didn't look or smell too bad. I took one last look around at all the men who had their way with me. I had lost count on how many men I had been with a long time ago. But this sight brought tearful emotions forward.

I had no idea where I was whatsoever. The neighborhood was unfamiliar. The only thing I could do was walk, hopefully finding my way out to a main road. All the while my thoughts kept returning to my parents. I couldn't stop thinking about how disappointed they would be in their super slut daughter. I had gone far beyond the acceptable. I knew I needed to change. I knew my life was on the fast track to hell if I didn't do something different.

I finally came across a church. It pained me to think about going anywhere near it. In the distance was a main road, just on the other side of the full church parking lot. I figured church had already started and I would be fine if I quickly passed through. Instead I was surprised by an old lady who was on her way in. I really tried to come up with excuses to not go in with her but she countered every one. I felt as if I were beat emotionally, physically, and spiritually. I gave in because I was so tired of feeling contention.

The service was just fine and I was welcomed by many. Everyone was interested in what I was doing, where I was going, and how I ended up walking through their parking lot. I lied through my teeth about nearly everything. I just said I went to a party that went bad and I had left, doing my best to avoid details. I acted as innocent as I did in high school. After all I was a master at hiding my true desires before I went to college. So when I first met Dan he just figured I was a good girl who got caught up in a bad situation. I've never told him the truth and I never will. I care too much for him to let him know what kind of woman I was.

Dan was kind enough to give me a ride back to my dorm that day. It was a large enough distance that it gave us a chance to talk, getting to know one another. Conversation was natural between us. That was when he informed me of his goals in life. He wanted to be a preacher man. It was also when he first asked me out on a date. I honestly don't know why I agreed to go out with him, I think it was his show of respect for me without really knowing who I was. During the week before our date I didn't have sex. I didn't even masturbate.

Dan and I have been married almost eighteen years now. I've lost the image of being a cock craving slut and inherited an image of being so perfect. If only the other women knew the truth. Dan has treated me well, cared for all my needs, and has even tried a few sexual acts that he first thought were too far out there. But our marriage isn't all about sex so I don't expect him to understand all my sexual fantasies.

The point of my story is not to tell you how I went from an innocent girl to a cock craving slut to returning as a preacher's wife. I have to tell somebody about what I've done. My latest transgression eclipses all others, even the frat party where I was gang banged by an entire fraternity.

Dan and I have made a great family together. At least it has been great until our son Eric decided to go through his own rebellious phase. He reminded me so much of myself. He would do things just to upset us. Dan and I had always been able to work through his disobedience. Just recently, after his seventeenth birthday, we had both decided enough was enough.

I decided to have a good heart to heart talk with Eric about his choice of friends, music, and especially the way he dressed. Had you met my son in public you would have never guessed he would be a son of a preacher man. I intended to persuade him to change his image. Without a thought for his privacy I walked into his room with the purpose of starting my well intentioned talk. Instead what I saw was shocking, disturbing, and offensive, but I couldn't stop the excitement that filled me.

Eric was standing naked before me, his cock in his hand, his erection reaching towards the heavens. The erection and the porn being displayed on his computer screen showed the truth of his actions. The porn was an image of a woman being gang banged, a man in her every hole. The memories of my past had come flooding back along with my desire to fuck. Instead of acting ashamed Eric defiantly jerked his manhood in front of me. Almost as if to say, "Fuck you mom."

To be honest that was the thought I had as well, "Fuck you mom." I moved myself in front of my son. He was obviously expecting to be slapped across the face as I saw him cringe a little. Instead I moved to my knees in front of him. My hands replaced his around that gorgeous cock. I lustfully sucked it into my mouth. I polished his stiff prick to the sounds of his moans. His actions let me know he had never experienced this before. He collapsed to his bed as he was overcome with pleasure. On top of that it didn't take him long before his cum coated my throat. Of course I sucked it all down. Every last drop. I even moved my finger along his shaft to milk out the remainder.

When I was cleaning up his tasty cum off his cock he did something that surprised me. Eric, my own son, reached down and groped my breast. I hadn't felt that inexperienced grasp in years, but it was familiar to me. I couldn't help but ask, "Have you ever touched a girls boobs before?"

Eric seemed almost frozen. After all I, his mother, had just sucked his cum down my throat. He stuttered as he responded, "I-- well-- I've--"

"Just tell me baby. Who was your first?"

"I-- Mom, I've never even kissed a girl."

I looked at him and smiled. "So now you have gotten a blowjob before a kiss." I took off my shirt and bra, exposing my breasts to him. I rubbed his semi-flaccid cock between my breasts to help bring him back to life. I moved up and kissed him. This wasn't the innocent mom kiss that we have always had. No, this was a deeply passionate and lustful kiss.

I could feel his cock beginning to push against my body. I stood back up and motioned for him to move completely onto his bed. In the meantime I dropped my pants and stepped out of them. You should have seen the look on his face with me standing naked in front of him. Shock and awe would be an understatement. My tits swayed before his gaze. I felt his eyes move up and down my body. He looked for a time at my trimmed pussy. I felt so naughty doing this in front of him.

I lifted my leg and straddled him across his bed with my breasts dangling in front of his face. His inexperienced hands guiding them to his mouth where his wet tongue reached my nipple. He sucked them so roughly. It reminded me again of my earlier slut days when I would try to collect virginity as it were some sort of trading card.

I rubbed my dripping wet cunt along his shaft as he continued to ravish my breasts. I could feel my lubrication preparing his cock for penetration. I haven't felt this sexually exited in years. I lifted my head and removed my hair from my face. Eric's eyes met with mine as his cock slid deep into me. His eyes bulged with appreciation as I watched his virginity being taken.

I started humping my own son. Back and forth. Riding his cock as hard as I have ever ridden a man before. He grabbed my hips and began moving his hips in concert with mine. These actions coerced moans of delight from deep within me. What I was doing was so evil and yet so erotic. I had more than my fair share of cock in the past, but this was the first time I had been so morally unclean in the last eighteen years.

The thrill of infidelity mixed with the thrill of such a taboo act of incest put me over the edge. I bucked against Eric as the most intense orgasm ripped through my body. My orgasm subsided and I collapsed onto my son, our chests meeting in ecstasy. It was the most unfathomable orgasm I had felt. My love for my son, the incest, the infidelity, the taboo, the hatred for what my son had become, it all combined to be released through orgasm. It had been the greatest make up sex she ever had.

I rolled off of Eric and noticed his still raging hard on. I was never a woman who would let a man go without cumming. I motioned for him to climb aboard and take the lead. He exhibited no hesitation to my suggestion. His cock slid back into me. The look on his face suggested he was going to take full advantage of this situation. All I could do was gaze into his eyes as he pleased himself.

I reached for his ass as he continued to fuck me. He moved faster and faster. His defiance towards me was decreasing with every thrust of his cock. I moved in unison with him until I could feel Eric's cock begin to twitch. He advanced one last time, burying himself balls deep into his own mothers cunt. I pushed against his ass and held him in tight as his cum began splattering against my womb. The feeling of his cum caused another orgasm to overcome my body. I bucked with him until he was spent.

Eric lay on top of me, panting with pleasure until his cock finally went limp and slipped from me. We held each other. For that short time, despite our relation, we had become lovers. He leaned in and kissed me gently before he rolled his body off of me.

After some time I finally broke away, standing up before him. He watched as I began getting dressed. This wasn't the most impetuous thing I had done but it is the most transgressive.

Before I left his room I turned to him. I could see in his eyes that I had tamed him. "Your father must never know about this. And I expect to see you in church on Sunday."

Amputee Amanda

It starts as a sad story. My sister, Amanda, was in a terrible accident. She was riding in her friends car without her seatbelt on. Her best friend at the time was driving and texting. This horrible combination changed my seventeen year old sisters life forever. Suffice it to say she came out of the accident missing three limbs. It was an unfortunate traumatic hip disarticulation for both of her legs and a shoulder disarticulation for her left arm. A nearby off duty physician was able to stabilize her condition. With his assistance her life was spared; with obvious disabilities.

Amanda had become quite adept with her right arm. She had no choice because it was the only arm she had. She could get herself dressed without too many issues. She learned to scoot around the house using her arm as a leg and her body as another. It is quite the sight to see her wobble back and forth as she moved forward. Our parents even bought a new one level house with no stairs to help aid in her recovery. They had the softest carpet installed and the kitchen was equipped with a little lift that would move Amanda upwards to reach the countertops and sink.

Yes, Amanda had adapted to her new and unwanted life. Though she still struggled with a few things most of us take for granted. Taking a shower or bath on her own proved to be difficult and dangerous. The slippery tub floor in showers made for a few extra bruises. A tub full of water was a drowning hazard. As a result she had become dependent on our parents to help her in the shower. My mother did this duty most days but my father had to occasionally step in to help.

There were issues with not only cleaning herself but also getting around outside. My parents had bought her a shiny new battery operated wheelchair. It was the most amazing thing to her. She would ride that thing up and down the streets for hours of mobile freedom. One day she had ventured out on her own while our parents were out. It was a hot summer day. She lost track of time and before she knew it her batteries began to run out. She made it back to the end of the driveway before her chair finally gave out. Amanda was expecting our parents back at any time but she sat there for nearly an hour before she took action of her own. Apparently dragging your sunburned ass across a concrete driveway is no picnic.

For the most part I wasn't around during Amanda's whole ordeal. I was off at college when her accident happened and I only came around during school breaks. It was rather odd for me at first but the more time passed the more normal it became. Having her scoot around the house seemed to be a welcoming constant.

My interaction with Amanda was mostly small talk during my breaks from school. We were never really close growing up. She was always pre-occupied with friends and the latest one hit wonder boy band. I was always pre-occupied with Internet porn and trying to get into my girlfriend's pants.

It wasn't until our parents decided they needed a vacation before I was immersed into her life. To be honest they deserved some time off. Ever since her accident they had become Amanda's servants. With both of them out of town Amanda would need someone to assist her around the house. They first inquired of my older sister, Sophia, who happened to live a few thousand miles away. Her husband had lost his job and she was earning a meager living for them. She couldn't afford take the time off her job and family. Then there is my older brother, Ben. Amanda hadn't talked to him ever since he got caught with a large stash of marijuana and had a short stay in the state prison. So that left me to fill in.

Apparently my parents weren't going to go out on vacation because Sophia couldn't come stay with Amanda. However, Amanda insisted. She saw how much her needs had become an extra burden to our parents. Surprisingly enough it was her idea to have me help out during the summer break. She knew it would be a little weird at first but thought the sacrifice was worth it. Amanda could easily see that our parents needed some time for themselves. I received a phone call from her at the end of the school year explaining the situation. I knew what I would have to help her with when I agreed. I figured my summer was pretty much ruined. As it turns out, Amanda found a way to repay me for my efforts.

I stood next to Amanda while we watched our parents pulled out of the driveway. She waved emphatically with the largest smile I had ever seen. I could tell she was excited for them. A two week cruise without having to worry about her. We looked on as they drove around the corner and out of sight. With every second I observed my parents driving away, I could feel the weight of my new responsibility becoming greater.

Amanda wasted no time and quickly started asking questions, "What did you want to do first?"

"I don't know. What do you normally do," I asked?

"Well mom and dad usually push me around the block a few times. They like the exercise and I like to get out."

"If you want me to take you on a walk just say so."

"You don't take me on a walk, silly. I'm not a dog. I want you to walk with me."

I had nearly blurted out that she couldn't walk. Fortunately I caught myself before I commented on her disabilities. "Alright then. I'll walk with you. Just tell me what direction to go," I told her.

I began serving my time. I pushed Amanda around the neighborhood going in any direction she wished. During that time our conversation covered many topics. She asked a ton of questions about college and what I was going to do with my life. It felt as if she was truly interested in what I was doing. She even tolerated all the geeky jargon I spewed out. I was finally able to ask questions about her situation, what she thought of her friend since the accident, what she wanted to do in her life, and how she planned to accomplish her goals.

It became quite apparent to me that our parents just assumed they would take care of her for the rest of their lives. They had never encouraged Amanda to excel in any way she could. Their attitude seemed to rub off on her. It was as if I were the first person to ever tell her she could do whatever she wanted; despite her disability. Her response gave me the impression that I was the first one to tell her she had potential. I had inspired her to be more than a bump on a log. With these words of encouragement she really started opening up to me. She told me her true feelings about her ex-best-friend, which were rather unpleasant. She even told me how much she wished she could be normal again. I knew it was time to head for home when her eyes began to tear up.

By the time I got her home Amanda was a blubbering mess. She was crying about nearly everything and all I could do to comfort her is to lay her head on my lap as I sat on the couch. Our first night together ended with some awful chick flick she wanted to watch. She fell asleep on the couch with her head on my lap. I slipped out from underneath her and retired to my own room for the night.

The next morning was when the real work began. I was in the awkward position of helping Amanda get herself cleaned up and ready for the day. I knew this was coming. I knew I would have to do some rather uncomfortable things to help her. There is nothing in the world that could have prepared me to wash my amputee sister.

I readied the shower for Amanda. I got the water at a hot, yet comfortable temperature with the soap and shampoo ready to go. She had wobbled in to the bathroom on her own and watched as I prepared for her. What really caught me off guard was the unabashed way she removed her clothes. It was almost as if I weren't there. I was also quite impressed by her speed and agility.

I caught a quick glimpse of her nude body and averted my eyes, "I'm sorry Amanda," I said. "I won't look while you get in."

"No," She replied sternly. "You have to look. How else do you expect to help me get in?"

I turned back and looked down at her. I could see she was helpless to get herself over the edge of the bathtub without a struggle. I reached down, putting my hands on my nude sister, and tried lifting her upwards. She nearly slipped from my grip. "Stop being a pussy. I know you are stronger than that. You will have to put one hand under my arm and another under my ass. I know it is hard, but in order to help me you will have to touch me."

"Okay," I replied sheepishly. I then reached under her ass, gripping her lower half, and placed my other hand under her arm. She was right about one thing, it was easy to pick her up like that. I got her into the bathtub and was using the detachable shower head to wet her body down. As I was staring at her I began to notice her beauty. Even though she had a fair amount of scarring a happy glow glimmered through her body. It was then that I saw the depth and beauty of my sister.

Amanda noticed that something had changed in me, that I was looking at her differently. Her eyes looked upward and met with mine. A most gorgeous smile donned across her face, "What," she asked cheerfully.

"Uh, nothing," I replied.

"Why are you looking at me like that," she asked?

"You are a beautiful woman."

"Oh shut up you pervert," she said flirtatiously. "You are only saying that because you are looking at my boobs."

"No, I really mean it. Your boobs are nice but that isn't what I'm talking about. When you smile the room is filled with radiance."

Amanda blushed deeply from my comments. It was obvious that she hadn't received such a compliment in quite a while. "Thanks," she said. Tears began welling up in her eyes. They quickly overflowed passed her eyelids and began running down her face. "It has been so long since someone told me I was beautiful."

I didn't know what else to say to her. I did the only thing I could think of and continued her bath. I began washing her hair while she washed the rest of her body. Our time together was silent for the rest of her bath. I assisted in rinsing off her body and pulling her out of the tub. I carried Amanda to her bedroom and watched as she nimbly dressed herself. The remaining events of that day don't contribute to this story. It would be sufficient to say that we started emotionally bonding.

On the third morning Amanda was very jovial as we began her bath time. She joked openly about her own brother having to wash her body. She laughed at me every time I looked lower than her neck. In return I began some good-natured taunting myself. Then came time to get her hair washed. "You know, washing your hair at this angle is difficult," I told her.

"Well," she said teasingly, "Why don't you get in with me. I think it would make things easier."

"You know I can't get in with you."

"And why not," she asked? "All you would need to do is step over the bathtub ledge. You have legs to do that with."

I knew she was trying to play her disability against me, so I ignored it. "And get my clothes wet," I said.

"No, silly," she replied, "You would have to take them off."

"I can't do that," I told her. "I'm a guy, and well, guys have a hard time hiding their uhm... feelings."

"I know all about it. I've seen more dicks on the Internet than I care to admit. You don't have anything I haven't seen before. Besides, I figured you would eventually get in here with me."

"You expected me to get naked with you?"

"Yeah," Amanda began. "I think it would be nice. I think I would like it."

"If you really want me to I guess I can get in."

"Yes," Amanda hissed. "I want you to get in here with me."

I was finally convinced that Amanda knew what she wanted. She had obviously been thinking about me. I would admit that over the last few days I had some naughty thoughts about her as well. I tried to quickly chase them away. It was inappropriate for me to think of my sister like that, disabled or not. Of course she had those scars where her legs and arm used to be. She even had a few smaller ones across her body. But her face was still as smooth and beautiful as it had always been. Her healthy breasts were perky and scarless. Even with her imperfections she was gorgeous; especially when she smiled.

I took off my shirt exposing my flat unathletic chest. I felt a little insecure compared to Amanda's well defined abs. She apparently had worked on them quite a bit during physical therapy. Watching her move around the house I could tell she used them. She only looked at

me and smiled. Before I dropped my pants I needed some reassurance, "You aren't going to tell anyone I did this are you?"

"Of course not," Amanda insisted. "Just take off your pants and get in here, please?"

I dropped my pants and revealed my man sword. This was the first time I really felt like an object of her desire. Amanda looked my body up and down then focused in on my cock.

"You already have an erection for me," she said excitedly.

I jumped in the tub behind her trying to hide my hard-on from her view. There was no way I could still be limp after rubbing Amanda's body down with soap. I started washing her hair vigorously, scratching my nails across her scalp. As I scrubbed her head she began giving me a verbal confirmation of delightful moans. Of course that only made my dick harder.

After I finished rinsing my sister's hair, she leaned back against me and ran her hand up and down my leg. "I love the way this feels," she said.

I leaned her to one side so I could look at her eyes. "What did you expect to get out of this," I asked?

"I'll never have a man," she said. "I'll never know what it is like to fall in love with someone who will reciprocate that love. What man would ever want someone like me? My body is ugly. You are the only person who has ever told me I'm beautiful since the accident."

I really felt sympathy for her. Of course there was someone out there for her. I knew as well as she did that it would be nearly impossible for her to find love one day. So I simply had to ask, "You want me to love you?"

"I know it is wishful thinking. I have already asked a lot from you. Maybe we could just try it while you are here?"

I could see from the way Amanda looked at me that she had already fallen for me. At the time I had no intention of falling for her. I figured there would be no harm in playing along. She lifted her head up towards mine. I met her half way and our lips joined together. With her naked body pressed up against mine I could almost feel the emotion escaping from her.

Amanda reached her arm over her body, grabbing my arm. She moved my hand down her body and towards her pussy. "Feel it," she said. I ran my hand up and down her slit. "It isn't wet from the shower," she observed. "You made it wet."

I knew without a doubt what she was looking for. "Why don't we go somewhere more comfortable," I told her. I got out of the tub and picked up Amanda. Her eyes stared into my soul, revealing her feelings to me. She had already allowed herself to fall for me.

I was so horny for Amanda that I neglected to dry us off. Instead I carried her to her bed, dripping the whole way. I lay her down and took a step back to gather in the fullness of her body. The deep sheen on her dark brown hair showed how much she cared for it. Her brown eyes dominated her soft face with her plump red lips adding a nice accent. Healthy and full breasts were prominent on her chest, topped with pert nipples. I finally allowed my eyes to gaze on her lower end. Between two large scars where her legs used to be was mounted a great looking pussy. Unlike her face and breasts her pussy did not come out of the accident unscathed. Horizontally across her slit was a small scar which, fortunately for her, was just low enough to miss her clitoris.

My eyes were averted back towards her face as I heard a giggle. "What's so funny," I asked?

"You are so cute! I like looking at your dick with your balls hanging so low," she replied.

"How many cocks have you seen?"

"Thousands on the Internet. After seeing yours I'm up to two in real life."

"What man's cock has had the pleasure of your eyes looking at it?"

"My old boyfriend. We started having sex a few weeks before the accident. He dumped me afterwards."

"What a dick head."

"Yes he is. Speaking of dick heads, yours looks like fun."

"I guess we'll find out. Did your boyfriend ever make you cum?"

"Never. Not even a hand job or oral to help. I've given myself enough orgasms since then to know I like them."

"Is that where the Internet porn comes into play?"

"Yeah. Mom knows I look at it but she doesn't care. I don't think dad knows."

I felt disappointed that Amanda had not gotten the pleasure of a cock induced orgasm. These last few years relying solely on her hand for pleasure. "Well," I told her, "I promise you that I will give you all the orgasms you need."

I moved back towards Amanda, leaning over her body. I kissed her lips gently and started my way down her neck. She gasped and lurched as I kissed my way around her neck and collarbone. She wrapped her arm around me and pulled me in tight to her.

The feel of my skin against Amanda's caused her to start bucking her hips towards me. Her actions caused her body to move about nearly uncontrollably. If it weren't for my weight being firmly upon her I'm sure she would have rolled right off her bed. In response to her I stopped my kissing and backed off so she could calm down a little.

"Easy there," I said to her. "Don't get too excited all at once."

"But I want you," she growled back at me.

"Don't worry baby, we will do everything you want."

I leaned back and looked down towards my stomach. I hadn't realized how wet Amanda was. With all of her excited thrashing she had left a large amount of her glimmering cunt lube on my belly. I reached down to her pussy and pushed my finger in between her lips. I gently circled her vaginal hole then ran my finger up to her clit where I vibrated it vigorously. I rubbed her until some of the sexual pressure had been alleviated, allowing her to relax.

I was able to continue the tasting of my sister's disabled body. My lips were finally able to suckle her magnificently soft breasts. I traced her aureola with the tip of my tongue before completely taking in her nipple. I could feel her nipple expand into my mouth with every suck. Her hand grasped the back of my head and guided my head to her other breast where I repeated the sucking action. I orally ravaged her tits until her sexual excitement caused her to start bucking her hips at me again.

I stopped sucking her tits and backed off again. "Don't stop," she said as she looked at me with desire. "Please, keep going."

I smiled at her, "Don't worry baby. I'm not stopping. I'm only moving on to better things."

I kissed Amanda's lips then her chest between her breasts. I kissed my way down her stomach until I finally made it to her cunt. Her pheromones were causing her pussy to give off a pungent smell which made me only desire her more. I licked up one side of her pussy and then the other, avoiding her slit on purpose. I traced her outer labia with my tongue as I had done to her aureolas. My exploration of her cunt continued, my tongue making its way to her love garage, swirling my tongue around her entrance. My sister's moans became exponentially louder with each passing lick until she was screaming at the top of her lungs.

My sister's supple inner labia, those gorgeous meat curtains, were begging to be sucked in. I inhaled them into my mouth and let my tongue go to work swishing them about, occasionally hitting her clitoral button. I sucked her labia in and out and in and out. Her consistent moaning began to accelerate. I knew she was on the edge of orgasm and I knew it would be a big one.

Amanda's hand grabbed the back of my head and smooshed me into her slit. The bucking of her hips intensified as her orgasm ripped through her body. I could feel juices oozing from her cunt causing my nose to penetrate her as deep as was possible.

Amanda's orgasm finally passed and her hand relaxed. I was able to pull my face from her cunny. Her pussy had given me quite a beating. It was, in fact, such a large beating that she had made my nose bleed. I could see blood all over her pussy. She could see blood all over my face.

"Oh shit," Amanda said, "Am I bleeding?"

I grabbed at my nose. "No, your orgasm gave me a bloody nose. I'll go get some tissues."

"I have some Kleenex on my nightstand there," Amanda pointed out.

I grabbed a handful and cleaned up my face as best I could. I then held a clean tissue to my nose as I wiped my blood from my sister's puss. A quick check let me know I was still bleeding so I lay down on Amanda's bed with my head hanging back off the edge. I felt her move around and lay her head on my stomach.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to fuck your face so hard."

"Don't worry about it," I told her. "I was glad to give you such a good orgasm."

"It was more than good. It was incredible. Probably the best cum I've ever had."

As I lay with my head hanging off her bed I felt Amanda's hand grab for my cock. "You can fuck my face as hard as you want," she told me as she brought my dick head into her mouth. It was obvious that my sister had lost the ability to do many things after her accident. One thing she could still do with a high degree of skill was to suck cock. When she wasn't sucking she was jerking, or twirling her tongue around my head, or massaging my balls. I was really surprised at her cock pleasuring ability.

I felt my dick starting to tense up. "Don't make me cum if you want to get fucked," I told her.

Amanda stopped for a moment and said nothing, almost as if she was mulling it over. "Well," she replied, "you gave me such an amazing orgasm I will wait for you to get hard again."

Then she sucked my cock back up into her mouth. Her actions became more vigorous and I could feel my balls needing to release. I moaned loudly and clenched my ass cheeks, my sperm was on its way. This is when I got a most unfamiliar feeling, she had clamped her lips around my dick instead of pulling it out as all my old girlfriends had. She sucked down every

last drop of my cum. She even ran her finger up the underside of my dick to coax the last little bit out of it.

After I came I lifted up my head and checked my nose. The bleeding had stopped. Amanda rolled her body over then motioned to me to come lay next to her. I adjusted myself accordingly so that our heads were next to each other. She lifted my arm and wiggled herself into a snuggle position. Now I've cuddled with a good number of girls in my time and we have always had that extra arm issue. You know that problem you have about what to do with the arm you are laying on. Well, Amanda had no such problems. She lay with her left side on the bed, her shoulder in my arpit, and her head on my shoulder. My sister caressed whatever part of my body she could reach; which consisted mostly of my cock and balls.

"Whew," Amanda exclaimed. "That was fucking awesome."

"Where in the hell did you learn to suck dick like that," I asked?

"Haven't you heard me say that I've watched a lot of porn? I even keep a diary of my sexual exploits; porn watched and how I masturbated."

"Are you for real?"

Amanda blushed a little, "Yeah, what else am I going to do?"

"So am I going to end up in this little journal of yours?"

"It is a pretty big journal by now. I'm sure I'll write something about you in it," she said while she shook my penis about.

"What if mom finds it?"

"She won't, it is well hidden and password protected."

In the last hour I had learned just how much of a freak my sister was. Here is a woman who, because of her disabilities, has found herself with very little she can do. So her mind seemed to be constantly filled with sexual ideas.

"So," I asked, "does your diary have entries about how you were going to seduce me?"

Amanda laughed, "Yes, a few of them, but my first idea worked." My cock twitched with excitement as she told me about her various ideas to get me naked. Then out of the blue she lifted my arm up around her body and lay on her back.

"Where are you going," I asked?

"Your dick is hard. I really want to have sex, please?"

I know we all think the women in our lives could easily win beauty pageants. But I really know Amanda could if it weren't for the accident. Her face was stunning. It had nearly perfect symmetry. I could see the lust for me in her deep brown eyes. They peered deep into my soul. She kept licking and biting her lower lip while she waited for me. She was a real angel.

I did as my sister requested; I moved my body atop her's and positioned my cock at her hole. She wiggled a little which caused my dick head to lightly penetrate her. She reached her hand down and grabbed my ass, pushing it gently to guide me in. Amanda let out an extremely loud moan when my cock was fully sheathed.

"It sounds as if you like the feel of my cock," I said.

"Shut up and fuck me!"

I pulled my dick out and pounded it back in. Amanda let out another moan. With each pumping of my cock she gave an audible response. Eventually she began the cursing and dirty talk with each thrust.

"Oh fuck me," she yelled with a corresponding thrust. "Dick your sister," with another thrust. "Fuck that shit. Fuck it hard. You fucking sister fucker. Give it to me. Give me your cum. Fuck yes! Grab my ass!" Her responses went on and on, each one a little more insense than the previous. She finally yelled, "Oh, here it cums," when her first orgasm hit her. I kept fucking hard while her body twitched with delight underneath me.

Continually I fucked her. My dick's sensitivity seemed to be lessened from the great blowjob she had given me previously. Our fucking went on for what seemed like hours. Amanda orgasmed over and over and I was really beginning to feel the strain of such a long fuck in my back. My balls had eventually filled and tightened. I knew I was coming soon so I moaned back at my sister, "I'm going to cum."

"Pull out and put it in my mouth," she requested.

Of course I complied. I jumped up above her while still jerking my cock. Amanda opened wide and I held my dick head just above her mouth. My dick began erupting, squirt after squirt. She held my cum in her mouth without swallowing until I was done. Then she closed her lips and seemed to swish it around before swallowing my load. She reached up and took my cock in her hand. Again she ran her finger up the underside, coaxing all the cum out of it, which she consumed.

I collapsed next to her and she ended up back in our previous snuggle position. I gasped for air while she kissed at my chest.

"Holy fucking fuck," I said. "I never thought I would fuck my sister and I never thought you would be such a horny little girl."

"I knew I had to fuck with everything I had if I wanted you to do it again."

"Damn straight we are doing it again," I told her. "But not now, you have tired me out. We need to get some condoms before our next time."

"Don't worry about that," Amanda told me. "I'm on birth control. I have been for years."

"Why do you need birth control?"

"I have some pretty bad periods. Birth control helps make them easier."

"Then why did you want me to cum in your mouth?"

"I just wanted to taste you again."

I knew then that my sister was a really freaky fuck. I knew I could share any fantasy with her without judgement.

We continued to fuck each other's brains out for the rest of our time together. We tried all sorts of different shit that I could never do with a girl who had legs. She rolled back and forth on the edge of her bed with my dick in her. I would move back side to side while her pussy twisted around my cock. She even figured out how to be on top. She had what I call a gymnast ring above her bed to help her get up. She hung from that and did an incredible amount of one armed pull ups while my cock was in her. Fucking shit was amazing.

Not only did I fuck her in her bed, I fucked her in her wheelchair, I fucked her on the couch, on our parents bed, on the kitchen counter, in the bathtub, on the toilet, in our dad's recliner, and a few times in the car when we felt the need to get out of the house. We pretty much stayed naked together until our parents got home. When they did come home I had to leave. Not because they wanted me to but because I needed to. There was no way I could stay near my sister without fondling her in front of them.

A few years have passed since then. I have gotten married to a most wonderful woman. Together we have started a family of our own. Amanda has made some major accomplishments since we were together. She graduated from college and has taken a teaching job at the high school. She teaches the special needs class. She has also become much more independent in other ways. Special controls were fitted to a van to allow her to drive with one hand, acceleration, brake, and steering all available to her.

As for my relations with her; well they sure as hell haven't stopped. We fuck when we get the chance. I told my wife all about my past before we got married. She was upset with me

at first but as time went on she accepted it and now encourages it. My wife will sometimes invite Amanda over for the weekend. She has even begun to do her part to help with my disabled sister. Let's just say that Amanda's sex journal now has some lesbian experiences in it.

My Brother's Plan

It all started when he went off to college. That's when I noticed it. My brother's behavior changed so dramatically. He used to be rather shy. It started with a weekend visit. He had learned about, acquired, and used an operating system for his computer that I had never heard of. Linux. It was the first time I had ever heard that word.

Consequently I had been given the old family computer. It had soaked up enough viruses and malware to be nearly useless. For my brother this was a great testing ground. He came into my room and installed this new operating system. The whole time he was talking and laughing with me. It was the first time I have ever sat and giggled with my brother like he was one of my best friends.

Although Linux revitalized my computer I still wasn't too interested in it. I could use it to type up papers for school and play a little solitaire when I felt the urge. I just wasn't a big computer person. On the other hand my brother had become very computer centric.

Part of his enthusiasm for computers led him to take chemistry classes. This is when I began to notice huge differences in my brother. He had gone from a very shy and easy to read person to a very mysterious person. He would come into my room and ask me odd questions about hypochlorites, DI-hydrogen monoxide, and my feelings about chloroform. It was the chloroform question that put me over the edge. I wanted to know what he was up to and I wanted to know quickly.

I knew he must have had some interesting clues hidden away on his hard drive. My biggest concern was how to get on his computer without him knowing. I knew I would have to sort through porn and other various nefarious pieces of data, but somewhere in there was the answer to his rather oddball behavior.

This is when I suddenly became very interested in the old computer sitting on my desk running Linux. I knew there had to be a way to connect them and browse through his files without arousing suspicion. So I got involved. I got very involved. I signed up for some Linux forums and started asking questions. It didn't take much but I was completely overwhelmed with options. No matter. I needed to access his computer to see what he was doing.

I learned about the Internet Chat Relay (IRC) and how it was really the granddaddy of instant messaging. I learned about samba; which is an implementation of windows file sharing. I learned about other protocols used with computer networks. But by far the most compelling application was called secure shell, SSH for short.

I tried IRC and quickly found that if I were so somehow chance upon my brother being there it would be easy to spot me. IP addresses are so easy to see on IRC. I looked at samba. I knew windows could share files and if samba was the windows way of sharing files I could get it to work. I spent hours upon hours reading samba how-to articles. In the end Samba didn't work out for me. It left too many clues behind that files were being shared.

It was when I started looking into SSH that I found a solution that could work. I just needed a short amount of physical access to his computer to make it happen. All I had to do was generate an encryption key and add it to his SSH configuration file. Then I could log in to his computer nearly undetected, unless he monitored his computer logs.

I began to bide my time. I waited for summer to come around. During which time I endured some really awkward moments with my brother. Perhaps the time I found him on my computer was the most awkward. I had come home from a friends house and there he was. Just another random weekend visit. He pulled a usb thumb drive out of my computer and did his best to hide it. For some reason he didn't want me to know that he had it in my USB port.

The awkward moment ended with him apologizing and saying he just wanted to use a computer for a minute while he walked out my door. I scoured through everything but couldn't find any change in any of my files. I was still rather ignorant about computers at the time so I found nothing about the usb drive. The only thing I found was a few porn sites had shown up in my browser history. I concluded that must have been all he did was l

Time passed by and my brother finally moved back home for the summer. When I saw him toting his computer into his bedroom I knew I soon had a chance. I just needed him to leave for a little while so I could add my encryption key to his SSH configuration file.

I thought it through. I went over it in my head. I planned it like it was a secret covert operation for the government that no one must ever find out about. I went over my plan over and over. I knew I wouldn't be able to get into his room for the first few days while he was settling in. So I practiced adding my encryption key over and over to make sure I did it quickly and efficiently.

I practiced on my computer connecting to his. This is when I found a startling piece of evidence. My computer connected to his without my encryption key. No password needed and my encryption key was not used. I was completely baffled by this. Scared, I closed the connection and turned off my computer.

After a few hours I turned it back on and logged onto the Linux forums which had given me so much direction to begin with. I started asking questions. The conversation went well and it didn't take long for a smart Linux wiz to pinpoint what had happened. He suggested that someone else had put an encryption key on both computers. The best bet would be to check the log files and see who has been logging in.

Over the last few days my brother had logged into my computer quite a number of times. This is when it dawned on me what the usb key was all about a few months earlier when we had that super awkward moment together. All this time I thought it was about a few boobies but to my surprise it was about him spying on me. I felt violated and upset. But it passed quickly as I realized that was my intentions too.

With that I got up the guts and logged onto my brother's computer. It didn't take me long to find his porn collection. It was gigantic. I was so completely amazed at how many naked pictures he had amassed during his first year at college. I wasn't too interested in porn so I backed up and started looking elsewhere.

I browsed his music collection, which also grew immensely. I browsed through the pictures of him and his new college friends. I found some fun pictures but nothing that would make my mother cringe. I browsed through his documents folder. After reading some of the stuff he turned in for English 101 I was a bit ashamed to be his sister. His grammatical errors were atrocious. I would have proofread all of it for him and corrected it but I didn't want him to know I was browsing around.

Hidden among the myriad of files I finally found what I was looking for. It shocked me. I was in complete awe. I was disgusted and amazed at his intentions. I found a file called "The-Plan.txt" It was a journal of his thoughts. His thoughts about me.

It started out very basic. A quick explanation of it's purpose. He had apparently kept a physical copy when he was younger but decided to transcribe it to his computer and destroy the physical copy so it couldn't be found. It was all written there. Like a preface to a book, how it came to be.

The entries were simple. A date followed by a quick update or thought which included me in some way. At first it was just a few sentences about how I had been growing up and had developed into a beautiful woman. At first it seemed very innocent to me, like a young crush. As I read through the entries in the journal I began to recognize that my brother had become increasingly obsessed with me.

It wasn't until the entries right before college and right as he got his computer that he began writing more erotically detailed entries. My brother's intentions were spelled out in front of

me; he wanted to have sex with his own sister. I was so grossed out at the thought that I immediately turned off my computer. It was time to get out. I left on a long walk.

As I walked I pondered over my brother's journal. His quest for a sexual relationship had completely caught me off guard but it did explain a few awkward moments we had before he went to college. It also explained much what happened after. The more I thought about it the more intrigued I became. I wanted to know more. I wanted to know what he was up to. It was in my best interest to know what point his plan had culminated to.

I finally arrived back home and scurried into my bedroom. I booted up and logged on. I quickly navigated to my brother's file of conspiracy. This time instead of just reading it I copied it to a USB thumb drive. This way I could read it at my own convenience and not just when his computer was on. From this time forward it was a waiting game. I knew that I needed to read this while he slept. My best bet for that would be in the morning. He hadn't gotten out of bed before 10:00 AM since he had been back home. It didn't take long for me to settle in for a restless night's sleep. I needed to read it all but also needed to do so when I knew I was alone.

I awoke early the next morning, just as the sun was beginning to crest over the nearby mountain top. My curiosity urged me to quickly get up. It wasn't long before I was browsing through my brother's plan. To me it had become the plan of deception. As I read his thoughts I experienced feelings of guilt, passion, lust, and eroticism all topped off with disgust. I felt disgusted at what my brother described he would like to do to me. Perhaps it was this post that struck my disgusting nerve:

I watched her today. I think she may masturbate. The way she carries herself makes me think that she knows what it's like to feel pleasure. The way she walks makes me believe she has never been with a man. I plan on watching her tonight while she sleeps.

I wanted to kick him in the nuts. What a dick! So what if I masturbated? That was my own damn business! I had never felt so violated in all my life but I couldn't put the feeling of passion past me. I had never known a guy to want me so badly. I had never known such a deeply curious secret admirer. It was the next entry which chased away my feelings of disgust and brought me right to thoughts of passion and love:

I masturbated thinking about her today. I thought about sitting with my legs spread apart and my back against my headboard. I thought about her hovering over me and slowly moving down towards my cock. Our eyes meet and we connect emotionally through our gaze as she connects with me physically. I want her so badly.

After I read this I could feel my body begin to heat up. I had considered my brother sexually before this but it wasn't desirable. It was this entry in his journal of deceit that first gave me the desire. I considered the erotic situation with me coming down on his cock. I thought about gazing into his eyes just as he described. I felt my pussy become wet in an instant. I became so horny so quickly that it knocked me out of my own thoughts. What the hell was I thinking? I almost fantasized about the guy who has kept a sexual journal about me. The feeling of guilt was nearly overwhelming. Tears came to my eyes as I continued reading.

I started running into posts that had thoughts of action instead of those of desire. My brother began writing how he would ensnare me in a sexual situation of which I could not escape. He detailed thoughts of blackmail by finding out personal secrets and using them against me. He portrayed thoughts of outright forceful rape, but decided against them at the end of those entries. He wrote of exposing himself to me so he could gauge my reaction. He even described ways he could go about capturing images of me for his self-pleasuring purposes.

I finally read an entry which showed his true feelings. He talked about his real desires. He wanted me sexually but loved me too much to hurt me. He also described how it would be to have his first time with his sister. After all that I had read and all that he described in such perfect detail I could hardly believe that he was still a virgin. He had spent so much time lusting after me that he never got around to dating any other girls. I wonder if he even looked at other girls with sexual desires in the same way he looked at me.

I felt it all; eroticism to deceit. I felt love and betrayal. My brother had captured my attention while still keeping me completely grossed out by his thoughts. I wasn't sure if I were to feel angry towards him or lovingly towards him. What I did know as I finished reading his journal of deceit was that I needed to keep an eye on it. For my own good I needed to know what he was up to. I needed to be one step ahead.

I followed his journal. His entries became rather erotic and loving. Describing me laying on my bed while inviting him in. One particular entry described him taking me out to dinner and a movie. Followed up with a drive up into the foothills so we could cuddle and gaze at the stars. I was so fucking confused. Did he want to fuck me or love me?

The days passed and the days turned into a week and then two weeks. It seemed as if he went through periods of sexual desire and then periods of a loving and caring brother. It was one of his outrageous sexual desire entries which prompted me to act. I knew that I needed to do something about it. If I didn't I would be in trouble without anywhere to turn. His journal entry scared the shit out of me:

I've watched her since I got home this summer. I have tried to get closer to her emotionally with hopes of seduction. These last few weeks she has been growing further and further away from me. She hardly looks at me. I feel as if I have suddenly become ugly to her. She won't go out and do anything with me and completely avoids me when I walk into the room. I have decided that if I want to be with her I must do so without her knowing. Chloroform is the way for this to happen. All that studying for chemistry will pay off this summer. I plan on making chloroform myself. Acetone, bleach, and large amounts of ice to cool the reaction. I know this is dangerous. I know I need to be careful. There are warnings all over the internet to not ever do this or try it. I don't want to hurt her, I just want to experience her. I will make it and try it out on myself before I do anything to her. I have found out that my parents are leaving for the weekend. I guess there is a wedding a nice drive away that they want to attend. They have told me to take care of her this weekend. I need her to take care of me.

Holy fucking shit. I was floored by this. He had planned on making chloroform? What the fuck? Do I go buy a door lock and avoid him like the plague? Do I call up all my friends and see if I could spend the night elsewhere? Do I just leave and not tell him where I'm going? I considered all of these options. But as I pondered on how these would turn out it dawned on me that I was only putting off the inevitable. One day this summer my brother would do it when I was least expecting him to. One day I would wake up a woman without knowing or experiencing the event. If I told my parents he would be out on his ass and I would be grounded for invading his privacy. I really did love him and did not want to see anything happen that could negatively affect his life or school.

I finally decided to write my own entry in his journal.

Don't do this. Please don't do this. I love you and always have. I'm shocked and disgusted that you would betray my trust like this. I'm worried that you will hurt yourself and me with this crazy chloroform scheme. You don't need to force me. You don't need to do this.

It was then that I wrote the last two lines that I would come to both regret and love:

I'll do it with you. But we do it by my rules.

I looked at the last two lines and quickly saved the file before I had a chance to change my mind. I hit the power button on my computer and left quickly. I knew what I had done and would beat myself up over it for the next few hours. I stayed away for most of the day, hanging out with friends and endlessly walking circles around the mall. I couldn't put off going home forever. It was a slow and leisurely walk back to the front door of my house. I stood there on the porch thinking about what could be on the other side.

I opened the door to find a surprising calm. My mother was finishing up dinner and my father was sitting in his recliner watching the news. I walked towards my bedroom and saw my brother standing along my pathway. His eyes pierced me to the core. As I passed by I could see a slight grin on his face. He was smirking as if he had just secretly scored a goal at the world cup. He had read it.

Nervously I turned on my computer and logged into his. Locating the file I allowed myself to stare at the filename for quite some time before opening it. I zipped right to the bottom and began to read his response to my entry.

I'm sorry. I should have never considered making you do it against your will. After reading your words I feel terrible. I will never treat you that way again. Neither in thought or in real life. I really don't know if I should be happier that you are willing to be with me or that you figured out how to use SSH. I'm exited about both of them. You name the rules which you want me to abide by and I'll do it. If only for a chance to be with you once.

It seemed to be a kick in the head for him. I seemed to have woke him right the hell up. He still desired me. He still wanted me but I felt as If he wanted me for love and not overwhelming lust. So I began to type up the rules which I had thought about all day long.

You must keep your mouth shut. No one hears about this. Not your buddies at college, not your friends from high school, not your girlfriends, not our parents, not anybody. Don't even fucking talk about it to anyone online.

You will wear a condom and you will provide them. If you want in my wet womanhood than you had better come prepared.

We do it in my room. Its comfortable and cute and doesn't smell like a teenage boy. And my bed is softer.

You spend the night with me cuddling afterwards. No fucking and running.

I will not give you a blow job. But you will go down on me when I tell you to.

This is a one time only thing. I will give you Friday night when our parents leave to when they come home. No more and never ask for it again.

You will take me out to an expensive dinner. You will treat me like the queen of your world doing all that I ask of you. You will not get to be with me until I feel sufficiently enticed.

You will do all of my chores for the rest of the summer. I'm not mowing the lawn again. You will do all the dishes when I am assigned to them. You will make my bed every morning when you get up and you will vacuum my room.

You will let me hold the remote control for the rest of the summer. I watch what I want and not your testosterone filled shows.

You will provide me with a video of you. In this video you must explain your sexual desires for me and what you have thought about doing to achieve them. Afterwards you will masturbate on video while moaning my name. You will give me the original video before our night together. This is my insurance in case you decide to break any of the previous rules. I won't hesitate to let everyone know what I found in the cubby hole under the stairs.

These are nonnegotiable. You will not try to change any of these rules. If you agree then I expect a video in my possession by this Friday.

I want you to understand that you are taking my virginity. It is you who will make me a woman and I expect it to be the most amazing experience of my life. I was saving myself for marriage. But after careful consideration I would rather give my virginity to you than to loose it to some asshole later on.

My demands were a bit outrageous. But dammit this was going to be my weekend. I wanted the love and emotional brother who described the erotic events in his journal. I wanted to stay far away from the rather scary side of him who was driven more by lust. I saved the file and left my room just in time for dinner. I gave him a look to signify that I had again posted in his journal.

The next few days leading up to the weekend were tense to say the least. I wondered if I had made the right decision. Two weeks ago I would have never considered it but after reading my brother's most intimate thoughts about me I had a desire to be with him. The days slowed to a near halt. The hours became unbearably long. The minutes were passed by snails and old ladies with handicap passes hanging from their rear view mirrors. The weekend crept closer and closer.

Thursday afternoon I arrived back home after a long pondering walk. I had gotten good at those. And to my surprise I found a video tape on my bed. There it was. My evidence. My insurance. I went upstairs and looked around. Nobody seemed to be home. I popped it in the VCR and did a quick scan. He had done it. My brother had video taped his desires and his masturbation. It was hot watching him jerk off while moaning my name. It got me so wet and horny that I had to do something. I secured the video tape and headed to my room.

I thought about the weekend and the sex I would experience. I wasn't too scared of sex really. Through my teenage years I had become quite fond of a wood handled hairbrush. I had used it for self-pleasure countless number of times. The handle, although flat seemed large enough to be comparable to a man. This time, for the first time in my life, my thoughts turned to my brother as my hairbrush brought me to a very intense orgasm.

I spent the evening in my room with the images of my brothers cock being pulled to and fro. The scene of his cum shooting across the room kept replaying over and over in my mind. It was then that I decided I wanted to document my first time. This was a once in a lifetime moment and I wanted to be able to watch it later. I prepared a spot on my desk and retrieved the camera. I piled towels on top to hide it and made sure to cover the red blinking light. After a few test runs I found a good location for the most optimal camera coverage. Then I sat back and waited.

The next day was the longest of all. I did everything I could to help my parents get out the door. I helped my mom pack up the van and helped her prepare for the trip in general. They couldn't leave until my dad had gotten off work. Fortunately he was able to squeeze out of work an hour early to beat the five o' clock rush. After a few last minute preparations my parents were finally out the door.

We watched as our parents pulled out of the garage and drove off up the road. My brother looked over at me, "I've done all that you wanted me to."

Nervously staring at the ground while kicking at the grass with my foot I answered, "Yeah."

"Do you have a sexy formal dress?"

I nodded affirmatively to his request.

"Good. Go take a shower, put it on, and pull your hair up." He leaned in towards me and fiddled with my hair.

I walked away, no words exchanged and no eye contact made. It had become very clear to me that this was going to happen. I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye as I walked into the house. I could feel his eyes staring into my soul, and looking at my ass as I walked away.

I shut the door to my room behind me as I walked in. I opened my closet and looked around. I had a formal dress from Prom last year. I had a real ugly bridesmaid dress from my friend's sister's wedding. The style wasn't real ugly but the color was sure horrid. As I reached into my closet I caught a whiff of myself. I needed a shower; especially since I was going to have an intimate evening.

I made quick work of my shower. I scrubbed down every smelly part of my body I could think of I had heard stories of smelly pussies and I didn't want a smelly cunt. I made sure I cleaned out every nook and cranny so my brother would enjoy it. After drying off I wrapped my towel around me. I looked at myself in the mirror. I knew what I wanted to do. It would drive my brother crazy seeing me in nothing but a towel just out of the shower.

I tightened up my towel and walked towards his bedroom. Opening his door I saw him standing there tightening up a necktie. "Really? A suit and tie? You tell me to put on a formal and you've got on a suit and tie? I'm not wearing a formal if you aren't wearing a tux."

"Don't you have a sexy dress?"

"Of course I do. Would you like something with a cute design? Perhaps something that's just a solid color?" I kept watching my brother's eyes as they were moving up and down my body. Like most men he tended to slow down and stop in the chest area. Talking to him in a towel was more fun than I had expected.

"Uh, I don't care. You decide. Just wear a dress."

I smiled and walked towards my room. It felt good being the one with the power. I could tell that he was wrapped around my finger. Not only in the way he looked at me but also in the way he talked. He seemed so calm and so fascinated all at the same time.

Back in my room I looked in my closet again. I had a few beautiful solid color dresses. I considered the maroon dress and the dark blue dress. They were incredible but I wanted something that looked a bit innocent. That's when I saw it. My summer dress that my mom had bought a few months ago. It was rather cute. A soft yellow background with flowery patterns. It didn't come out and say that I was preparing to get stuffed like the Thanksgiving turkey. Yes, that's what I wanted, the sweet innocent look.

I looked at myself in the mirror and dropped my towel. I looked myself over and wondered if my brother would really enjoy looking at my naked body. I had always felt really self-conscious about my body. With all the perfect women out there in magazines it was hard not to. But they are all edited pictures anyway, right?

I put on my dress and looked back at myself in the mirror. I had to do something with my hair. I couldn't put it all up with an innocent looking summer dress on. So I did the best I could. I grabbed the largest hair clip and put it in the back. It gave the top half of my hair a slight lift and giving me that sweet church girl look.

I pushed my breasts together and lifted them up. They fell right back to where they normally sat. I wasn't sure why I did that but I had seen it so many times in the movies. It just seemed like something to do. I took one last look at myself in the mirror and one last deep breath. Here goes nothing.

My brother started things out right. He opened the door for me on the way out. He even opened the passenger door to our dad's truck and gave me his hand to help me up inside. I

was rather impressed. The personal thoughts that I read in my brother's journal was far from the way he was treating me.

He drove me to a nice Italian restaurant. I've heard that Italian is a terrible idea for a first date. On the other hand how often does your own brother take you out on a date? We had a great time and he seemed to open up to me. We talked about everything except sex. We talked about school and what he learned his first year of college. We talked about friends and music. It was rather good conversation.

Following dinner he brought me out to a movie. We watched a chick flick which must have been a hard thing for him to do. He had always made fun of me every time I watched them at home. The most awkward thing happened during the movie. My brother reached over and held my hand as if I were his girlfriend. I wasn't sure what to think of it.

When the movie ended I figured that was it. I figured I would be on my way back home to be giving my brother his night of a lifetime. Much to my surprise my brother didn't drive towards our house. He drove up into the foothills. I didn't say a word. I just looked at him with that what-are-we-doing stare. He drove up to an empty location and drove off the road a ways. After parking the truck he jumped out. I was so confused about what was happening. Being gentlemanly he came and opened my door for me again and gave me a hand to help me out.

"What are we doing?" I finally asked. There was no way in hell we were doing it for the first time up here.

"I thought you might like to come up here and look at the stars with me." My brother's response caught me off guard.

"What the hell have you done with my brother? Are you from a far off planet? You abducted him and plan to over the world?" My brother stared at me with the most awkward look.

"Just shut up and get in the back of the truck."

He helped me up and jumped up after me. He immediately laid down and put his hands up behind his head. This gave me a perfect location in which to cuddle up to him. I laid my head on his arm and squeezed in close. I had never imagined my brother to be the romantic type. This particular evening he had been laying it on thick. I didn't mind. I really liked it. We lay there in silence for quite some time just looking up to the sky. To me it was perfect. We were comfortable enough with each other that we didn't need to talk to be together.

My brother finally broke the silence. He was ready to go and I was about ready myself. He again helped me out of the back of the truck, opened my door, and helped me into the cab.

During this action I had the most wicked thought. I needed to tease him more. So directly after shutting the door I began to act fast. I lifted up my butt and pulled my panties off. I was able to get them over my feet and sit back up before he opened his door.

I waited for him to jump in and get the truck going. He was about to shift it into drive when I surprised him with my panties. "Hey, I have something for you." I let my panties hang from my index finger.

"Where did those come from?" My brother's gullible question made me laugh.

"I took them off for you." I bit my lower lip and lowered my chin slightly.

My brother simply smiled, "Thanks." With his response I tossed them onto his lap. He picked them up and held onto them as he drove us back down the hill.

We pulled in the driveway and I waited for my brother to open my door for me again. He had been so kind to me all night. It was far from the way he used to treat me. We stopped at the door and he looked me over again.

"Do you want me to carry you inside?" This was an interesting proposal coming from him.

"Yeah. I would like that."

He put his arm behind my back and I leaned into it. With one swoop I was no longer standing on the ground but completely in my brother's arms. He somehow got the door open and walked me inside. He carried me all the way to my bedroom door while I longingly stared into his eyes.

"Oh, wait a minute. Could you just give me a quick second?" My request seemed to come across as a bit odd to him. "I'll be quick."

He put me down and I went into my room and shut the door. I quickly ran over and started the previously set up camera. I ran back to the door and swung it open.

"OK. I'm ready. You can come in now."

My brother stepped in and that was it. At this point we were no longer just brother and sister. At this moment we became lovers. I put my arms around his neck and pulled him in. Our first kiss was deep and passionate. So that's how it began. We moved to my bed still kissing along the way. We made out for what seemed like an eternity. He would just keep kissing me without making the next move.

I finally made the move myself and loosened his tie. I started at the top and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Ripping it open I stopped and looked down at his chest. I rubbed my

hands across him and pushed my pelvis into his. He took his shirt off and came back down for more kissing. I was really enjoying it but after such a long buildup I was ready to get all of this over. I started on his belt and then on his zipper. I eased his pants downwards and reached for a handful of his ass.

I squeezed his ass and felt his cock press into my hot pussy. By this time the only thing separating our love was the thin piece of cloth on my dress that my brother had not bothered to move. I wiggled downwards a bit and reached as far as I could. This time I grabbed his ass from the bottom and squeezed again. The feel of his hard cock pressing into my cunt was the best stimulation it had ever had.

My brother finally stopped kissing me and rested his forehead against mine. "Shit. I forgot to grab the condoms."

Dammit. I was pissed. "You mean you forgot to get some?"

"No, I got them. They are in my room."

"Well, go get one. You aren't having sex with me unless you have one on."

My brother stood up with his pants hanging from his thighs. This was the first time I got a good look at his cock. There it hung in all it's glory. I had seen larger cocks on the internet. One thing was for certain, when it pressed into my pussy it felt like a damn truck. Even though his cock wasn't as large as others he sure had a healthy set of balls hanging off of them. A couple of big nuts swinging in their sack.

He pulled his pants off, "I'll be right back." I watched his ass as it ran out of my room.

It wasn't long before he was back holding the biggest box of condoms I have ever seen. "Do you really think I'm going to let you stick your cock in me that many times?"

My brother looked at me with a bit of embarrassment. "I just figured I should be prepared."

"Just pull one out and get it on." I lay there in my cute flowered summer dress. My hair was disheveled from our erotic make out session and my pussy was dripping its moisture to the back side my dress. My brother was naked as can be while I was still covered. "Are you sure you want to have sex with your own sister?"

"Don't you want to do it anymore?"

"Of course I'll do it with you. But you have to take my clothes off first. I want you to do it gently and lustfully."

My brother smiled. He had gotten his condom wrapped around his cock. It was unfortunate really. I wanted to feel his cock in me without any barriers. I was more concerned about pregnancy than I was about the feel of his cock. He reached his hand down and grabbed my arm. He pulled me upwards to a sitting position. He kissed me passionately and reached behind me. His kisses were so erotic. I would have sworn that there was an electrical charge between our lips.

He finally got around to unzipping my dress and his hands caressed my back. I never felt this way about anyone. His touch nearly brought me over the edge. One of his hands wandered up and grasped the back of my neck. His other hand rubbed it's way down. For the first time my brother finally grabbed my ass. He squeezed firmly with his strong hand.

He released his firm grip on my body and reached to the dress still resting on my shoulders. His hands lifted it gently and then let it drop, exposing my still bra covered chest. He caressed my chest between my neck and cleavage coming ever so close to my breasts and then pulling away. His teasing had begun to get on my nerves. I just wanted it. I grabbed his hands and placed them on my breasts. He responded with a gentle squeeze.

He finally reached around and tried opening my bra. He fumbled with it for some time. He lost hold of it at one point and it snapped back into me. I let out a scream of pain and looked at him a bit menacingly. I reached behind my back. No words needed to be exchanged as I unclasped my bra.

In the same way he let my dress fall he now did with my bra. I let my arms down to let my bra slide off. His hands finally reached my breasts. I could feel an electric pulse of energy go from the tips of my nipples down to my panty-less crotch. My pussy was suddenly bombarded by wetness.

My brother stopped kissing my lips. He finally moved on. He moved to my neck where he coerced my first moans. He kissed down to my chest, lingering just above my breasts. I knew that I would have to make all the first moves. I was frustrated and so horny. I reached down and cupped my left breast. I grabbed the back of his head with my other hand and forcefully suggested that he should suckle me.

When his lips finally touched my nipple I moaned with delight. A squeal emerged from somewhere deep within me. Hearing my moaning he became even more lustful towards my breasts. His passion began to be overwhelming and I could see my brother going from the caring and understanding man who brought me out on a fantastic date to the guy in his journal. I placed my hands on his head and I could feel him relax. I felt like I had so much power over my brother. I felt as if I were the one with the upper hand.

My brother finally made a move. This whole time I was the one moving things along but it was this time that he finally moved forward. He kissed down my stomach to my belly button. Once there he ran out of room, my dress still resting on my hips. He pulled downwards on it while I lifted my ass up. My dress was pulled down off my legs. After all this time I was finally naked. I lay there on my bed allowing my brother's eyes see me in my most natural state.

He leaned back in towards me. This time instead of coming in to kiss my lips he gently slid his hand in between my legs. He moved his face towards my pussy. I spread open my legs for him allowing his eyes to view my never before penetrated flower. I heard his nose bring in a healthy amount of air. My scent was welcoming him like an old friend. His hands fumbled around my pussy lips. He was obviously unaware of what to do first. His lips touched me. His tongue protruded into my labia.

I had never felt anything like it. All the self pleasure in the world would have never prepared me for the feel of a tongue on my most sensual spot. My moans became deep and much more obstreperous than I had ever expected. His tongue lapped at my pussy over and over. It took a bit after the initial shock before I began feeling what I enjoyed more. I loved feeling his tongue as it passed over my vaginal opening. As he wandered away from there I wished for his return. I reached down and interrupted him. I touched the tip of his tongue with my finger and rubbed around my pussy's hole. He got the hint and returned.

He licked at my vagina and I could feel my juices flowing into his mouth. He focused his intensity deeply while trying to penetrate me with his tongue. I reached down and began rubbing my clit but it didn't take long for him to take over for me. He inserted his finger into my cunt and began to focus on my clit with his tongue. My moans intensified and I started fucking his face.

"Fuck Me! Fuck Me NOW!" My words penetrated the thick musty smell of my pussy juice. My brother moved himself upwards and rested his body on mine. He kissed me and my taste landed upon my lips. I could feel his cock knocking at my door. He was there sitting on my steps ready to storm my castle. I reached down grabbing his ass and pushed him. My pussy was so wet, his cock so hard, that he slid right into my wanton love hole.

There was one thing for sure, my brother's cock was more filling than my old hairbrush. I felt my pussy stretch open to make room for him. We were physically connected as one. He looked into my eyes and we became emotionally connected. Never before had I felt this way.

My brother's cock began to move. I slid in and out gently caressing my pussy's inner walls. I moved my hips in tandem with his. The rhythm of our love was like that of Beethoven's

fifth, but it was us writing one more movement. My brother's cock was the baton of our orchestra.

Unfortunately it didn't take long for his cock to begin throbbing. I could feel his orgasm beginning to pulse through his body. I did what I could to tighten my muscles. I did it to tighten my pussy around his cock. His orgasm subsided and his cock slid out.

I watched him as he sat up on his knees. His cock had softened just slightly. He pulled on the condom, removing it from his now virgin-less cock. I felt proud knowing that I his virginity was now mine. It was like a gift we had given to each other of endless worth.

He looked down at me with what seemed like a never ending respect. "I haven't orgasmed." My voice quivered as I shared my thoughts.

He smiled at me and move back towards my body. His face again met with my pussy. He ravished my cunt with his tongue. This time he went right for my clit but I was more than ready. The flicker of his tongue across my love brought be quickly to orgasm. My moans of ecstasy filled the air.

My brother moved up beside me. He collapsed down next to me. My little single day bed didn't leave us any choice but to cuddle. I snuggled up under his arm as I had done in the back of the truck. His warmth embraced me. In that position we both fell asleep with the smell of our sex lingering in the air.

The morning seemed to come quickly for me. I was so tired from the night before that I slept like a baby. I was still laying next to my brother although it looked as if he had shifted a bit during the night. I looked over at the clock. I had not slept this late in a long time. On the other hand my brother had a few more hours before his regular time to get up.

I turned and stared at him. How did I let myself get to this point? I really enjoyed myself but still had reservations about him being my brother. I would have never considered this at the beginning of the summer. It had never dawned on me that I would be laying naked next to my own sibling. He certainly wasn't on my list for most likely to take my virginity. I had that idealistic attitude that my virginity would be had on my wedding night.

I didn't stare at him too long before my curiosity got the best of me. Last night I had seen his cock erect in all it's glory. I saw his balls hanging like delicious fruit from a man tree. During all that had happened the night before I didn't get to touch it. I didn't get to feel his little man throbbing in my hand. I gently lifted the blankets, careful not to wake him, and took a long gander at his manhood.

It lay there against his leg as limp as a wet noodle. Last night I had seen it hard as a steel rod. His nuts hung like they were relaxing in a hammock on the beach. They looked like they needed to be touched. The way his cock was hanging gave me the impression that it needed to be caressed. I wiggled my way under the blanket until I was nearly face to face with his cock and balls.

This was the first time in my life that I had seen a cock up close. I was so fascinated by the shape. I was fascinated that men could have that much between their legs and still walk around. My naivety was quickly being crushed. I ran my fingers up and down his penis watching as it came alive. It was if I had awoken it from a deep sleep while its master still slumbered. I wrapped my hand around his ever hardening cock.

Feeling his cock in my hands was amazing. The softness of its skin yet the hardness of its erection. I was instantly hooked. I reached down and cupped his balls in my hand. I gently moved them around getting a feel for their construction. They felt like little footballs hooked to a myriad of wiring. This whole time I had imagined them to be round as a circle.

I had told him that he would not be getting a blow job from me. Sitting down there with it in my hands and right in front of me I began to have a desire to experience his taste. It was his scent that really convinced me. I moved into position and stuck out my tongue. With a little licking of his shaft I received a taste of his manhood.

I had tasted his bitter sweet fruit of desire and I wanted more. I moved slightly to a better position and grasped his hard cock. His rounded mushroom head fit easily into my wide mouth. After that I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do. I just sucked on his cock head while I jerked his shaft with my hand. It wasn't long before I started feeling his hips begin their fucking motion.

His cock started fucking my mouth. It was a bit more vibrant than I had expected. It didn't take me long to adjust myself to take his cock in further. I heard him begin to moan. I had given him a blow job to wake up to. I could feel the intensity rising as I continued to suck his cock and became more vigorous in my jerking. It wasn't long before I could feel his cock begin to tighten. I had never imagined taking a man's cum into my mouth but at that moment I knew I had to.

His cock began its throbbing and I could feel his sperm rushing into my mouth. The taste was salty and bitter all at the same time. I swallowed it down and felt his little men swimming the whole way. Last night his cum was caught by a naughty little prophylactic but this morning it was swimming inside me.

I slid back up from underneath the blankets. "I thought you weren't going to give me a blow job?" My brother seemed pleasantly surprised.

"I wasn't. Don't think it will ever happen again." My brother just smiled up at me. I leaned in and kissed him, "Why don't you go back to sleep? Its still a bit early for you." My brother smiled and lay his head back down on my pillow.

I threw on some loose gym shorts and quietly exited my room. I felt more sensual than I ever had before. With nothing but some gym shorts on I wandered through the house. I sat in the recliner and brought my knees up to my chest. I nibbled a little on the end of my thumb and giggled out loud. I couldn't get passed it. I was a woman now. A full fledged fucked woman.

I wanted to do something nice for my first lover. He was in my bedroom sleeping in my bed. I felt my tummy grumble and I knew exactly what would do it. I headed into the kitchen and looked around. A few eggs, some cubed ham, a little pepper jack cheese, some onions and green peppers. Everything I needed to make a fantastic omelet. The preparation of which took much longer than I anticipated with all the slicing and dicing.

Once it started cooking it didn't take long for the omelet to come together. Its scent filled the kitchen. I had become much more sensitive to smells since my love session. I dished the omelet up and placed it on a plate. I was still rather exited. In a state of perpetual wetness. So I reached in and used my finger to gather a little of my wetness. I ran my finger along the top of his omelet. Now it had my taste as well.

A quick glance at the clock let me know how much time I had taken to make breakfast for my brother. It was still earlier than he normally got up but not by too much. I quietly opened my door. My brother was still sleeping quietly. I placed the plate on my nightstand and laid down next to him. He was still naked as can be as he lay in my bed. I placed my hand on his cheek and leaned in for a kiss.

His eyes opened after my supple lips left his. "Hi," I said.

"Hey. How are you?"

"Good. I made you breakfast, an omelet."

"It smells good. You didn't have to..." I cut off my brother in mid sentence.

"I wanted to. You were so good to me yesterday."

"Yeah, but in return you had sex with me."

"And now I've made you breakfast," I replied as I reached for the plate.

I handed the omelet to my brother and watched him as he took the first bite. I got so horny watching him eat the omelet that I made and topped off with my juice. With every bite I imagined him licking my wet cunt again.

"This is really good sis." My brother's words snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Thanks, I topped it off with my special sauce."

"I don't know what sauce that is but its great." He looked up at me and smiled. Then he reached over and grabbed my exposed breast and gave it a little squeeze.

"Just finish it and then I'll give you dessert."

I watched as my brother took the last bite. "Dessert for breakfast?"

"Yeah, its covered with my special sauce."

"What is it?"

I stood up and tried my best to slide my shorts off in a sexy manner. "Next you get to eat my pussy for breakfast." I put one leg up on my bed spreading as far as I could. He leaned in and gave my pussy a little taste. "Oh, so thats where your special sauce came from." My brother's density sometimes surprised me. "Let me go use the bathroom and I'll be back in to eat you out."

He climbed out of my bed and left my room. I watched his ass as it ran away. Oh my, it was so cute! I lay down where he was. His scent was still lingering in the air. I smelled my sheets and could smell his cock. "Hey sis, what are you doing?"

Startled, I rolled over onto my back. "Just smelling where you slept." By the time he had returned from using the bathroom his cock had again become erect. His cock head pointed to the ceiling as if saluting me. His balls hung from his majestic pole like service medals on a uniform. "Do you want to eat my pussy for breakfast?"

My brother moved between my legs and got to work. He surprising remembered what I liked the night before and started in on my vaginal opening. He licked circles around my love hole and started penetrating me with his tongue. He worked my hole over and over and finally gave my pussy a lick upwards. Eroticism encompassed my body as my brother started in on my clit. His warm and soft tongue worked my clit over and over. He sucked it gently while penetrating me with his finger. I could feel my body beginning to climax. I moaned more loudly as an orgasm ripped through my body. He continued to work my pussy as I came on his face.

"Fuck that was good!" My exclamation brought a smile to my brother's face.

"You did give me an unexpected blow job this morning."

The thought of my brothers cock penetrating me overcame my thoughts. "It looks like your cock is ready to fuck me again."

"Are you sure that you want to keep doing it with me? You did give me the impression that I would be stuck with a mostly full box of condoms."

"Yeah, its better than I expected."

I watched his cock swing about as he got up to get another condom. I stood up and led him back to my bed. With no words exchanged I suggested that he sit at the head of my bed. I watched him as he fumbled to get the condom onto his cock. I moved onto the end of my bed and began to crawl towards him.

I kissed his legs all the way up. I nibbled on his nut sack and teasingly bypassed his cock. I kissed through his pubic hair and up to his belly button. I tongue fucked his belly button before moving on. I reached his nipples and gave them both a good tongue lashing. I reached his neck and ravished him like a wild beast.

I stood up on my bed with my pussy in his face. He grabbed my ass and pulled me in. I could feel his tongue reaching in for my love. I pulled back on his hair and made eye contact with him. I slowly lowered myself down keeping his eyes locked with mine. I gazed deep into his soul. We connected emotionally as brother and sister. But most importantly we connected emotionally as lovers. I kissed him on the lips as his prick reached my pussy.

Being as horny and wet as I was earlier, his cock slid right into my love tunnel. I bounced vigorously on his hardness while gently giving him lustful kisses. He began to moan. "I can feel your pussy juice running down my balls."

His words drove me crazy! I started bucking back and forth as fast as I could. He tightly grabbed my ass. I could feel his body beginning to tense up. His cock began throbbing inside me. He moaned loudly and I could feel his body shake. I didn't have an orgasm that time but I felt a little jolt through my body as his cock throbbed inside me.

I stayed on his cock as long as I could until it softened sufficiently enough to fall from my grace. I moved off my brother to allow him room for condom removal. Once he had set his used condom on my nightstand I moved back over him. I gave him a kiss.

"I think I'm in love with you." Although the words came from my mouth I was still shocked to hear them. "Not just love you because your my brother, but I think I've fallen in love with you."

"I love you too sis."

"Really? Do you? Have you fallen in love with me?"

"I love you more than I ever have. I'm not sure if I have fallen in love with you."

I felt a bit disappointed. I wanted him to love all of me. I wanted our hearts to connect and become one as we had during sex. "Well, I'm going to take a shower then. Could you take your used condoms out to the trash?"

"Yeah. I'll do that."

I left my room heading for the shower. The hot water rushed down on me. What the fuck had I done? I had fucked my own brother then I told him I loved him. I wished I could take back some of the things I had said. I began washing my hair when I heard the bathroom door open. I felt a rush of cold air mix with my hot steamy shower.

"Can I get in with you?" I heard what my brother had said. I was disappointed in myself and took a moment to respond.

"If you want to."

His head poked into the shower and paused. He looked at me and smiled. I responded with a half smile. His body soon followed his head as he stepped in. I turned away from him to allow the water to cascade down my chest. I kept scrubbing my head and soon felt his hands begin to help. I let him wash my hair. He made sure that each strand had been scrubbed before tugging on my shoulder.

I turned around and looked at him. He picked up the soap and lathered it in his hands. He started up top and washed my body. His soapy hands caressed my neck. They moved down to my arms. He kissed my arms downward and then scrubbed his kisses off. I lifted my arms for him and he washed my armpits. His hands moved onto my chest. He lingered there for some time. My breasts had to be cleaner than they ever had been. He turned me sideways and moved behind me. He washed my stomach paying careful attention to my belly button. He finally reached my pussy where he made sure to clean between my lips and labia. He rubbed it with his soapy hands. The feelings coming from my pussy were reminiscent of his oral sex. He turned me back around and got on his knees. His hands rubbed my thighs down to my feet. He lathered his hands one last time and lifted my feet. I could feel his kisses right before he washed them off.

He stood up and turned me around. He rinsed off my body with his hands. I turned back around and rinsed off my hair as he caressed my breasts. He suggested I move back around

placing his hands on my back. Leaning in he kissed me on my neck. "I'm in love with you. But I can't be. I can't be in love with my sister."

I turned back towards him. I put my arms around his neck. "The sex was your fantasy. Love is mine. I love you and you can love me back. Its OK."

Our lips met in an embrace. He moved my ass up against the side of the shower. I could feel his cock moving in between my legs. The angle was too far off for penetration. He began sliding his cock in and out anyway. I could feel him moving between my lips. I moved my hips in unison with his. I moaned with ecstasy as his cock was stimulating my clit. The humping became faster and faster until I felt my orgasm grip my body. My brother gave me one last hump and I thought I felt his cock throbbing again.

My orgasm finally subsided. "Did you cum too?"

"Yeah. I couldn't stop it. You may want to wash my sperm off of your pussy."

I could feel it's warmth between my legs. "You dick. You aren't supposed to cum on my pussy." I started washing myself off.

"If you loved me you would let me cum on it." My brothers comment came across as rather sarcastic.

"Fuck you. If you loved me you would have licked it off instead of telling me to wash it off."

My brother kissed me one last time before we traded spots placing him underneath the cascading water. I returned the favor washing his body as he had done mine.

Our weekend continued on with sex happening as often as was needed. We were so horny we could barely be bothered to leave the house for dinner. We ordered in a pizza and ran around the house all day.

The summer turned into a fun one. My brother fucked me everywhere possible. He fucked me in the kitchen, the hallway, on the staircase, on the couch, and even in our parents bedroom. After some time my brother and I had discovered that our parents were completely clueless to our actions, leaving open the option for us to sleep in the same bed at night.

Our sex did not stay indoors either. He fucked me in our backyard and in our garage. We even went camping one weekend and fucked all over a public campsite. The nearby stream also saw some action. With each love making session I fell for my brother that much more. Needless to say my savings began dwindling slightly as our demand for condoms rose.

Unfortunately the summer began to reach an end. It wasn't long before he was buying up books for his next semester. I didn't want him to go. I wanted him to stay with me and give me the love I needed. But I understood the need for his education.

Our last night together was bitter sweet. We made love like it was our first time. That time we did something we had never done before. That time I took the condoms out of my brother's hand and set it aside. That time he came in me with every orgasm. It was the last thing I could give my brother. It was the only thing I hadn't completely given to my brother all summer.

I'll never forget the last words he said to be before he left. It wasn't the words as much as it was the way he said it. As he looked deep into my soul he said, "I love you." Then he was gone. I left my junior year of high school a girl. I was returning my senior year as a woman.

Right before Thanksgiving came around I heard from my mother that he had met a girl. He planned to bring her home for Thanksgiving dinner. It was heart wrenching watching that bitch sit across the table from me. I was so jealous of her. How the hell could she swoop in and take my brother away from me like that? My heart was broken.

During the Thanksgiving break I logged onto my brother's computer one last time. I sifted through his new data collected over the summer. I found pictures of his girlfriend naked on his dorm room bed. It hurt seeing her there. I wanted to be in her place. I ran across a video of them together. Tears poured from my eyes as I watched him make love to her. Every thrust of his cock into her body felt like a stab in my heart.

Near the end of the video I felt a hand on my shoulder. I knew who it was but I was crying too hard to face him. "I'm sorry. I know you really loved me. I was in love with you too. I still am. We can't marry each other. You know that." His hands lifted my chin. He wiped the tears from my eyes. "She is a great girl. I know that once you get to know her you will like her." He leaned in and gave me one last kiss.

My brother got married and I attended the wedding. I was jealous the whole time. My heart was full of hateful thoughts. My passionate feelings towards my brother caused me to cry for weeks afterwards.

Its been four years since then. I've got a few years left of college and still no knight in shining armor. Admittedly I have been cautious about the men I date. To this day my brother is the only man to whom I have given my whole self. I still occasionally watch the videos that were made. The secret recording I made is mostly us sleeping on my bed together but at times it is a great comfort to watch.

I have only recently begun mending my relationship with him. We have talked openly about our past and our future. There is no doubt that what once was will never be again. He is madly in love with his wife who has given him a beautiful son. He was right about her. She is a really wonderful woman. I'm just glad to see that he is happy.

Edwina Pussy Arm

Cool crisp air filled the room as Kyle opened the window. There was a distant sound of birds chirping. To him, they sounded as a big brass band. The flowers were beginning to bloom, showing off their vibrant colors. Spring had finally filled come and admiring it was a great way to spend the morning. A fantastic morning was a good way to ensure a fantastic evening.

Kyle was expecting an evening of spectacular adventures. Not long ago his friend of many months and moon phases, Jed, had informed him of a most peculiar woman. He had also set Kyle up on a blind date with her. Jed made no mention of what made this woman of wonder so idiosyncratic and distinctive. The only thing he told Kyle was that his mind was about to be blown. He also told Kyle that Edwina does not disappoint. Edwina, he thought, Such a lumbering name.

Edwina's morning started as it always had. She would stretch out as long as possible with her arms above her head and her toes reaching further away. Oh, she moaned to herself, is it that time already? She pulled her down filled comforter back up over her head, quickly entering a daydream state. She imagined her blind date would proceed as they always do. An enjoyable evening up until they ask why she has a black sock on her arm. A sock to cover up a most vexing appendage.

Edwina finally pulled herself out of bed, catching a glimpse of her body in the mirror. Her long auburn hair draped down her back. Light reflected off her bright blue eyes, giving the impression that they were infinitely deep. Her tiny pert nose twitched slightly. Easy there girl, she thought, no sneezing now. She pursed her abundant lips together into a tight duckface pucker. Maybe if I do this he won't notice my arm, she thought. It seems to work on Facebook.

Edwina's admiration of her body intensified. Turning sideways she pushed her chest out viewing the side of her firm and healthy breasts. She bounced and watched them oscillate, mimicking a perfect graph of $\sin(2\pi)$. Edwina's eyes followed her flat stomach southward until she caught sight of the plumage at the end of her left arm. What a nasty scene her arm created.

Edwina lifted her arm and stared. There was no hand on the end of it. Instead there was a pink gash, protruding labia, a vaginal hole, and a clitoris which had a tuft of hair above it like any other pussy. She had a cunt on her arm, an eyesore, a mess, a monstrosity. Every time she pulled it out in public she became a spectacle.

The hours, minutes, seconds, and milliseconds had passed like a bat out of hell. In mere moments Kyle would be knocking down the door of a girl he knew nothing about. His desires were fueled by the thoughts of this rare woman. That is the way Kyle liked his women, the same way he liked his steak. Rare.

Thump, Thump, Thump, Kyle's fist rocked the door with a whimpering sound. His voice thundered inarticulately, "Bizarre girl, Bizarre girl, let me in."

Edwina responded in kind, "Not by the hair of my vagina on my arm!"

"What," Kyle asked?

Edwina swung the door open and looked at Kyle. His ragged blond hair fluttered in the wind. His eyes looked vague and his smile was moderately strong, a bit like his breath. "Is that a hairpiece," she asked?

"Of course not. It is natural," Kyle answered.

"Then why do you have a monkey hairstyle?"

"Donald Trump. He is my second cousins father's old roommate by marriage, twice removed. So it must be genetic."

"I now comprehend the situation," Edwina replied. "And it is a situation."

Kyle escorted Edwina to his car. He pointed to the door handle, "Whoop, there it is," he said. Edwina opened the door herself and took up residence in the passenger seat. Kyle eventually made it to the driver's seat after stumbling over his untied shoe laces.

Once inside together with the windows in the upright position the moderately strong breath was no longer moderate. Edwina reached into her pocket and pulled out a small clear case with a white top.

"Tic Tac," she asked.

"Toe," Kyle replied.

What in the world was he doing, she thought? Maybe he didn't hear me. "Tic Tac," she asked again.

"Toe," Kyle replied.

"Tic Tac,"

"TOE," Kyle said with excitement!

Edwina returned the container to her pocket and pulled out a small packet of spearmint. "Gum," she asked?

"Disease," Kyle replied quickly.

"That's what I'm saying," Edwina stated. "Gum?"

"I don't understand these games you are playing." Kyle sounded baffled.

"Just put a piece of this gum in your mouth, Kyle. Then we can play games."

Kyle finally pulled into a restaurant which prided itself on its down home Ã©clat. Edwina had much to choose from, with their menu two and five-sixths furlongs in length. More food than the Jolly Green Giant could eat in a fortnight. She decided to go with the Tofu Cordon Bleu. Kyle chose his steak like he had chosen his women, rare, of course.

Food arrived at their table in a slowly but timely manner. Edwina had no choice but to remove the black sock covering her arm to aid in preparing her food for masticating. She slid the handle of her meat substitute slicing utensil into her arm pussy. She began slicing open her Tofu Cordon Bleu, stuffed with cheese and ham, when Kyle finally noticed her protuberance.

"What in the name of Oden is that," Kyle asked exuberantly!?

"That is a vagina on my arm. The pussy away from my cunt. It is like a home away from home."

"Well, you sure are cutting your tofu vigorously! Won't that make you..." Before Kyle could finish his sentence Edwina let out a boisterous moan of gratification. "...uh, make you orgasm," Kyle asked?

"Of course you illogical bobble head," Edwina replied after recovering. "That is what happens when you agitate a cunt long enough."

"What other activities do you perform that cause you orgasms?"

"Mopping the floor, brushing my hair, changing the oil in my car, basically any activity that involves oscillating forces and torque. And I'm basically the only girl who can shoot ping-pong balls out of her arm."

"That thing is fulgent! I can not take my eyes off of it. Can I fuck it?" Kyle's question was very straight forward. Never had a man asked to fuck her arm cunt. Most men would briskly walk away in mild disgust. Kyle, this man, was outright asking if he could fuck it.

Edwina mulled over Kyle's offer of sexual courtesy. She reached into her pocket and pulled out her clear box with a white top. "Tic Tac," she asked?

"I will consume them all if I can fuck that arm cunt."

"I appreciate the perspicacity of your propinquity concerning my predicament. If you do utilize the Tic Tac container, you may bring me home and fuck it."

Kyle began to scarf his food in a demure way. He now knew what Jed was speaking of concerning Edwina, and it did not disappoint.

Shortly after eating Kyle turned into a fine gentleman, the kind often found in books written by Louisa May Alcott. Why he even opened the car door for Edwina. He gorged himself on Tic Tac after Tic Tac while he bolted like a sloth towards her home. Kyle even had the sense to open the door for Edwina a second time!

Together, they raced into Edwina's home and a comfortable spot was found on her couch. "Pull out your pecker, kind sir," Edwina requested. Kyle complied. Her arm pussy was still wet from the vigorous work it did on her food at the restaurant. There was no friction as she impaled her cunt onto his hardened dick.

"This is the best hand job I've ever had the pleasure of receiving," Kyle exclaimed.

"No. This is the best non-hand job you will ever get."

"Ah Ha! Because you have no hand."

"That's right. Now get down and lick my pussy while I fuck you with my arm cunt."

Kyle did as he was told. He eagerly removed Edwina's pants, granny panties, granny panties number two, boy shorts, bikini panties, boyshorts panties, her thong, a g-string once played by Bach, and finally a c-string. The image of her pussy was staggering. Nearly identical to the cunt found on her arm! But of course it would, after all, it is a pussy made by the same genes. Twin pussies!

Edwina continually punched at Kyle's cock with her arm cunt. Kyle energetically lapped at her second snatch. With a clitoris in two locations being stimulated simultaneously, it wasn't long before she could take no more. Never, in the history of the world, has a woman cum so hard. Her body tensed up and twitched uncontrollably.

Kyle felt the tension in the room. He knew Edwina was going to orgasm and held her pussy arm firmly in place over his cock as he buried himself balls deep. After Edwina's orgasm finished Kyle released his hot and steamy load into her cunt. Final destination: unknown.

Kyle fell to the floor then moved himself up on one knee. "Edwina," he said, "you freaky fuck. Will you marry me?"

The Gentleman's Club

Around the club that time of year,
When the men stood about drinking their beer.

Walking throughout in nothing but socks.
All of them with their old droopy cocks.

This gentleman's club was a different breed.
Catering to the men and their cock's need.

For on this day when it came about,
A whore would suck these men; small and stout.

Together they did drink and laugh and cheer,
When their whore would visit this time of year.

She sucked and she fucked and she moved all about,
Why she even took on the old man with the gout.

To her he did say, "Oh my dear! You whore!"
"Twenty cocks you sucked within the hour!"

Then his cock with her mouth she devours,
"I've got 50 more and only three hours!"

"Then get a move on you nasty old witch,"
"Suck off each man before you switch."

"Take their cocks into your mouth and cunt,"
"Do it right now at this moment."

The old man with gout she did obey,
She lay on her back for an easy lay.

With one dick in her cunt and one in her asshole
She pleased those men with their large bankroll.

She sucked and she fucked and she worked the night away.
Paying special attention to the man with a birthday.

Ejaculate and cum and semen did abound,
It dripped from her and right to the ground.

As you imagine she should have been thanked,
But instead these old men had her spanked!

Her ass and her tits and her cunt were so sore,
And she could not locate the clothes that she wore.

"No matter, no bother, I've done this before,"
"It is much like last year," said that dirty old whore.

A bag I did bring with some extra provisions,
I've got a red dress with some bright yellow ribbons.

And then she counted up the cold hard cash,
which she earned giving those men a good tongue-lash.

"What a pleasant sight," cooed that old nasty bitch,
"If I do this once more I'll be quite rich."

Abbie's Dream

The hotel room was dark. Abbie lay nude on the stiff sheets of the hard bed. She felt like a little girl again. She was giddy and so in love like a young teenager with her first crush. She was so excited for what was about to happen, knowing that her life would never be the same again.

The bathroom light turned off as the door opened. The flash of light was temporarily blinding. Abbie watched the male figure walk to the bed. He knelt down in front of her and grabbed her legs. She willingly moved her body as requested by this soon to be lover. No words were exchanged, just simple physical gestures of motion. This man has began kissing up Abbie's legs and to her inner thigh. His face felt extremely smooth and freshly shaved. He caressed her abdomen with his hand, coming dangerously close to her pussy but never making contact. The man kissed her thighs, completely passing by her sweet pussy.

These acts of purposeful teasing were driving Abbie crazy. She began rubbing her own breasts to relieve a little of the tension. She had always cursed her larger breasts. She didn't like the attention she always got from them. As the teasing continued her larger breasts came in handy as she was able to slip her nipple into her mouth. She sucked her own nipples furiously as the tension in her pussy continued to build.

Finally after no longer being able to endure the continual teasing, Abbie reached down with both hands and shoved her lover's face into her pussy. He opened his mouth and willingly took in as much of her pussy as possible. His tongue slipped into her vagina and he could feel it trying to penetrate her. His tongue moved from Abbie's vagina up her slit to her clit and back down. His tongue ravaged her vaginal opening and teased her clitoral hood. Abbie continued to suckle her nipples. She felt the electrical shocks that she was producing from her mouth move through her nipples and down her body to her pussy. Her hips bucked up and down with every lick of her lover's tongue. She felt her body preparing itself for an orgasm. The tension in her pussy was building faster and faster. Her clit was becoming increasingly sensitive. Her lover focused on her clit just long enough to make her cum. Her body tensed up and her muscles randomly twitched all over. She could feel the muscles in her pussy doing their usual orgasmic pulse. Abbie's voice broke the silence with moans of delight and pleasure.

Before She could catch her breath Abbie's lover stood up and gently tossed her body so that her legs were no longer hanging off the edge. He climbed on top of her. She tried to put her arms around him but he grabbed them and pinned them and threw them to the bed, pinning

her under his weight. He moved his head in close to hers. He kissed her on the lips and she kissed back. The taste of her pussy juices pierced her lips and landed on her tongue. The smell of her pussy drifted to her nostrils and filled her with desire.

Abbie's lover released her arms and began feeling her breasts. She could feel the head of his cock pushing at her love tunnel. She was soaking wet and quickly lubricated her lover's cock. He squeezed her breast as his cock slid into her. She moaned in delight as she felt her pussy become filled with her man's love. He slowly began moving his strong cock in and out of her soaking wet pussy as he continued to kiss her. She had expected only sex from this man but he was actually making love to her. He began moving his cock faster and faster. Abbie could feel his balls slapping her ass with every thrust. He grabbed her breast again and moved it towards his mouth. Leaning in he was able to lick her nipple while he fucked her. She felt the tension in her pussy building again. She began moving her hips faster and faster, encouraging her lover to do the same. He moved in and out, tapping her g-spot with every move.

Abbie's voice broke the silence again with a loud moan. This orgasm had gripped her body and she could feel her pussy spasm around her lover's cock. Orgasms were so much better for her with a man inside her. She felt her muscles twitch and her voice squealed in delight.

Abbie's still hard lover pulled out as her orgasm subsided. He motioned for her to sit up and then get on her hands and knees. He held his cock and guided it back into her now pleased pussy. He grabbed her hips and started thrusting vigorously hard into her. He lifted his hand and slapped her ass as she pushed back against him. She could feel his balls slapping against her sensitive pussy lips and clit. It didn't take long for her lover to grab her hips and bring her in right up against him. Abbie could feel his cock swell as he was preparing to cum. Her lover let his cock shoot it's load deep inside her. She felt each spurt of love juice fill her womb.

After her lover's orgasm Abbie fell over on the bed. She rolled over onto her back and her lover collapsed beside her. She could feel his cum oozing out of her pussy and dripping down her ass. She reached down and felt his cock. It was still semi-hard and she could feel the blood pumping through it.

Abbie's curiosity got the best of her. She reached over and turned the light on. She looked over at her lover in shock. She saw her brother smiling back at her.

This revelation stunned Abbie out of her deep slumber. She had been having this reoccurring dream for weeks, but this was the first time she looked at who her lover was. She was shocked from the dream but certainly not disgusted. She had fantasized about her brother when she was a teenager. Although she had never done anything sexual with him she

had fantasized about him for years. This dream seemed very real, as if she had really done it, although Abbie knew she didn't. She vividly remembered the hotel room and the sex her brother had given her. She began feeling her wet pussy. She could feel the wetness that had rubbed off onto her sheets while she slept. She rubbed her swollen pussy, thinking about her brother. She quickly brought herself to orgasm.

Abbie's fantasy of her brother cuddling up to her afterwards was interrupted by the ring of her phone.

"Hello?" Abbie's voice crackled.

"Are you still in bed?" Abbie heard her brother's voice respond.

"Yeah, sorry, I'm awake. So whats up."

"Listen Abbie. My company is sending me to New York for a few meetings. They are sending me for a week and I'm only required to attend a few meetings. I know you have always wanted to go to New York. Danica is taking the kids to her mom's house for a visit so it will just be us two. I know you have been pretty lonely since your divorce. How about it? Want to go with me?"

Abbie's lips quickly turned into a smile. "Of course. That sounds like loads of fun. I'll get my bags packed."

She hung up the phone and lied back on her bed. Her hand went back to her swollen pussy. She knew it was going to be fun. Abbie also knew what they were going to end up doing. She had no idea how it would progress to sex with her brother but she knew her teenage fantasy would soon be a reality.

Hermaphrodite Sister

CHAPTER I

Boy, have I got a story to tell you. My name is Jessie. I am the oldest of three siblings. My parents only intended to have two children but they were given a surprise of twins during my mom's second pregnancy. To top it all off I'm only 14 months older. I guess they wanted to have their kids as fast as possible.

Everyone assumed that my younger sister Jamie and my younger brother Jordan were fraternal twins. They very well may be. On the other hand it is my sister who has blurred the lines of reality for me. I had never expected nor was I ever prepared for what I learned a few months ago. It is time I share our family secret. It is time to get this off my chest and out into the open.

I had just finished up my first year of college and was home for the summer. It was exciting being back with Jamie. We were the best of friends in our youth. Despite our closeness our parents always insisted that she had her privacy. When we went swimming I always wore cute little swimsuits. Jamie was always put in a full one piece bathing suit and my parents insisted that she also wear swim trunks on top. To everyone else this seemed odd but to me it was normal, that was the way I was brought up.

Jamie was beautiful. She had the curves of a goddess. Her breasts were larger than mine, a sore point for me. Her skin looked as soft as freshly fallen white snow. However her personality was much different. She often acted boorish and powerful. She often acted masculine. To me this was normal. This was the way things had always been and I had no reason to question it. I had no idea she was a bit different until we were lying in bed having the conversation of our lives. Nothing like catching up after being at school for a year.

It was Jamie who started this part of the conversation. "Jess, can I tell you something? Something really secret. Something about me that only mom and dad know?"

"You can tell me anything. What are sisters for?"

"Well, I'm afraid you might not understand. Or that you might think I'm gross."

"Jamie, it doesn't matter what it is. I'll always be there for you, even if I don't completely understand."

Jamie then got out of her bed and walked over to mine. "Mind if I get under your blankets with you," she asked.

I smiled at her, "Of course," I said.

Jamie climbed in next to me. "I think it might be easier if I just show you," she said. Then she lifted her hips and pulled her pajama pants off along with her panties.

I gave Jamie an odd look. She took my hand and began guiding it to her crotch. "No, Jamie. I can't do this. I'm not that type of girl. But if you are into women..."

Jamie cut me off, "It's not what you think. Just please..."

I stopped resisting her as she continued moving my hand to her genitals. I felt skin, lots of soft warm skin, laying within her mound of pubic hair. "What is this," I asked her?

"Jessie, I have a penis. I'm inter-sexed; a hermaphrodite."

My eyes opened wide as our lives flashed before my eyes. I quickly began understanding our parents' desire for Jamie to have her privacy. I knew then why I had never seen her completely naked. "But, but how?" My question seemed insensitive.

"Some genetic accident I guess," Jamie replied. "I've always had a penis, and underneath it is my vagina."

I reached down below her penis and felt her labia protecting her entrance. "So how do we know you are a girl?"

"We don't really. That's just how mom and dad raised me. And when I hit puberty and got these boobs they just figured they were right. Even the doctors are confused about me. They say I'm medically impossible. I have one testis and one ovary."

"Holy shit." My response was out of shock. She looked like a beautiful woman. She didn't even have hair on her face from the extra testosterone in her body. Her skin was smooth. "So can you cum out of your penis?"

"Yes, I've jerked it off a few times. But I don't know how to masturbate as a woman. I've tried and I just end up back jerking off."

I didn't really know what to say to her. I was full of questions and curiosity. "Can I see what you look like completely naked," I asked.

Jamie was shy at first as she moved herself out of my bed. She stood up with her back towards me. She lifted her shirt above her head and I could see her curves. With her arms over her head, her plump breasts that I was so jealous of, bounced out to her sides. She stopped for a moment, "Jess, you promise you won't laugh?"

"Of course not. I think you are beautiful."

Jamie slowly turned around. Her hands were both down covering her genitals. I looked her in the eye and smiled. "Its okay," I said. "I don't care what it looks like."

Jamie moved her hands and put them on her hips. Hanging from where her clitoris should be was a little cock. "It gets bigger when I'm horny, about five inches," she said.

"Five inches huh? I've given blow-jobs and hand-jobs to a guy about that size. Not porn star sized but close to the average." I reached my hand out towards Jamie's penis and stopped short. "May I," I asked her.

"Yes," Jamie replied as she moved closer towards me.

I took her penis in my hand and began stimulating it. I jerked her off until that little penis of hers began to come to life. I watched as it stretched from its limp state into a rock hard erection. "Jamie, this is incredible."

"You really think so?"

"Yes. I really do. You said you have one testes so where is your ball sack?"

Jamie chuckled a little. "I don't have a ball sack. It is up here," she pointed to the left side of her stomach, "right where my second ovary should be."

"So can you cum? Does it shoot sperm," I asked as I continued to rub her cock.

"If you keep doing that you will find out."

I smiled coyly teasingly at her. "Well I want to know."

I continued jerking her off as I moved in closer. I moved my head in close and tasted the tip of her cock. Jamie let out a gratuitous moan of pleasure. I quickly moved my head away, looking up at her. I shushed her with my lips and finger. The last thing we needed now was to let someone hear us. I moved back in and took her cock head in my mouth. Jess again let out moans of pleasure but this time she was much more quiet.

I continued sucking her cock with vigor. I would jerk her quickly when I needed to take a break. Unfortunately my arm gave out before she was done. "Oh, I'm so close," she said.

I looked at her and bit my lip. "Let me get on my back. Then you can fuck my mouth until you cum," I then took off my night shirt. "But I want you to shoot it on my chest. I want to see what your cum is like."

I rolled onto my back and hung my head off the edge of the bed. Jamie moved her cock towards my face, which I took without hesitation. She fucked my throat hard and fast. She grabbed my tits as she fucked me and I did my best to try exploring her labia with my

fingers. I felt Jamie's body begin to tense up, it was time. I opened my mouth wide and allowed her cock to go free. She grabbed it and jerked a little until she shot a load all over my chest.

I was so curious as to what it looked like that I nearly forgot about my sister. I looked down and began rubbing it between my fingers. It felt like cum and it smelled like cum. I moved my fingers to my mouth and put a little bit on my tongue, it even tasted like cum. I rubbed the remaining cum into my skin.

Jamie motioned for me to slide over then she lay back down next to me. "Holy shit Jess. That was the most amazing thing anyone has done for me. It felt so good."

"You mean you have never done that with anyone else?"

"No. I've made out with a few guys before and even let them play with my boobs but I always stopped it when they wanted into my pants. I'm still a virgin."

"If it makes you feel any better I'm a virgin too. The only thing I've done is oral, but I've never gotten it back from any of those selfish bastards."

"Oooh," Jamie cooed with sympathy. "Thats too bad. I just found out that getting oral is pretty awesome."

"Yeah, well thanks for letting me know."

"Maybe we could do it for each other."

"Oral," I asked. "I just did it for you. And I don't expect you to lick a pussy. Being that you are a girl and all. You are a girl, right?"

"I like to think of myself as a woman. I'm a chick with a dick." We both giggled at the sound of it. "Jessie, I was thinking something more than just oral. I was thinking that maybe we could give each other our virginity."

Jamie's proposal was enticing. I was already very horny from sucking a cock. I was ready to rid myself of that nasty thing called virginity. "So would you wear a condom," I asked.

"I don't think I need one. Most of what I ejaculate is just semen. I have a really low sperm count. Like maybe ten each time I cum. The doctors said it would be impossible for me to get anyone pregnant." Jamie's words calmed my worst fears.

"Wow. Well in that case I think we should do it."

Jamie suddenly acted very giddy and lightly clapped her hands together. "This is going to be so much fun." She cuddled in close to me. "But first we'll have to get your panties off." She

reached her fingers under the elastic band. I lifted my hips and she slid them off, dropping them to the floor.

I grabbed Jamie's neck and pulled her in for a kiss. We began making out as she moved herself on top of me. Our nipples teased each other as her heavy boobs brushed against mine. It was a titillating feeling having another woman's breasts brush against my own. Her semi-soft penis was rubbing against my clit. I had never felt so calm about being touched by another person. I was beginning to get very wet when I suddenly felt more fluid running down into my slit.

"Are you cumming again," I asked my sister.

"No. Thats from my pussy. I'm so wet doing this with you."

I'm not sure what it was about Jamie saying that to me, but I was instantly ready for her. My want for sex had turned into a need. "Jamie. You make me so horny. I need you to fuck me."

I could feel Jamie's cock begin to harden once more. She looked me lovingly in the eyes. Her dick made its way to my loving hole. We both took a deep breath and relaxed before she entered. Her cock slid effortlessly into my pussy. I could feel myself stretch to accommodate her. It hurt a bit and I whimpered slightly.

Jamie stopped moving, "Jess, are you okay?"

"Yes. That just hurt a little."

"Do you want me to take it out?"

"NO," I nearly yelled it. "Just lay here in me for a little bit and let me get used to you."

Jamie relaxed her hips on mine but I could still feel her making little gyrations with her hips. "I don't know how long I can lay still Jess."

"Just fuck me slow."

Jamie's hips began moving. I could feel her dick move itself nearly out and then back in. It took a moment but it finally began feeling good to me. "Look at me," my sister demanded. I looked up to her eyes gazing back down at me. "Don't make this just sex Jess. Make love to me."

I stared into Jamie's eyes as I began to move my hips in a gentle unison with hers. Our emotions began to blend together as her dick continued to penetrate my pussy. In and out, over and over, she made love to me like I dreamed so many men might. Our souls were connected, lost in the thoughts of being fucked by my sister. I suddenly felt her body

beginning to tense up. I knew what was coming. And nearly out of nowhere I was also filled with sexual tension.

Jamie started cumming. I could feel her ejaculate shooting forcefully inside me as an orgasmed simultaneously ripped through my body. Together we shook in pleasure as our bodily fluids mixed inside me.

I went limp as my orgasm passed as did Jamie. She collapsed on me, breathing heavily in my ear. "That felt amazing," she gasped. "You are the best sister a girl could have."

"No Jamie, you are the best sister. Who else could do what you do without getting me pregnant?"

Jamie finally had the strength to roll off me. "I don't know about you but I would like to do this again sometime."

"What do you mean sometime? We are going to do this all the time. No matter what it takes we have to make sure we are roommates at college next year."

Jamie giggled, "Most definitely."

I cuddled up to my inter-sex sister as we both drifted off to sleep.

C H A P T E R 2

I woke to the warming rays of the sunlight which had made its way to my face. I felt someone next to me and the memories of my previous night had come rushing into my mind. I couldn't believe the secret my sister had held on to for so many years. She had confided in me and together we both lost our virginity.

My eyes opened to the sight of Jamie smiling at me. "Good morning big sis."

I smiled back at her. "Good morning sexy."

"I'm so glad I found someone who understands. Someone who wouldn't make fun of me."

I sat up and straddled Jamie. She reached down and adjusted her dick so it was between my pussy lips. I started moving my hips back and forth, feeling her cock begin to harden. "We are going to have so much fun together. I wish I would have known about this earlier," I said.

"Jessie, if we do this a lot then how are we going to keep it a secret from mom and dad? And Jordan for that matter? I can't just pretend this isn't happening."

"Don't worry Jamie. We will figure it out." I continued sliding myself over her now rock hard dick. My pussy was getting wet really fast. I could also tell from the look on Jamie's face that she was enjoying this too.

Of course things never turn out the way you want them to. I had imagined a morning of making love to each other followed by a fun day of sister bonding time. Unfortunately most sister bonding time is always interrupted by little brothers. Without knocking on the door or a warning of any kind Jordan barged into our room.

He saw me straddling Jamie with my tits bouncing as I rocked on her. He saw Jamie, her large breasts hanging off to her sides, as she moaned with pleasure.

"Holy fuck," Jordan yelled. Both Jamie and I quickly came to our senses and I rolled off her as we both covered up under the blankets. "I always figured Jamie to be a lesbian but I never thought you were too, Jessie.

"Shut the fuck up," Jamie yelled back. "You had better keep your fucking mouth shut."

"Or else what," Jordan chimed in. "If mom and dad knew what you two were doing they would shit their pants." Jordan was right and we all knew it. "So what are you two going to do for me so I'll keep it a secret?"

I could see Jamie's face being filled with rage so I decided to butt in. "What would you like us to do Jordan?"

"Fuck me too," he said without hesitation.

Jamie and I both knew what he wanted before he even said it. She turned to look at me and I looked back at her. "So what do you think," she asked.

I leaned in to whisper in her ear, "Do you want to fuck his asshole?"

I saw a beam of inspiration fill her eyes as she giggled a little. She whispered back to me, "That sounds like fun. He wouldn't be expecting it if we can hide it until the last second. But should we make him use condoms?"

"Of course," I retorted loudly.

We both giggled together one more time before we looked back towards Jordan. "You have to use condoms and you can't ever tell anyone, ever." Jordan listened as I gave him our counter offer.

"Fine, I'll use condoms. But both of you had better be ready for me." Jordan turned and quickly ran off.

Jamie laughed out loud. "This is going to be awesome. So how are we going to get him?"

"Just follow my lead," I told her.

It didn't take Jordan long to return with a condom in each hand. "I've got one for each of you."

"So you only want to fuck both of us once," I asked. My brother's face went from smug to vexed nearly instantly. "Well, don't just stand there with those condoms in your hands, take your clothes off so we can see what we are getting."

Jordan took off his shirt revealing a thin but weak looking chest. Then Jamie joined in the fun, "I've seen better. What do you have in your pants?" Jordan turned around and pulled his pants off. "Well at least you have a decent ass," Jamie spouted.

I had enough of this teasing. "Turn around and show us your cock." My brother slowly turned around and gave us a side view.

"Oh thats nice," Jamie said. "Its a little bigger than..."

"SHHH. Don't say anymore," I said to Jamie. "Now Jordan," I continued, "in order to fuck me you have to do one thing first."

"What," he asked.

I got out of bed and walked my naked body over to his. I ran my finger down his chest and gripped his cock. I then grabbed his balls firmly. "First of all you have to be quiet. We don't want mom and dad hearing us all fucking."

"Don't worry about that," said Jordan. "Mom and dad left earlier and said they wouldn't be back until this afternoon."

"Good," I replied, "And the second thing is we want to play with your asshole first."

"What? Why would you want that?"

"I want to see if you can take my little dildo. If you can you can have Jamie's virginity."

"Jamie is a virgin," he asked exuberantly.

"She has never had a guy in her pussy. So I would say she is."

Jamie jumped back into our conversation, "Jordan, Get your bitch ass on your hands and knees. I want that ass in the air." Jordan complied with her demands without reservation.

"Good boy," she said as she obscured herself while she got up behind him.

"Could I at least get some lube on my asshole."

"We could at least wipe off our pussy juice and slather it on his asshole," I suggested.

Jamie smiled. "That sounds fine." So together we wiped up our pussies and gave Jordan's asshole a decent lubing. "Relax you little whore," Jamie demanded. She stroked her cock a little, working up a bit of pre-cum. Then she moved herself to his asshole and began working her cock into Jordan's ass.

"Is that a strap-on," Jordan asked.

"Yeah, its a fucking awesome strap-on. Now shut your bitch mouth while I fuck your ass." Jamie had worked her way into his asshole and started having her way with him. She moaned with delight and pleasure as he groaned in pain. It wasn't long before I could see an orgasm being worked up in Jamie's body. She pumped his ass a few more times before she screamed as a result of physical euphoria.

I will never forget the look on Jordan's face as he realized Jamie was cumming in his ass. I could see amazement in his eyes with every shot of her cum. "What the fuck was that," he asked in bewilderment.

"She just came in your ass," I told him.

"How the fuck did she do that?"

I looked over at Jamie. "Show him," I requested. "Now turn your sore ass around and look at Jamie's naked body," I told him.

Jordan turned around and gave Jamie a good look over. "What the fuck? Jamie, you have a dick."

Jamie and I both laughed. "I've got a pussy too you little bitch." Jamie then spread her legs and showed off her labia. "And if you keep that bitch mouth shut I might let you fuck it."

Jordan's demeanor went from shock to concern. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know."

I reached over for Jordan and hugged him. "I just found out last night. She has had to deal with this her whole life. The least we could do is help her not be self-conscious about it."

"I fucking love you sis," Jamie said right before she kissed me on the lips.

"This is incredibly hot," Jordan said. "I'll do whatever I have to in order to fuck you, both of you. Hey Jessie, are you a virgin too?"

"No, Jamie took my virginity and I took her dick virginity. But she needs you to take her pussy. What about you Jordan? Are you a virgin?"

"Fuck no. I've been with a few girls. So which one of you wants to have me first?"

I looked at Jamie. "Its up to you babe. My pussy has already been fucked."

"I'll last longer for the second one," Jordan said.

"I better go first," said Jamie "I don't know how long I can take it the first time."

Jamie lay on the bed while I helped Jordan roll on his condom. I could tell Jamie was apprehensive about this. She looked tense and very nervous. Jordan seemed oblivious to her body language and he took his position on top of her. I moved over next to both of them and placed my hand on Jamie's head. She looked over at me. "Relax sweetie. It will hurt at first but it starts feeling good," I told her.

Jordan had worked his way to her pussy and started sliding himself in. "Oh fuck," Jamie screamed as he tore through her hymen. She grabbed the headboard tightly. We both continued to look at each other as Jordan did his business. I could see a little tear form in Jamie's eyes. "Don't cry babe," this isn't your first incest.

"I'm not crying about that. That fucking hurt more than you told me."

I looked over at Jordan and he was fucking her as if she had been doing it for years. I slapped his ass with my open palm. "Slow the fuck down. Fuck her gently. She is a fucking virgin you dick." Jordan complied with my demands while Jamie continued to look at me. It was as if she was trying to ignore his presence while imagining it was me who was fucking her.

"Oooh," moaned Jamie. "Its starting to feel good."

"I'm happy to hear that," I told her. Maybe if you are lucky you could cum. But in true teenage boy fashion my brother started tensing up and quickly shot his load.

Jamie lay there nearly motionless as Jordan finished up. "Get that thing out of me," she demanded. Jordan pulled his cock out and took off his cum filled condom.

Jordan stood up and looked down at his sister still lying there. "Well you must have enjoyed it, your dick is hard."

"Shut up you stupid fucker," Jamie said back to him.

"Well why don't you two fuck and let me watch while my cock gets hard for Jessie."

I could tell Jamie was obviously not enjoying our brother's comments so I went and lay down next to her. "It's okay sweetie. We don't have to," I told her.

"Let's do it," she said. "I want to show this idiot how to make love to a woman." Jamie then tried moving to get on top of me.

"Not so fast," I told her. "Let me be on top. Let me ride you. Let me make love to you."

I could see Jamie relax as I suggested she stay put. I moved back up on top, straddling her as I had earlier that morning before we were so rudely interrupted. "Are you sure you are feeling well enough for me to ride you? Or are you still too sore?"

"I'm ready to do my sister."

I leaned down and started making out with Jamie. Our breasts caressed each other as our bodies began heating up. Watching her get fucked along with our earlier foreplay had left my pussy dripping wet. I didn't need much in order to lube up her cock. She easily slid into my pussy.

I stared into her eyes as I moved my hips up and down along her shaft. We connected emotionally and spiritually as we had the night before. Together we made love to each other, fulfilling each other's needs. And together we orgasmed. My body shook as her dick shot its semen into me. I never looked over to see what Jordan was doing but I can imagine he was in awe at what we shared.

I lay on top of her as she spilled out of me, leaving a mess on top of her. "Wait, what the fuck," Jordan exclaimed. "Why do I have to wear a condom but she can cum in you?"

"Fuck you Jordan," Jamie quipped.

"Jamie, not so harsh," I said. "Jordan, its because she makes semen but has a really low sperm count. It would be nearly impossible for her to get me pregnant."

"That just sounds fucking weird," Jordan replied.

I rolled off Jamie and she moved over to make room for Jordan to fuck me. "Come get your sloppy seconds," I told him.

Jordan had already put on the next condom and gained another erection. He moved up on top of me just as he had done to Jamie. He seemed to move a little slower with me but I was completely wet. Not only was I lubed up from my own juices but also from Jamie's cum. To Jordan's surprise he easily slid into me. I could feel my pussy stretch a little more to make room for him. He was definitely bigger than my sister.

This time Jordan began slower. He took his time with me while doing his best to kiss my neck. He pumped my pussy with his cock, in and out he went. All the while I gazed into Jamie's eyes, imagining as she did, that it was us who were fucking. I started moaning loudly with every thrust. He must have learned something from watching Jamie and I going at it.

Jordan did take longer with me than he did with Jamie but as all things go, so did he, or should I say cum? I felt his body tense up and his cock pulsing in me as his baby batter was caught in a latex dick glove.

Jordan moved off me and took off his condom. "Was that better," he asked.

"It felt a little better than your sex with Jamie looked," I responded.

"Maybe we could do this again later on," Jordan suggested.

"Shut your bitch mouth," Jamie said. "We'll decide that."

"Why have you been so mean to him today," I asked Jamie.

"He has been an asshole since you went to college. And then he interrupted us this morning and made us fuck him."

"Jamie, he has your virginity, or at least half of it."

"You're right Jess. Maybe we can let him back sometime to teach him how to do it right."

I looked over at Jordan. I motioned for him to come in close to me. "Did you hear that? She might ask you back to teach you how to treat a woman," I said to him. I then grabbed his neck and pulled him in. I gave him a kiss on the lips. "If you ever tell anyone about this I'm going to fake cry and claim you raped me." Jordan's face went from pleased to fearful. "Now get out of here and let me and Jamie have some time together."

Jordan gathered up his clothes and meekly left the room. I lay back down next to Jamie and she cuddled in under my arm. "Hey Jess, do you still need more sex from me?"

"Only if you need it," I told her.

"Oh no. My pussy and dick are both sore. But I would do it if you needed it."

"Why don't we get out of here then? We could go get some breakfast and spend some time together like sisters should."

"That sounds good," Jamie replied. "One more thing Jess. I love you. Not just as my sister, but I really love you."

I smiled at Jamie. "I really love you too babe."

It Was Unintentional

CHAPTER 1

His cock pulsed with passion as his love juice filled my womb. He was in so deep I could feel his sperm crashing up against the end of my love tunnel. His firm grip on my ass lightened as his cock began to relax. I could feel his cock slide out, leaving my pussy feeling suddenly empty. It had been a while since we fucked doggy style. I missed the gentle kisses he usually gave me after sex. Instead he reached around and gave my breasts a nice little squeeze.

Of course he had to get up and leave right after fucking me. I had gotten rather used to that. I would usually follow him and cuddle up to him on the couch or wherever he ended up. This time I didn't. Instead I dropped my chest to the bed and left my ass in the air. I loved feeling his cum swim inside me. Usually after a good fuck my mind would begin to wander. How the fuck did we end up like this? What was it that got me fucking my own brother. Most importantly, why the hell did I like it enough to keep coming back for more?

Since my incestuous baptism by fire I have become rather engrossed in the erotic stories pertaining to the subject. I can say that it wasn't catching either one of us naked. It wasn't blackmail or an instant willingness to get it on. There was no booze involved. Nor was there anyone trying to convince us to fuck. It was really a series of events, or mistakes, that caused a serious error of judgment. It could all be explained as a mix-up of messages. Wires were crossed and the wrong idea got into the wrong heads.

Let's not get ahead of ourselves here. This story starts well before our first sexual encounter. It really starts with a decision made by our father that landed us in a situation for this to happen. It was his suggestion and his desire to make things easier on him that lead up to us sharing an apartment.

My first year of college was coming up. I had looked into all sorts of different housing options from dorms to apartments. The university was just over three hundred miles from home so living with my parents was not an option. My brother was also on the housing hunt. He had spent his first year in the dorms and spent the second year in an apartment with some rather financially flaky roommates. As a result my dad ended up paying the full rent because it was my brother's name on the lease.

After living in an apartment my brother really didn't want to go back to the dorms. My father started weighing the financial cost and decided he wasn't paying for both of us to live in a dorm room anyways. He also didn't want to get stuck with an apartment bill from non-paying roommates. It wasn't long before he presented to us an option that was hard to refuse. He offered both of us \$400 per month for a housing allowance. This was short of the

necessary amount for the dorm fees and it would be up to us to pay any differences between flaky roommates.

Now don't get me wrong here. I know that my dad paying for us to live away from home while in college was a fantastic thing to do. He was also footing the bill for tuition provided that we kept a 2.0 average. It didn't sound all that hard to me. There were just enough financial perks to avoid the negative consequences of not doing as my father asked of us. So when he suggested that we look for an apartment together we weren't too opposed to the idea.

As a result of my father's recommendation my brother and I set out on a road trip to find a suitable apartment. Now I know this is when most incest stories leap right into sexual favors but that wasn't the case for us. There was nothing sexual about this road trip. There was nothing that happened between us that would even suggest the possibility.

We searched all over for an apartment. We started with the big apartment complexes but quickly learned that for a two bedroom we would end up paying well over half our monthly allotment. This left us with little left for other living expenses let alone food. Looking at one bedroom apartments gave us the quick impression that there was little room and privacy available for either of us. Privacy was one thing we were both looking for. We really weren't interested in sharing a room but the higher cost of two bedroom apartments was sure pushing us that way.

It wasn't until we started looking at the homegrown apartments that we finally found something worth sharing. It took a while, digging through the classifieds and driving to different locations. We finally found a house with an apartment in the basement that we felt we could share. It was in a great location, only a half mile from the university. It had a decent sized living room but the smallest kitchen I have ever seen. It was like a miniature hallway with cupboards, a refrigerator, and a stove. The biggest positive of this apartment was the bedroom. Calm down pervs, it wasn't like that. The bedroom was nearly half the size of the whole apartment. With the doorway located roughly halfway through the room we figured it would be easy to split it in two. A hanging wire and a few blankets or sheets would give us enough privacy. We signed the lease and returned home for our things. With only a month before school starting we figured it would be a great time to get to know the city and the area.

Returning home with a signed lease was a less than ideal situation according to our parents. They really wanted to check things out before we made any "rash" decisions. In our minds the price of the apartment was too good to pass up. Only \$350 a month would leave us with enough money to eat well and pay all of our bills. It was also easy to give my dad the

impression that it was upwards of \$450. That way we could have extra money every month without my parents asking about it.

Our parents drove back over with us bringing along beds, a couch, a few chairs, some minor kitchen furnishings, and a couple desks. Our description of the apartment left a little to be desired from both our parents. They weren't too excited about a single bedroom setup. It didn't take long after they saw the large bedroom before they agreed with us. A little help from my father and we ran a wire across the room and hung up some old blankets from home. Now we both had our own separate space with our own privacy. My brother chose to sleep on the side with the door, violating his privacy a bit. I thought it was rather sweet of him to do so.

I know what you are thinking but slow down pervs. I never saw him naked nor did I ever catch him jerking off. When I said there was nothing sexual about our living situation I really meant it. I always quickly passed right by his side of the room on the way to mine. I always made sure I was ready for bed and into my area before he was. This usually gave me some pretty early nights which lead to me waking early in the morning.

There are many of you who would be thinking that we should be bumping nasties after living together like that. But in reality it was the furthest thing from our minds. The last thing I was interested in was being physically involved with my own brother. Besides that my studies had come first above all. Being a music major I spent a lot of time in the practice rooms anyways. With my brother being an aspiring engineer he too had lots of homework. For both of us it was simply the same as it had always been except we no longer lived with our parents.

Despite our rather engrossed lives we both finally ended up dating. My brother tended to go through women rather quickly. He would take them out on a date or two before he would move on. Surprisingly enough he had a rather gentlemanly reputation and not one of looking for sex only. I guess he figured it was time to start looking to settle down so he would just stop dating a girl if she didn't match up to what he was looking for. As for me I too had started dating. But I ended up with one guy. We dated for a good portion of the school year up until the terrible miscommunication.

Paul was my boyfriend. I met him in orchestra. At first I just thought he was another egotistic trumpet player. But he cared about me, was a little on the chubby side, had a great smile, and had a great sense of humor. He also had a rather short temper. It didn't take much for me to set him off. He never really hit me but would sometimes say things which I felt bad about. In return I would spend hours trying to make him feel like I really did love him. Our physical relationship went slowly, very slowly. It was my decision and was also one of those things which caused him to get upset pretty often. Even though I didn't want to

budge on the intercourse I was willing to go for oral sex. I guess I was idealistic. I wanted to save the sex for marriage. I had done it before with a high school boyfriend but felt like he had run away with everything I had ever owned when he broke up with me. I just never wanted to feel like that again.

Paul wasn't really a big man. His cock was easy to suck on. I had definitely seen larger cocks in porn and also on amateur guys on the Internet. I didn't care so much about the size of his manhood but more the size of his heart. I wanted him to love me so much that I would give him a blow job whenever he asked. It was rather easy to deep-throat his erection. After a few months of being together this is where our relationship settled. He fondled my breasts a lot but never seemed very interested in getting down my pants as long as I sucked him off. Not even with his hands. This usually left me to take care of business after he dropped me off at my apartment. Now hold on there perverts. It wasn't my brother that helped me take care of my personal business. It was my right hand mostly and the occasional cheating with the left.

My brother finally found a girl who he dated more than a week or two. I was a bit jealous of her. She was gorgeous. I know exactly what it was that attracted my brother to her. Her eyes were so deep. Her hair was so shiny. She had the most amazing hourglass shape. Oh I hated her for it. I hated her because she was beautiful. And on top of all that she was nice! Damn her! She was the sweetest girl my brother had ever dated. I knew that Maria was the girl he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

So don't you understand? I had Paul and my brother had Maria. There was no reason that we should have started fucking each other. It seemed as if things were going well for the both of us and that we would both be soon moving on with our lives. It was just as things began to heat up between Paul and I that things came crashing to a devastating end. Yes, it was then that my brother and I found ourselves in a very compromising situation.

But what could have actually happened to cause such a mess of emotions and lives? A series of events. Fortunate or unfortunate depending on your point of view. It wasn't until after this had all unfolded that we found out what actually happened. So what you get from me is the story with hindsight.

I had finally decided to give Paul everything he wanted. I had decided to make love to him. I had prepared myself with the proper safe sex precautions. I had even taken the time to groom my rather lush forest of pubes. Then I informed him of my decision and of my desire that it be memorable. His response was to get into my apartment and leave a message for me. Apparently my brother had let him in. He left an envelope on my desk for me to open when he asked me to.

It wasn't his note that caused our miscommunication. There was a slight mix up which caused large consequences. You see, earlier that same day Maria had been over at our place doing some homework. Of course my brother was at his desk so she went ahead and made herself at home using my desk. My brother, being the super creative guy that he was, thought the whole love letter idea was great. He also decided to write a letter for her and sneak it into her books.

Maria was packing things up just as I had arrived home. She smiled at me, "I'm just leaving so you can have your desk."

That caught me a bit off guard. I hadn't expected to use it. Although I was rather jealous of her for being the perfect woman I didn't mind her sitting there. "Don't worry about it," I explained. "You are welcome to use it anytime."

"Thanks," Maria retorted. She turned around and picked up her books ready to walk out the door. A small envelope fell to the floor as she turned around.

"I think you dropped this," I reached to the floor and picked up the small white parcel.

Maria looked at me and then looked at the envelope. With a rather curious glance she reached for the envelope. "Oh thanks." She seemed almost as if she wasn't expecting it to be hers.

"See you later." My brother responded to her with a mumble, completely engrossed in a time wasting computer game.

It wasn't until after Maria had left that my brother seemed to break away from his intense point and click strategy game. "Where did Maria go?"

"Seriously," I questioned in disbelief.

"Yeah. Where is she?"

"She said goodbye to you and left."

"Oh, oops." My brother went back to his game for a moment then magically broke away again, "Paul left you a note on your desk."

I turned towards my desk and gazed through my neatly organized clutter. Obscurely placed was an oddly folded piece of paper. I walked over, reached down and picked it up. I unfolded it and read the contents to myself:

"Meet me at the Holiday Inn at 7:00. Tell the person at the front desk that you are looking for some lemonade. They should give you a key and a room number. I'll be there ready and waiting."

Don't you see perverts? Don't you have enough foreshadowing to know what actually happened? Well, you should not have figured it out completely. After all I should have known when I got there right? I should have known that it was my brother and not Paul. With all the hindsight I have now I'm not sure how I missed it. As it is often said, hindsight is better than foresight.

C H A P T E R 2

After I read this note I was fucking pissed. I figured he would at least treat me to a nice dinner and possibly a romantic stroll together before he tried getting me in the sack. I had already told him we would do it so I figured I would trust him. Who knows, he may actually have something nice planned.

With my trusting attitude I left my house at roughly 20 minutes to seven, headed for the Holiday Inn. It was a good drive from where I was. Five miles isn't all that far but it sure as hell takes a bit in heavier traffic. Even more so while riding a little underpowered scooter. Being a Friday night I should have expected the heavier traffic flow. I finally arrived at the Holiday Inn, a few minutes late.

I felt silly telling the girl at the front desk that I was looking for lemonade. I didn't want to do it but as I walked in she seemed to be expecting it from me. "Hi," I begrudgingly babbled a salutation. "I uh.. Well... I'm..."

She interrupted, "You need some lemonade?"

"Yeah," I gave her a slight smile.

She handed me a key, "Room 312. Have a nice time."

I felt so embarrassed. This girl at the front desk knew what was going on. It felt like I was about ready to be cheating on my spouse and she knew it! I felt so dirty but headed up the

stairs towards room 312.

I apprehensively slid the key card through the door's card reader. The light went from a solid red, to a blinking red, and then back to solid red again. "Fuck," I thought. "I hope she told me the right room." I slid the card through again, this time I was more deliberate about sliding it through. The red light began to blink but this time turned green. I pushed down on the door's lever handle and it opened right up.

The room was filled with darkness. It seemed as if all lights in the room had been squelched by something or another. The window was pitch black. I even noticed a lack of a familiar blinking VCR display. I set down my bag and made my way towards the bed while looking for a light by running my hands along the wall.

Just as I felt the edge of a light switch I was abruptly seized. Spun around like a top and met with a kiss. It was deep and passionate. I had never expected such a kiss from Paul. He was a good kisser but there always seemed to be a lack of emotion. This kiss was filled with love. This kiss got me very excited and I forgot about my expectations of romance before sex.

As I reached my arms around I felt his body. He was already naked. I rubbed my hands up and down his back feeling his warmth. His cock pressed into me. It felt harder than I had ever remembered. I reached towards his ass and felt an unfamiliar hardness. At this point I should have known. With as hefty as Paul was I should have known that this wasn't his tight ass. But it didn't click. My mind was so drawn away by the passionate kissing that my thought processes had nearly shut down. Sex was the only thing I was looking for now.

My clothes quickly dropped to the floor as we kissed over the short distance to the bed. I fell backwards on the bed while my lover moved in on top of me. He caressed my cheek before coming back in for more passionate kissing. This is another one of those hindsight things. Paul had never caressed any part of my body let alone my cheek. At that moment it didn't matter. I was ready. I had been thinking about doing this all day and now I was here with him, ready for penetration.

His cock made its way to my pussy. I could feel the large amount of pre-cum that had accumulated on his cock head. It helped lubricate my opening. With a little wiggle and a slight thrust his man rocket entered my vacuum of space. As his cock kept going I instantly had serious doubts about this man's identity. Paul's cock could have never penetrated that far. I never remembered him being that long or that thick. As our pubic bones came in contact with one another I could feel this prick teasing my diaphragm.

He began thrusting before I had a chance to say anything. Good fuck, it felt fucking fantastic. His cock kept thrusting in and out and I finally had to say something. "Slow down a little. Your cock feels a lot larger than I thought it was."

He stopped humping me, "Your tits feel kind of different too."

This was it perverts. Yeah, it took us both that long to finally figure it out. I knew as I heard his voice that I wasn't being fucked by Paul. I knew that voice. It was as familiar as my own brother. After all it was my brother.

He lay there on top of me supporting his upper body with his elbows locked. We were both rather calm when we should have been both jumping up in disgust. If he had reacted in such a way I may have just ended up sitting in a super hot shower with my knees pulled up to my chest. Very similar to a bad Lifetime women's original movie cliché. But he hadn't. He just continued to lay on top of me calm as can be. His cock still inside me, seemingly frozen like a deer caught in some headlights.

It felt as if a few years had passed from the moment of recognition to the moment of consolation. It was me who broke the silence, "So have you figured this out yet?"

"Yeah."

"Would you take your cock out of me? Or are you just going to lay there deep inside your sister all night?"

"Give me a second."

My brother's response totally caught me off guard. I completely expected him to jump right off of me. Instead he lay there with his cock continuing to throb within me. "So... I guess I'll just lay here until you make up your mind."

His cock finally started to withdraw from our sexual combat. Without saying a word he moved off the bed and turned on the lights. The luminosity of the lights was instantly more than expected. After having spent some time in a pitch black room all I could do was squint while my eyes adjusted. As I was able to look up I saw my brother standing there with his cock waving in all it's glory. His balls seemed to hang as a swinging ballast to his manhood.

My brother roared at me, "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"The note on my desk told me to be here at seven and to ask for lemonade," I retorted back as I moved off the bed to a standing position.

"What? That was for Maria! Your note was in an envelope." My brother's tone of voice seemed to go from astonishment to anger. It was also at this moment when it all came together. I felt so embarrassed.

"Why was it on my desk then and not in her hands?"

"I put it in her book so she would find it later."

This whole time we had been aggressively moving towards each other, both ready to fight to the death.

"Well you missed. Your damn note was on my desk!"

"Where is the envelope that Paul dropped off?"

"Maria dropped it after she picked up her books and I picked it up and gave it to her!"

By this time our voices had risen to the decibel level of fighter jets. I was super mad at him for not getting his note firmly in Maria's book. He was over the top fuming because I had given her the note intended for me and instead took the note intended for her.

It seemed to go silent as we both stared each other down. It had to have been the most awkward staring contest in all the world. I could see his brow curling and his lips snarling. And finally he broke. His eyes gave me a once over.

"Stop staring at my tits!"

"I'm not staring," my brother's voice seemed to calm down. I knew with my tits staring back at him I had the power. That's how all men are. "I was just thinking how pretty you are. And how I'm upset with you but I don't care because you're my sister."

"So you liked fucking your own sister? Holy shit you are one hell of a pervert."

"It wasn't like I was the only one who liked it. I heard your moans. You could have attracted the attention of hell itself with all the noise you were making."

Oh I was livid. My brother had just insulted my dignity and my morality. He had downtrodden my ego. The worst part of it was that he was right. I could only answer with a loud "Argh!" With that I went for my clothes and started to get dressed. My brother followed suit.

I put on my clothes as quickly as I could. I grabbed my bag and headed for the door. My brother was in hot pursuit while zipping up his pants in the hallway. "Where are you going," he urged.

"I'm going to Paul's. If I see Maria I'll tell her where you are."

"Stop being so mad. I'll take you." I stopped and looked at him. "Come on. It will give us a chance to talk things over. I just want to make sure you are doing OK."

For having just penetrated his sister's body with his cock he sure seemed to want the awkwardness to continue. "Fine," I retorted. "But no one, and I mean no one at all, ever hears about this. Not Maria, not Paul, not our parents, not any friends; past, present, or future. This is just between us."

"Fine," my brother responded. "No one. Not like I had intended to anyways."

I moved towards my brother's beat up car and took my place in the passenger seat. He suddenly seemed so willing to be nice to me I had to nearly run to open my own door. The drive was rather awkward. It was silent the whole time. Not a single shred of communication. In a car without a radio this was a rather emotionally grueling trip.

Silence was broken like the shot heard round the world. "I'm going to stop at home real quick. Its on the way, maybe we can call Paul before we try going over there."

"Fine, whatever you want," I replied aggressively.

"Why are you being this way? We both made mistakes to get us here. We both had a little sex with each other."

"Don't say it like that."

"What? That we had sex?"

He was starting to get to me, "Yeah. I don't want to hear it."

"Are you ashamed of doing it with me."

I just stayed silent. I didn't want to answer. I wasn't really mad that we did it. It was really good. It was also only a few good pumps of his hips. So could we really call it sex? "We didn't really have sex."

"What? Really? Oh yes we did. I put my cock inside of you... you know... sex."

We finally made it back to our apartment and I was able to walk away from his attempt at reconciling our mishap. You see perverts, I was not mad that I did it with him. My biggest issue about the whole situation is that I enjoyed it. I'm not supposed to enjoy having sex with my own brother. It was nice. He kissed me like he really needed me. He held me like a man should. I was mad at myself, and not him. It was really my fault that we ended up together. It was also my thoughts about it that kept enticing me.

I made my way through the front door of our apartment. I headed straight for the phone frantically dialing Paul. I heard my brother come inside and saw him sit on the couch out of the side of my eyes. With each passing ring I became more nervous. After it was apparent that Paul was unavailable I hung up. "Did you want to call Maria while we are here?"

"Yeah. I'll give her a try." My brother picked up the phone. He too waited while the phone rang. There was no answer. "Well I guess that didn't work. Want to drive around and see if we can find them?"

Without an answer I walked out the door and sat back in his car, waiting patiently. My brother soon followed. It was another awkward drive as we made our way to Paul's place. The windows were dark. It was obvious no one was home.

"Mind if we try Maria's apartment," my brother asked.

"Yeah. Thats fine."

Maria lived a bit further away. So again it was a long awkward moment with my brother. I wanted to tell him that I wasn't mad at him. I wanted to tell him that it wasn't his fault. I

wanted to tell him that even though he was my brother I enjoyed it. I wanted to tell him all of these things but I just wasn't ready to.

We finally made it to Maria's apartment. The lights were on in her bedroom. "Do you want to come in with me? Or are you going to continue to sulk in the car?" My brother's statement cut me to the core, but he was right. I needed to get over it. Not like Maria would ever know what happened. She was probably mad that he hadn't called her yet.

My brother knocked on Maria's front door. No answer. He knocked again a little harder. Again there was no answer. Just as I was thinking we were going to head out he turned the door knob. It was open so he pushed on the door and took a peek in. I followed him into Maria's apartment feeling rather self-conscious about the whole thing. We had just walked uninvited into her apartment.

"Do you hear that," my brother asked.

"Yeah. I do. Do you think that's Maria?"

"Only one way to find out." My brother walked towards the noise coming from Maria's bedroom. My heart was beginning to beat faster and I could tell his was too. He reached for her bedroom doorknob and with a quick movement swung the door wide open. The scene before us was nearly more that I wanted to take in at that moment. There was Maria with all her prettiness. Her fantastic shiny hair glistening in her bedroom lights. Her fantastic and nearly flawless skin boasted of her beauty. Yes, perverts, there she was naked as can be. Right there on top of Paul.

I know most of you perverts would suggest we just join in as if it were no big deal. That's not how life works perverts! Most of us aren't that way. Instead my brother and I were now on a united front. Both no longer upset or disappointed in each other but only in our now ending relationships. Maria hastily moved off of Paul which opened him up for a beating of epic proportions. I lunged with all my might and gave him a wicked thrashing. My brother had the frame of mind enough to pull me off amidst the loud cussing.

A few unkind words were exchanged between my brother and Maria. He obviously had more experience breaking up than I did. It was rather sad seeing her, as beautiful as she was, in the corner crying. In the meantime Paul decided he had enough of me. He came at me yelling and my face had an unfortunate collision with his fist. I guess my brother had said his peace to Maria because the next thing I heard was another punch. I was expecting it to land

on me. I could feel Paul's presence above me and I could sense him ready to give another blow. But it never landed.

I opened my eyes and wiped away the tears. I was crying partly because of what happened but mostly because Paul's punch hurt. Looking out across the room I could see blood begin to fly as my brother landed punch after punch on Paul's now heavily bruised cheeks. My brother finally finished, stood up, and composed himself. Maria rushed to Paul's side. My brother turned to me, "Lets get away from these dumb fuckers."

I cried as I walked back towards the car. My face throbbed from the unexpected blow. My brother was kind enough to put his arm around me as we walked. He opened the door and helped me in. "Wow, thats a shiner. We should get some ice on that." I smiled at my brother's remark. I was a bit surprised that he jumped in and pummeled Paul as he did. Then again I was really moved by it.

We drove home in silence. This time it wasn't awkward, it was just a short cooling off period. We pulled up and the noise of the engine faded away as my brother turned the key. "Listen, I'm sorry that this all happened tonight. I'm sorry about Paul. I'm sorry I had sex with you. I'll never talk about that again."

I can't ever remember my brother apologizing to me. "Thanks. That means a lot to me. Would you just hold me tonight? I think I need some comforting."

My brother smiled at me, "Yeah, maybe we can kiss and make up like mom used to always say."

I couldn't help but laugh, "Shut up. Your making my face hurt."

"Well it's killing me too." There it was. There was my brother that I knew and loved, sometimes loathed

CHAPTER 3

Quite to our surprise there was a knock at our door only a mere minutes after we arrived home. I was still loading ice into a bag to place on my new battle scar. My brother answered and I could instantly tell something wasn't right. I headed for the door to see what was up. With an ice pack on my face I looked out to see a police officer standing on our door.

Paul, that stupid fucker, had called the cops on my brother for beating the shit out of him. The officer looked at my brother and then at me. He looked back at my brother. "We have gotten a report that you were in a bit of a altercation this evening."

Before my brother could answer him I jumped in. "Why don't you come in. We can sit down and tell you what happened."

The cop, Sergeant Dixon, walked in but decidedly stayed standing. He took another look at me while I held the ice pack up to my face. "It looks like more happened than what was reported." He pointed to my brother. "Did he do this to you?"

"No, it was my boyfriend. Well, my ex-boyfriend now."

"So do you two want to tell me your side of this story?"

The officer seemed nice. There was a genuine concern to find out what really happened. We recounted everything to him, minus the part about us getting it on for a second. We were honest and tried to give an unbiased view of the story. After listening to what we had to say he excused himself. It turned out that another officer was currently at Maria's apartment with her and Paul. After spending a bit of time in his car he came back in.

"Well I just got off the radio with the officer over at your boyfriends place." He had it wrong but I didn't feel the need to correct him. "It seems you have all separated yourselves from a bad situation. One of two things is going to happen tonight. Either you all go downtown and spend the night in a cell, or you all drop the charges."

My brother looked over at me and our eyes met. I could tell he didn't want to go to jail for me. He looked back at the officer, "Its up to her."

"I would be happy to drop the charges, if that's what Paul does."

The officer looked at both of us. "Alright. Let me call back over and see what they want to do. You two stay put for now." He headed back to his car this time only spending a short amount of time out there. He came back and knocked on our door again. We greeted him

and let him in. "Well, it looks like both of you are off the hook. Paul didn't want to drop the charges but we were able to talk him into it."

Talk about a relief! Wow, that would have been a shitty day getting shittier. Before he left the officer took a few pictures of the shiner Paul gave me. Just in case he decided to change his mind. He also informed us that if this ended up in court for some reason he would be willing to testify for us. He finally walked out the door.

My brother looked at me and I at him. My eyes widened as far as they possibly could, "Damn that was close."

"Your telling me," my brother said emphatically.

I could feel the tears beginning to build up inside of me. I could feel my tear ducts beginning to weep. A tear ran down my cheek. My brother pulled me into a close hug. "Whats wrong?"

I couldn't talk. All I could do is just cry. My brother just kept holding me, "Its OK. Let it out. It's not your fault anyways."

I was finally able to calm down enough to talk. "It is my fault. I'm the one who picked up the wrong note. I was the one who tried to hit Paul first."

"But he is the one who left a mark."

"Thanks for standing up for me. He would have really hurt me if you weren't there."

"I know."

I had calmed down enough that my brother released me from his embrace. He sat down on the couch and I sat down next to him. I had never cuddled up to my brother before but I had no one else. It wasn't nearly as awkward as having sex with him. He just put his arm around me and tried his best to comfort me.

He finally patted me on the shoulder, "Did you want to go out and do anything tonight?"

"Not really. I am getting pretty hungry though. Did you have something in mind?"

"Well, I was thinking that we could maybe grab some food on our way back to the hotel."

"Why do you want to go back there?"

"We did leave your scooter there. So we have to go back to pick it up anyways. And I figure there is cable TV there."

My brother was right about one thing. We were going to have to go back to pick up my sweet ride anyways. "Sounds great but there is only one bed in that room. I'm not sure its a smart idea to sleep in the same bed as you."

My brother chuckled a little, "Are you still upset with me about what happened?"

"I'm not upset with you. I'm upset with myself."

"I never understand what women mean when they say that. Why are you upset with yourself?"

"I can't tell you why. Its not something I'm ready to say."

"Because you don't want to admit it that we did it a little? Or..."

"Because I liked it." I couldn't believe it. I had said it. It kind of slipped out but I said it.

"Really? You liked getting fucked by your own brother?"

I could tell where my brother was going with this. There was no way he would let me live it down now. "Shut up. I should have known it wasn't Paul anyways."

My brother squeezed my shoulder trying to affirm his caring for me. "I'm a bit upset too."

"Why, because you liked it too?"

"No, it isn't that. I'm a little upset that instead of ending up with my girlfriend and her perfect breasts I ended up with my sister." He tried looking down at me but I already felt like shit and didn't want to look back. "But I guess the difference is that even though Maria is really hot you are really cute."

I looked up at him inquisitively, "What the hell kind of difference is that?"

"In twenty years you will most likely still be cute. On the other hand Maria will probably look like someone beat her with an ugly stick. Thats the difference between cute and hot."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Thanks. I'll take it a a compliment." It was an odious compliment but a compliment nonetheless.

"Why don't we go get some food and your scooter. If you want we can stay in the hotel tonight but we don't have to."

"I'll think about it. Lets just get going."

After a quick stop at Burger King we ended up back at the Holiday Inn. My brother parked next to my scooter. "So what do you want to do? Do you want to go in and watch a little cable TV? Or did you just want to go back home?"

I know my brother wasn't trying to get me back in the room just for his own sake. We didn't have cable television in our apartment. Just the intermittent over the air signal. "I really need to pee. So lets go up for at least a minute."

My brother accompanied me back up to room 312. It felt a little odd walking back in there with him after all that had happened. But when nature calls it needs to be answered. He jumped on the bed and made himself at home. He turned on the TV just as I entered the bathroom. I was blown away by the amenities found in there. The first thing I noticed was a good sized jacuzzi tub. While relieving myself I also noticed a phone right next to the toilet. So much fun that could be.

I picked up the phone and pressed the button to ring the bed area. My brother picked up, "Hello."

"Did you know there is a jacuzzi tub in here," I exclaimed with excitement.

"Yeah. I payed a little extra for that."

I finished up and flushed the toilet. "Eew. Did you just flush the toilet while talking to me?"

"Yeah. So?"

"Thats gross!" And with that my brother hung up the phone.

I walked back out and sat on the bed next to my brother. He looked at my cheek. "If that shithead ever tries touching you again I'll fucking kill him."

"Can we just keep all this between you and me? I don't want mom and dad to find out about all this. The only thing they need to know is that Paul and I are through."

"Sure thing. Don't worry about all that."

"I'm sorry I ruined your night. It looks like it would have been really fun with that jacuzzi tub and all."

"Don't worry about it. I'm glad I found out that Maria would cheat on me now instead of after we started having sex."

"Yeah, I guess you are right. I kind of always knew that Paul wasn't completely into me. I can't blame him for wanting to be with her either. She is really pretty."

We sat together just watching the boob tube for a while. My brother loved cheesy comedy shows which seemed to only show up on cable. You perverts should know the kind. The comedy shows which have tits for the sake of tits but seem to have a thinly veiled plot.

My brother finally initiated another conversation, "You know that you don't have to be naked to get into a jacuzzi tub."

"What are you saying?"

"If you have a swimsuit we could both go soak in there for a bit."

"Well I didn't bring a swimsuit with me."

"Just hang out in your underwear. It covers the same as a swim suit anyways."

My brother's proposal sounded nice. I could use a good soak. The water jets in the tub would feel nice. It would be a nice respite from my throbbing face. "OK. But I go get in first and then you can get in after me."

"I didn't bring a swimsuit either. Would you mind if I got in naked."

"I knew it. You wanted to get me back up here so you could try fucking your own sister again."

"I'm not trying to have sex with you again. I just don't have any spare underwear."

"Ugh. Fine. But if you get a boner I'm done."

"Sounds fair to me."

I excused myself and headed to the tub. I began filling it with steaming hot water. I used the hotel shampoo as a bubble bath. If my brother got a hard-on I wasn't too interested in looking at it. He was my brother after all. Even though I enjoyed the feeling of his man meat I knew I couldn't let that happen again. Its socially wrong. Completely unacceptable. And it would be wrong to accidentally get pregnant by my own brother.

I took off my shirt and my pants. I thought about what my brother said. It had dawned on me that I didn't have any spare panties as they were in my bag, out in his car. I could live without a bra for the evening but I personally prefer to have something snuggling up my labia. I took off my panties and set them between my pants and shirt before settling into the tub.

The hot steamy water filled the pores of my skin. I hadn't had a good soak in a bath since I left for college. I was beginning to lose myself in the strong jets pulsating against my body. I

had nearly forgotten what it was like. My brother's voice interrupted my meditation. "If you don't want to see my dick you had better close your eyes."

"OK. I'm ready," I replied.

My brother made his way into the bathroom. I had my eyes closed. At least he thought they were closed all the way. I had them open slightly. I wanted to see that cock again. I peeked at him as he walked in. His member swinging back and forth as an elephants nose. I watched him as he entered the tub. The sight of his dick gave me the desire to touch him again.

The Jacuzzi tub was surprisingly large. It easily fit my brother and I into it. My feet lay next to his hands. Our legs intertwined as we both soaked in our bubbly jetted tub. He grabbed my foot and started rubbing. It felt so nice. I was completely lost in the massage. I hadn't noticed my brothers feet caressing my thighs.

"Is it just me or are you not wearing any panties?" My brother's comment broke me from my dreams.

"Your not wearing underwear either."

"It just seems a little profound since you obviously didn't want to be naked with me."

"I'm not naked. I'm wearing my bra."

"Yeah, but why just a bra?"

"I don't know. I thought you wouldn't notice the lack of panties but would notice if my bra was off."

"You don't have to wear it if you don't want to."

"I would take it off but you would get yourself a boner looking at boobs. Then I would have to get out."

"Come on. Don't be that way. Besides if you left I would see you naked. most of you anyways."

I wanted to remove my bra. I really did. I had a desire to be with him. He was teasing me enough. "Fine. I'll give into you. I don't know why but your so animalistic." I removed my bra and let my tits go free. They made a quick appearance before sinking back under the warm water.

"There. Don't you feel better now that its off?"

"Maybe."

Shortly thereafter I began to relax again. My brother's foot massage had done wonders for me. I had nearly forgotten that my face hurt so bad. I just lay there as he treated me like a queen. It wasn't until the water began getting cold that I finally opened my eyes. The bubbles had long subsided and my brother was obviously enjoying the view.

"Ooh, Its getting cold. I'm going to get out." My brother let go of my feet as I finished my sentence.

"Did you want me to get out first? I wouldn't want to to feel self-conscious about me seeing you naked."

"Your an ass. You know that? How long have you been looking at me anyways?"

"Long enough."

I stood up ready to get out. My brother stood up next to me. I glanced down at him. his cock was in a semi-hard state. I wasn't too exited about him seeing all of me so I did my best to keep my legs close together as I stepped out of the tub. I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around me. I grabbed another towel and wrapped it around my head. "I sure hope you enjoyed the view," I mentioned to my brother. I walked out of the bathroom and made myself comfortable on the bed.

I had acquired the hotel lotion before taking my place on the bed. My brother came in with a towel around himself and sat next to me. "Aren't you going to get dressed," he asked.

"I have to moisturize my legs first."

"After all that time in a tub of water you sure seem to think your dehydrated."

"Don't make fun of me. I've had a hard night."

My brother's cock had regained its consciousness as it began protruding from underneath his towel. "No way its as hard as my night has been."

"Stop being a pervert. Your not going to get back in my pussy so just chill out."

There it was perverts. That was it right there. The now familiar awkward silence. It was polluting the air like a conversational smog. "So are you at least going to cover up your cock?"

My brother stood up and took off his towel. After giving him a disappointed look he climbed onto the bed and under the blankets. "There. Its covered up."

"Dammit. I'm not sleeping naked with you."

"I didn't ask you to. I just thought I would." My brother was obviously being sexually aggressive. Not rapist aggressive but suggestively aggressive.

I couldn't help but urge him on without making it sound like I was. "You are going to try to fuck me tonight aren't you?"

"I'm not going to force you to do it. You do have a point. We are siblings we shouldn't just fuck."

"That's right," I affirmed.

"But it was you who said you liked it. Ever since you said that I can't seem to get you out of my head."

"You just want to fuck the ugly girl who has a black eye."

"You're not ugly. You're really pretty actually. I've never thought of you this way before but you are really hot. Paul was a dumb ass to cheat on you. How long have you been fucking him anyways?"

"We haven't done it. Tonight was supposed to be it for us. I have given him a lot of blow jobs though."

"I'm sorry things didn't work out for you."

Our conversation ended as my brother turned the television on again. I finished up rubbing in the lotion on my legs. I stood up and headed over to the mirror. It so happened to be located next to the television. This was the first time that I really took a good look at my face. My cheek was swollen pretty good. The redness was beginning to go away and be replaced with a dark purple color.

"You have a pretty nice ass too." My brother's compliment prompted me to immediately stand upright.

"OK," I began. "I'll make you a deal."

"A deal? This sounds interesting."

"I'll give you what you want tonight. You can fuck your own sister. You can be a fucking pervert and have your way with me. In return you become my slave for the rest of the semester. You do all the dishes and cleaning. You also make dinner more often."

"So you're saying that you want it? You want to fuck me too but I have to be your slave?"

"Exactly."

My brother seemed a bit dumbfounded. "How about if I'm your slave but we have sex occasionally?"

"I may consider that. I'll have to think about it."

I turned around and went back to doting over my eye. I intentionally ignored my brother who was obviously horny. He finally got tired of waiting. "So what do you think? Sex occasionally?"

"It's going to take me a few days to decide."

"How is that supposed to help us tonight?"

"You could just agree to my terms. If your lucky it will happen again."

It was again silent. I can only think my brother was weighing the terms of our oral contract. It took him longer than I expected. I finally turned around and looked at him with one raised eyebrow. He made a little noise. To me it sounded like a "Hmmm." In response I opened my towel exposing myself to him.

"Well," I questioned him. "Is it a deal." All he could do is look at me. "Last chance. I need an answer or I go get dressed. And then I'll go home."

As I was wrapping my towel back around me my brother finally started to talk. "OK. Its a deal. I'll be your slave. But you have to really think about doing it occasionally and not just say you are."

"OK, I'll really think about it." I replied. "How did you want to start?"

"Why don't you start with dropping that towel?"

"Oooh. Right down to business?" I dropped my towel to the floor. I also pulled off the towel which was wrapped around my head. My hair draped down past my shoulders after I shook it out. There I was bare ass naked in front of my older brother. He rolled over on his side as I walked to the other side of the bed. I had a hard time making eye contact with him as I climbed under the covers next to him.

All I could do was lay there with the blanket up over my chest as I stared at the ceiling. Thoughts were racing through my head at a phenomenal rate. Why the hell did I just offer this? Was I going to regret it? Would it be awkward later on? The longer I lay there the more I tensed up.

"You don't look like you want to do this. We don't have to. I could just go wank off in the bathroom."

"No. Its fine. I told you I would do it."

"Then why are you look so nervous?"

Shit. Was it really showing that bad? Was I giving myself away so blatantly? "I'm just a little worried about a few things."

My brother moved in a little closer and began caressing my shoulder. "Like what?"

"Like people finding out that I had sex with you. Like if you decide to brag to your friends that you porked your own sister. Or like getting pregnant. Or what if sex will change our relationship."

"I won't tell anyone. That would be a bad thing for both of us. If mom and dad found out I would be cut off so fast. Dad would probably give you a hug and me a kick in the ass."

"Yeah. He probably would."

"And I guess I could wear a condom. I don't have any though. Maria told me she was on birth control so I didn't worry about any for tonight."

"I have condoms. They are in my bag. Which is still out in your car."

"Did you want me to go get one."

"I am on the pill too. I just figured it would be even more effective. Its like 98% effective so I shouldn't get pregnant this time."

"If your OK with that."

Talking openly to my brother helped me relax a bit. His hands also started moving a little further beyond my shoulder. "And of course our relationship will change. But I think it will be for the better. Since we have lived together this semester I have really gotten to like you. You really are my only real friend here. I think sex would just make it better for both of us."

My brother was really working it hard. I was going to still have sex with him but he seemed to think he needed to keep reassuring me. I smiled a little and looked over at him. "Thanks. I guess that makes me feel a little better."

His caressing hand moved much further than before and lightly grazed across my breast. He continued his teasing of my breast. Following up with a light squeeze he moved the blanket off my chest. "Wow. Your tits are awesome."

"Really?" I had personally never thought my breasts to be all that great.

"Yeah," my brother replied as he moved in for a suckle.

The feel of his lips upon my breast got my heart racing just a bit faster than it already was. His tongue teased me with all it's might. My brother came up for just a moment as if to get a breath of air, "Those are some nice nipples." Then he quickly returned from whence he came. Sucking my breasts as if it was the first time he had ever seen a pair.

His kisses began moving up my body. Lingering around my collar bone and neck I began crying out in ecstasy. As my moans became louder he finally moved in for a kiss. The passion I had experienced earlier in the evening was no match for the power which gripped our souls. This kiss sealed our agreement. This time I knew it was my own brother.

Our lips parted and eyes met. No words needed to be exchanged. He gazed into my eyes while shifting his body over me. His long hard cock slid across my leg. It was amazing to feel his manhood brush across my skin. It's soft skin and hard state had aroused something deep within me. I could feel my pussy go from moist to outright rain forest wet.

I thought he was preparing for our sexual coupling. Instead he surprised me and started kissing his way back down my body. He lovingly kissed his way to my chest. He encircled each of my breasts with light kisses. He topped them both off with a heavy kiss of my nipples. He continued to move down my body. I knew where he was going but wasn't too exited about it. I was rather self-conscious about my pussy. I've got a large set of inner labia. I've never felt comfortable being naked in front of anyone because they stick out so far. Even in a swimsuit I worried about my labia's bulge. Now my own brother was on his way down to get to know them first hand.

My brother paused a moment when he finally reached my pussy. This was the first time that he had gotten an up close view of my most intimate parts. Even Paul with all the sexual favors I gave him hadn't gotten this close to me. My high school boyfriend was the only guy before my brother to see my cunt. He was also the most harsh about it's appearance. He wanted a girl who had nice labia all tucked in like a little butt. He wasn't interested in a woman with a protruding labia. After getting what he wanted from me a few times he decided it was time to move on. And that is exactly what I thought my brother was going to do.

Much to my surprise my brother went down on me anyways. His tongue reached deep between my lips wandering up and down. He focused in on my vagina trying to penetrate me with his tongue. I could feel him lapping up my juices and couldn't stop myself from screaming out in pleasure. The jive of his tongue against me caused me to begin fucking

back at his face. He pulled back slightly and sucked in my pussy lips. He moved them in and out. It was by far the most sensational thing I had ever felt. I was overcome with desire. This being the first time I had ever been on the receiving end of oral sex.

I grabbed his head and motioned that he move back up. He kissed his way back into position as I impatiently pulled up on him in any way I could. He had finally moved his body back into position. I wrapped my legs around him and looked him in the eyes. I could see his desire and longed for our soon to be physical connection. I felt him pull back a little, almost as if slightly resisting. But it was my actions that sealed our sexual deal.

I lifted my head up to go in for a kiss. His cock head teased my pussy as our lips embraced. He penetrated my mouth with his tongue while simultaneously penetrating my pussy with his prick. I felt him fill my body with himself. Our connection had gone beyond casual sex to an emotional bond. I could see his feelings in his eyes. They grew deeper with every kiss and every thrust. He pumped his cock in and out. In and out. In and out. My moans with his intense thrusting combined to create a slight Doppler effect.

With all the sex talk and foreplay it didn't take me long before I felt my body begin to shake. My pussy tightened around his cock. This caused a chain reaction as I began to feel his dick pulsing with love juice. The power at which his cum was extruded from his body caused my uterus to shake with each load. My brother collapsed on top of me. His hand moved up to my breast. He groped at my hard nipples looking for affirmation of my orgasm.

That was it. Our sex was over. Within a relatively short amount of time we had become one. My brother panted for breath as he rolled off of me. I cuddled up onto his shoulder letting my body relax against him. He put his arm around me and pulled me in tight. Nothing was said between us. There I fell asleep with my brother's cum slowly creeping out of my pussy.

CHAPTER 4

When I woke the next morning my brother was mysteriously gone. There was no sign of him being there at all. I glanced over at the clock. Almost eight in the morning. I hadn't slept in this late since I got to college. I was so used to waking up between 6:30 and 7:00. That extra hour seemed like almost nothing compared to how late it was when I finally dozed off. However, I did have a decent hotel room all to myself for three hours. I didn't have to checkout until 11.

I sat up in bed and pulled the covers off. The room was rather warm making me very comfortable in the nude. I turned on the television and flipped through the channels. Although the television was blaring at me I wasn't really watching. I felt so relaxed yet so anxious about all the happenings of the day before. I had mistakenly fucked my own brother, broken up with my boyfriend, caused a bloody fight, and then fucked my brother again; the second time on purpose. It was a whirlwind experience.

My thoughts kept taking me from Paul back to my own brother. I was fucking pissed that Paul would do something that stupid. I was a little grossed out that I fucked my own brother. Actually, more than a little. I was upset at myself for letting things go as far as they did. I blamed myself for everything that happened. It was really me who had messed things up. I was the one who didn't stop the sex initially even though I knew it couldn't be Paul. It was me who jumped on Paul causing the fight between him and my brother. It wasn't really a fight but more of a fierce beating. And it was also me who invited my own brother into the jacuzzi tub with me. Even though it was my brother who was so sexually suggestive it was me who gave the go ahead.

Don't you see perverts? It was all my fault. I started all of this. I was the guilty one. This is the point in most stories where we just admit we liked it and start fucking like rabbits. But perverts, that's not how it worked out for us. It was a lot more involved than that.

I heard the doorknob while I was immersed in my emotions of self-loathing, self-pity, and guilt. The distinct sound of an electronic card being swiped and the lock snapping open. I reached for the blanket to cover up. I knew it must be my brother but I also knew it could easily be a housekeeper. I was able to cover up my bottom half before I saw my brother's head peek around the corner.

"Good morning," my brother gleefully sounded off. "Good to see your awake." I smiled at him in response. "Even better to see that your tits are still out."

I donned a look of surprise and pulled the blankets up over my chest. "Stop looking at my tits. You can't do that anymore."

An instant look of disappointment covered his demeanor. "Tits or no tits I brought you breakfast. Being that I'm your slave now I figured you might like something to eat." He moved around to where I was sitting and set a tray on my lap. My brother had gone to the house restaurant and purchased a nice breakfast for me; waffles, sausage, scrambled eggs, and toast. Then he joined me up on the bed, sitting as close to me as he could.

He just sat there waiting for me to eat. It was a little odd so I asked, "Didn't you get breakfast for yourself?"

"Yeah. I got up a while ago so I ate down there. Sex makes me pretty hungry, especially when its with you."

"Don't be an ass. Just because we did something we shouldn't have doesn't mean you can treat me like some super slut."

"It doesn't make you a slut to like sex."

"No, but am I a slut for fucking you?"

"No. I don't think so."

I took his answer for what it was worth. I knew he was talking to me as if I were a girlfriend whom he just fucked. But I was his sister. I wanted his respect even though I knew I didn't deserve it. The smell of breakfast brought me back to the plate of food. I began to ignore him as I took my first bite. Awkwardly he sat and watched every time I scooped food into my mouth.

"What," I finally growled. "What do you want?"

"Nothing." My brother's response felt like a lie.

"Really? Nothing? Are you still hungry?"

"No."

"Then stop watching me."

"Sorry," he cowered slightly. "I just wanted to look at the cutest girl alive."

I couldn't believe what I had just heard. Did my brother actually fall for me? Good hell. Had he fucked Maria last night instead of me then it would be her in this position. "I'm not all that cute with this big bruise on my face."

"I'm sorry Paul did that to you."

"So am I. I did jump him first."

"If Maria was a guy I would have kicked the shit out of her too."

"Thats nice to know you won't hit a woman. So I guess I'm safe with you."

My brother reached up and caressed my cheek. It hurt a bit but I knew he had good intentions. He finally sat back and watched TV with me while I finished my breakfast.

I handed my brother the empty dishes, "Would you mind putting this on that table?"

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because I'm naked. I don't want to look at me again or else you will want to fuck me."

My brother relieved me of my dirty dishes. "I want to fuck you again anyways, naked or not." He sat the dishes on the table and looked back at me. "So the deal we made last night, was it uh..."

"Was it what?"

"Was it meant for sex just once last night? Or is it still a possibility before we go?"

I was slightly astounded by this question. I guess I hadn't really spelled that part out. I said I would have sex with him but I figured it was only going to be once. I knew he was fishing for it again. And you know what perverts? Deep down I wanted it too. I knew I shouldn't. I knew that if I fucked him again before we left then it would happen again after that. And once it starts there is no way I could stop. So I did what I could to try to talk him out of it.

"Would you stop trying to pressure me into having sex again. It was embarrassing enough. I don't need all that again."

"Embarrassing? What was so embarrassing about it?"

"You saw me. All of me. Even my pussy."

"Whats so bad about your pussy?"

"You saw it. You almost stopped last night. Once you saw it I thought you were done and this was all over."

"Thats so far from the truth. I stopped to admire your pussy. Its so fucking hot. I have never seen a pussy with big labia like that. It was awesome. And running my dick in and out of it sure felt great. Its like no other pussy I have ever felt before."

"And how many other pussies has your cock felt?"

"Besides yours? Two."

I snickered a little out loud. "With as many women as you take out on dates I figured you were fucking all the time."

"Nope, just a few times."

"So... What feels so different between me and the other two?"

"Do you remember Karen Jones?"

"You fucked Karen Jones?"

"Yeah, virginity and all."

I nearly burst out laughing. Karen was a seriously popular girl. She hung out with my brother for a few weeks and then suddenly decided she no longer wanted to be his friend. I guess this explained it all. "Yeah, I remember Karen."

"Well, her pussy was actually pretty big. I didn't know it then because it was the first one I had ever had. But her pussy could take in quite a bit. I think she got it a lot from the football team."

I couldn't help but laugh. "So what about the other girl? Do I know her too?"

"No. I met her here during my freshman year. She was fun and her pussy was a lot tighter than Karen's. She was really tight. Her pussy was also pretty dry. It was like a continual drought. Even after a torrential rain of oral sex she would dry up like the Mojave. She could get wet enough for me to get in but not so wet to drip down my balls when she rode me. Her cunt was nice but without lube it was like a fine grit sandpaper."

"Why do you have to be so graphic about it all. I'm getting jealous."

"Jealousy? I thought you didn't want to do it again." My brother looked at me while waiting for a response. I successfully ignored him and brushed off the question. "When I saw your pussy I knew I needed to try it. Your's is fucking awesome. It feels like I fit in there. Like I belong in there. Every time I moved my cock in and out I could feel your pussy lips moving with me. That felt really cool."

"So you want to fuck me again because my pussy felt cool?"

My brother smiled at me. "That does have something to do with it."

I could feel my juices flowing. Just hearing my brother describe his desires caused my pussy to arm itself for a fierce battle. But what the hell was I thinking perverts! I was seriously considering this. Not only did I want to fuck him again but I was ready to disregard all thoughts and emotions I had experienced not more than an hour ago. Since I was still naked I was certainly ready for it.

I was finally tired of his persistence. "We have almost two and a half hours left in this room. Do you plan on pressuring me for sex the whole time?"

"I'll try not to," my brother's response seemed so half-assed.

"Alright," I took a deep breath. "I can't believe I'm about to say this. If you go down on me again then I'll let you fuck me." My brother suddenly got a huge look of excitement. "BUT... But you can't talk to me about sex once we leave this room. This room is it. No sex outside this room. At least not with me."

My brother calmed down for a moment. After a period of thought he looked back over at me. "Can I see your boobs?"

"Ugh, your such a perv." I pulled the blanket down exposing my tits to him.

"And I can't even talk to you about sex after we leave this room?"

"No. Not at all. No pressuring me for more. Not even casually talking about it."

He just sat there looking at my tits. If we weren't just talking to each other I would have thought he was sleeping with his eyes open. His eyes seemed to be trying to memorize every inch of my breasts. I finally got tired of the silence. I stood up with the intention of walking towards the bathroom to get my clothes.

"Did you want me to eat you out?" My brother's question seemed a bit odd. I had just explained that to him.

"Excuse me?"

"Did you want me to eat you out?"

My brother's inquiry brought me right back to the conversation which had ended abruptly. "No sex out of this room. Right?"

"OK. I promise I won't talk to you or ask you for sex when we leave."

I moved back to the bed and lay down. I looked him in the eye while biting my lower lip. I spread my legs open for him, "Then get down on that pussy."

He eagerly moved himself into position and began to gratuitously make out with my pussy lips. The soft silky feeling of his tongue caressing up against my wanton lips coaxed out moans from deep inside me. He seemed to be a master at pleasing me. His tongue pushed harder and his mouth sucked in my lips and then out again. I began moaning louder and louder. I felt my body growing to climax. It didn't take my brother long to completely send me over the top. I was seized by a large orgasm. I bucked at my brother's face while the pulsating orgasm completed it's course.

After that orgasm I completely expected my brother to rip off his clothes and begin fucking me. Much to my surprise he didn't. Instead he moved up and laid his head on my shoulder.

He fondled my breasts a little and then began caressing my belly, just over my uterus. It felt wonderful.

"So why don't you want to have sex after we leave this room? Why don't you even want to talk about it?" My brother's question wasn't what I was thinking about. I was hoping for him to be in me. I wanted him on top and I wanted to look into his eyes while he got off inside me.

"Because I feel guilty. I woke up this morning and just felt awful for having sex with you."

My brother just continued to lay on me while caressing my belly. The silence that I had become so accustomed to no longer seemed awkward. After he had processed all the information which I gave him he finally spoke, "I understand. I guess if you don't want to have any more sex then I'll be OK with that."

His understanding and candor had done more for me than I could have ever imagined. Although I was naked and completely at his mercy, I felt completely safe with my brother. "Its just not right. We aren't supposed to have sex together let alone be enjoying it."

My brother continued to cuddle into my shoulder nook as he had before. This time he never really said much more to me. He just laid with his head on me while gently caressing my body. After quite a period of time he finally reached down between my legs and ran a finger through my slit. He sat up and looked into my eyes. "I'm not going to ask you to have sex with me. I don't want to have sex with you for my pleasure only. But I am going to ask you something. Do you want sex? Is it something you want to do with me because you desire it and not because I asked you?"

Shit. My brother knew exactly how to get someone else to make the tough decisions. Of course I still wanted sex but I was still trying to work past the social and moral implications of admitting that I wanted to continue on. "Fine, I want it. I do. Does that make you happy? Are you glad I admitted it?"

My brother simply lifted his head, looked at me, and then raised an eyebrow. I felt as if I needed to keep talking. "You know as well as I do that we aren't supposed to do this. And if we get involved sexually then how will we ever keep it between us? Someone is bound to find out and I'm not sure if I want to be known as the incest girl."

My brother sat up and looked at me. He looked as if he was really interested in what I was saying. "And if you were to ever get me pregnant there would be hell to pay. How would I ever explain that to mom and dad? Oh hey dad. Just wanted to let you know I'm pregnant. Oh yeah. The father? Sure you can meet him. Just talk to your son about fucking his sister."

During my whole rant my brother just listened intently. I went on and on unloading all my fears and reasons for not continuing relations with my brother. Then I finally started listing the positives of convenient sex. The comfort that I was feeling just laying there with him. How I felt respect from him. How I had completely fallen for him because of his actions of the previous night. I had finally unloaded all my thoughts and feelings.

He looked me deep in my eyes. Almost as if he were staring into my soul. "But do you want it? Is it a desire you have?"

His question brought me full circle. Here I was going on and on about nothing while my brother waited patiently. "Yes. I want it. You had better get your clothes off and get inside me before I change my mind."

My brother quickly stood up and stripped his clothes. It was quite a treat for me to watch this happen. As he pulled his boxers down I could feel myself becoming ready for his love.

I lay back while my brother took a prone position above me. His cock began to tease my lips and with a little wiggling he gently slid into my willing pussy. This time our sex wasn't really lustful. It felt as if it were a bonding. A deep connection we were creating which would bind us together forever. I could see how he felt as I gazed into his eyes. With every thrust of his hips I could feel myself approaching climax once again. I was once again gripped by muscular contractions rather abruptly. Not only had my body erupted in orgasm but I could also feel my brother's cum filling my womb.

We lay in each other's arms up until check out time. It was with a little regret and a bit of fun that we helped each other dress. As we readied ourselves to walk out the door my brother stopped me. "So is this it?"

"I think that would be best. Don't you?"

"You're probably right. I'll see you when I get home. I've got some things I want to go do."

I smiled at my brother and kissed him. I then headed for the parking lot and rode off on my little scooter. The night before had been a huge whirlwind of emotions and actions. Not only had I found out who really cared for me but I had also broken society's unwritten laws.

As far as Paul and Maria. Well lets just say things worked themselves out between them as well. Once the word got around the music department that it was Paul who gave me a giant black eye he found himself socially castrated. I always tried to be positive and never said anything about what happened that night. It was his own bragging that ended up chasing away most of his friends.

Maria wasn't quite as prepared as I was. Matter of fact she was planning on something completely different than I was. Just one time in bed with Paul and she was pregnant. She called my brother and tried to tell him that it was his. My brother swears up and down that he never had sex with her. I guess she was just trying to find more stability in her life.

After a few years together Maria and Paul had both finally had enough of each other. Paul had gotten abusive towards Maria and they split up. Two kids and a shitty marriage all from a mixed up set of notes. Now I'm glad that all of this happened. It wasn't my life that Paul screwed up.

CHAPTER 5

That was supposed to be the end of our relationship. We weren't supposed to talk to each other about sex. We weren't supposed to suggest it to each other or even look at each other like we wanted it. Our time in the hotel room was the be all and end all. But thats not how things happened. We had both just recently broken up with our significant others. That wasn't really a matter of choice for us but more of a matter of circumstance. So when all the dust settled my brother and I had a lot more time to spend at home. And there wasn't much more at home except each other.

It took a few weeks before the sexual tension started rearing it's ugly head. But it didn't all come out at once. We didn't jump on each other at any moment in time. But suddenly spending more time together lead to more awkward moments. We didn't completely ignore our deal at first. Matter of fact things were working out nicely for me. I hadn't done dishes since we left the hotel. There was no need for me to do any of the housework. It was already done. Our relationship was better than it had ever been.

After a few weeks I could feel the long staring gazes from my brother. He would just watch me as I moved about the apartment. It felt desirable when I first noticed his glances. But as those glances turned into outright stares I started feeling a bit self-conscious. On the other hand I can't say I was all innocent. I did go to bed early as usual. But instead of going right to sleep I would sit in the dark long enough for him to come in the room. Then I would peek through the blankets at him.

I had never seen him masturbate before. And after I started watching him through our makeshift wall, I found out why. He always jerked it right before bed. I couldn't help but watch him as he pleased himself every night. Occasionally I would even masturbate along with him. Not only did he jerk it at night but I also noticed his shower times increased. I also knew what I was doing in the shower and figured he had to be doing the same thing.

Finally after a few weeks my brother made a move. Not directly but psychologically. He finally decided to start walking from the bedroom to the shower in the buff. This left quite a bit for me to see. I watched as his balls swung from side to side as his cute little ass walked into the bathroom. I heard the shower start and the desire within me finally took over.

I picked myself up and followed him into the bathroom. The steam was rising from behind the shower curtain and I could imagine him rubbing himself behind it. I sat down on the floor and stared towards the shower. I was achingly horny. More importantly I was horny for my brother.

His head poked out from behind the shower curtain. He never said anything to me. Our eyes simply met and he moved backwards, opening the shower curtain just enough for me to see. He started jerking his cock for me. Vigorously moving his cock skin back and forth. I couldn't help but join in with him. I pulled my pants down to my ankles and began to masturbate with him. Occasionally we would glance at each other's genitals but for the most part we maintained our eye contact with our emotions locked between our gazes.

I watched as he turned perpendicular to me and his cock began to shoot cum. He had a pretty good distance going for him. His eyes broke from mine as his orgasm possessed his body. After his orgasm receded away he placed his hands on the curtain rod and watched me as I continued to rub my ever swollen pussy. Our eyes met again as I continued to show off my pleasure for him. I finally made it to my breaking point and my own orgasm peaked throughout my frame. With my brother still looking at me I stood up and pulled my pants back up. Our eyes met again and I could see a look of gratitude in his eyes. I turned and left the bathroom.

Now you would think that with such an intense occasion we wouldn't be able to anything but talk about it. But my brother seemed to want to keep his end of the bargain. He didn't say a word to me about our mutual masturbation moment. No talking about or asking for sex was something he agreed to.

However our indiscretion didn't seem to stop there. We both began to do things to sexually arouse the other while making it look as if it were no big deal. My brother continued with his naked jaunts to the bathroom. I would occasionally follow and join him in a mutual self

pleasuring occurrence. On the other hand I began to find reasons to remove my bra or shirt in front of him. I even followed his example with the naked jaunt to the bathroom.

To top it all off we had both begun masturbating at will. If we felt we needed to orgasm we would go ahead and begin playing with ourselves. We offered up no explanation to each other. More often than not the other would join in as if to say that we agreed. It was all a game. Neither of us wanted to talk about sex. To be the one to verbally begin a conversation about sex was deemed wrong in both our minds.

Now that I ponder back on the whole situation I wonder how my brother did it. I'm not sure how he went so long with so much sexual tension without somehow coercing or pressuring me into having sex. Perverts, what I have to tell you next is something I'm not particularly proud of. Sooner or later something had to break. And unfortunately it was me who lost control and went far beyond the necessary requisites for sex.

I am still not proud of what I did. I'm ashamed I wasn't just more direct or that I didn't just push it further during one of our silent mutual masturbation sessions. What I did is rather inexcusable. On the other hand my brother was pleasantly surprised to partake in my perverse actions.

I waited for a Friday night. I wanted all the time I needed without worrying about upcoming tests or homework. I lay in my bed with the lights off. This was completely usual for me. On the other hand I had done something rather unusual. I had prepared before hand. All I needed to do was to wait for my brother to get in bed and fall fast asleep.

When the time was right I went stealthily into his side of our room. I reached under his bed and grabbed for my earlier preparation. I pulled out one end of a previously placed rope. Carefully, silently, and gently I began by tying his wrist. I moved to the other side of the bed and reached for the other side of the rope. Carefully again I was able to secure his other wrist. Without much complication I repeated the procedure with my brother's ankles.

The circumstances of my thoughts and actions had kept me in a very aroused state. I moved my brother's blankets up off of his hips. I reached into his boxers and pulled his cock out of their conveniently placed hole. With a few wanks of his cock I was able to get him into a somewhat aroused state. I kept jerking him until he had finally gotten hard. It was then that he started to stir about. I could see his sleep wasn't as deep as it had previously been.

I didn't care. I went for it. I moved up on his cock and guided him into my young libertine pussy. With this action he gained full consciousness. It took him a moment to realize what was going on. He jerked his arms and then tested his legs. All four limbs were securely

fastened. I began rotating my hips on his swollen member. This seemed to bring me back into his focus. He looked up at me and I began moaning in pleasure.

Perverts, I rode his cock as if I was starved for sex. I bucked wildly upon his manhood. This was the first time I had ever taken charge. This was the first time I ever dominated my partner. I continued to fuck him until he had no choice but to fuck me back. Our bottled-up sexual tension lead to an intensely wild session. His cock wasn't able to hold out for long. I felt my orgasm hit me as soon as the first string of cum made contact with my uterine wall. I moaned with pleasure as I had finally used my brother as a sex toy.

My actions seemed so lustful. They were so naughty and so outrageous. It was my brother who finally brought me back to reality. "Would you untie me?"

I looked in his eyes trying to see what he was thinking. With all my might I couldn't figure out what must have been passing through his mind. As I freed one of his wrists he finally told me, "You know, you didn't actually have to tie me up to get sex. All you had to do was ask."

This moment. This one here. Thats the one that made me truly realize what I had done. I was a sexual aggressor towards my brother. I couldn't help but run back to my side of the room and bury my head in my pillow. I cried aloud for some time and my brother left me be to my own thoughts. Those thoughts were simple: I took advantage of my own brother.

CHAPTER 6

I woke to the sweet smell of breakfast. I could hear the sounds of a spatula on a pan. I heard the sizzle of bacon and identified it's pungent smell. This intense stimulation of my senses brought me to the stark realization that I was hungry. My stomach churned in anticipation. It also continued to churn with the feelings of guilt.

My thoughts bounced back to the night before. I had gone above and beyond what was acceptable. I had taken what I wanted from my brother without concern for his desires.

My thoughts were broken as my brother walked into my side of the room. With my head tucked under my covers I couldn't see him but could feel his presence. He nudged my shoulder, "Hey. Are you awake?"

I wanted to ignore him. I just wanted him to forget about what I had done. I didn't need any guilt trips. I knew he had to have been upset with me about my sexual execution. Despite my feeling awful I couldn't keep my consciousness a secret. I let out a little whimper and began to cry. Then I tried talking through my tears. "Yes, I'm awake. But I'm just going to stay here."

"You don't have to cry. I'm not mad at you. Actually I'm kind of glad it happened. I just wish you would have told me you wanted it. I could have made it so much better for you."

I couldn't help but continue to cry. My brother sat down on my bed and tried rubbing my back through the blankets. After a few moments he pulled back my covers to try to comfort me more. I didn't get dressed the night before. I only curled up in my bed and cried myself to sleep. As I became exposed he saw me laying in my nakedness. I felt his hand make contact with my bare back. It was the first time that he had benevolently touched me since our sexual contact at the hotel.

His gentle touch helped calm my emotions. It didn't take long before I was consoled enough to cease the uncontrollable weeping. I wiped the tears from my eyes and finally opened them. I had not expected to see what was resting before me. Sitting on the edge of my bed was my stark naked brother. I could see his semi-soft erection.

I rolled onto my back and gazed into his eyes. He softly spoke, "I was curious if you would like to do it again?"

"You know we can't do this. I'm your sister. We can't have this kind of relationship."

"Then why did you do it? Why did you ride me last night?"

I sighed as a worried look came across my face. "I want you. I want to do it but we just can't."

"When are you going to stop denying what's happening between us? I love you. I know we can't stay together forever but we can take advantage of this time now."

As I lay under his view I became increasingly aware of my naked state. I began to pull my blanket up over my chest. He grabbed the cloth and pulled it back down. "No," he uttered. "Carpe Diem."

As much as I hated to admit it my brother was correct. I wanted him. More importantly I needed him. It was the social taboo which led me to deny my feelings towards him. Despite my desire for him I still had reservations. It was my brother who broke the silence again, "Besides, you have been masturbating in front of me for the last few weeks. How am I supposed to interpret that?"

I could only smile at him with a little glimmer in my eyes. That was all the invitation he needed. He leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on my lips. With one swift motion he was next to me in my bed. His head was propped up on his arm. His body snuggled in close to me. I could feel his warmth. I could especially feel his growing prick.

He began to caress my stomach with little light circles. I looked into his eyes and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Leaning in a little closer he whispered back, "Why are you sorry?"

"Because I took advantage of you last night. It was all planned ahead and I knew what I was doing. I should have just asked you."

Moving one arm to the opposite side of me he was half way to being on top. "Don't worry. I liked it. I just think it could have been better."

After saying that my own brother moved the lower half of his body so that he was on his knees hovering over me. His lips began contact with mine in a gentle and caring manner. This wasn't the same type of kissing we shared in the hotel room. This was a deeper more affectionate love. My only reaction was to reach up and pull him down towards me. Our bodies had finally come into full contact one with another.

My lustful desires from the previous night were gone. I didn't want to have another fuck session. This time I wanted to bond on a deeper level. This time we were to make love.

Our passionate kisses caused my slit to become filled with emotion. My pussy sobbed with joy in anticipation of our soon to be coupling. The tip of my brother's cock was silky smooth with his pre-cum. He clumsily wiggled his cock around as we continued to kiss. Our eyes were inseparable. Between his pre-cum and cock teasing it wasn't long before his shaft bottomed out inside of me.

I was emotionally immersed in his slow but rhythmic pumping of my pussy. We maintained eye contact as we continued to kiss and as I began to push my muff back into him. I could feel the emotional bond between us beginning to grow. Throughout my life I had never felt the same kind of caring from any other guy. It didn't matter that we were having sex. I knew the way he did it with me that he loved me.

My brother's cock slid ever so easily in and out. In and out. Soon his member began swelling with excitement and I could feel the now familiar pulsating of his prick. His body quivered as his cum filled my body. With a few more slight moves I was sent over the edge and my orgasm took control. With his dick beginning to loose its firmness and with my bucking

back towards him, his cock fell out. A wet spermy mess was left on my sheets as my pussy oscillated.

He collapsed down upon my sweaty body. His breathing began returning to normal when he started talking to me again. "Thanks. I really needed that."

I smiled to myself. My hands began rubbing his back. "Your welcome. It's the least I could do. I have a lot to make up for."

"Stop worrying about last night. Its over. Its done. You can't change it."

My brother's kind words helped me to feel at ease. I was comfortable with him. I wanted to be with him. And this time the guilt I was feeling for having fucked my own brother was just a little less than it had been before. I finally responded to him, "I know I can't change it. But that doesn't mean I can't do something for you to make up for it."

"Well I've done something for you," he retorted.

"Yeah? Like what?"

"I made you breakfast. But its probably starting to get cold."

"Then we should get up and eat it."

My brother rolled off of me and stood beside my bed. He reached for my hand and gracefully helped me to my feet. I reached down for my regular set of sweat pants but he stopped me. "No. Just come out naked and let me take in your beauty."

The smell of bacon brought me swiftly back to my earlier thoughts of hunger. It wasn't until I reached our very tiny kitchen that I had realized how much my brother had done. He had cooked up bacon, made waffles, and scrambled some eggs. I squeezed in next to him as he dished up breakfast for both of us.

Our existing furniture accommodations were rather meager. We had a couch, a few chairs and a couple desks. We had usually eaten on our respective desks but today that just didn't seem right. I made my way to the couch and took up a position at one end with my legs crossed underneath me. My brother took the opposite end.

"Thanks for making such a great breakfast," I commented.

"Its no problem," my brother retorted back to me. "I figured you might want a healthy sized breakfast after what you did to me last night."

"Could we just not talk about that anymore?"

He could tell I was still feeling frustrated about my feelings. "Fine, I won't talk about last night but I think we should talk about us."

"What about us. What kind of 'us' can there really be? We can't be together like a normal couple. Dad would slice off your dick if he knew you were slipping it to his little girl. And could you imagine how mom would take it? She would be a blubbering mess."

"I didn't mean to have an all out relationship that everyone knows about. I meant about us now. About what we are doing and what we both want out of it."

He had said it with so much confidence that I couldn't help but believe what he said. "Fine, what about now? I like being with you. I love the way you make me feel. But how long is all this supposed to go on?"

"I don't know." His response seemed so uncertain. "We don't have to put a time line on it. Just go with it. Lets be lovers."

I turned my thoughts to my brother's proposal as I focused in on my remaining breakfast. The idea of having such a caring and considerate lover was more than appealing. Knowing that he would protect me and take care of me was comforting.

We both finished our breakfast in our own thoughts. My brother was obviously enjoying the naked view I providing to him. I placed my plate on my desk after I finished up the remaining food. My brother had been talking so much that he hadn't spent much time eating. That combined with the much larger portion he had dished up provided me with an opportunity to do my own staring at him.

He was cute. I never thought my brother would top my list of cutest guys ever. But there he was now taking first place. He wasn't super buff or even very coordinated for that matter. But seeing him gloriously naked in front of me convinced me that I should really consider what he was saying.

He finally finished his meal. I took his plate and placed it on mine. "Listen," I began. "I know what we have is something special. I felt really guilty after we did it the first time. But in the hotel room you seemed to brush it off when I told you. I felt awful after last night. But this morning you were so caring and loving there was no way I could say no to you. After we were done I still felt a bit guilty but not nearly as much as I had before."

My brother just stared at me intently. I couldn't tell if he was thinking about what I was saying or if he was just admiring my boobs. I continued on, "We can give it a try for a while. At least till the end of the semester. If things get weird we can both go find a new place to live and new roommates."

My brother's face grew a smile a mile wide as he heard me say this. He moved in towards me. His lips met with my own. "Why don't you lie down on the couch," he requested. "I'll cuddle up to you and we can watch a little television."

I smiled at him. "That sounds nice. I would like that."

I lay down on our couch and he spooned with me from behind. His arms wrapped around me pulling me in tight. He cupped my breasts with his firm hands. In that position I gave into his request to be his. I fell asleep in the arms of my new lover.

CHAPTER 7

I woke to the feel of my new lover rubbing his hands along my thigh. I glanced down at his hand and then back up to the clock. It was nearing the late morning. A few hours had passed since I dozed off. I was a bit shocked that I had slept for so long.

I looked back into my brother's eyes. "Hi," he whispered into my ear.

I bit my lower lip and gave him a loving look. "Hey."

"You are so beautiful when you sleep."

I broke from the spooning position we were in and turned over onto my other side. "So I was thinking about us."

My brother slightly grimaced. "OK."

"Well, you want to be lovers. Have sex and all that."

"Yeah," he affirmed.

"So did you just want to be fuck buddies or would you like more than that?"

"Well what are you looking for? Did you want more than sex?" Oh, that was just like my brother. To turn the question back around on me.

"I just don't want our relationship to be only about sex. Sometimes we did some really fun things together. I just want to still have fun with you."

"How about we still go do the things we have always done. But instead of coming home and going to bed alone we can now have sex." He had a way of saying things that made me want to go along with his plans. At least we could give it a try.

"So what do you want to do today?" My inquisitive question obviously got the cogs in his head to churn.

"That's a good question," He indicated. "Maybe I could somehow convince you to have sex with me again. After that I could maybe go over and listen to you practice while I work on my own homework."

Oh practicing. Being a music major I was sure terrible at spending time in the practice rooms. I really needed to get in and play through my scales. It would sure be a lot easier if I could get someone I liked to go with me. "That sounds good so far. Maybe if you kissed me more I wouldn't need to have my trumpet up to my lips as often."

My brother smiled and put a finger up to my lips. He caressed my lower lip. "You are actually a really good kisser. I'm surprised my sister knows how to work those things so well. I think it's because you spend so much time with your lips on that trumpet."

He leaned in and laid a kiss on me. It was soft and supple. I could feel him trying to extend his love through his lips. I was completely seduced by his emotional smooching. I also knew where this was going but I wasn't quite ready for it again. So I moved myself up towards him before he had a chance to get on top.

I broke off the kiss and looked down at him. "I have an idea. Before we get all hot and heavy over each other why don't we go jump in the shower together. I would love it. Just absolutely love it if you washed my hair."

He reached up, grabbing my ass, and pulled me in towards his skin. He rocked my hips against his body. "Are you sure you don't want to have sex first?"

I continued to rock my hips against him. "Yes. I'm sure. The sex last night, the love we made in my bed this morning, and cuddling with you naked while I slept, after all that I really feel like I need a shower."

"But your pussy feels so wet right now."

"Just shut up and do what I ask. Aren't you supposed to be my slave?" I stood and walked to the bathroom door. I stopped for a moment while I posed at the bathroom door. My hand on my hip with my ass pushed out to the side. I looked back to see my brother lightly stroking his hard shaft with one hand while caressing his balls with the other. With a grimace I entered the bathroom.

I bent over to turn on the water. While I was adjusting the temperature I felt my brother's presence behind me. I stayed bent over but spread my legs slightly for him to get a good view. To my surprise he didn't just take a peek. I could feel his cock rubbing up and down my slit. It felt amazing having him just caress me with that soft cock head.

Before being completely overcome with lust I straightened back up. His cock had squeezed itself in between my legs while his hands reached around for a good cupping of my breasts. The water continued to run as he kissed my neck up to the back of my ear. I felt his hand rub down my hips and to my thigh. He reached under my knees and pulled me up so that he was holding me in his arms. He kissed me on the lips one more time before putting me back down under the warmth of the shower.

My brother closed the shower curtain behind him as he stepped in next to me. I turned to face him. He gently guided me under the shower head, wetting my hair. I was engrossed in the feel of his hands running through my hair. I closed my eyes and enjoyed his touch. He broke away from my head and I took a step towards him. I was soon met with soapy hands beginning to caress my scalp. Given a bit of time he had finally scrubbed me to cleanliness. He eased me back under the shower head and began rinsing my hair in the same manner.

I was overcome with passion. I placed my arms around him and pulled myself up to his lips for a long kiss of thanks. I could feel his cock probing for its pussy friend. I opened my legs to allow him in just as he pulled his head back from our kiss. I looked at him with desire while I bit my lip.

He reached over for the soap and began to lather up the rest of my body. His touch with the silky smooth feel of the soap as it ran across my physique was exactly what I needed to be ready for a good fucking. I returned into the running water and rinsed my body off. I then returned the favor for my brother. Starting with washing his hair.

Soon enough the water began to cool off. Our water heater was unable to provide enough hot water for us to finish in the shower. We turned off the water and stepped into the steamy bathroom. My brother grabbed my towel and began to dry my body. I loved feeling his firm hands as they pressed against me. He handed me my towel and watched me as I wrapped it around my head. I reached for him and gratuitously returned the towel off favor.

As we entered back into our bedroom we were faced with a decision. "Your bed or mine," I inquired.

"I think I have a better idea," he responded. I then watched his cute ass as he pulled our makeshift partition of blankets from their wire. He then returned to his bed and pushed it over to where our blanket wall once was. Then he moved my bed up against his.

I couldn't help but to laugh slightly. "Mr. Gorbachev," I exclaimed. "Tear down this wall!"

My brother returned laughter in response to my comment. "You always call me a nerd but then you make comments like that?"

I gave him shocked look which he quickly wiped away with a kiss. He picked me back up again and placed me ever so gently on his bed. He gazed upon my nakedness with a combined look of desire and gratitude. I was in no way comparable to his now ex-girlfriend, Maria. But his projected feelings were not lost on me. I too was grateful to have a man who cared so much for me.

He moved himself upon me. With all our shower foreplay we were both very ready to have sex. His cock easily entered me. I loved how he filled my love cavity with his manhood. He slowly and gently fucked my pussy as he had earlier in the day. It was during this sexual encounter that I finally let myself go. I let go of all my inhibitions. I let go of all my worries. I let go of my guilt for having sex with my own sibling.

His cock began to flex. I could feel it's pulsating action which informed me that he was ready to cum. I grabbed his ass and pulled him into me. He was balls deep as his sperm filled me with it's love. Just as he had finished cumming I was engrossed in my own big O. Again his cock softened and slid out allowing his cum to ooze from my pulsating pussy hole.

He collapsed down on top of me. I could feel his heavy breathing beginning to subside. Just having him there with me, on top of me, and as my new lover was emotionally fulfilling. I whispered into his ear as I caressed his back. "I'll be your lover. But I still want you to keep doing the dishes."

CHAPTER 8

Time sure flies when your cuddling naked with your own sibling. Laying and talking together made the time pass faster than I had ever imagined. Before we knew it late afternoon was

coming upon us. Our conversation turned to school and how much homework my brother needed to get done this weekend.

I also realized that I had been naked since last night and had sweaty sex three times. On top of that I hadn't taken a shower. I really felt dirty. "Well why don't we get going," I suggested. "I really need a shower. Then we can head over to the music department. I can practice and you can do homework."

A smile broke out across my brother's face. "Only if you let me take a shower with you. I haven't had one since this morning before I started breakfast."

"Well I guess since you are still my slave you could wash my hair." I had always dreamed of getting a romantic hair scrubbing.

It took a little teasing and a bit of tickling before we were both in the bathroom awaiting the shower to warm up. As I was bent over adjusting the water temperature my brother lovingly caressed my ass. I shifted my ass up to allow easier access for him. It didn't take much before he was rubbing my pussy instead. With all my juices and a good portion of his cum still slowly leaking from me his hand became rather lubricated.

Then suddenly and without warning my brother instantly stopped. As I looked back to see why he stopped I could see his open hand flying towards me. It made contact with my ass sending a ripple of pain through my cheeks. "OUCH! What the fuck," I said furiously.

"You had better get your ass in that shower before the hot water runs out," he demanded. "I can't wash your hair if the water is cold."

I jumped in the shower and watched my brother as he followed me in. I rubbed my ass while looking at him with sad puppy dog eyes, "My butt hurts now. Would you mind kissing it better?"

He smiled at me and quickly got to his knees. A gentle kiss turned into a sloppy mess as his tongue started to get in on the action. Then gently his teeth nipped at my behind. "OK. Stop that," I laughingly responded. "I wish my naughty brother would get up here and wash my hair."

As he began to stand up my brother nudged me under the shower. Water ran through my hair and dribbled down my face. I felt his hands make contact with my scalp. His fingers scratched their way across my head and back again. He pulled me out from under the shower head and I stood waiting for what may happen next. The feel of cold shampoo made contact with my head sending shivers down my spine. His fingers began to massage my scalp in little circles. My blood began to pump hot with the sensation of his fingers running

through my hair. I was suddenly awakened from my heavenly bliss as he pushed me back under the shower head to rinse off my hair.

He moved me back out from under the water and brushed my wet hair out of my face. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. "Wow. That was the most amazing feeling."

My brother leaned in and passionately kissed me. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," he replied. Then with the soap in hand he began lathering up my body. Starting with my neck and moving southward. He spent more than needed time on my erogenous zones. The attention he gave my body was enough to let me know how he felt towards me. With a quick rinse I finally felt clean. I still felt a bit morally dirty but my body felt clean.

I quickly and clumsily returned the favor for my brother. I washed his hair and gave his body a good scrubbing. I teased his cock with a few soapy strokes but never did enough to bring him to climax. After I was finished with him we made out until the water began to run cold.

As we exited the shower my brother continued the sensual connection. He dried my body and helped me dry my hair. I returned the favor and dried him off as well. Then he took me by the hand and guided me into our now shared room. He pawed his way through my closet and finally pulled out a dress. It was a cute flowery number with a nice low neck with a long bottom that reached nearly to my ankles.

He held it up to my naked body. "I believe this will be a good choice," he said as he began removing it from the hanger. He opened the top and I stepped in. He moved the dress up my body and zipped up the back.

"So I guess I don't get a bra or panties," I inquired.

He looked me up and down and had me spin around. "Panties, no. A bra, maybe." And with that he fumbled through my drawers and pulled out my sexiest bra. He returned to me and unzipped my dress. He pulled it down a bit exposing my breasts to his view. I willingly helped him to get my bra on. With a few of my own adjustments I was comfortably being zipped back up into my dress. "There we go," he said as he finished up. "That's what I want you to look like tonight."

I reached down and grabbed his still bare cock. "We had better get you dressed as well. I can't be seen in public with a naked brother." Before I could jump in to help him out he quickly dressed himself in jeans and a t-shirt..

We walked out of our apartment for a nice walk to the school and with a little quality time intended to be spent. I felt a little upset that he would get me into a dress while he walked around in jeans. But I was just happy to have a man who cared so much about me.

Alone in a practice room I played as he worked on his math. Time passed as we both focused in on our own disciplines. As the evening turned into night we had both had enough. My lips were beginning to feel chapped from the relentless practicing and I could tell my brother was beginning to tire of all the writing. I stopped and sat down next him. "It looks like your a bit tired of doing homework."

"Yeah. My eyes are starting to hurt a little."

"Don't you still have a lot of reading to do," I inquired.

"Actually no. I was able to reach my books while you were sleeping. I got all the chapters read I needed to.

"You mean you weren't staring at me the whole time?"

My brother could only laugh. "Sorry. My attention span is too short for that."

"Well what could get you to look at me with desire?"

"Why don't you take off that dress and let me watch you play your trumpet naked? I bet when you hit the high notes I could really see it in your genitals."

"Oh so scandalous," I replied. "But people could look in the door's window and see me."

"Well I have some paper and a little bit of tape in my backpack. Lets just cover it up."

It didn't take anything to convince me. As he covered up the little window on the door my dress dropped to the ground. Then my brother sat down and began to watch me as my trumpet made its way back to my lips. I played for him as he intently watched my body. His hands made their way to my legs and wandered around as I continued to perform for him.

"Nice," he cooed. "That was seriously cool to watch."

Then without any hint of my actions I put my trumpet down to my pussy. "Maybe these lips can play." I mimicked a few trumpet sounds as my brother began to laugh out loud.

"You really are a weird girl."

"What do you mean? Am I really that awkward?"

"Lets just say a lot of my friends in high school thought you were pretty hot but thought you were too odd to hit on."

I won't bore you with the conversation that started afterwards. But I will say that my brother and I sat in that practice room for a long time exchanging past secrets. It wasn't until we heard some janitors talking outside the door about locking up and getting out of there. Then we finally looked at a watch. I had sat naked in a practice room for nearly two hours while talking to him. Much to my surprise I did not feel self-conscious about my nudity. I actually felt really comfortable being naked with him.

My brother finally ended our lengthy conversation with a suggestion. "Why don't you get your clothes back on and we can get out of here."

I quickly put my dress back on my body and had him zip me up. I then shoved my bra into his backpack, put away my trumpet, and began to head out. We were alone walking through the halls. It was late enough in the day that everyone had already left. As we walked passed the auditorium my brother checked the door. It was uncharacteristically unlocked. He disappeared behind the door as I frantically followed. "Where do you think your going," I asked.

"Just thought I would see whats in here, thats all."

"I don't think you understand. This auditorium is like the holy of holies for the music department."

"Oh, so I'm standing on sacred ground?"

"Something like that," I replied.

He leaped up onto the stage, "Well maybe my little sister might want to be a bit sacrilegious for a change." He reached down for my hand.

I reached up and allowed him to help me up on the stage. Without much more conversing we were frantically kissing each other again. It had been a great day for both of us and I had never expected to be making out in the auditorium

Our hormones flared as my brother once again unzipped my dress. It slid off my shoulders and hit the floor. I helped him with his shirt and rubbed his chest. For the first time I began to kiss downwards on him. I kissed down his neck. I lingered on his man nipples before heading further down. He helped me get his pants off and his cock sprung from its confines.

My brother's cock stood majestically before me. His balls hung as an ornament to his manhood. I cupped his sack in one hand and firmly grasped his cock in my other. I gently kissed the soft head of his member. I rubbed his pre-cum into my lips before I began to take him in. I slowly sucked his cock as I slowly jerked along while caressing his balls. It didn't

take too long before I felt his cock beginning to tighten up. I stopped and released my grip on him. "Not yet," I whispered.

I stood back up and began kissing him. Exchanging with him the taste of his cock. He began to kiss downwards as I had done to him. He motioned for me to lay down on the stage and I felt a desire to do as he wanted. He kissed down my chest. I was his desire and my breasts were my tools to satisfy him. He sucked them gently while beginning to finger my pussy. He started to kiss further down as I began to fuck back at his hand. He finally reached my pussy lips, pleasing them as masterfully as he did before. It only took me a short bit of time to reach my climax. My body spasmed as his tongue worked my bits.

He kissed his way back up my stomach and to my lips. He shared my taste with me as I had done with him. With as much foreplay as we had done his cock easily made its way into me. He kissed me gently as he started pumping my pussy with his man meat. I moaned loudly as he continued his relentless fucking. That night we gave a stellar performance of our own to an audience of no one. It was topped off with a generous load of cum filling my pussy.

My brother and I dressed each other and finished our exit from the building. I held his hand the entire walk home as his love dribbled down my leg.

Once we walked back into our apartment door my brother dropped his bag. "Hey. Would you take off your dress for me?" He had asked so nicely.

"Again? Aren't you sexually satisfied yet? We have had sex like four times today."

"Yeah. I'm feeling really good actually. I would just like you to be naked for me tonight."

That night my brother and I slept in our pushed together beds. Our blankets shared between the two of us. Our bodies cuddled in close.

CHAPTER 9

It didn't take long for our licentious relationship to become a habitual activity. The moment I returned home everyday I would immediately remove my clothing. Not only had my brother always requested my nudity but I had become pleased with the serene feeling of being naked. It also provided substantial opportunity to have sex with my brother.

Sometimes I believed he needed it more than me. His cock was always full of vim. I gave him plenty of freedom to fill me with his vigor.

Yes, sex had become so frequent and so regular that there wasn't much that differentiated one time to the next. It seemed to always start with some deep kissing. There was always plenty of groping. Then one of us would go down on the other. This oral interrogation of each other's genitals would always be retaliated. My brother enjoyed me being on top so he could play with my tits. I enjoyed him on top, just because I liked it that way. So we would usually end up rolling around until one of us victoriously stayed on the bottom. Finally we would end up with the fucking which most always ended with him cumming inside me.

This all sounds so very routine and perhaps a bit tedious. Being that the sex was incestuous I had always felt the excitement that would declassify our sex as routine. As time went on our emotional connection during sex became unfathomably deep. Though I was scared to admit my feelings I knew that I had actually fallen in love with my own brother.

In order to avoid a laborious story telling of epic proportions I have chosen to now share sexual encounters that were different than our usual. Those sexual experiences that caused memories to be seared in my mind. So now a bit of fast forwarding through time.

We had a good number of fun sexual times together. A couple of our most memorable sexual confrontations happened during midterm week. My brother and I had been sexually active for well over a month. It was normal for us to have an erotic coupling at least once a day. During midterms this had all changed. My brother had become a study whore and avoided me as much as possible. Even though he wanted me and desired my body he also wanted to keep good grades. I can't say that I blame him. So, during midterm week we had a bit of a sexual slowdown.

My own midterms were not nearly as difficult as my brother's. He had confined himself to the school library for most of the week. After seeing him for only a few moments every day that week I was beginning to feel rather lonely. Spending my free time at home in a state of undress was not quite the same as having him there with me. Invariably I ended up masturbating more often than not.

It didn't take much self pleasuring before frustration hits. Especially when I knew that my brother could easily help with my sexual dissatisfaction. The cogs in my brain began to spin while thinking about ways to seduce him so heavily he could not refuse. I considered lingerie. I thought about saving some money in order to get our favorite hotel room. A room which we had not visited since that fateful weekend. I even considered tying him down to his bed again just to have my way with him.

All of these thoughts seemed to come up short. I wanted fun sex. I wanted amazing sex. Unfortunately I had no money for a hotel room and no way to convince him to join me there. So out of sheer lack of imagination fueled by my sexual frustration I set out to go talk to him. If only to be with him for but a short moment.

I arrived at the school's library and began my search. The first floor was disparagingly void of my brother's presence. I certainly understood as the first floor was the busiest and therefore the noisiest. The second floor also turned up nothing of interest. It wasn't until I reached the fourth floor that I finally found him ducked into a corner dutifully reading his books.

I sat a ways away from him and watched his intense focus. Writing and reading followed by obvious thinking. I didn't want to interrupt him but found it hard to move my eyes away from his image. I had nearly resigned myself to another evening of self love when my brother finally leaned back. I could only stare in his direction as he stood and headed towards the restroom. He seemed completely oblivious to my presence.

The library's fourth floor was always sparsely populated. I knew that if I wanted any action that day I would have to move fast. I nearly sprinted towards the restroom door that my brother had just walked through moments ago. I quietly made my way inside and locked the door behind me. I moved around the corner and stood behind my brother as he relieved himself at the urinal. I didn't want to startle him. I certainly wasn't in the mood to be covered in pee.

I had seen my brother urinate quite a number of times. He had a routine which involved shaking off his shaft after he was done. So I waited until he began his regular ritual before I said anything to him. "Shake it once your cleaning it off. Shake it twice your playing with it," I tooted at him.

My brother abruptly turned around while trying to tuck himself back into his pants. "What the fuck are you doing in here? Are you fucking crazy?" His response seemed rather perturbed.

"Oh don't worry," I replied as I smiled at him. "I've locked the door." He simply looked disparagingly at me as I moved towards him. "As long as we are quick no one will ever find out."

"You really want to have sex in a public restroom," he inquired.

"I want to have sex now. We just happen to be in here." In order to entice him more I removed my shirt and dropped my pants. I stepped away from my clothing and slid my ass up on the counter. "So what do you say? Want to penetrate my pussy?"

My brother seemed reluctant to engage in sex with me in the library restroom. "Come on. Get dressed we can't have sex in here. This is a public place."

"That didn't stop you when we were on the stage. Why don't you just get over here and get the job done?"

He finally pulled his cock back out. In the short time since I announced my presence to the time he pulled himself back out he had developed quite a good erection. "Your pussy had better be wet. If you aren't I'm leaving."

I could feel it. I knew my brother would slide right in. I had been psychologically preparing myself most of the week for this one moment. I didn't know it would happen right then but I was more than ready for him. I could feel myself beginning to drip as his cock made its way towards me.

The pure ecstasy of feeling his cock for the first time in days nearly sent me over the edge immediately. My brother's cock was deep inside of me. His hands grabbed my hips as he began pumping his cock in and out of my wet and wanton womanhood. I could feel myself reaching my climax with only a few more good pumps of his cock.

"Fuck me baby," I whispered in his ear. "I'm going to cum for you."

He began fucking me harder and faster as my orgasm wrenched through my body. I squeezed him in closer to me. I lifted myself up using his neck and fucked him back as hard as I could. As my brother was supporting both our weight I felt his cock begin to erupt. I continued my relentless humping until he had become limp enough to slip right out of me.

I put my feet back on the ground and leaned in for a kiss. At that moment we heard a slight rattle at the door. "Shit," my brother quietly exclaimed. "We had better get out of here."

He pulled his pants back up and watched me as I frantically put my clothes back on. My brother unlocked the door and peeked outside. The coast was clear. We made a break for it and quickly ended up back at the table where my brother was studying. We couldn't help but giggle together as another guy showed up a few minutes later with a school janitor in tow. The janitor reached up and opened the door without a problem. He then gave a disgusted look to the guy as he walked away.

"That was so much fun," I told my brother. "I can feel your cum soaking my panties. Its so hot."

My brother smiled at me. "We almost got caught. Do you realize what could happen if people found out about us?"

"Don't get your panties in a twist. We didn't actually get caught did we? And it was lots of fun."

"Yeah. You had your fun. Now get out of here so I can keep studying."

My brother seemed rather upset with me. I figured it was best not to push my luck with him any further. I headed for home and prepared for his arrival. I figured he would be upset with me and would like to share a few choice words when he got home. The sex we shared was quick and dirty but I loved every moment. I sat quietly sulking as I expected to receive a stern talking to.

Merely an hour later, much earlier than I had expected, my brother came barging through the door.

"I'm sorry I made you have sex with me," I said to him.

He didn't say anything to me at all. Instead he swiftly spun me around and bent me over the arm of our couch. I could feel him roughly pulling my pants down. His cock forcefully probed at my pussy until I was wet enough to allow him entry. He shoved his cock into me and started pumping me vigorously.

"You want my cock," he said angrily as he continued his fucking movements. "You fucking take my cock, bitch."

My brother had never treated me like this. Being dominated in such a rough way was a major turn on for me. His cock was roughly pounding me from behind while he spoke so dirty to me. "Yes," I yelled out. "I need your cock!"

He started fucking me harder. "You only get my cock here. You understand me?"

"Yes!" I yelled with a vibrating tone as he was pounding my pussy.

He began slapping my ass with his open palm. A stinging slap with every pump of his cock. "You've been a naughty girl!"

"Yes," I yelled again. "Punish me."

My brother pushed himself balls deep. His cock began to pulsate as his fresh cum began to mingle with the leftovers from just over an hour ago.

I felt his cock vacate my body. I stayed leaned over the couch expecting more of a spanking from him. I heard his zipper followed by the door opening and then closing. He had left. I had expected an exchange of words with him. Instead he made his point clearly, in the way I needed it. I lifted myself up from the couch and moved my ass to its nearest cushion. My

pussy was feeling good but my ass hurt. I just needed a few moments to let it rest. I also needed a few moments to mull over my brother's fun but harsh punishment.

CHAPTER 10

His balls began to tighten as his cock started pulsating heavily. Just a few more strokes from my soft hand before his cum started erupting towards my face. He moaned with enjoyment as his hot sperm made contact with my skin at nearly thirty miles per hour. I enjoyed each protein string of baby batter splashing against me.

My brother laughed at the sight of his cum dripping down my face. "It looks like you might have to get in the shower with me to clean that up."

I tried opening my mouth to respond. With every word I had to fight the bitter taste of his salty semen. "If you would stop cumming on my face this wouldn't be a problem."

"If you would stop following me into the bathroom every time I took a shower I wouldn't feel like I needed to," he quipped back at me.

I stood up and removed my panties. I usually slept naked with my brother but during that special time of the month I wore some panties to bed, just in case. My brother moved aside while I stepped into the shower with him. I moved my head beneath the shower and started washing his cum off my face. I felt his hands make contact with my back, a bar of soap in tow. His lathering touch was a great way to begin the day.

"So what did you want to do for spring break?" My brother's question brought me out of my relaxing trance and I listened to him continue, "I'm done with classes tomorrow afternoon. So we have a whole lot of time to spend together, alone."

"Mhm, I love the sound of that. My period should be over sometime tomorrow so we can get back to our regular fucking schedule." My brother had never been too keen on having sex with me when I was on the rag. I was a bit disappointed at first but I understood his repugnance.

He continued washing the rest of my body. "Well it has been a really amazing blow job week."

"You know you can fuck me when I'm having my period... right?"

"Of course I know that. I just don't want your pussy bleeding all over me." And thus was the monthly course of our relationship.

"So what did you have in mind? Tie me to the bed and have me be your fuck slave all week?"

My brother pondered over my suggestion as he began working lather into my hair. It wasn't until he was finally rinsing it out that he responded. "Maybe we could try doing something different."

"Oh, different? I'm listening."

"What do you think about going camping for a few days?"

"It could be fun as long as you keep me warm and safe at night. We would need to figure out how to get some gas money so we can get home to get our camping gear."

My brother gave me that evil plan look. "That's why you just call dad and sweet talk him into giving us more money."

I picked up the soap and started washing my brother as he had previously washed me. "Let's say I agree to this. You do realize that mom and dad will want us to stay there for a few days."

"I know," my brother retorted.

"They won't be too excited about us sharing the same bed. Or having sex. I don't know if I can stop long enough while we are there. And spending the night without you will be really hard."

"Maybe you could sneak your sweet ass into my room at night."

"Your room is the worst possible place. Right next to mom and dad's room. Then they hear us having sex and guess who they think started it? Me, the girl that sneaked into your room."

"And what do you think dad will do when he sees me in your bed?"

I simply laughed at my brother as I finished rinsing his body from my sensuous washing. "I'll just tell dad you have been making me do it for the last few months."

"Yeah, that would work really well as long as you're willing to attend my pending funeral afterwards."

I stepped out of the shower and grabbed my towel. "I would totally go to your funeral. I would even have a few nice things to say about you." I left the bathroom before my brother was able to respond to my cavalier comment.

By the time my brother left the bathroom I was well on my way to being ready for another day of classes. Just a couple days of lectures before I could forget about school and relax over spring break.

My brother walked into our room wearing nothing but a smile. He lay down on his bed and started fondling at his genitals. He was generously tugging at his scrotum, "So what do you think of my idea? A few days out in the outdoors together?"

"I mostly like it. Just figure out how to spend the least amount of time at home with mom and dad and then we'll have a deal."

"Just tell them that we are supposed to meet some friends on Saturday. That should be a pretty good excuse to spend only one night there."

My brother had a very good point. This whole thing was a lot easier than I was making it out to be. But being that he had class until the late afternoon we wouldn't get home until Friday night. So only one night at home with our parents and then off to a nice camping ground with little contact from anyone else. Just a nice time alone with my sexy brother. "Alright," I agreed. "I'll call dad and see if I can get him to send us some extra money."

One thing I noticed about my dad was that it didn't take much to talk him into giving me things. It only takes a little girl asking her daddy for something with a sweet begging tone to get what she wants. I'm pretty sure that my current living arrangement with my brother wouldn't exist if I didn't have my dad wrapped around my finger.

After I got home from classes that day I called my father. With a little groveling and an exited tone in my voice when I said I wanted to see him, my dad happily deposited a few extra bones in my checking account. My brother was right about me being able to get more money from our dad. But I had always felt bad about doing it.

With some extra money now in our possession it would take another night of blow jobs, one last day of classes, a long ride, a painfully lonely night alone at our parents house, and then we would finally be able to have a nice week away from everyone and everything. There were some great camping spots in the area between our home town and our college town. Some of which were very nicely tucked away in a secluded wilderness area.

That day seemed to creep by. It wasn't until classes were over for the day and I was once again lounging around my apartment with my naked brother that time seemed to speed

back up. I was so full of anticipation that Thursday night. Before I knew it Friday had rolled upon us. My sense of time seemed as if it had screeched to a halt. I knew we were leaving that afternoon but that didn't help my morning classes move any faster.

Finally, after what seemed like very long hours, my brother and I were on the road towards home. I always loved road trips with my brother. It gave us a chance to talk about everything. It seemed to me that he opened up more when there was nothing else vying for his attention. You perverts have stuck with me this far and I don't plan on losing your attention over some lame conversational topics. However I know that the majority of you perverts reading my story would be happy to know that we played some fun flashing and groping games on the way!

Lamentably, even good things must come to an end. The time I spent with my brother had reached its limit as we finally rolled into our parent's driveway. The old feeling of being back home surged my emotions. I began feeling nervous about the relationship my brother and I had developed. I was worried our parents would notice how close we had become or how I looked at him.

My brother reached over and put his hand on mine and topped it with a little squeeze, "Are you ready for this."

I looked up at him and he smiled. I smiled back, "Yeah. Let's do this," I replied as The outdoor porch light suddenly came to life.