

Fully Wired Household

mf rom, inc

When brother and sister find unexpected pleasure in each others company it could get a bit embarrassing when Dad hacks into their very private blog.

The Wilson household was fully wired. Brian was partner in an IT business, wife Alice was a programmer, now working part time as needed in Brian's business, and, as a result, everyone had a computer and the house had secure systems for internal and external communications. 16 year old Jane and 13 year old Jason were included and had been instructed at an early age in how to protect their work.

Oh, and Jane and Jason loathed each other as only brother and sister can.

One afternoon Jason returned to the house to collect some sports kit that he had forgotten. The house should have been empty, but, as he passed Jane's room, he heard an odd noise. Approaching the open door cautiously, he saw that a boy he recognised as one of the school seniors, Clive Durrant, was on the bed wrapped around Jane, his tongue deep in her mouth and his hand groping up her skirt. He backed away quietly, got his kit, left the house.

e-mail Jason to Jane

I suggest you shut your bedroom door when you are having visitors - you never know who might pass.

e-mail Jane to Jason

All right, what's your price not to tell Mum?

e-mail Jason to Jane

No price, just a piece of friendly advice.

e-mail Jane to Jason

This is unnerving - you've always dropped me in the shit at every opportunity, why not now? Not that I'm ungrateful, just suspicious.

e-mail Jason to Jane

I've just decided that it's all right to put the boot in for trivia, but if it's serious we should stick together, and I hope you'll do the same for me one day, if necessary.

e-mail Jane to Jason

I never thought my little brother would one day be teaching me a lesson, but you're dead right, and I'll remember next time I feel inclined to do you damage. In the meantime, thank you for saving me from big trouble. I could kiss you for that.

And by the way, I've told Clive not to bother me again - he's got more hands than a bloody octopus.

e-mail Jason to Jane

You're well shot of him, from what I've heard. Anyway, thanks for the offer - I think I might enjoy that.

Post-it note stuck on the VDU of Jason's computer.

I've decided to start an internal confidential blog - so confidential that no one else can access it, but if you want to read it or add to it, this is how to do it.....

From Jane

I'm worried about my little brother. First of all he misses an opportunity to drop me into deep doodah, now he says he wants to kiss me! Him kiss me! Like, is the world going mad? Which is more bizarre, him wanting to kiss me, or me letting him. Bloody hell, it just goes to show you can't be too careful what you say.

From Jason

What a complete prat I must be. I mean, letting Jane off the mother of all bollockings is one thing, with luck she might pay me back in kind sometime, but saying I'd like to kiss her - well! Just think, telling all my mates "Had a great time last night, kissed my sister" - not! Mind you, it'd be the first time I could have bragged about kissing anyone, I just haven't got the technique yet. Last girl I kissed was when I was seven, and, come to think of it, she kissed me and I was trying to get away. I guess I'll do it sooner or later, but perhaps Jane could explain the correct approach - no, guess not,

e-mail from Mum to Jason and Jane

Just to remind you both that Dad and I will be working late for the next fortnight to finish a major order, so we shan't be able to get you from school. You are to walk home together, please, we don't want either of you on your own as it will be dark by the time you've finished your play rehearsals.

From Jane (Monday)

This is going to be boring. I'd never have taken on the Stage Manager job if I'd known my crappy brother was going to do the lighting. Trouble is that he made a better job of programming it all than Mr Bright could ever have done, thanks to Dad's advice, but it means I've got to work with him, and now having to walk home with him will be shameful. If my mates find out, they'll have hysterics.

From Jason (Monday)

Dear God, walking home with big sister, I can just hear the remarks. No one will believe I'm protecting her, will they?

From Jane (Tuesday)

I don't believe what I've just done. The first on-stage rehearsal went like a dream, I even got the credit for persuading Jason to do the lighting - as if! So we walked home together chattering away as though we don't loathe each other, and as we walked up the drive I had this stupid idea. He'd said he'd like to kiss me, why not offer to let him and see how fast he runs away. So we got to the front door and I told him that it had been a nice evening and he could kiss me goodnight if he really wanted to practice. And he didn't run away, or call me a silly cow in his normal affectionate way. He just put his

hands on my shoulders and kissed me, full on. He didn't grab me or try to lick my tits from inside like some boys do, he just kissed me, and it felt nice and soft and warm and - what am I saying, I liked it. Liked being kissed by my scrofulous brother. I'm going to lie down in a dark room till the feeling goes away.

From Jason (Tuesday)

What on earth happened? We walked back after rehearsal without insulting each other - a first? - and when we got back to the house, she told me to kiss her - just like that. I thought she was kidding, but, try anything once, kiss her I did, bang on the gob. She didn't try to stop me, just stood there as though she didn't mind. Amazing, my first "grownup" kiss, and it's with my sister. I was so surprised, I don't really know what it felt like, just sort of nice. I wonder if she'll let me do it again, when I'm not too surprised to take it in properly.

From Jane (Wednesday)

I've done it again, let him kiss me, and it felt nice again. While we walked home I was firmly telling myself to tell him once was enough - only it wasn't. I didn't invite him, just turned towards him at the door and he kissed me - just like that. A bit longer this time, and just soft and gentle. Oh dear, I'll have to stop this.

From Jason (Wednesday)

Now I've got more idea what it's like to kiss a girl (Jane counts as a girl, if hardly a girl friend) Dunno if she meant me to kiss her tonight, but when we got to the door I didn't bother to ask, I just did it. This time it wasn't a surprise and I took a bit longer over it, but I was right, it is sort of nice. In fact, if she doesn't stop me, I think I'll do it again tomorrow night.

From Jane (Thursday)

What a day. No lessons, just get everything ready for a full rehearsal. Everything went like a dream, well, all the mechanics did. Some of the acting was pretty rocky, missed cues and so on, not to mention Mary Sweet's dress slipping off her shoulder because it was too big for her, which wouldn't have mattered if she'd been wearing a bra. As it was one of her boobies peeped out, and her leading man's eyeballs popped out like chapel hat pegs, and he totally lost the plot. J and I walked home giggling like two five year olds, and when we got to the door he went to kiss me, but I'd seen a neighbour strolling slowly up the road as we turned into our drive, so I pushed him away, and pointed out that we were being watched. When we were inside the hall, we took off our coats and turned to each other. He put his arms around me and just held me close, then he kissed me. I felt the whole length of his body against me, not held tight, just so there was a light pressure on my back drawing me to him, and his lips were firm on mine. I slackened my lips a little, and his opened a bit in response. After a long moment, he drew back and smiled at me, and then kissed me again. My arms were round him, and I wanted to drag him closer, but he let me go and stepped away, and just said 'Thank you'. And I went to make us some supper and write in my blog.

From Jason (Thursday)

A magic day. All my lighting cues worked as planned, my programming was spot on, and all I had to do was sit and push buttons. The Director asked me to make a couple of changes, which I did in seconds, getting more Brownie points in the process. The highlight of that part of the day was Mary flashing

her tit. She was mortified, mostly 'cos now we all know that she hasn't really got anything to flash - poached eggs spring to mind.

When we got home J made me wait till we got indoors, then I put my arms round her and we kissed. It's better every time, I could feel her tits pushing against me and, as I pressed her a little closer, she put her arms round me, and I wanted to really grab her, but I'm afraid she'll react if I push it too far. But did she really start to open her lips to me? Or was I imaging it.

From Jane (Thursday late)

After supper we went in the lounge to watch TV. When the parents are home, they sit in two armchairs and J and I sit on the settee. It's only a two seater, but we manage to keep apart. Of course, if the parents aren't there, we sit in the armchairs, only tonight we didn't. Whose idea was it to sit together? J went in and flopped down on the settee and I joined him. Habit? Or just wanting to be near to each other? Of course, there was a gap between us - at first.

We saw the end of a soap which we often watch, but the next programme was rubbish. I picked up the zapper, and pressed a button at random, and found that it was a soft porn channel. I should have turned it off, but I didn't - why not? The screen showed a young couple kissing, with his hands groping her bust. Soon he was undressing her, and before long they were both naked and he was on top of her, supposedly screwing her accompanied by moans and groans. It wasn't really very sexy, but it put ideas into my head. I looked at J, and he was peeking at me to see how I was reacting. Then he grabbed the zapper, turned the TV off, and moved just enough so that we were touching. Next thing his arm was round my shoulders and we were kissing. This time my lips just opened of their own accord and my tongue found its way out enough to touch his lips - then it went further - then it had found its way deep into his mouth. He backed off, looking a bit startled, but then he grinned at me, and next thing his tongue was making music in my mouth. I felt a novel sensation as a sort of warm flush went right down my body to...well, right down.

Then I had another feeling. He had put his second arm round my waist, and now I felt his hand creeping ever so slowly upwards. Cheeky young sod, he didn't think I was going to let him grope my bust, did he? Well, he did...and I did.

So, so slowly his hand moved up, over my ribs and just to the underside of my breast. Now was the time to stop him, but, while I was deciding how to tell him to get his grubby hand off me, he cupped my breast and gently squeezed it. I tried to lift my hand to remove his, but it didn't move. I'd had other boys touching me, but it had always been a smash and grab raid, this was a gentle envelopment that seemed so right, as though his hand was made to fit me. His fingers didn't dig in, he didn't try to tweak my nipple, he just held me, then, just as my body was starting to react, he drew away and released me. And then he kissed me softly, stood up, and went to bed - just like that. I could have killed him, he'd obviously no idea what he had started. Still, at least it's convinced me that I must put a stop to this nonsense before it gets out of hand.

From Jason (Thursday late)

Bloody hell, what next. There we were, watching the telly, and she zapped it and got a soft porn channel, a couple stripping off and pretend shagging away. I watched it for a bit, also watching J out of the corner of my eye. She was watching me as well, so I thought I'd show her the effect of porn on me, so I turned off the TV and put my arm round her. As I kissed her I felt her lips open a little, then the tip of her tongue slid out, and next thing both of our tongues were thrashing at each other. This was my first French kiss, and it was bloody great. I had one arm round her shoulders and the other on her waist, and I thought why not try my luck so I moved my hand ever so slowly up her chest. I thought she'd stop me, but she didn't, and I just carried on till I felt the bulge of her tit - sorry,

breast, she says tit is common and ugly - and in no time I'd copped a handful. It felt sort of soft and firm at the same time, feeling her through her shirt and bra, but the general idea was as good as I had ever hoped, and it had an immediate effect. I was getting a monster hard, and I didn't want her to see it, so I gave her a quick kiss and went to bed. She'll never let me do it again, that's for sure.

From Jason (Friday)

It rained on the way home tonight - not just a gentle rain dropping from heaven, but pissing down. J and I were half way across the park when it started, and, as neither of us had got topcoats, by the time we got home we were both soaked. J went and used the parents' bathroom to shower, while I used the shower room we share (and argue about. How can it take so long to get ready in the morning, can't imagine what she does to herself?) Anyway, as usual I was done long before she was. I'd just put on a pair of shorts and a sloppy shirt and I went down and got the supper ready before she appeared. When she did, my eyes must have popped out of my head. She was wearing just a short night robe of Mum's, which I reckon she only wore when she wanted to get Dad excited, as she never appeared downstairs in it. It reached down to about three inches below her crotch and was practically transparent. Her tits, sorry, breasts were clearly visible, and I could see the darker patch of her nipples. She had on a brief pair of knickers, so at least that bit was hidden, but the overall effect was shattering. I wanted to grab her and get my hands all over her, but managed to control myself and just said she looked nice - and she blushed, for goodness sake. We ate our meal, with me struggling hard - with no success - to keep my eyes off the visible cleavage leading down into the semi visible swellings underneath.

After we had eaten we cleared up, and J washed up while I dried. Trouble was, that J's back view was as revealing as her front, the light over the sink shadowing her profile through the flimsy gown, and, as she half turned to me, her breast stood out against the light, and I couldn't resist. I pulled her back against me, holding both breasts in my hands, as I kissed the nape of her neck. She leaned against me for a moment, then she told me to stop, so I reluctantly released her. As soon as we had finished the task, she turned, kissed me quickly, then went into the lounge. I followed and grabbed her, and, as our lips met we fell in a heap on the settee. Our lips were locked together, wide open and with our tongues groping together. I was sprawled across her, one arm round her neck, the other round her waist. The material of the gown was so thin that it felt as though she was naked, and I couldn't believe the soft feel of the curve of her waist. My hand soon slid up to her breast, and, without a bra, it seemed to mould to my touch. It moved as my hand moved and I could just feel the weight of it. I moved my hand across toward the other breast, and as it moved the neckline parted, and my hand slid straight onto her naked flesh.

I stopped moving, expecting her to grab my hand, but she just sort of sighed, and I began to really feel what a girl's naked breast felt like, and it was way better than I had guessed. It was warm, soft and firm at the same time, and amazingly smooth and alive. I stroked it as though it would break if I pressed too hard, and as my fingers roamed around I found the little lump of her nipple. I rubbed my fingers to and fro across it, and I could feel it growing bigger, till I could hold it between finger and thumb and squeeze it very carefully. She just made a funny little noise that sounded like a long "Yesss", so I guessed I was doing the right thing. I leaned back a little so that I could see what I was doing, and pulled the robe further open to uncover her bosom. I'd seen pictures of naked women, but this was the first time I'd seen live breasts, and they looked just as good as they felt. J's bust isn't huge, just nice and round, her skin bikini white against the darker colour of her light tan, her nipples coral pink in the middle of the pale pink surrounds - just beautiful.

She pulled my head down to kiss me, and, after a long, tongue entwined session, I began to kiss down her neck and across her shoulders, then down towards her swellings. While I held one breast in my hand, I moved my lips down onto the other, kissing all around the curves until I reached her nipple. I nibbled with my lips, and, when I felt her hand pressing my head more firmly against her, I drew the nipple into my mouth and very softly bit on it. I was amazed at the result. Her whole body sort of

heaved against me, and I could hear her panting loudly. I thought there was something wrong and began to sit up, but she cried out for me not to stop, so I carried on, with hand and mouth, getting a bit firmer, squeezing her breast and nipple harder and sucking the other nipple as hard as I could. She was moaning away, and her leg was pushing up between mine, then she gave a little scream and just went limp. I'd no idea what was happening, but she seemed happy enough, so I just released her and sat back a bit.

All this activity had had a fair effect on me. I'd got a huge hard, and I was pretty wet down there. Her leg against me had done me no good at all, and I was pretty close to coming, so I wasn't too sorry when she covered herself up, as far as that gown would cover anything, and said she thought we ought to stop. I backed off, and we sat side by side for a bit, not saying anything, then she said she was going to bed, and she got up and left me. I just went and sat down in the toilet and relieved myself, which took about five quick shakes on John Thomas before I shot my load.

Where is this going? Lord knows, but it's been fun up to now.

From Jane (Friday)

It's totally out of hand - well, bits of me are very much *in* hand, his hand, not to mention his mouth. When we got soaked coming home I went into the parents' bathroom and showered, and, as I hadn't taken any dry clothes in with me, I put on Mum's robe. When I looked in the mirror it was nearly totally see through, breasts, pubes, the lot, and it only just covered my crotch. I've never seen Mum wear this, she must just put it on to wind Dad up. So, I couldn't go down wearing this, could I? Could I? Yes, I could. I put my knickers on so at least my pubes were covered and thought that this would scare him, and down I went. Well, his eyes popped out of his head, but he just said how nice I looked, and, sod me, I could feel myself blushing.

After we had eaten, I washed up, and he came behind me and slipped his hands up under my breasts. I stopped him almost at once; I'd really gone too far dressing like this. It wasn't fair on him, really, so I told myself to go and dress a bit more decently. Only, somehow I didn't, I went into the lounge instead, closely followed by J, and before I could draw breath we were on the sofa with him half on top of me and his tongue deep in my mouth. His hand went straight to my breast, and I felt the silky fabric slide across me, and his hand lifting the flesh so gently. Then he moved across to the other one, but this time his hand slid straight inside the gown and he was caressing my bare skin. It set me on fire, and my whole breast felt as though it was growing into his hand, and, when he squeezed the nipple, it really did grow.

It all started to get a bit blurred, as he kissed me down my neck and onto my breasts and then sucked on my nipple, and my whole body was out of control. The gown was wide open for him to see me - after years of keeping myself carefully covered away from his prying eyes - and I wanted him to look at me and do what he was doing. When he sucked the nipple harder as he squeezed the other one, I just collapsed, it must have been an orgasm, I've never felt like that before. I don't know if I actually passed out, but after a bit I pushed him away and covered myself up, and said we should go to bed. It was as much as I could do to stand up, and I felt as though I had wet myself.

As I went up and crawled into bed, I realised that he could have done anything he wanted, I wouldn't have stopped him.

From Jane (Saturday)

Parents working again on big money making project. Couldn't risk being alone all day with J, so phoned Alice and we went and hung around the mall for a couple of hours. Bought some undies, high rise black lacy knickers and matching bra, both see through. Who will I ever wear them for, Alice wanted to know. So did I. Had burger for lunch and came home mid afternoon. J not in. Hung around, hoping he

wouldn't come in early - or really hoping he would? He didn't come in till just as I was about to cook dinner. Told him it was his turn, and left him to it, he didn't even kiss me, and I sooo wanted him to.

After dinner and washup - why don't the parents buy a dishwasher, they are living in the past. Dad says it's good for the soul. Good for wrinkly hands is what. Anyway, went and sat in front of telly on settee. J came in and sat in armchair, nowhere near me. What was this, had he gone off me? I can't stand it, but I can't beg him to kiss me and...and...? And what?

So...so I went upstairs and stripped off. I looked in the mirror. Pleasant face, nice breasts, not too big, firm and enviable. Flat belly, dark pubes just showing the top of my virgin crack, decent legs. Wasted on my brother, not that I'd dream of him doing anything more than what he's done up to now, but I did want to feel him sucking my nipples again. Bedroom door was open on the chance that he might come up - but he didn't. Opened bag with new undies in it. Put on the knickers, they really are high cut, lucky I'd shaved my bikini line, wouldn't look good with a bush of hair either side. They are even more see through than I thought, pubes totally displayed. Put on bra, cup just covers nipples, but as it's totally transparent it makes it sexier than if I was nude. So, what next? I'd only done this for one reason, don't go chicken now... only I couldn't bring myself to go down. I was terrified that he would reject me. I sat on the bed, and somehow my hand found its way between my legs, and I began to finger myself. Then I thought, what if he comes upstairs and finds me with a big wet patch on my knickers, he'll think I've wet myself. So I just sat at the computer, typing my diary, when I heard him on the stairs.

From Jason (Sunday morning)

Went round to Jim's and suggested we went to play footie in the park. Met some other lads there and had a kickabout, then went back to Jim's and his Mum gave me lunch. She said I seemed a bit distracted. Bloody right I was! All I could think about was Jane and what had happened last night. Spent afternoon playing computer games, totally useless. Went home and she was there. I wanted to grab her and kiss her and hold her breasts and undress her and love all of her, but that's daft, she wouldn't let me and it would be so far out of order. Not that it mattered, she just told me to cook the dinner and hardly looked at me. Thank god, she must have realised that we couldn't go on, and as I'm certainly not going to push it, that's that.

Anyway, afterwards we went and watched telly, I sat in armchair so we weren't too close. After a bit, she got up and left the room, and she was gone so long I thought she had gone to bed, so I decided to go myself. I went up and, as I passed her room on my way to mine, her door was open, so I looked in. I couldn't believe what I saw, she was standing facing me, and what she was wearing made Mum's sexy robe look like overdressing. She'd got on just bra and knickers - well, nearly got on. They were both transparent, the bra was just above her nipples, which showed through as though she was naked, and the knickers were cut high to her waist making her legs look a mile long - I'd never really noticed them before, but I shan't forget them now. I could see clearly her bush, even just see what must be the top of her pussy crack.

I stood there just looking at her; I think my eyes were trying to eat her. She was standing with her hands at her side, and she didn't move or speak while I was slowly taking in the lovely curves with just that little bit of covering that made her breasts and mound look even more exciting. Then she lifted her hands towards me, just a bit as though she was asking me to go in. I couldn't stop myself, I walked up to her and put my arms around her and kissed her. The kiss went on and on, as though we ere glued together, her lips were so soft and her tongue in my mouth was sending me wild, and I could feel my cock growing bigger by the second. This was going to be too embarrassing, what would she think if she felt that pushing against her. I drew back slightly while still kissing her, but she dropped both hands to my arse cheeks and dragged me hard against her - harder by the second. We're about the same height, and as my cock tried to rise it was being held down by my pants and by her crotch pushing against it, and it felt like it might break. It was throbbing and she must have felt it, but she still held

me close against her, so I just hung in there, and slid my hands down to her arse, which was a bit like her breasts, sort of firm and soft at the same time.

We had to come up for air sometime, and as she relaxed the pressure on me she grinned and said "That feels good". I began to kiss down her neck and across the soft white flesh overflowing from the top of her bra, while with one hand I began to rub my fingers gently over the lacy fabric, so that I could feel and see her nipples swelling, I asked her to take her bra off, but she told me to do it myself, so I put my arms round her till I found the hooks, and, after a bit of fiddling, I released it. I pulled the ends round so that the bra hung loosely from her shoulders. She just gave a little shrug, and the flimsy object fell to the floor, then she took hold of the hem of my tee shirt and pulled it up over my head. Next her hands went to my waist, and she quickly undid my belt and the fastenings on my jeans waist. She slowly unzipped my fly, her hands brushing over the bulge of my cock. Down went the jeans, and she pulled off my shoes and socks so that I could step out of them, leaving me wearing just my boxers with a great bulge at the front, and a small damp patch where I had been leaking. Then she stepped back and lay down on her bed, her arms held up to me. I stood for a moment looking at her firm breasts, her flat belly and her long legs, topped by the lacy garment only half hiding her sex, half scared to touch her, knowing I should just walk away.

But I didn't.

I knelt on the bed beside her, and bent down to kiss her parted lips. As the kiss went on and on, our tongues searching out each other's mouths, I put my hand on her breast, and felt again the gorgeous firm warm flesh. As I stroked her, her nipples pushed up into my fingers, and I moved from one to the other till they were both hard, and when I flicked my fingers to and fro across the tips, she was moaning into my mouth. I left her lips and moved quickly down till I felt the curve of her breast against my mouth, then I started to lick her, around the firm globe till I came to her nipple, which I sucked up into my mouth. I raked across the tip with my tongue, and she gasped, then pushed my head hard against her. She was sort of heaving around, making funny noises, and the more I sucked and licked, the more noise she made.

I was squeezing the other breast, but after a bit I couldn't resist sliding down a bit, onto her belly. It was so smooth and I let my fingers roam to and fro. I found her belly button and pushed my finger into it, and she giggled a bit, but she stopped giggling when I got a bit lower and came to the top of her panties. The material was silky and slippery and I slid down till I could feel the texture change as my fingers reached the top of her pubes, and I felt the hair moving under my touch. I didn't really know what to do next, so I just went a little further, expecting her to stop me, but she didn't, and I just slid on down. Suddenly the material felt wet - had she pissed herself? I was going to say something, but she at last pushed my hand away, and moved a little way away from me. And then...and then!

She looked at my face, then down to my crutch, where there was a distinct bulge of my cock. And then...!

From Jane (Sunday morning)

When I heard him coming upstairs I slowly stood up and faced the open door. He stopped and looked at me, and I held out my hands to him. He came and stood in front of me, then his arms were round me and we were kissing, mouths wide open, tongues pushing in and out and roundabout. I could feel the bulge of his cock growing, and he pulled away a bit - he told me later that he was too embarrassed to push it against me - but I pulled him close and felt him pressing into the top of my crack and against my clit, and it was sort of pulsing against me. I'd felt other boys with a hard against me, but I'd always pushed them away, not encouraged them. His arms were round me and his hands went down to my bum, and he was squeezing the cheeks, and I wanted to feel his hands on my bare flesh, but he didn't try that.

After a bit he backed off and was kissing me down my neck and over the bulges of my breasts. He asked me to take my bra off, but I told him to do it himself, which he managed after a bit of fiddling, then I shrugged my shoulders so that it fell to the ground. Next thing my nipples were in his mouth and I thought I was going to explode. Then his hand went down over my tum and over my knickers, and I knew that he'd find the damp patch where my pussy had been leaking.

Does he know that a girl leaks juice when she gets sexed up? Or will he think I've peed myself? Do I tell him? I'm three years older than he is, but I'm afraid to really lead him and tell him what to do - and I'm having a job stopping him. I know he'll stop if I ask him - at least, I think he would - but I just don't seem to be able to get the words out. Trouble is, I don't want to stop till...no, I mustn't even think it. But I did push his hand away, though too late for him not to have felt that I was wet. I looked at his face - he looked like what he is, a naughty boy - then I looked down and saw the big bulge in his pants, and guess what? He'd got a damp patch as well. I couldn't resist, and I dropped my hand onto the bulge, and I felt the hot cock, which jumped as I touched it. He sort of squeaked as I squeezed him, and I felt that his pants were very wet, so I guess boys leak just like girls do. One day I'll be brave enough to ask him.

I desperately wanted to feel his cock against my pussy, so I pulled him on top of me and I felt the hard bulge push between my legs, and pressing against my lips. Suddenly he drew back and put his hand down inside his pants, and I could see the shape of his cock pointing up and nearly coming over the top of the waistband. He dropped down on top of me and opened my legs so that he was sort of lying up the crack and pressing on my clit. I pushed against him and moved so that I was rubbing up and down his length, and he responded by moving himself, and I was ready to explode. Then he stopped and pulled back a bit, and said that he would cum if he kept on rubbing. I just grabbed his bum and pulled him hard against me, and he started rubbing up and down, harder and harder. Then he grabbed me tight and I felt his cock sort of pulsing, and he was grunting above me, and I knew he was cumming, and it brought on the first real orgasm I'd ever had, about a million times better than when I masturbated. He was panting on top of me, and I could feel wetness on my belly. When he relaxed and lifted off me, I looked down and saw that the top of his cock was just sticking out the top of his pants, and his cum was smeared over both of us.

I didn't know what to say. It had been terrific as we came together, but now it all seemed a bit embarrassing. He started to get up, but I asked him to stay and give me a cuddle for a few minutes, but the tension release must have been too much, because next thing I knew he was still there and daylight was starting to come through the curtains, so I shook him awake to go back to his own bed, hoping that Mum and Dad hadn't looked in and seen us together.

From Jason (Sunday Afternoon)

As I was saying before I got called for lunch, she looked at my crutch and put her hand on my bulging cock, and I thought I was going to cum just like that, but I didn't. She grabbed my hip and pulled me on top of her, so I was laying between her opened legs and my cock was against her crack. She started pushing at me and I responded by sliding up and down. I could sort of feel the shape of her slit and it was hot. I knew I was going to cum any moment, so I stopped and told her, but she just pulled me harder against her, so I didn't argue any more, and in no time flat I was coming harder than I have ever done when I'm wanking. She was making noises and jerking against me, but as I came she relaxed and I guess she had cum as well. After a bit I lifted off her, and when I looked down I could see the tip of my cock sticking over the top of my pants, and we'd both got cum all over us. I reckon we were both too shocked to say anything - what do you say to your sister when you've just shot a load of sperm all over her? Anyway, I was going to leave, but she asked me to give her a cuddle first, and in no time she was shaking me awake and it was morning.

Oh hell, Mum or Dad must have seen us. Her door was open and the light was on, and we were naked with all the bed clothes pushed back. This was going to result in a monster row.. I got into bed

intending to sleep the rest of the night, but I couldn't sleep so I got up and did some homework. After a bit I heard the parents go downstairs, and soon after the door slammed as they went to work. They were coming back for Sunday dinner that J and I were to cook, so I went into J and she was lying in bed eyes wide, looking worried. I pulled the bedclothes down, and she made no effort to stop me, and I uncovered her naked breasts and her belly that was covered in dried up cum. I bent down and kissed her quickly, then left her there and went down to get breakfast. She followed me after a bit, showered and dressed. We ate breakfast in silence, until I had to say something, so I just said "Now what?" "Now nothing" she replied "We just wait and see what they say. They must have seen us, and I guess they decided not to have the row till this evening.. So we'd better cook them the best dinner ever, and hope it puts them in a good mood." "Some hope" was my reply.

Anyway, between us we cooked up a super meal, a hot goat's cheese salad, a roast leg of lamb with a raspberry vinegar sauce and floating islands for pudding, with a bottle of red wine that J went and got from the off licence. The table was laid out with glasses polished and flowers and candles on the table ready to be lit just before they came home. Everything was ready to be finally cooked well before they would be back, and we sat down and talked about the situation we were in.

J told me how much she had enjoyed our sex games, and I said so had I but we'd better stop before we went too far. In any case, what the parents were going to do and say would probably put us off sex for life. Then she said something that shook me rigid.

From Jane (Sunday evening)

As sure as hell Mum and Dad must have seen us but they went off to work early without saying anything. J and I were to cook dinner for them - or, at least, I would do the technical stuff and he would do as he was told, for once. We spent the day together, not speaking and definitely not touching. Then when everything was more or less ready, I knew we had to talk, and we agreed that it had been fun, but it would have to stop. (Fun, that's not quite the right word for having my body suddenly woken up, and made to sort of tingle all over. Like the joke went, I had sensations in places where I didn't even know I'd got places). But before we stopped, I had to ask him some questions. I'd never felt a hard prick before, and I'd never seen one. Why was he wet before he had shot his load? And why was the little bit of flesh I'd seen sticking out of his pants all shiny and purple? But I guessed he would want to ask me about my body, so I said "Come upstairs, I want to see you properly". He looked shocked, but he did as I asked him.

In my room I just took my jeans and pants off, and invited him to have a good look. He just stared at me, then I realised he couldn't really see all that much, so I lay down on the bed and opened my legs wide for him. He knelt on the bed and looked hard at me, and I put my fingers on my lips and spread them apart so that he could see my pussy lips. Then I explained to him what was what down there, letting him see my vagina and pointing out the little bulge of my clit under its hood, and explaining what it was for. He hadn't said anything, then he asked where my piss came out, and I showed the tiny entry to my urethra. He asked my why I had pissed myself when he had touched my mound, and I explained that sexual excitement made a girl wet so that a prick could slide in easily. He said thanks for showing him, and, without my saying anything he took off his jeans and pants, then he lay down on the bed beside me.

I leaned over and peered at him. I'd seen pictures of naked men, but this wasn't quite what I had expected. It was just a not very big sausage lying limp, and flopped over to one side, all a bit wrinkled and with a bit of a bulge at the end. It seemed such a soft little thing, I couldn't resist putting out my hand and touching it with my fingertips, and I felt the soft warmth of it and I slid my fingers round it. Then it all started to change, and I felt and saw the little thing start to grow, and it swelled up and got longer till it was much more impressive, but he pushed my hand away and I was amazed at how it had changed into this firm rod sticking straight up.

He told me not to touch him for fear he'd attack me - and if he had, I wouldn't have resisted - then he explained to me how he got wet when he got sexually excited. He showed me how the foreskin could be pulled back, and I saw the shiny purple helmet and the gaping slit on the tip. I could see his balls in their wrinkled sack, and I wanted to hold them as well, but He didn't want me to, so I left him alone. I asked him how he masturbated, and he said he didn't - well, not really, but he showed me how he could slide the foreskin back and forward and he said that gave him a nice feeling, and when he stopped there was a little bead of cloudy white fluid showing at the slit on the tip, and he told me that, if he went on playing with himself he would squirt a lot of juice like he had on me last night. He didn't ask what I did, but I told him anyway how rubbing my clit would get me all excited, and putting a finger inside my vagina was pretty good as well.

Then we both realised that this was not a sensible conversation to continue, and we put our clothes back on and went down to get the dinner ready. When Mum and Dad came home, they were amazed at what a good dinner we had cooked and, after a glass or two of wine they seemed very mellow, and said they had something special to say to us and they wanted us to do them a favour. I was sure that this was going to be, at the least, a heavy warning, or possibly even worse, so when Dad started talking J and I were both gob smacked.

It seems that Dad's partner was due to go on a two week Caribbean cruise on the following Sunday, but his wife's mother was very ill and not expected to live, so they couldn't go. As a result he had offered the cruise to Mum and Dad at half price, and he wanted to know if we would be willing to look after ourselves for the two weeks they would be away. He said he would make arrangements for us to have money as needed, and would arrange support from friends in case we had any problems. He said he was a bit worried because J and I fought so much, but he'd noticed that we seemed to be on better terms recently (!) and he thought he could trust us to behave, so what did we think? I looked at J and he just nodded, so I said yes, we'd be happy to do it for them. We both knew how hard they had been working to complete the big contract, and they deserved a break.

So that's it, J and I will be alone together for a fortnight. Oh God, is this really a good idea?

From Jason (Sunday evening)

I don't believe it! We didn't get a bollocking, we seem to be our parents' little darlings. They'd gone off to work before we got up, and at the end of the day they gave us a lovely surprise, but not as big a surprise as J gave me. After breakfast we had a long talk about what we could say to Mum and Dad if - when - the row started, and we agreed that in any case we'd have to stop what we'd been doing, just too risky and all wrong anyway. But then the surprise. J said she wanted to look at me properly and for me to explain how all my bits work.

I'd thought that, if I was going to show all I'd ask her to show herself to me, but I didn't have to ask. She just stripped off her bottom half and lay down on the bed and invited me to look. All I could see was a triangle of dark, curly hair with just the slight idea of a slit going down between her legs, but then she opened her legs wide and I could see a long crack with hairy puffy mounds either side and parted slightly so I could just see something pink inside, and below I could see a brownish puckered entrance to her bum. J put her hands down one on each of the mounds and spread them apart, and inside I saw a pair of pink fleshy lips, slightly parted and shiny as though they were wet. She showed me the entrance to her vagina and the little hood of flesh over a little lump which she said was her clitoris, and that it was there just to give her pleasure when she rubbed it - or someone else did it for her, and she told me that her vagina got wet when she was sexed up, to make it slippery for a cock to slide in.

After that it was my turn. I stripped off and laid down on the bed beside her, my soft cock flopping over. She looked at it for a bit, then she put out a hand and touched it, then slid her fingers round it. Her hand lit me up, and my cock started to swell under her touch, and I knew that I'd leap on her if

she carried on like that, so I pushed her away. Then I showed her how the foreskin pulled back, and sure enough, there was a little blob of white goo on the end, and I told her that was the same for me as her getting wet. She wanted to know how I wanked, so I explained, then she told me how girls could do it by rubbing themselves.

This was getting a bit hot, so we quit and dressed, and went down to prepare a special meal for the parents. This went down a storm, and while J and I were expecting all hell to break loose about our sleeping together, what happened was that they said they'd been offered a cheap cruise and would be willing to look after ourselves if they went. J looked at me, and I nodded yes, so it was all agreed, and they leave us alone for two weeks starting next Saturday. I'm definitely not going to touch her, 'cos I know where it would end and I'm not going to let it. I'm not sure how she feels, I think she's more for it than I am. It's not that I don't want to, but I know it's wrong and I guess I'm a bit scared as well.

From Jane (Wednesday evening)

Final dress rehearsal for the play tonight. Went quite well really, tomorrow last individual revisions for big night tomorrow. As the big project is complete, Mum hasn't been working late so she's been fetching us after rehearsals. Good thing too, J and I haven't had any chance to break our resolutions to behave.

From Jane (Friday morning)

First night last night. One or two minor slip ups, like I'd forgotten to put a glass on the table that was quite important to the plot, one of the cast managed to cover it well, but felt a right fool. J's lighting prompts were perfect, he's a clever little bugger even if he is my snotty brother. Mum and Dad were there, they had planned to come to the last night, but they'll be away on their cruise. They seemed dead proud of our part in the proceedings, and we were pretty chuffed ourselves. On the way home in the car I felt J's hand touching my thigh, but I just grinned at him and he took it away - that's all over, isn't it. Isn't it?

From Jason (Saturday morning)

Second night even better than the first. Yesterday's local paper was full of praise, especially for the sets and the lighting - career path for J and I perhaps. Last night tonight and party after. The folks just left for the airport for their holiday, J and I can celebrate without risk of trouble if we get home a bit squiffy.

From Jane (Sunday morning)

Oh my God, my head aches. Serves me right I suppose. Last night a triumph, party afterwards a mixed success. After the audience had left we cleared the stage and raised all the curtains and set up a buffet with all the bits of food the parents had done for us, not to mention various sorts of liquid refreshment that had been smuggled in. The various staff members knew what was going on and turned a blind eye, as they were told that the alcoholic drinks were only for them, which for sure they didn't believe but weren't going to spoil our evening - after all, they had all been praised by the head and the Mayor for the good work they'd done, so they were glowing a bit. All the drinks that for the boys and girls looked innocuous, but a lot of the fruit juices were heavily laced, mostly with vodka, and soon there was a glow in the air. We'd left a space at the front of the stage, and after we had eaten we put on some music and had a disco.

After some energetic stuff, J turned the lighting down and put on some really slow smoochy stuff.

I wanted to dance with J, but couldn't except for a couple of bop numbers at the beginning, but when the lights went down I got grabbed by a sixth former who was a terrible dancer and was pissed as a newt, so he was draped over me and sort of shuffled along. Oh well, at least he wasn't likely to do me any harm, unless he puked, which I'm happy to say he kept for later, just after I'd politely refused his offer to go outside for a little bit of...you know...a bit of...no, thanks, not tonight. Then I looked round for J, as it was near the end. Last time I'd seen him he'd been dancing with Mary Sweet, she of the flashing tit. They'd been cuddled up together and I'd caught a glimpse of his hand firmly clutching her little bottom, then they disappeared. The music stopped, and I went to fetch another disc, and in the gloom of a corner behind one of the drapes, there was J locked on to Mary with one hand up the inside of her tee shirt. I was about to break in on them when I realised that I would do it because I was jealous of her, because my little brother was groping her instead of me, so I left them, but it gave me a real pain. He's mine, I thought, no one else's.

Soon after that the party finished, J reappeared looking shifty, but I said nothing, but had a couple of drinks, and soon we went home in the back of one of the teachers' car. When I got out of the car and the cold air hit me I realised I was a bit pissed, and, judging by the way J walked, so was he. When we got in the house, he just gave me a quick peck on the cheek and went to bed, and I followed him. When I got into my room, I found a Postit note stuck on the VDU screen. It just said "You might as well use our bed - you'll find it more comfy. Have a good time. Mum and Dad." I was gobsmacked. I just sat down staring at it. So Mum and Dad knew we had been messing around together, and they didn't mind. As I sat there, J burst in and said "You'll never guess what's on my VDU". I just pointed at my screen, and he sat down beside me as we both tried to take in what we were seeing.

"So what do we do?" he said. I didn't answer for an age, then I told him that I was going to put my nightclothes on and go into the parents' bed, that it was up to him what he did. He got up and walked out, without answering. I went and cleaned my teeth, then put on a pair of very unsexy pyjamas and went and got into the big king sized bed I'd only been there a few minutes when J appeared, equally well covered. He got in beside me and we lay quietly, not touching. Then he told me that he was too pissed to think straight, so he gave me a quick kiss on the lips, turned over and was asleep in no time - and so was I. How romantic was that?

When I woke in the morning, I was alone, so I got up, put a robe on, and went down to the kitchen where J was eating breakfast. He just smiled at me, and that was that. We behaved as though nothing had happened, then after we had showered and dressed we went out for a little walk, but neither of us mentioned what I know we were thinking about.

From Jason (Sunday evening)

Last night was amazing. The play went down a storm, J and I got special mentions for our efforts. Party on stage afterwards was unexpected fun, lots of food and booze - hidden from staff, of course. Then the disco. J and I did a couple of jive dances together, after that we stayed well apart - if I'd got close to her I'd probably have got a monster hard on, and people might well have noticed. As it was, I danced a bit with Mary Sweet, and she was all over me like a rash, but compared with J there was nothing to get hold of. I groped her arse cheeks, and she just said I was naughty, but she didn't stop me. I was hard against her, and she seemed to be enjoying it, but it wasn't doing a lot for me. I guided her off the stage to a dark corner, and started kissing her, and that was quite pleasant. I pushed my tongue in her mouth, and she drew back a bit as though she never had it done to her before, but then she pushed up to me and stuck her tongue in my mouth. Just to keep up the interest, I slid my hand up under her tee shirt, and found that she hadn't got a bra on, so I was covering her small breast. She said sorry, there wasn't much there, as I knew 'cos I'd seen it when her dress slipped. Anyway, I started squeezing her nipple, and she was gasping and wriggling a bit. Then, over her shoulder, I saw J looking at us, and that was that. I felt as though I was being unfaithful, which is stupid, but as the music had stopped it was a good excuse to come out of the clinch and part from Mary. She's a nice girl,

I might follow this up, now I've agreed with J that we won't play around together any more.

When the party ended we got a lift home, and went indoors. I had had more to drink than was good for me, and I felt a bit woozy, so I just gave J a quick kiss on the cheek and went to my bedroom. When I got there I saw a note stuck on the computer screen. It said "You might as well use our bed - you'll find it more comfy. Have a good time. Mum and Dad." I couldn't believe it, what would J say to this. I rushed into her room, and she was sat sort of dazed looking at the same words on her screen. I asked her what she was going to do and she said she was going to accept Mum's offer.

I went back to my room and thought for a bit in my slightly pissed mind, then I put on my pyjamas and went into Mum's room and got into bed beside her. We lay still for a bit, then I gave her a quick kiss and turned over and was asleep instantly.

This morning we got up and dressed in our own rooms, then went down, had breakfast and went for a walk. I was waiting for her to say something about our night together, but I guess she was as confused as I was, and nothing was said. What am I supposed to do? From the way she acted last night she obviously wants me to sleep with her, but it won't just be sleeping - it can't be, can it? I want to touch her again, all over and in the places I haven't been before, between her legs. Maybe we'll be thinking better later on.

In the afternoon we went into school to help breaking down the set and getting the costumes packed to go back to the hire company. I stripped out the lighting gear that we had borrowed, and unhooked my Dad's spare laptop, which he had loaned me for the programming. Mary Sweet was there, and she came up to me and said she was sorry about what had happened last night. She's two years older than I am, and the seniors aren't supposed to date the juniors, though it's usually senior boys trying it on with the younger girls that's the problem, not like me and Mary. Anyway, I said it had been fun and I hope she didn't mind me groping her, and perhaps we might try it again sometime. She said, yes, like when I've grown some tits, and I said it's quality that counts, not quantity, then I gave her a quick kiss, and we parted.

After it was all cleared up, J and I walked home through the park. She said had I made a date with Mary, and I said no, why? She said she'd seen me groping her last night, so I asked her if she minded. She said of course not, but her voice sounded odd and when I looked at her I could see she was close to crying. "You aren't jealous, are you?" "No of course not, don't be silly...yes I am, and that's stupid, you're my little brother and ..." The words just sort of stopped. I didn't know what to say, so I just put my arm round her shoulders and pulled her close, just for a few steps, and she gave me a sort of teary smile and said thank you.

Oh dear, now what? It's going to be a long fortnight.

From Jane (Monday morning)

Spent Sunday pm at school breaking down the set and packing the costumes and so on. Walked home with J and, stupid me, asked him if he'd made a date with Mary, as he'd been all over her the night before, and he said no, was I jealous. Am I? Oh hell, yes I am. Jealous that some other girl, who incidentally isn't a patch on me, no tits, not much else, might be attractive to my brother who's only thirteen and...and...and I snivelled and he hugged me and we didn't mention it again, but I was thinking hard. What am I to do? Let's face it, I want him to make love to me, to take my virginity - and me his - and to play lovely sex games with him and find out all the nice things boys and girls can do with each other. When I touched his cock and it started to swell, that was definitely it. Bigger the morals, sod the consequences, I'm on the pill - and that's a funny thing, Mum took me to the doctor because I had mentioned that my periods weren't absolutely regular and he immediately put me on the pill, I wonder if Mum had primed him? - so the only consequences to worry about are any psychological effects and anyone finding out. Obviously Mum and Dad think we're at it already, it's only if anyone else finds out, after all it's illegal, not to mention embarrassing. So, no problem, let's do it. Except I think he really

doesn't want to, in his head - his cock's willing. I'm not sure if he's afraid of doing it, or the after effects. Well, I'll just have to persuade him.

Sunday evening we watched telly together, sitting on the settee but not touching, and I've no idea what the programme was. I was only thinking about bedtime, and I reckon he looked a bit distracted as well. At last I said I was going to bed, and I got up, gave him a little peck on his lips and went up. I went into Mum's room and had a quick root through her drawers and found a pair of pj's that Dad had given her for Christmas. The top was lacy and semi transparent, the bottoms not much more than a pair of French knickers, just a few inches longer, and just as transparent. I went back to my room and put them on and looked at myself in the mirror, and thought that surely he wouldn't be able to resist - assuming he came into Mum's bed. I went in and got into bed, sitting up so my top was uncovered. I could see myself in the wardrobe mirror at the end of the bed, and, with just the small bedside light on, I thought I looked pretty good, and I'm sure that, if I was a man, I'd fancy me, if you see what I mean.

After a while I heard him come upstairs and go into the bathroom (he'd obviously left the door open because I could hear the sound of his pee splashing in the pan, and I just wished it was me holding his cock), then into his room, and at last he walked in to Mum's room. He was wearing a tee shirt and a pair of boxers, and didn't look much more than the thirteen year old boy that he is, yet the sight of him was enough to make me feel very odd, a sort of fluttering excitement at what I hoped was going to happen. He stopped in the doorway, looking at me, especially at my breasts, which must have been very visible to him, then he crossed the floor and got in beside me. We sat side by side, looking at each other, for what seemed like an age, then he put an arm round my shoulders and lowered his lips to mine. Suddenly he was all over me, his lips hard on mine, his tongue in my mouth probing every corner, and I responded with interest. His hand began exploring my breast, gently cupping and stroking me till his fingers brushed across my nipple, which I felt swelling under his touch, and he was holding the bud in his fingers, squeezing and pulling it, quite firmly but not enough to hurt. The cloth was so thin that it was nearly nothing, but I wanted his hand on my skin, so I pushed him away and peeled the top off, leaving my breasts naked and I pulled his head down so that his lips were against my skin. Once again I felt his tongue caress me, then it flicked over my nipple and brought it up even harder. He drew back a little and blew over the wet skin, and, as he did it, I could feel the juice running in my pussy, and I felt a shudder run through me as I had a little orgasm.

His hand was still squeezing the other nipple, but I took it and placed it on my belly, and pushed it downwards. He moved slowly over the fabric of the pj bottoms, and I felt his finger start to rub against my crack, and he began to slide up and down, pushing the silky cloth in between my outer lips, and rubbing the pussy lips. I pushed his finger against my clitoris and, as it touched me, I started to orgasm and felt my pussy getting soaking wet. I began to remove the panties, but he stopped me, and said this was as far as he wanted to go, so I just lay there shuddering and moaning as he rubbed my clitty and brought me to another climax. I still wanted to feel his cock on me, so I pulled him on top of me so that I could feel his hard cock lying in the slit between my legs, the shaft pressing against my clit. I put my arms round him and gripped his buttocks and pulled him harder against me, and told him to move. He began to slide slowly up and down, then faster and faster until suddenly I felt his cock jerking hard and I knew that he was cumming; His weight was heavy on me, and he grunted as he shot his load. This time it stayed inside his shorts, and, after a while he eased himself off me.

I felt half satisfied. I'd had an orgasm and felt him have one, but I wanted him to do it inside me. I decided that, if I didn't push him too hard, eventually he'd not be able to resist, so I just told him that he was wonderful and that I was really happy, then I rolled over away from him. He cuddled up behind me for a few minutes, holding my breast very gently, then he turned over and we were soon both asleep

From Jason (Monday)

So we went to bed together again. She went first, and I sat for a bit, wondering whether to follow.

I'm scared at what's happening, don't know if it's just the idea of doing it at all, or because she's my sister, or because she's that much older, or what. I just find the whole thing scary, I must be a real wimp. Most the boys at school would pay money to have my chance, but she's not their sister. Oh hell, I couldn't resist.

I put on my usual sleeping gear, tee shirt and boxers, and went in to Mum's room. She was sitting up with the bedclothes down to her waist and she had on a lacy top that showed everything, her lovely bulges with her nipples pushing up at me. I got in beside her and next thing we were glued together, then I was loving her breasts, then she took her top off so I could get at them better. As I sucked her nipples, I slid my hand down over her panties and rubbed at her slit. I could feel that the cloth was wet, and I remembered her telling me about how girls get wet when they are turned on. I was trying to find her clitoris, which she had showed me and said it was just for fun. I could feel the slit through the silk and, as I moved around, she suddenly shuddered and moaned, and I knew I was in the right place, so I carried on rubbing her and she was moaning and pressing up against my hand and then she went quite rigid for a few moments, before she gave a long sigh and relaxed.

Then she pulled me over on her so that my cock was against her slit, and I started to move on her, sliding up and down until I felt my balls contract and the juice start to rush up my cock I'd still got my boxers on, so I shot my load inside them. As I collapsed on her, she said thanks, that was great, and after a bit I rolled off and we went to sleep.

School today, a bit boring after the excitement of the play. J and I got a lift home from one of the mum's who was going our way. Cooked a meal, then did my homework and wrote this diary. What's tonight going to bring?

From Jane (Monday afternoon)

God knows why I bothered going to school today. I was absolutely useless, all I could think about was J, and I could feel the wet between my legs when I was remembering the feel of his hands and guessing what it would be like if - when - he puts that lovely cock inside me. I got told off for day dreaming, then when we played netball I couldn't catch, couldn't run, couldn't shoot, and I'm the team captain. Miss Griggs pulled me off after a bit, and said I'd be dropped if this was how I was going to play. At last after what seemed like the longest day of my life, we got a lift home and back to the house. J cooked meal, then we both did homework, now I'm just hoping that tonight we'll...just hoping.

From Jane (Monday evening)

Watched TV for a bit with J, no idea what the programme was, I was only thinking about sex with my little brother. About ten I went upstairs. I debated what to wear in bed, decided at last to wear just my skin. I had a quick shower, using Mum's nice smelly soap, then went and into the bedroom, turned off all the lights except the small bedside lights, and got into bed, pulling the coverings up to my chin. And waited. It seemed like an age before I heard J come upstairs and go into his bedroom. Then he went into the bathroom and I had a little giggle when I heard him having a pee - Mum's always telling him off for leaving the door open when he's peeing. She says no one else wants to know what he's doing. Then I heard the electric toothbrush, and at last he came in, wearing just his boxers.

He didn't look very happy at the idea of getting into bed with me, more like worried, but he climbed in and sat up beside me. He didn't say anything, just looked at me for a bit till at last he bent down to kiss me. At the first touch of his lips I felt as though my whole body woke up as all the tension of waiting for him drained away. Now he was here, touching me, and I put my hand behind his head and pulled him hard to me. Our lips were parted, and I thrust my tongue deep into his mouth, which brought an instant response from his.

As we kissed I felt his hand go to my breast, and he drew back when he realised that I was naked.

He pulled the bed clothes down to my waist, mumbled that I looked beautiful, then his hand caressed me as he kissed all the way down my neck and onto my chest, then the other breast. His lips closed on my nipple, and he began sucking on it, drawing more and more of my flesh into his mouth, and his tongue was raking my hard nipple, then he was biting gently on me. All the time his hand was squeezing me and pulling and twisting the other nipple. I could feel my pussy getting wet and all of a sudden I went rigid and shuddered against him as I had my first orgasm.

He took his hand off and started stroking down across my lower chest and onto my belly, then slid lower down. Again he realised that I was naked, and he pulled the bedclothes all the way down. He was very quiet, his head raised as he looked at me. His hand moved very slowly down into my bush and his finger began to probe the top of my slit, and as he entered I felt the touch on my clit, and I pushed my hand on his so that he would know this was the right place. He groped around until he was in just the right spot, as he could tell from my reaction. This was going to be it - I wasn't going to go to sleep as a virgin tonight. I pushed his hand away and rolled him onto his back and started pulling his boxers down, but he stopped me straight away. He said if I did that he wouldn't be able to control himself, and I told him I didn't want him to, I wanted him to make love to me properly.

He just looked at me, then got up and left the bedroom. I'm a fool, I shouldn't have pushed him so fast, now I feel totally rejected and all empty inside. I couldn't stay in that big bed on my own, so now I'm sitting here, still naked, with my pussy soaking wet. I've tried rubbing myself and putting my fingers in but it's doing nothing for me. He must come, please, or I'll die. I'm going to lie down on my bed and just hope.

From Jason (Monday evening)

Watched TV together for a bit, then J went upstairs. I heard her moving around, going to the bathroom, and so on, and I guessed she had gone to bed. I waited for a few minutes, then went up and stripped off and put on just a pair of boxers. I looked into her bedroom, but she wasn't there, so I went into Mum's room, and there she was in bed, covered up to her chin. I got into bed beside her, and leaned over to kiss her and her lips opened wide as we played with our tongues and teethe. I put a hand down on her breast, and there was no cloth to stop me, just the warm smoothness of her skin. I pushed the bedclothes down, and uncovered her gorgeous bosom, looking even lovelier, and was soon kissing one while I caressed the other. Suddenly she did the trick of going sort of rigid and her breathing seemed to stop for a moment, then she relaxed again.

I decided to try and see if she wanted her clit rubbed, so I slid my hand down, expecting to find her knickers waist band, but there wasn't one, she was naked. I pushed the bedclothes right down and had a good look at her. She'd shown me all her private bits before, and I'd seen her breasts uncovered, but this was the first time I'd seen her - or any girl - completely naked, and she looked just totally beautiful. I put my hand on her flat tummy and slid slowly down through the hair till my finger started to enter the start of her sex. I moved it around for a bit till I'd felt the little bump that I'd found last night through her knickers, and she let out a little moan, but then she stopped me and pushed me over and started to pull down my boxers. I knew if she did that I'd be shagging her straight away, so I stopped her, and she said she wanted me to do it.

I couldn't do that, so I got up and went to my room. I've tried to wank, but it just doesn't work, I've got out a porn mag but when I look at it my cock just lies down and dies. But when I think of her, it's up hard again. What shall I do? She wants me and I want her, why don't I go to her? Have I got high moral standards or am I just scared?

The hell with it, I'm going to do it, if she's changed her mind she'll have to fight me off.

From Jane (Tuesday)

It's happened. I'm not a virgin any more. My scrofulous little brother has ~~fucked~~ ~~shagged~~ ~~seduced~~ made love to me. I'd always thought I'd only do it with some one I really loved, and sod me, that's what's happened - but I'd never dreamed that it would be Jason.

Last night after J had walked out on me I finished up naked on my back on my bed, all alone, and just hoping. Suddenly he came in the open door. He was naked and his cock was sticking out hard, and I could see a bead of white liquid on the end. Neither of us spoke, and I lifted my knees and spread my legs wide open. He knelt between my legs and moved forward so that he was leaning on his hands either side of me and his cock was stuck out just above my vulva. I took his lovely cock in my hand and pulled him gently so that the tip was opening my pussy lips, then I let go and put my hands on his bum cheeks and pulled. I felt him opening my lips and the heat of him starting to slide into me, till he came up against the thin skin of my hymen. I said, "Push" and pulled him at the same time. I felt the membrane resisting him for a moment, then there was a sudden searing pain as he burst his way through it, and I felt my whole body spreading open as his hot flesh pushed its way deep inside me till his pubes were pressed hard against mine.

I must have screamed with the sudden pain, because J just stopped on top of me and asked if I was OK. Was I? Although it was hurting, I was starting to really feel the sensation of my pussy stretched open by his lovely cock and asked him to stay still so I could get used to it. He was taking his weight on his arms and looking down at me with a worried expression, so I told him it was getting better by the moment, and to move a bit, but gently. He drew back and I felt my channel emptying, then it emptied completely as he pulled right out, but he pushed back straight away and opened me up again. This time it still hurt, but it felt so good that I forgot the pain. He began to slide in and out at a steady tempo, and each time he moved it was sheer magic to feel my pussy closing, then being thrust full of his hot penis. He was moving faster and faster, and I could hear him grunting as he drove hard into me, then suddenly I felt his whole body go rigid as he drove home and I felt his hard member pulse as his juice pumped into me, time after time till he was finally emptied and he lay still on top of me. I felt a bit disappointed because I hadn't had an orgasm, and I felt him going slack as he lay inside me.

He lifted his body and I realised that he was going to pull out of me, so I grabbed his arse cheeks and pulled him close to me. As I held him with one hand, I took his hand in mine and pushed it down between us so that his fingers were on my clit, and almost as soon as he started to touch me I felt my orgasm starting to grow, and my whole body seemed to concentrate on just that one spot under his fingers and my vagina as it contracted, holding his cock inside me, and I think I must have passed out for a moment as wave after wave of pure joy raced through me. As my vagina pulsed I felt his cock growing inside me, and soon I felt really full with his hot flesh, and he soon began to move again. This time he was taking it much slower, and he had obviously got it better under control. He slid slowly and smoothly in and out, and as he moved his belly was sliding across mine. Every time he pushed deeply into me I could feel his pubic hair pressing against mine, and the root of his cock was pushing my lips up so that my clit was being rubbed, and soon I felt another orgasm coming, not as fierce as the first one, but pretty good anyway. He began to up the tempo a bit and I held him close so that his chest was rubbing against my breasts, my nipples rigid with the excitement. As he went faster I held his head so that our mouths were locked together, and our tongues were thrusting in and out in time with his cock. After some of the best moments of my life he locked his body hard against mine and again I felt his cock jerking as his love juice flowed into my eager vagina.

This time I'd already had an orgasm, so I just lay there feeling the way his cock pulsed as it pumped his semen deep into my vagina, and I could feel some leaking past his shaft. After he stopped I held him close so I could feel him gradually softening, and, as I relaxed my pussy muscles, his soft member slid out of me, and the liquid oozed out of my stretched pussy. Finally he rolled off me, and we lay side by side, not speaking, just looking at each other and loving what we saw.

From Jason (Tuesday)

I did it. When I got into her room she was laying on her back, and she just opened her legs wide, so her pussy lips were slightly parted and I could see that she was shiny and wet. I thought my cock was hard before, but, when I saw that, it just seemed to grow so much it hurt. We didn't speak, and I knelt between her open legs and she took hold of my cock and guided me just between her slippery lips, then she grabbed my arse and told me to push - so I pushed. My cock slid in a little way quite easily, then I felt the resistance of what I knew was her hymen and that's when she told me to push. I felt the resistance suddenly stop, and that was when she screamed, as my cock slid deeper into her pussy.

I was worried that I'd really hurt her, but she told me to stay still while she got used to the feeling of me inside her, and after a bit she told me to move gently. I withdrew my cock slowly, not quite sure when it would fall out her completely, but I soon got the hang of it and began a gentle, quite slow in and out movement. Now I began to really appreciate just how wonderful it felt to be really buried into a hot welcoming pussy, it was 100 times better than I'd expected. It wasn't long before I got really excited, and began to plunge in and out of her more quickly as I felt the buildup of my semen ready to pump into her body. I wasn't really thinking too much about her feelings, I was too involved in my own reactions and I very soon felt the contractions in my cock as I spurted my juice deep into her.

I was completely out of control as I felt my cock jerk again and again, but when I was finally spent I lay there on top of her for a few moments, then went to withdraw, but she grabbed me and pulled me hard back into her. Then she took my hand and pushed it down between us so that my finger was on her little clit, and, as soon as I touched the sensitive spot, she moaned loudly and I felt her pussy clamping down and pulsing around my cock. Her whole body tensed, then relaxed as she had her orgasm. To my delight I realised that her movements had brought my cock back to full life, and I began to move again.

This time there was not the same urgency, and I moved gently and slowly in and out of her slippery hot canal, and I could enjoy all the contacts we were making with our skins sliding across each other, from our thighs, our bellies and my chest across her lovely mounds. I've no idea how long we went on, me plunging in and out and her responding with her loving grip and release on the biggest erection I had ever had, but eventually our needs became more urgent and I moved faster and harder till at last I felt the hot rush of fluid from my balls up to the gushing release into her waiting body, and could feel her thrust hard back at me as another orgasm swept over her

At last we relaxed, and my limp cock slid out of her and I rolled off so that we were laying side by side, smiling at each other but saying nothing.

From Jane (Tuesday evening)

We'd spent the night after he had shagged me lying in the big bed side by side, not talking till I nodded off, and I guess he did. Woke up early and looked at his body sprawled alongside me, his lovely cock dangling softly, wondered again how something that had been so fierce could look so innocent. My pussy still felt a bit sore after last night's efforts, I'd persuaded him that I'd rather not do it again till it had a few hours to get used to the idea.

Went and had a shower together - that was great, washing each other and him getting a great hard, his hands on my pussy making me run with juice. And he washed my bum and ran his finger over my very private bit - I told him to leave that bit alone, but must admit it felt good, maybe I'll let him explore another time. I'm not sure at all about having sex with my bum, anyway for now there's enough pleasure without going a bit kinky.

Spent the day at school thinking about nothing but the feel of J's cock inside me - no idea what the lessons were.

From Jason (Wednesday)

Yesterday school went by in a haze. J and I had slept together after doing IT - just slept, I think she was sore. Got up and showered together, wonderful. Soaped each other and washed every nook and cranny. When I was washing her back and her bum I couldn't resist pushing between her lovely bum cheeks and having a little grope of her bumhole. She stopped me, said we might think about that another day. I've seen a couple of porn films showing anal sex, curious to see what it's like, but that can wait till we get a bit bored with what we are doing now - as if!

Last night was a rerun of Monday night, but this time we knew what we were going to do when we got into that big bed together, both naked. Because I wasn't nervous I could enjoy every bit of her with my hands, fondling her breasts till her nipples got hard, making her squeak when I tweaked them. Then I moved down over her flat belly till I got to her mound, and slid held her sex in my hand as my finger slid between her lips and found a wet channel to slide into. Are girls wet all the time or only when they get excited? - must ask her sometime. Then I slid down between her legs till I could kiss her pussy lips. It smells good down there, and I could taste her juice. I remembered how much she liked having her clit fingered, so I thought I try and see if she liked it with my tongue. Think that lit the blue touch paper. Her hips bucked up against my face and she squealed with what I soon realised was pleasure.

After that, she was obviously ready, so I slid up her body till my cock was rubbing at her pussy. She put her hand down and grabbed me and guided me into her slippery wet pussy lips. It felt even better than I had remembered, wonder how old I'll be before I stop enjoying this - about a hundred and ten I should think. I took my time for a bit but then it all speeded up, she was pushing up against me and moaning and squeaking something amazing, and finally I felt sheer pussy pulsing as she came and I followed, ramming into her as hard as I could.

After I had finally slid out of her we lay together quietly for a bit but I couldn't keep my hands off her breasts and soon we were at it again. This time for variety we tried doing it lying side by side - took a bit of time to work out how to get our legs knotted so I stayed inside her, after that it was magic as I could stroke her breasts and rub her clitty till she came, and I got her off again before I got that magic feeling as my juice shot up my cock and into her. Went to sleep knotted together, sort of.

From Jane (Wednesday)

Hardly got the energy to do this - can't think of anything except my wonderful grotty little brother and his wonderful very ungrotty cock, and how it feels inside me. Don't know how many orgasms he gave me last night, it all runs together in a great glow of sexual pleasure. Strangely, I also feel a startling degree of affection for him - I can't be in love with my own brother, can I?

From Dad (Wednesday evening)

Looks as though I need to teach you a lot more about internet security - I got into your blog in about two minutes. We'll have words when I get back. Anyway, Mum and I are so pleased that you have made good use of our bed. Now that you are sort of grown up, perhaps we can play some lovely games together - there's room in the bed for four, and as the old saying goes, incest is a game all the family can play

Jane by old fashioned talking (Wednesday evening)

"Dear God J, have you seen what Dad has put on our blog?"

"I can't believe what we've done. I know he already knew we were likely to be in bed together, but that's not the same as giving him a blow by blow - or a shag by shag - account."

" He can't really mean that he wants to ... to do it with me? And for you to shag Mum?2

"God knows, they must be perverts."

"Maybe that's where we get it from."

"Mind you, when I think about it, Mum's got a lovely body so it could be fun"

"You're disgusting."

"Perhaps, but Dad's very well hung, so you might not find it too unpleasant"

"Yes, I've seen him in the shower, I can see where you have inherited your lovely cock from-
speaking of which, take me to bed and let's see how many different ways we can find to shag."