**A Public Argument**

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**A Public Argument Ch. 01**

We were like fire and ice, always have been. Water and oil. Two fundamentally incompatible people. That would be totally fine, we were more than happy to go our separate ways, believe me. The only problem was that we were siblings.  
  
Maya was two years older than me and she never let me forget that fact. It didn't matter that we were both in college, I was always "little Danny" to her, the perpetual baby brother who could never in a million years be right.  
  
In some ways, it was mutually beneficial to be constantly at our throats. All my life I've been trying to catch up to her and all her life, she'd try to outrun me both literally and academically. We were both active in track and field and both made it into the state college.  
  
In other, more immediate ways, she was the bane of my existence.  
  
"It's not a problem at all, you're just a spoiled brat," Maya said.  
  
The entire track and field team, all eight of us, were sitting around a table at the Huntsman Bar & Grill for our monthly "team-building" dinner. The topic at hand was the bus situation, a long-running complaint among students and faculty.  
  
Over the last two decades, the number of people living in Marion had almost doubled. The public transit system, however, had not. That meant that during peak rush hour, the busses were crammed full to burst with the doors barely being able to close. People wedged up against one another in the humid, hot air.  
  
Everyone I knew hated it and someone at Marion College had started collecting signatures for this year's petition to the mayor. The third such petition.  
  
Almost everyone.  
  
"We grew up in the same house and it doesn't have anything to do with being spoiled if you don't like suffocating in a crowd of people," I insisted and turned to the others. "Am I right?"  
  
All six of our team members made a point to avoid my gaze, looking like they wished they were somewhere else. I wish I could say it was the first time we had a heated sibling argument but we did have a reputation.  
  
"I have my own car," Tom muttered and shrugged.  
  
"Maybe one of the WOMEN at the table can chime in?" I pleaded. "Surely you don't like being squashed up against people all the time."  
  
"What kind of sexist bullshit is that?" Maya growled before anyone else could reply. "What does any of this have to do with being a woman?"  
  
"I read online that sometimes assholes like to grope women and—"  
  
"Right, I know what kind of porn you watch."  
  
"It's not porn!" I said feeling the heat rise to my face. "It was a feminist magazine."  
  
"You have no idea what it's like being a woman, don't you dare try to lecture me, baby brother."  
  
"I wouldn't have to lecture you if you weren't being so stupid."  
  
Maya rolled her eyes.  
  
"What's stupid is everyone having to suddenly pay more for our tickets just because you want to be able to sit your lazy ass down."  
  
"I don't care if I sit or stand, I just don't want to be suffocated by a bunch of people. Do you?"  
  
"I've never had any problems," Maya sneered.  
  
That was a lie, of course. You didn't have to be an expert in body language to tell she was just being her usual stubborn self but, due to circumstances beyond my control, I was. The jutted out chin, the crossed arms, it was clear. Maya was not going to back down no matter what.  
  
"So you're telling me you're okay being sandwiched by two greasy, smelly guys?"  
  
"That would never happen and if it did, it's not a big deal. It's just a bus ride, you'll live."  
  
"It happens all the—" Greta started and cut off, wincing as she realized she had entered the conversation.  
  
"Thank you!" I said immediately.  
  
Maya turned her head to the twenty-two-year-old long-distance runner and stared a death-glare.  
  
"Maybe not everyone is as prude as you," Maya snarled.  
  
Greta paled and looked away.  
  
"Too far," Sarah muttered.  
  
Instead of an apology, Maya turned her death-glare on me. Her brown eyes were like daggers and I knew what was going through her head. "This is all your fault." She knew it was an indefensible position as well as I did.  
  
"Are you saying you'd enjoy getting groped on the bus?" I asked.  
  
I received a nudge in my side from Tom's sharp elbow. I ignored it.  
  
"Maybe I am," Maya said.  
  
"Why don't we order some ice cream?" Harry suggested.  
  
"No, I wanna hear more about—"  
  
"HONESTLY, WOULD YOU TWO SHUT UP ALREADY?" Sarah shouted loud enough for the entire block to hear.  
  
"Yeah, we're supposed to be a team, not kill each other," Tom added.  
  
"But—" I started.  
  
"One more word and I'm gonna have to tell coach," Sarah threatened.  
  
That did it. Maya and I were already on thin ice with her due to our squabbling and I wasn't looking forward to another lecture.  
  
I took a deep breath and realized just how tense my entire body was. I unclenched my fists and saw my nails had left a gouge mark in my palm.  
  
Maya stuck out her tongue at me.  
  
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"I'll see you tomorrow in math," I said, waving.  
  
"See ya," Mike called out from the couch.  
  
It was late in the evening but not yet dark. The air was warm with a gentle breeze carrying the smells of nearby restaurants into my nostrils. I closed the door behind me and headed down the stairs.  
  
It had been an enjoyable Friday evening of pizza and video games, which I sorely needed after a strenuous week. I stretched my legs, glad that I wore shorts instead of something longer. It wasn't the most comfortable jogging attire but it was better than nothing.  
  
Mike's house was about a mile from the nearest bus stop and I broke into a light trot. Not enough to strain my muscles but enough to make myself feel better about eating an entire pepperoni pizza.  
  
A quarter-mile to the stop, the bus passed me. It was one of the long, articulated buses that serviced downtown. Line five. Even though it was almost seven, the carriage was crammed. I decided that I'd wait for the next one. Half an hour of waiting in exchange for some personal comfort.  
  
But then my heart skipped a beat.  
  
In the back car, wedged between two tall figures, was someone I would have recognized blind. Maya, looking down at her phone.  
  
Without thinking, I picked the pace into a near sprint. The bus wasn't going very fast due to traffic and the street light ahead was red. I passed the bus and arrived at the bus stop first, wheezing for breath. I moved to the front, putting a group of four between myself and the line of sight of the bus.  
  
It was the best opportunity I could have hoped for to teach my sister a lesson.  
  
Three people got off the bus and I waited patiently before entering at the front. It took me a full minute to squeeze my way into the back section, receiving more than one complaint. The air was very humid and it didn't help that I had just sprinted at what felt like record pace. My heart was beating fast, not just from exertion.  
  
As far as I could tell, Maya hadn't noticed anything. She was facing away from me, still looking down at her phone. She had just enough room to raise her hand, standing next to an older gentleman. Her elbows were pressed up on the window.  
  
It looked like she had been hanging out with friends, too. She wasn't wearing enough makeup for a night out and she wore her usual clothes, yoga pants, and a cami top.  
  
Briefly scoping out the situation, I decided the coast was clear. The older man had his back turned to her and the woman on the other side was just as deeply engrossed in her own phone. I took another step close and reached past the man.  
  
I was just close enough for my fingertips to bump into her waist.  
  
Maya looked around and I stepped to the side, pretending I was yawning while hiding from her view. When I took another peek, Maya was looking at her phone again.  
  
It was go-time. I muttered an apology and wedged past the guy to stand behind my sister. Over her shoulder, I saw that she was texting her friend Amy.  
  
Reaching out carefully, I touched her butt cheek with four fingertips. Maya startled and less than a heartbeat later, she batted away my hand. I grinned.  
  
There wasn't enough room to really swing my arm but I was still able to get at least a decent wind-up. I smacked her ass with an open palm.  
  
Maya jumped.  
  
"Fucking cut it—"  
  
Her words died in her mouth as soon as she turned around enough to see my pretty mug.  
  
"What's the matter?" I said sarcastically. "You don't like it after all?"  
  
"No—I—That—" she spluttered. "I was just surprised, that's all."  
  
"Uh-huh, sure. You're still not gonna admit you were wrong?"  
  
"I wasn't wrong."  
  
God, why was she so damn stubborn? It was maddening.  
  
"So you don't mind if some stranger does this?" I asked and put my hand on her ass.  
  
"Nope, why would it bother me?" she countered, jutting out her chin.  
  
"You're seriously going to pretend like this is normal?"  
  
"Watch me," Maya snapped and turned to face the window again, dislodging my hand.  
  
I wasn't going to just let that sit with me and reached for her butt again. That time, Maya didn't so much as flinch. She just kept tapping away and I didn't have to look to know she was complaining about me to her friend.  
  
Part of me knew that it was weird for me to touch her on the ass like that but another, much stronger, part of me was furious with her stubbornness. It was that other part of me that squeezed, surprised to find that my sister had quite the firm ass.  
  
Maya ignored it.  
  
"Seriously?" I asked, squeezing her flesh again.  
  
No response.  
  
Well, two could play at that game. I began rubbing her ass cheek, planning my next move. When she was dead-set on something like that, it would take serious effort to dislodge her. I have managed it in the past before, so I knew it was possible.  
  
The bus slowed down and I looked up. We were still downtown and a sizable group of people was waiting at the curb. If her destination was the same as mine, home, it would take at least another twenty-five minutes.  
  
The doors opened and I felt the pressure on my back increase. The humidity seemed to spike and sweat was running down my back. The only reason I was packed in like a sardine on the stupid bus was Maya's fault and her idiotic refusal to admit she was wrong.  
  
The sooner I could get her to break, the sooner I could get off and wait for the next bus. Time to make Maya uncomfortable.  
  
I weaseled my fingers under the elastic hem of her yoga pants, touching her bare butt. I must have accidentally gotten inside her underwear too because my fingertips only grazed bare skin.  
  
"Enjoying yourself?" Maya asked, sounding bored.  
  
"Just admit you were wrong."  
  
Maya huffed.  
  
I really thought that would have done it but she just brushed it off.  
  
I shoved my hand deeper down her pants until I could cup her cheek. I squeezed it a few times without any reaction. It was unreal.  
  
I double-checked just to make sure I hadn't accidentally grabbed someone else but no, my hand was wedged inside of Maya's yoga pants. She wore bubble-gum pink briefs; her cheeks formed a very neat crack.  
  
Could I...?  
  
No, I couldn't. That was too much.  
  
But if it was too much for me, it was definitely too much for her.  
  
I moved my hand to the middle and pushed my middle finger between her buttcheeks. At once, Maya stiffened, standing up straighter.  
  
"Something wrong?" I asked.  
  
"Nope, all good."  
  
The warmth was intense. My middle finger made contact with smooth skin. I pushed my hand down a bit until I felt the wrinkly bumps of her sphincter. A wave of dizziness briefly washed over me and it didn't hit me until then how odd it was to be touching my big sister's asshole.  
  
How had it come to that?  
  
It was Maya who broke first. She started fidgeting back and forth, clearly uncomfortable. I made my move.  
  
Increasing pressure, I began rubbing back and forth over her sphincter. Very small come hither movements, repeatedly drawing my tip over her back entrance.  
  
The squirming stopped suddenly and Maya sniffed. She was frowning out the window.  
  
What if she was right? What if she really didn't care?  
  
No, that was nonsense. Her act was highly convincing but I knew it was just an act. She wasn't going to fool me that easily. The screen on her phone was off, she wasn't paying any attention to it.  
  
I still had one move left.  
  
Withdrawing my hand from her backside, I reached around her waist and slipped it down her front. Just an inch with my palm flat against her abdomen.  
  
"All you have to do is admit you were wrong," I said.  
  
"Bite me."  
  
I found out two things very quickly. One, that my sister was shaved completely smooth, and two, that she was wet. My index finger slipped right between her folds and my palm was sticky with her juices.  
  
I couldn't believe it. My heart was pounding in my chest and I was breathing like I just ran a marathon. I pushed my hand in deeper between her legs and Maya widened her stance.  
  
A second finger slipped inside of her pussy.  
  
The bus slowed down again and the oddity of the situation struck me. I was fingering my own sister in a crowd of dozens of people and nobody had any idea. Through the window, I saw a group of four people waiting. The pressure around me eased up at first as people got off, then increased again.  
  
The pressure inside me was at an all-time high. Maya's pussy was sopping wet and I heard schlick-schlick of my fingers plunging inside her even over the rumble of the motor. My wrist began to ache and sweat rolled down my spine.  
  
I wasn't the only one feeling it. Maya's eyes were closed and she supported herself with both hands pressed against the window, phone clutched awkwardly in her right. She was tense and her ribcage inflated and deflated with her shallow breathing.  
  
All of a sudden, I felt her thigh begin to tremble. Then the rest of her body followed. She let out a long, drawn-out sigh that only I heard and bristled. She rolled back her head and her lips parted.  
  
I was so fascinated I forgot to finger her. She slowly opened her eyes and she jumped, looking left and right. Her eyes went wide and I saw her big eyes in the reflection of the glass.  
  
Quickly, I withdrew my hand. Risking a quick glance down, I saw that my entire palm and both index and middle finger were covered in a white frothy substance. The temptation to lick it was strong but I was sure my sister was going to blow up any second.  
  
This was different than even the worst of our arguments. Yes, she had been stubborn and refused to admit she was wrong but I had taken it too far. Way, way too far.  
  
Oh, God. I fingered my own sister. Despite that realization, my cock was achingly hard.  
  
Why was she still looking at my reflection, not saying anything? Was she waiting for me to beg for forgiveness? Was she going to call the cops?  
  
"Ready to admit defeat, baby brother?" Maya mocked, slightly out of breath.  
  
That was it? After all that, she was just going to pretend like it was just part of their game? After he had fingered her to a climax?  
  
I was dumbstruck.  
  
The bus slowed down again. I barely noticed the weight of the people around us. The bus accelerated.  
  
"So that was it?" Maya continued, looking over her shoulder at me. Her eyes practically glowed. "That was all you got?"  
  
As she was putting the phone into her purse, a hand suddenly grabbed my dick through my shorts. I looked down and was surprised to see Maya's hand, squeezing my shaft.  
  
"You wouldn't dare," Maya taunted me.  
  
My heart was thumping so loud I was sure that everyone in the bus heard. With one hand, I pushed on the small of Maya's back and with the other, I pushed down my shorts just enough to pull out my cock. It slapped against her butt, wedged between our bodies.  
  
Yanking down the back of Maya's yoga pants to expose her ass, she conveniently widened her stance and leaned forward. Her body pressed against the window and she stuck out her behind.  
  
Without another thought, I guided my cock between her cheeks until my tip touched the hot, warm spot between her legs. I pushed inside and grabbed her waist.  
  
It was an awkward position but I was beyond caring. All I knew was that my cock was inside of a warm pussy and I didn't care whose it was or where we were. I thrust in vigorously and only withdrew reluctantly.  
  
Never in my entire life had I felt such an incredible need to cum. I needed it more than anything in the world.  
  
And I did. Like a bolt of lightning, the powerful climax electrified my body and I plunged in deep, pumping cum until my balls were drained.  
  
Breathing hard, I opened my eyes and nearly jumped in surprise, remembering where I was and who I was fucking.  
  
My sister. On a bus.  
  
Quickly, I pulled my already softening cock out and shoved it back in my pants. Maya grabbed the hem of her yoga pants, lifted it up, and shimmied until her butt was once again covered. She turned around, smirking at me.  
  
"Ready to admit I'm right yet?" she asked, cocking her head.  
  
Confused, it took my brain a second to process the question.  
  
"You really... don't care if a stranger fucks you?" I asked, puzzled.  
  
The bus slowed down.  
  
Maya threw her arms around me and moved in. She kissed me on the lips, a short but sweet kiss that tasted like watermelon.  
  
"You're not a stranger, are you?" she asked and moved in closer to whisper, "And next time you're gonna have to try harder."  
  
"Next time?" I gasped.  
  
Maya nodded and let go of me.  
  
"That's my stop," she announced.  
  
One second she was there, the next she nimbly squeezed herself between two people and was gone.  
  
It was only ten minutes later that I realized it had been my stop, too. I got off at the next stop and decided to walk home the two miles. I needed time to process everything that had happened.  
  
And I needed to come up with a plan.

**A Public Argument Ch. 02**

When I finally got home, Maya wasn't there. I have to admit, I was more than a little scared.  
  
Walking home had been a sobering experience. With the memory of my cock inside of her wonderful pussy still fresh on my mind, it took me a couple of minutes to come down from cloud nine, but once I did, the cold, hard truth began to set in.  
  
I fucked my sister.  
  
All I wanted to do was get her to back down from her stupid stance and somehow I had taken things too far. On a public bus, no less. She hadn't seemed upset at the time but that might have been attributed to shock.  
  
So when she wasn't at home, I thought the worst. Maybe she drove to Dad's office to tell him. Maybe she was at the police station, ready to have me arrested. Maybe an arrest wasn't enough and she was out buying a gun.  
  
She didn't come home all night and I couldn't sleep a single second. She wasn't on the bus that morning, which wasn't surprising. I tried looking for her in the hallways between classes but didn't see her stupid face anywhere.  
  
It wasn't until track practice that I saw her again. My heart stopped as she lightly jogged out of the changing room.  
  
If anything was wrong, Maya didn't show it. In fact, she was smiling, flashing me a big grin.  
  
"You look like shit," she greeted me, wrinkling her nose at me.  
  
I wasn't sure what to say.  
  
"Everyone," Maya called out and waited for heads to turn. "Could everyone come here for a moment? Danny has an important announcement."  
  
"I do?" I blurted out.  
  
Still grinning, Maya slaps me on the back. The rest of the team assembles around us, all eight of us, and everyone is looking at me. I start to sweat even though I haven't even run a quarter-mile.  
  
That was it. The moment my sister told everyone I took advantage of her, ruining my life forever. I swallowed the lump in my throat.  
  
"Well, what is it?" Sarah asked, staring at me.  
  
"He wants to admit that he was wrong yesterday," Maya spoke in my stead, "and that I was right. Isn't that right?"  
  
Relief washed over me and I nodded quickly.  
  
"Yes. I'm sorry, Maya. You were right and I was wrong."  
  
"Well, I'm glad we got that settled," Maya said with satisfaction, crossing her arms in front of her chest.  
  
That was it. No angry outburst or indignation, just smug coolness. As if it never even happened. Maybe it hadn't and I just imagined it? Her confidence made me question my own memory of the event.  
  
Had I made it all up?  
  
The group started to break up again, going back to warm-up exercises.  
  
"You know, in the future maybe you should just listen to me when I tell you things, baby brother," Maya said, sneering haughtily.  
  
My blood began to boil again.  
  
Tom groaned and muttered, "not again."  
  
"I'll listen to you once you start making sense," I snapped back.  
  
"Are you already reneging on your apology?"  
  
"You put me on the spot, we both know it wasn't a real apology," I said quietly.  
  
"Do you want me to tell them what really happened?"  
  
"No!" I said quickly.  
  
"That's right," she said loud enough for even Amber in the back to hear, "I am so much smarter and more experienced than you in every way, I'm glad you agree."  
  
The worst part was that I knew she had won. I clenched my teeth to stop from shouting back at her, as much as I wanted to. She had the upper hand.  
  
"I am unflappable," she continued in a normal speaking voice. "There is nothing you can do to upset me ever again. Un. Flap. Able."  
  
Maya walked away, laughing.  
  
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Unflappable my ass.  
  
I stood in the hallway, phone in hand, listening to the prattling of water on tile. Maya had been in the shower for fifteen minutes already. She had to be done soon.  
  
A minute later, the water turned off. That was my cue. Heading down the hallway in the opposite direction, I opened the door to Maya's room and entered.  
  
Unlike my own room, it was very neat and orderly. The carpet even looked like it had been vacuumed. A dresser held a copious amount of bronze, silver, and gold trophies in various disciplines that Maya had accumulated since middle school. On the opposite was a plain desk with a few textbooks and an open laptop.  
  
The single bed was made, with a green bedspread. Above the bed hung a big poster of Allyson Felix, Maya's idol.  
  
I stood in the middle of the room and waited for the sound of the bathroom door.  
  
As soon as I heard the footsteps approach, I raised my phone and started recording.  
  
"Hello, internet," I said, making one full rotation around the room before focusing on the nightstand. "This is my sister's room. Why don't we check out what's in the top drawer?"  
  
The pace of the approaching footsteps picked up, quick slaps of skin on the hardwood. Still pointing the camera in front of me, I slid open the top drawer.  
  
Bingo.  
  
It wasn't quite the freak show I hoped it would be but it was the best I could hope for. No nipple clamps or horse dildos, just three average-looking vibrators. A small one barely the size of a tube of lipstick, one that was purple and as big as a cigar, and a realistic, eight-inch flesh-colored penis complete with a set of testicles. Next to them were a few smutty novels and a pack of condoms.  
  
"What the hell are you doing?" Maya barked.  
  
I turned around, pointing the camera right at my sister. She was naked, save for a large, baby blue towel wrapped around herself. Her normally light hair was bunched together in dark strands. At the sight of the camera, her scowl vanished, replaced by a blank expression.  
  
"Why don't you say hello to my sister, Tik Tok?" I said.  
  
Maya rolled her eyes.  
  
"According to her, she is completely unflappable. Can't be rattled," I said sarcastically. "So I figured she wouldn't mind if the entire world got a look at her toy drawer. Isn't that right?"  
  
"That's right," Maya said, recovering from her momentary shock. She jutted out her chin. "Feel free to have a look around while I get dressed."  
  
Without missing a beat, she strode toward the dressed, unwrapped the towel, and let it fall to the ground. I was so surprised, I forgot to record it. She stood naked with her back to me as if it was the most normal thing in the world, bent forward without bending her legs, and pulled open the bottom drawer.  
  
God knows how many times I've seen Maya's ass in front of me during training, I was well aware of how firm it was, but looking at it in the bare, it looked like two soft pillows. Her legs, too, were incredibly toned, rippling with powerful muscles when she ran but now they only looked like a gentle hug.  
  
My middle finger prickled with the memory of rubbing across her sphincter. The dark spot right between her cheeks.  
  
Maya shoved the drawer shut and opened the top one. She grabbed a pair of red briefs, raised one foot, slid it in, and raised the other foot. She pulled the garment up her legs and shimmied until it sat perfectly. She held up a bra in the same color and put her arms through it, connecting it behind her back.  
  
"Your audience must be so bored," Maya said, turning to face me again.  
  
I quickly raised the phone and pointed it at her. Maya had what she liked to call athlete's breasts but in that bra, they easily looked several sizes bigger. I, of course, had a raging erection by that point and I couldn't stop thinking about the bus ride.  
  
Maya approached and I tentatively took a step back, bumping against the bed frame. My knees bent automatically and I landed softly on the mattress. Instead of punching me or clawing my face off, she diverted at the last moment to reach into the drawer and pull out the small lipstick-like vibrator.  
  
"This one's my favorite," she said, smiling at the phone, not at me.  
  
As soon as she pushed into the bottom, it began buzzing loudly. The smile turned into a grin as she grabbed the elastic band of her briefs, pulled it outward two inches, and let the vibrator fall inside. She let go of the band and pushed the visibly protruding shape further down between her legs. The buzzing became muted.  
  
The phone dropped from my hand and thunked on the carpet.  
  
Now she headed for me, stalking like a lioness. She put her hands on my shoulder and pushed me backward on the bed, crawling on top of me. Kneeling beside my waist, she sat down on my crotch.  
  
The vibration was strong even through my jeans, pressing right on the base of my shaft.  
  
Maya leaned in close, inches from my face. I felt her warm breath tickle my lips. She looked at me with eyes softer than I've ever seen them.  
  
I wanted to kiss her.  
  
Just as I thought about it, Maya moved in. Except our lips never met. Instead, she put her mouth very close to my ear and whispered.  
  
"I am unflappable. You don't have the guts to do what it takes."  
  
Maya sat up and looked at me as if she was waiting for something. The vibration on my penis intensified and my groin started to tingle. I was going to cum into my pants soon. We sat like that for at least a minute, neither of us moving.  
  
When I couldn't handle it anymore, I made the first move. My hands shot up and I squeezed that perfect ass, thinking about how wonderful it would feel to fuck her again.  
  
My fingers barely touched her skin when she slapped them away. She swung her leg and hopped off me.  
  
"By the way, your phone isn't even recording, dumbass," Maya laughed.  
  
I was in the bathroom less than two seconds later and blew my load into the sink with barely five pumps.  
  
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Twice now she got the better of me, openly taunting me. I was consumed by only a single thought — my sister had to go down, no matter the cost. I didn't have a concrete plan yet, just a burning desire to prove her wrong.  
  
That fire needed fuel to be sustained and my stomach was growling. I had been avoiding leaving my room because I didn't want Maya to be able to sneer at me in victory again but the smell of meat frying downstairs was too strong.  
  
Two people were conversing in the kitchen, Maya and Mom. Mom stood in front of the stovetop with two pans and a pot in front of her. She was frying something and the pot released a lot of steam. The exhaust fan was going and her back was turned to me. She turned around when I entered.  
  
"Hey, Danny," she said, beaming with pride. "Dinner's not gonna be done for a while. I'm finally making grandma's recipe for meatballs, and it's really hard."  
  
Maya was looking at me too, but her smile was wicked. Normally, she doesn't wear anything but yoga pants or jeans but today she wore a skirt, a green, pleated mini-skirt, and a t-shirt.  
  
"Harder just means it's better," Maya said, raising an eyebrow at me.  
  
She turned around and put her forearms down on the kitchen island's counter. Her ass pointed right at me. She looked at me over her shoulder, stuck out her tongue, and began shaking her booty back and forth. The skirt was so short I caught a few glimpses of the same pair of red briefs I had seen her put on earlier.  
  
"Anyway, as I was saying," Mom said, juggling the contents of two pans, "Mr. Jenkins then actually told his wife he was wrong. Right there, in front of the entire office."  
  
"What an idiot," Maya said.  
  
"I know. It was so awkward and you could see she wasn't happy."  
  
Without even realizing what I was doing, I moved up behind Maya and put my hand on her ass. She stopped shaking it and looked at me, raising her eyebrow once again. That time, I stuck out my tongue at her.  
  
The idea didn't pop into my conscious mind until after I squeezed her cheek. There was no way she would be calm and detached. I reached under her skirt and lifted it up, squeezing her cheek.  
  
"Everything okay?" Mom asked suddenly, turning around.  
  
Panic surged up inside me and I quickly withdrew my hand.  
  
"Yeah," Maya said. "Danny just wants to know what we're talking about."  
  
"Oh, sorry, dear," Mom said. "I was just telling Maya about the new boss they hired last month. He's been a complete ass. Today he brought his wife to show her around the place."  
  
"Chickenshit," Maya said, quiet enough that I barely heard it over the fume hood.  
  
The rage wiped out the panic in an instant. I barely heard Mom talking about how Mr. Jenkins' wife showed up in an evening gown and full makeup because he told her to dress formal even though the entire office was casual. My hand slithered back under Maya's skirt.  
  
Tugging the briefs aside, I slipped two fingers inside Maya's wet pussy. She didn't react as if it was the most normal thing in the world, occasionally asking leading questions to get Mom to keep talking.  
  
If she was okay with being fingered like that, it would take something more serious to rattle her. There was only one thing I could think of, both because I hoped it would work and because I really wanted to do it. I unzipped my pants and yanked her briefs down to her thighs..  
  
"I actually overheard him telling Petra that his wife's breasts are bigger than hers," Mom said.  
  
"No way."  
  
"Well, it wasn't really direct like that, you know? It was more like he implied it, some dumb joke about her 'assets'."  
  
With Mom still focused on the two pans, I made my move. I held up the skirt with one hand and guided my cock with the other. I pushed inside of her pussy. Maya stiffened but didn't say anything.  
  
Keeping an eye on Mom to make sure she didn't turn around, I began thrusting. Slow, deep, incredible thrusts. There was something about my sister's pussy unlike any other I've experienced.  
  
It was too good. If I kept going, I knew I would pop a load, and Maya wasn't even bothered in the slightest. Quite the opposite, she was bouncing back and forth in rhythm to my thrusts.  
  
"So did anything happen to him?" Maya asked as if I wasn't even in the room.  
  
"I think I'm gonna have to wait until tomorrow. HR isn't gonna be happy about it, I know that much. I know of at least three complaints."  
  
Furious, I pulled out and raised my tip by just a little bit. Right on her sphincter. I held my dick in place and pushed in. Both of us took a step forward until Maya's legs pressed against the cabinet.  
  
At last, Maya let out a gasp. She turned her head and looked at me with wide eyes.  
  
The resistance broke and my cock slid halfway into her ass. I kept pushing until it was all the way in the incredibly tight hole.  
  
"Ohhh," Maya moaned.  
  
"What's that, dear?" Mom asked, turning around.  
  
I froze and Maya's head whirled to look at Mom so fast I heard a bone pop. The realization hit me like a freight train that what we were doing was not okay, that my cock shouldn't be in my sister's ass. Mom's eyes narrowed, looking at me with suspicion.  
  
"Did you burn the meat?" Maya asked, wrinkling her nose.  
  
"What? Oh no!" Mom gasped and quickly grabbed the frying pan by the handle to lift it up. "No, I think it's okay."  
  
I don't know if it was all the adrenaline or something else but the moment Mom looked away, I began thrusting as hard and fast as I could. Maya bent lower until she was resting on the countertop. Both her hands gripped the edge, knuckles white.  
  
The inevitable happened and I came hard. My cock twitched, pumping cum up my sister's ass.  
  
Suddenly, I didn't really care about our stupid argument anymore. I took a step back to pull out of her and quickly shoved my penis back in my pants. I just felt... empty. And happy.  
  
Sniffing once, Maya righted herself and pulled up her panties. She rolled her eyes at me..  
  
"I think it's almost done," Mom said, dipping a spoon into the sauce and tasting it. "Kids, will you please set the table?"  
  
"Of course," Maya said in a cheerful tone.  
  
For a moment, I thought that maybe I had won but she wore a smile. I couldn't believe it. What did I have to do to get her to break her composure?  
  
Once again, I was hit by the odd sensation that maybe I imagined everything but the twitching of my penis convinced me it had been real. Maya approached and pushed a stack of plates into my arms.  
  
"Time to make yourself useful," she said. "Maybe you'll get this one right."  
  
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After being in my room for barely thirty seconds, the door exploded and a very angry Maya stomped in. Throughout dinner, she had been all smiles and compliments about the food with no hint of her anger.  
  
"That was incredibly stupid!" she hissed.  
  
I would have been ecstatic about being right if she hadn't been advancing on me with balled fists. I was more concerned with my personal safety than gloating and backed up.  
  
"What the fuck were you thinking?" she barked.  
  
"I just... you said you were unflappable!"  
  
Like two bullets, her hands connected with my chest. She wasn't particularly heavy but she had a lot of momentum and I stumbled backward, falling flat on my ass. Pain shot up my back but she wasn't done yet.  
  
"We could have been caught!"  
  
Instead of launching another assault on me, she stopped a foot short of me and reached under her skirt. She bent her knees and pushed her panties down. The insides were stained with what could only be my semen.  
  
"What...?" I asked.  
  
Maya knelt down and undid the button on my jeans, yanking them down, boxers and all. My cock was soft, a side-effect of being terrified, but with only a few energetic pumps it started to inflate again.  
  
Without waiting for it to get hard all the way, Maya straddled me. She guided my cock between her legs and plunged down on it.  
  
"I thought for sure she saw," Maya said, sounding a lot less angry.  
  
It was an experience unlike anything before. Maya did everything while I just laid there. She braced herself on my chest, practically jumping up and down on my cock. She rode me faster and harder than I thought possible.  
  
"You fucked me... in the ass... in front of... Mom," she said between gasps of air.  
  
"Sorry," I muttered.  
  
Maya groaned and she closed her eyes. Her head rolled back.  
  
"She saw us! She fucking saw us," Maya rasped. "While you were inside me!"  
  
And then she began shivering. Her legs began to tremble and she had to slow down. Her head dropped forward. I felt her pussy squeezing the entire length of my shaft, over and over. If I wanted to, I could have held on for a little bit longer but I didn't want to. I let go and came along with her.  
  
A long minute later, Maya opened her eyes and there was no trace of anger in her voice. She smiled at me. She actually smiled at me!  
  
"You did good today," she said.  
  
Leaning forward, she kissed me on the lips. Just a brief touching of our lips, barely even a real kiss, but my heart threatened to burst out of my chest.  
  
"But you are a massive idiot," she continued afterward. "We could have been caught."  
  
"I know. I was so mad, I didn't think about the consequences."  
  
"You better start thinking about what you want to do to me."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because," Maya said, sitting up and getting off me, "as you may have noticed, I am still unflapped."  
  
"You're not! You were angry just now."  
  
"No, I wasn't," she lied and stood up. "I was perfectly calm, you're the emotional one, not me."  
  
Maya headed for the door, leaving me dumbstruck. What the hell was she doing? Clearly, we just did more than a stupid argument, shouldn't that change things? With one hand on the handle, she turned around and looked at me.  
  
"Now that we both know how fucked up we are, I expect you to try harder next time. Anytime, anywhere. Use me for your dirtiest desire."  
  
And then she was gone again.

**A Public Argument Ch. 03**

"Yo, what's up with your sister lately?" Tom asked, well out of earshot of Maya.  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked cautiously.  
  
Did he know what we were doing? Had he found out somehow? Even though we were just warming up, I felt a drop of sweat roll down my back.  
  
"She seems different, somehow. Happier. She's smiling a lot more and the two of you haven't torn out each others' throats in a while."  
  
"Oh," I said, relaxing. "No, I don't think so."  
  
"I figured you would be the one to know. That reminds me, do you know if she has a boyfriend? Or a girlfriend?"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I was thinking of maybe asking her out for a coffee sometime."  
  
"I see," I said, resisting the urge to punch him in the face. "No."  
  
"No what?"  
  
"She doesn't have a boyfriend."  
  
"You think she'd go for me?"  
  
Fortunately, I didn't have to answer that question as Maya chose that time to loudly yell across the track.  
  
"HEY, LOSER!"  
  
That was, of course, me. I looked at her waving her arms for my attention.  
  
"What?" I called back.  
  
"Catch me if you can!" she shouted.  
  
Before the words even registered in my brain, she turned around and started running. My muscles kicked in and I quickly ran after her.  
  
We were supposed to run a five-mile course today, through actual fields instead of the rubber track. Behind the football field was a small thicket of trees and a cornfield behind that. Plenty of easy-on-your-feet dirt tracks that were well worn over the years.  
  
At a moderate pace, it would have taken us anywhere from thirty to forty-five minutes, depending on how hard we wanted to push ourselves. Maya was sprinting at top speed.  
  
"Hey! Slow down you two!" Coach yelled after us.  
  
Neither of us listened. By the time I crossed the football field, my legs were already burning but I gained some distance on Maya. I was close enough to see all the muscles in her legs and, more importantly, her butt. That perfectly shaped, firm ass. Fortunately, running kept me from having an erection.  
  
The problem was Maya was damn fast. Faster than me unless it was a particularly good day. Today had to be a particularly good day or at least I willed it to be. Even though running on grass was a lot easier, each footfall still jarred my body.  
  
Nevertheless, I pressed on, ignoring the burning muscles in my thigh.  
  
When we reached the entrance of the thicket, Maya risked looking around to see how close I was. Her smile reached from ear to ear and her eyes were sparkling with delight. She was sweating as much as I was.  
  
"Hurry up, loser!" she shouted.  
  
That was her mistake. I didn't reply, I only kept running. We were halfway through the thicket when I was close enough to touch her. Fifty more feet and I caught ahold of her wrist. Suddenly off-balance, Maya stumbled.  
  
We careened off the path, between two big tree trunks, half stumbling, half running with little control. My foot caught on a root and suddenly I tasted dirt. Maya yelped and went down with me.  
  
When we finally came to a halt, both of us were laughing with excitement. My foot, thigh, and elbow hurt but I had something more important on my mind. I shoved my hand underneath Maya's t-shirt and under her sports bra and squeezed her right breast. She let out a happy gasp.  
  
With my free hand, I pushed down my shorts while she was removing her own. My sister's pussy was perfect, even covered in a sheen of sweat and dirt. I grabbed her thigh and positioned myself between her legs.  
  
It didn't matter how many times I've done it now, it still felt amazing to enter her. She wrapped her legs around me and we fucked on the forest ground with animalistic passion. Powerful, raw sex that left both of us breathless after we came.  
  
After my first and her second climax, I rolled off of her and we laid next to each other, recovering our breath.  
  
"I'm still waiting," Maya said.  
  
That's what she always said after we fucked. Ever since the day of kitchen sex and she told me she expected me to "try harder." She was waiting and the problem was, I didn't have any good ideas.  
  
What was more extreme than fucking her in the ass in the presence of our mother? Everything else seemed to pale in comparison to that.  
  
A group of runners passed roughly fifty feet away. I looked up but there was a tree with large roots between us and the road. Nobody could see us.  
  
"What would you do if someone caught us?" Maya asked quietly.  
  
"I don't know. Probably die of shame."  
  
"You're embarrassed of me that much?" Maya pouted.  
  
"No, that's not what I meant, I simply—"  
  
"Relax," Maya giggled. "I know what you mean. Our lives would be done for."  
  
"Yeah," I sighed.  
  
"But that's what makes it so much hotter, right?"  
  
"I don't know. I could go for a nice romantic bath with nobody around for miles."  
  
"Boooring! If I knew how much of a prude you are I never would have let you tap this."  
  
"Let you?" I asked, annoyed. "Remember, I was the one that fucked you on that bus."  
  
"Ugh, that was so much hard work," Maya groaned. "It took me weeks and weeks of getting you angry enough to work up the courage. I literally had to tell you to feel me up before you even got the idea."  
  
"Weeks?"  
  
"Months, really."  
  
"I had no idea."  
  
Thinking bad on the last couple of weeks, it definitely seemed like we had been fighting more. She had been thinking about me that way the entire time. I wish I had known so she didn't have to suffer in quiet.  
  
"That's because you're an idiot. And you're unimaginative. I'm still waiting."  
  
"I guess I should spill the surprise, then," I said.  
  
"Oh?" Maya asked, perking up.  
  
"I was going to wait until you missed your next period but last week I replaced your pill with fakes."  
  
"WHAT?" Maya shouted and instantly sat up.  
  
With wide eyes and a slack jaw, she stared at me. I tried to keep my composure but seeing the ridiculous look on her, I couldn't help but crack a smile.  
  
"You asshole!" she growled and slapped my shoulder.  
  
"You should have seen the look on your face!" I laughed.  
  
"Oh, God, I think my heart stopped for a second," Maya said, lying back down.  
  
"Looks like I finally flapped you."  
  
"That one doesn't count."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"Because it wasn't at all filthy."  
  
"You said you are unflappable, not you are unflappable-but-only-in-perverted-scenarios."  
  
"It was implied, dumbass."  
  
"Are there any limits to what I should come up with?"  
  
"None as long as nobody finds out we're fucking."  
  
"Really? None?"  
  
"None at all."  
  
"What if I want to poop on you?"  
  
"Then we wouldn't be doing this in the first place. I know you pretty well, baby brother, and I trust your judgment."  
  
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"Oooh, what's this?" Maya squealed with delight.  
  
In front of her, on her own bed, laid an assortment of instruments. A blindfold, sexy lingerie, two sets of handcuffs, a nylon rope, nipple clamps, and a butt plug.  
  
"I hope you're okay with being humiliated, slut," I said in a commanding voice.  
  
"I definitely am but I'm afraid this is all pretty vanilla stuff," she fired back, pulling her t-shirt over her head.  
  
"How often have you used handcuffs during sex before?" I asked in a less commanding voice.  
  
"Well, technically never, I suppose, but it's still pretty vanilla."  
  
"Uh-huh. We'll see how you feel about that later."  
  
Bare-chested, Maya picked up the nipple clamps and attached them to her nipples. A thin, silver chain connected them, and she tugged on it, stretching her nipples.  
  
"I like this."  
  
While she was distracted playing with her nipples, I pulled down her yoga pants and planted a kiss on her buttcheek. She retorted by slamming her butt in my face, knocking me on my ass.  
  
"Don't kiss my butt, that's weird," Maya said.  
  
"So fucking you in the ass is okay but kissing it is not?"  
  
"That's right. Now get on with the kinky stuff, I'm horny."  
  
"As the lady commands," I said, scrambling to my feet. "But first things first, show me how to unlock your phone."  
  
"Why?" Maya asked suspiciously.  
  
"So we can make some memories, of course."  
  
"Why not use your own phone?"  
  
"Does the thought of me accessing your phone make you... flapped?" I suggested.  
  
"No, not at all," Maya said stubbornly, jutting out her chin. "Fine. Give it to me."  
  
I grabbed the phone on her desk and she put in the code. A circle, counter-clockwise, starting with the top right corner.  
  
"Thank you. Now it's time for the blindfold."  
  
Once she was blindfolded, the process was quite a bit easier. I led her by the chain to the bed and had her lie down. True to her words, she was incredibly horny. The opening of her vagina glistened with grool. I probed with a finger and licked it clean.  
  
"Hands up."  
  
Obediently, Maya raised both of her arms, pressing her wrists together. I grabbed both sets of handcuffs but instead of locking up her wrists, I cuffed each hand with its own set. After hearing the second cuff snap shut, she tested her new restraints.  
  
"What's going on?" she asked, gesticulating wildly with her arms. "Why am I not locked up?"  
  
"Feet up, my dear sister," I said, hoping she could hear the grin in my words.  
  
"Ooh," Maya squealed and raised her knees to her chest.  
  
I cuffed her left arm to her left ankle and her right arm to the right ankle. She was still able to move her limbs somewhat freely, save for not being able to put her legs down anymore. A rivulet of grool flowed out of her vagina.  
  
"Now it's time for the rope," I announced.  
  
"Yes, please. Tie me up and use me like a sex toy."  
  
The rope was meant for climbing and had a strength well in excess of anything Maya would be capable of. I climbed up on the bed and looped one end around the back bedpost. With two strands in hand, I wrapped one end several times around her ankle, underneath the cuff, and tugged on the other end until Maya toppled over to the side.  
  
"Does that hurt?" I asked.  
  
"No, you should make it tighter."  
  
That was good enough. I wound the other end until Maya's wrist a few times, securing both limbs. With a few feet of slack, I repeated the same on the other side. Now came the fun part. I pulled on the two strands, forcing my sister to spread her legs.  
  
Being pretty athletic, Maya managed an almost perfect hundred-eighty-degrees.  
  
"Does that hurt?" I asked.  
  
"It's a little uncomfortable but not painful."  
  
"How long do you think you could stay like that?"  
  
"Much longer than it takes you to cum, that's for sure," Maya laughed.  
  
"You're gonna pay for that."  
  
"I hope so!"  
  
I secured the two ends around the bedpost and double-checked to make sure the rope was taut but still had a little bit of wiggle room. Enough for her to squirm but not enough to escape.  
  
The sight was glorious. Maya's pussy was spread wide open, labia parted, plenty of pink visible. I knelt down in front of the bed and licked across her opening, lapping up the wonderful juices.  
  
"Eww," Maya squealed, trying to squirm away.  
  
Up until today, we had pretty much just fucked. Pussy and ass but not much else. No foreplay, no kissing, no blowjobs, and no eating out. That was about to change.  
  
"Does my tongue rattle you?" I asked.  
  
"Of course not!"  
  
"I'll stop if you admit you're flapped."  
  
"Munch away, loser."  
  
And munch I did. I wasn't the best at giving oral but Maya was easy to please, especially in her state of arousal. I ate her out until she began trembling, moaning, and fighting the restraints.  
  
If she couldn't escape her chains while climaxing, they were good to go.  
  
"Ow," Maya whined after the tremors stopped. "Cumming hurts like this."  
  
"Good thing that was the last one, then," I chuckled.  
  
"What?" Maya asked, raising her head despite the blindfold.  
  
Ignoring her, I grabbed the buttplug and dipped it into her pussy to get it all coated up with lubricant. It was thinner than my penis and I had no problems pushing it into her sphincter. The base of it had a sticker on it, pink with black writing, reading "Daddy's Girl". Was that too much?  
  
Would it all be too much?  
  
"You want to be humiliated, right?" I asked, doubting my plan.  
  
"Yes," Maya growled. "Please do your absolute worst. I want to be humiliated. I want to be punished. I want to feel like a whore."  
  
I unzipped my pants.  
  
The bed was a little too low for it to be very comfortable. I braced myself on the mattress and climbed on top of her, thrusting into her slowly. Maya let out a moan of satisfaction and she melted into the bed.  
  
Instead of doing what I wanted, I pulled out and began jerking off.  
  
"Hey, don't stop now!" Maya complained.  
  
Fortunately, I had plenty of visual stimulation in addition to the fresh memory of my sister's pussy and I was ready fairly quickly. The first rope of cum launched through the air, splattering on Maya's naked body, reaching from her collarbone to her belly button. The second rope landed on her abdomen. The third right on her mound.  
  
Quickly dipping just the tip back into her pussy, I continued stroking until the rest of cum was inside of her. I pulled out and the desired effect came at once. A white glob of cum appeared at her entrance.  
  
"That was the worst sex I've ever had," Maya said.  
  
"It's gonna feel like heaven compared to what's gonna happen next."  
  
"Why? What are you planning on doing?"  
  
"You'll find out in about... twenty-five minutes, I'd say."  
  
"Why twenty-five minutes?"  
  
I grabbed Maya's phone and took a picture of her lying there. Scrolling through the contact list, I found the entry for "Dad". I typed a quick message: "dad can u come home please? i need help. urgent"  
  
My heart hammered and doubt rose up in me again but I ignored it and hit send.  
  
"I'm sorry," I said in advance.  
  
"Sorry for what?" Maya asked.  
  
I reached into my pocket and pulled out Maya's favorite lipstick. I uncapped it and wrote two words, one on her left thigh, one on her right: CHEATING WHORE.  
  
"What did you write on me?" Maya begged.  
  
"It's a surprise. I really hope you like it because if you don't, this is going to really suck. For both of us."  
  
"Why? What did you do?"  
  
"I'll talk to you later," I said and headed for the door.  
  
"Danny! What did you do?" Maya shouted.  
  
I opened the door and took one last look at her. Tied up with semen dripping out of her beautiful pussy. Nipple clamps and blindfold.  
  
Praying that I was doing the right thing, I left the room and closed the door.  
  
"DANNY!" came Maya's muffled shout.  
  
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Around seven, I returned from my run. My knees hurt and my clothes were drenched in sweat. All my muscles ached, worst of all my stomach.  
  
The longer I waited, the worse I felt. I had to face the music at some point. Either Maya would forgive me or she wouldn't but there was no turning back the clock.  
  
Coming up on our house, I was on the lookout for anything out of the ordinary. Mom's and Dad's cars were in the driveway and there were no cops or EMTs. That was a good sign. The light in the living room was on.  
  
Even though I was exhausted, I wanted to turn around and run another mile. I took a deep breath and entered.  
  
The moment I stepped foot in the house, Mom scurried through the hallway and intercepted me. My stomach dropped in anticipation.  
  
"You're back," she said, voice filled with anxiety as if she hadn't seen me in years.  
  
"I was just out for a run," I said.  
  
"Listen, Danny, Daniel, I know that you and your sister don't get along most of the time but I want you to promise me that you won't do anything to get in a fight today, okay?"  
  
Did something happen? Did she try to escape and somehow injure herself? My stomach twisted into a knot.  
  
"Why? What happened?"  
  
"Please promise me. For me."  
  
"Okay. I promise," I said quickly.  
  
"Your sister has had a..." Mom said and took a deep breath, "rough breakup."  
  
Relief washed over me. She wasn't in the hospital or worse. A rough breakup indeed.  
  
"Oh?" I asked, curiosity piqued.  
  
"She's totally fine," Mom assured me, not managing to sound convincing, "but she's quite heartbroken. So be nice to your sister, okay?"  
  
"Sure," I said, stepping past her and heading to the kitchen.  
  
There she sat, opposite Dad, with an empty carton of ice cream in front of her. There were three shot glasses and Dad's good bottle of whisky. Maya wore a thick sweater and her hair was wet but otherwise, she looked healthy. Until she saw me and her eyes turned into two sharp daggers.  
  
"I'm gonna go take a shower," I announced and headed upstairs.  
  
Yep, I was going to pay for that one but Maya hadn't told them anything.  
  
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It was a little past midnight when the door to my room opened and a slender figure slipped inside. I was already in bed but haven't been able to so much as close my eyes. I was way too wired.  
  
Sitting up, I flicked on the lamp on the night table. Maya stood in the middle of the room, also wearing pajamas, lips snarling, fists balled. No knives or other weapons except for her raw fury.  
  
"You!" she hissed quietly.  
  
"I'm so sorry. It was the only thing I could think of."  
  
Maya just stood there, breathing heavily. I wasn't sure if she was contemplating attacking me or running away. She advanced on me until she stood next to the bed.  
  
Thwack!  
  
For a split second, my vision went dark, followed by a spike of pain emanating from my cheek. Maya had slapped me, hard. Before I had a chance to react, I felt something much nicer than her fingers.  
  
Soft lips touched mine and she kissed me with an energy I've never felt before. It wasn't so much a kiss as her trying to suffocate me with her lips. She climbed on top of me, sitting on my stomach, so she could devour me.  
  
We only stopped because we ran out of breath.  
  
"You... asshole," she said, gasping. "You stupid... fucking... asshole."  
  
"How did it go?" I asked.  
  
"What the fuck do you think? It was mortifying!"  
  
"Sorry," I muttered.  
  
Maya jumped off me and lifted the blanket. She pushed down her pajama pants and slipped under the covers, straddling me for real. Five seconds later, my cock was inside her pussy. She didn't ride me so much as she just thrust herself backward on my cock with a ferocity that was hard to believe.  
  
In record time, Maya succumbed to her orgasm. Her entire body vibrated and she closed her eyes, letting out a few soft moans. Afterward, she collapsed on top of me with my hard cock still lodged inside her.  
  
"I've been waiting to do that all evening," she sighed.  
  
"So you're not.. angry?"  
  
"Of course I'm angry!" she purred like a kitten.  
  
"Were you, uh, flapped?"  
  
Maya raised her upper body and looked at me, smiling mischievously.  
  
"Of course not, baby brother. I was as cool as a cucumber the entire time."  
  
"Really? I was worried the entire time. How did it go?"  
  
"Pretty much as you would expect. Dad walked in on me, spread eagle, bound to the bed. He sounded like he had a small heart attack and refused to come in the room."  
  
"So how'd you get free?"  
  
"He called Mom for help."  
  
"Oh no."  
  
"Yeah. I laid there for another twenty minutes, waiting for Mom to get home with Dad standing around the corner, apologizing every ten seconds."  
  
"That sounds like Dad."  
  
"Anyway, Mom made much less of a fuss but she couldn't get the knots to open. She practically forced Dad to help her. They managed to untie me in the end."  
  
"Mom told me to be nice to you because you had a rough breakup."  
  
"Yeah, I had to tell them something, didn't I? Dad was threatening to call the cops and have them arrest whoever did this, so I told them I had been dating this asshole and this was his way of dumping me and I just wanted to get over it."  
  
"That guy sounds like a big jerk."  
  
"Yeah, a stupid, dumb, idiot, cute jerk," she said.  
  
With that, she began moving again, slowly grinding on my cock. I grabbed her butt and squeezed it. My fingertips bumped into something hard. I felt around and noticed the buttplug for the first time.

"You're still wearing that?" I asked.  
  
"Uh-huh. Haven't taken it out, actually. I am unflappable, remember."  
  
"Are you daddy's girl?" I teased her.  
  
"Fuck no," Maya laughed. "Dad can't even look me in the eyes anymore. He'll never forget that his sweet princess is nothing but a stupid, cheating whore."  
  
"I know you're not," I said.  
  
"You know I'm much worse."  
  
We didn't say anything for a while, just rocked to each other's rhythm. It was the first time we really made slow, passionate love. First the kiss and now this. I was enjoying it more and more.  
  
Gliding my hands from her ass up her waist, I pulled up her top and exposed her breasts. I sat up so I could wrap my lips around her nipple. She let out a sigh, grinding quicker. I kissed her other nipples. I kissed my way up her chest and throat, looking for her mouth.  
  
I never made it. One peck on her chin and she grabbed my throat, pushing me back down on the bed.  
  
"No," Maya said.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"Because we're both fucked in the head, don't you get that? We're freaks. We're disgusting. We're WRONG," she hissed, slightly squeezing my throat.  
  
"I don't think you're disgusting."  
  
"That's because you're an idiot. There's no future for us. No happiness. The sooner we get this out of our system, the better it is for both of us."  
  
"Is that why you want me to humiliate you and treat you like a whore?"  
  
"Yes! Treat me like shit so I can finally hate you."  
  
"Is it working?" I asked.  
  
"No," Maya said and let go of my throat. "I only want you more."  
  
"I really like you, too."  
  
"Maybe you can punch me. Really hard. In the face."  
  
"I'm not gonna punch you."  
  
"You should," she said, sullenly.  
  
Our conversation died down again and Maya focused on my cock again. She was damn good on top and I was at her mercy. I only barely held out long enough for her to cum before I had to climax myself.  
  
"Finally," she groaned and slid off of me.  
  
"Sorry, I could have finished earlier if you wanted."  
  
"Not you. I can finally take this damn plug out of my ass."  
  
Swinging her legs out of bed, Maya scooped up the discarded pajamas with her toes and began to dress. I wanted to ask her to stay, to not leave like that. I wanted to hold her and kiss her.  
  
Was I being stupid? We were brother and sister, she was right about that. What we were doing was wrong. I watched Maya leave and close the door behind her.  
  
My mind was racing and I wasn't looking forward to staying up half the night wondering what our future held. I definitely wasn't going to punch her, no matter how many times she asked. I turned off the bedside lamp.  
  
Suddenly the door opened again and a slim figure squeezed through the gap. Soft steps on the carpet. Maya raised the covers and slipped in. She pulled up the blanket again, covering both of us, and snuggled up next to me. Her breath tickled my shoulder and her fingers idly whisked over my stomach.  
  
"Can I sleep in here tonight?" she asked.