**Brotherly Love**

by[Cal Y. Pygia](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=356062&page=submissions)©

When my just-turned-eighteen-year-old sister June asked me to pose as her boyfriend so she could join a nudist camp, I was only too happy to oblige. I'm just two years older than June, and we've always been close. Quite frankly, I've long wanted to see what she's concealed inside her tight-fitting blouses and hip-hugging skirts and jeans. Growing up, I'd kept an eye out for any glimpse of her flesh I could catch, but she'd been careful. Except for her legs, belly, cleavage, and the undersides of her buttocks, which had revealed themselves whenever she wore a bikini, I never did catch sight of my sister's charms. I'd kept hoping she'd buy a thong, but she never did. June had always been a modest young lady.

Palm Valley Nudist Camp is located southwest of Las Vegas, in the desert hills. There's not much around other than sunshine. After passing a biker bar and winding through a small town of mostly pre-fab houses and trailers, the road ascends through rising terrain until it enters the steep canyon on the far side of which, nestled among some palms, the campsite rises out of the sands. There's no guard at a gate. There are no signs. There's just the road, angling between two sheer walls of rock. Looking up, all I could see were the sides if the cliffs and, between them, a band of azure, cloudless sky.

"We're almost there," June announced.

I wondered how a modest young lady like my sister had come to know of a place like Palm Valley Nudist Camp. Maybe she wasn't as modest as I thought, I mused. How well do we know anyone, including ourselves? I know I'd surprised myself a few times, doing something I thought I'd never do. If a person didn't know himself completely, he didn't fully know anyone else, including his sister, either. Maybe there was a wild side to June I'd never seen.

I'd never breathed a word to anyone else, especially June, but I'd had fantasies on occasion about what it would be like to kiss my sister. Not in a chaste, brotherly kind of way. Not a peck on the cheek or forehead. I dreamed of kissing her full, soft lips and sliding my tongue into her warm, liquid mouth. During my fantasies, I also clutched her full, soft breasts in my hands, squeezing their full, firm roundness in my hands. I'd also cup her buttocks, squeezing them. In my dreams, she responded, kissing me back, and she'd moan and whisper, "You're making me wet." I seldom went further, but, once or twice, she'd slipped her jeans down over her hips, along her perfect thighs, over her dimpled knees, and past he shapely calves, stepping out of them to reveal her lovely, round ass and her trim blonde bush. "Fuck me," she'd whisper. Sometimes, I'd masturbate with these thoughts--these visions--in mind, but I always felt horribly guilty afterward. After all, June was my younger sister. To make love to her might be wonderful and exciting, but it would also be incest.

The road curved as it continued to follow the terrain steeper and steeper into the hills. The cliff on the left had steadily declined until it dropped away completely, and a panoramic view of the desert below opened to our view. From this height, we could see past the small town of trailers and pre-fabs, past the biker bar, across the desert floor, and all the way to Sin City, where, against the sky, the MGM Grand, the Bellagio, the Luxor, the Paris, and the other well-known casinos along the Strip seemed to be on a perpetual parade.

At the top of the rise, the road turned sharply to the right. Another long, steep incline followed, and then we saw adobe buildings amid a park-like setting of pines and palms. Now, there was a sign, the size of a small billboard: "Palm Valley Nudist Camp," it read, with "Clothing Optional" in smaller letters.

June pulled the car to the side of the road. She gave me a warm smile. "Thanks for coming with me, Mark."

I returned her smile with a grin of my own. "Hey, what are brothers for?"

"Thanks for not asking questions, too."

"I have to admit, I am curious. I mean, you've always been so modest. I never figured you'd want to join a nudist camp."

She blushed. "I'm not all that modest, Mark."

"You could have fooled me." I paused, wondering if I should tell her about the many times I'd fantasized about seeing her nude--and about making love to her. I decided that, considering that we were a "husband" and "wife" who were about to join a nudist camp, it was all right to divulge the part about having wanted to see her naked. However, I thought it wise to keep my fantasies about making love to her to myself. Even if she wasn't as modest as I'd believed, I doubted she'd want to hear about how I'd dreamed of fucking her, especially since she was my sister. "I've often wondered what you look like--you know, naked." I swallowed, feeling stupid. It had been a mistake, I thought, to tell her about my desires to see her nude.

She blushed again, but she didn't seem angry. "You have?"

I nodded, feeling like I was the younger sibling instead of the older brother. "Lots of times," I confessed. "For years, ever since I was fourteen, I've wanted to see your breasts or your buttocks or your vagina."

She chuckled. "That's the way you think of my private parts? As breasts, buttocks, and vagina?"

"Well, no," I admitted, "not really."

She gazed directly into my eyes. Inside, I squirmed, half with unease and half with desire. June has the loveliest hazel eyes. Depending on the light, they can be any color from gold to blue. "How do you think of them?" she pressed.

I licked my lips. "Uh, maybe I shouldn't say."

She continued to look into my eyes. "Say."

I shrugged. "Tits, ass, and cunt."

She laughed again, sounding delighted. I think she was flattered. I think she also enjoyed my apparent discomfort, my embarrassment, and even my guilt. "You've wanted to see me naked since I was twelve years old?"

"I guess you think I'm a real pervert, huh?"

She laughed. "If you are, so am I," she replied. "I've wanted you to see me naked since I was ten--and I've wanted to see you naked even longer than that."

My eyes widened. "Why didn't you ever say--"

"I wasn't sure you felt the same way. I didn't want you to think your sister's some kind of a freak."

"We're both freaks, I guess."

"We're not the only freaks," June said. "Daddy used to read nudist magazines--well, I guess 'read' is the wrong word in this case."

"How do you know?"

"I used to help Mom clean the house, remember? Daddy kept them in his dresser--in his underwear drawer. These magazines weren't full of pictures of naked women only. There were photos of men and kids, too--teenagers and younger children. They were nudist families."

I nodded. "I know. I 'read' several of Dad's magazines, too."

June smiled. "It seems we've both been keeping secrets, brother dearest."

I smiled, too. "It seems so."

"That's what turned me on about seeing you naked, Mark. I saw those young boys in those magazines, with their sisters and their parents, all naked, and I wondered what my brother looked like without his clothes on."

"I wondered the same about you."

"Is our interest in each other environmental or genetic?" June quipped.

My smile broadened into a grin. "Does it matter?"

She squeezed my hand across the console separating our seats. "No," she agreed, "it doesn't."

I thought about telling her of my other fantasies, the ones about fucking her. No. She hadn't indicated that she'd ever thought of me that way. She'd admitted only to having wanted to see me naked. We were both about to get our wishes when it came to that. I'd better leave well enough alone and be glad I was going to get to see June's tits, ass, and cunt after all these years. Thankfully, although I'd waited nine long years to see my sister naked, she was, at eighteen, in the prime of her womanhood, and she was more gorgeous than ever. It would be fantastic to see her nude.

Just before she drove back onto the road and entered the Palm Valley Nudist Camp, she gave my hand another squeeze and said, "Don't forget. We're not brother and sister; we're married."

I couldn't help myself. "I don't remember a honeymoon," I quipped.

Within minutes of our arrival at the camp, June and I were naked.

I guess both June and I knew, in general, what to expect as members of a nudist camp, because we'd seen plenty of pictures of them in Dad's 1950's and 1960's black-and-white magazine photos. Often against a backdrop of mountains or meadows, nude men, women, and children ate picnics together; swam together; played badminton, volleyball, croquet, or tennis together; hiked nature trails together; went boating or canoeing together; fished together; attended birthday or other parties together; or did other, mostly outdoor, activities together. There seemed to be a lot of togetherness among nudists. It was intriguing to see a naked father and mother with their naked daughters and sons, going about their business as if being naked were the most natural thing in the world. Maybe it is at that, but, because of socialization, it seems unnatural, even immoral. It also seemed to be the epitome of freedom. Not wearing clothes in public, indoors or out--well, it was hard to imagine what could be freer.

Knowing something of what nudism is like--or was like (Dad's magazines are more than forty or fifty years old, after all)--helped, but, I have to be honest, being completely naked in front of strangers of both genders and all ages (as well as my sister!) was both disquieting and titillating. The feel of the sun and the breeze everywhere on my bare flesh--in places I've never before felt either the sun or the wind--was exhilarating. Being seen without a stitch on by men, women, boys, and girls who were also naked was also exciting. Most thrilling of all was being naked in front of my sister and, of course, seeing June naked in front of me. I was afraid I might get an erection, but I needn't have been worried. Although I was excited by June's nudity, my own, and that of complete strangers, I was also too embarrassed to get a hard-on. My penis remained flaccid.

Most of my attention was on June. I'd longed to see her undressed. For years, I'd tried to imagine the sight I was now beholding, tried to picture the size and shape and slope of her creamy white breasts, tried to envision the concave scoop of her tummy, tried to visualize her pubes--the color, whether they were straight or curly or wavy--tried to imagine the contours and color of her round bottom. I'd even tried to picture her labia. How long were they, and how thick? Were they cushioned with baby fat or were they lean? Was the inside of my sister's pussy as dark pink and juicy as the cunts of the girls I'd sampled in my youth? Now, with her actually naked before me, I had the answers to all these questions; I had no need to imagine; her body was revealed to me, in all its majesty and loveliness. My sister was gorgeous. She was much more beautiful than I had ever imagined. She surpassed the beauty of even the loveliest teens I'd seen in the pages of Dad's nudie mags and the teens I'd made out with in my high school days.

June caught me staring. "Mark," June hissed, "we're married, remember? As my 'husband,' you'd have seen me this way before, lots of times."

"Sorry," I said, averting my eyes. Whispering, I said, "You're gorgeous, sis!"

She smiled, whispering back, "You're not too hard on the eyes yourself."

After June's reminder that we were supposedly a married couple who, as such, would have seen each other naked hundreds of times before now, I managed not to ogle her. However, I couldn't take my eyes off her entirely. I continually peeked at her from the corners of my eyes, pausing, occasionally, to glance at her breasts, her pubes, or her ass.

I look her hand in mine.

She gave my hand a friendly squeeze, and I squeezed back.

It was nice being 'married' to my sister, I decided.

Within an hour, nudity--ours and everyone else's--became routine. Seeing so much bare flesh took the novelty and the shock away. We began to take nudity for granted. Of course, I still glanced at women's and girls' tits and asses and pubes, and, yes, I checked out men's and boys' cocks, balls, and asses. June, I noticed, did the same, although in reverse, giving the men and boys more than a cursory look and merely peeking the bodies of the women and girls.

Most of the time, though, I stole furtive looks at my sister's beautiful nakedness. It alone continued to enthrall and seduce me. Memories of my fantasies popped into my mind like snapshots--my mouth on hers, my hand on her breast, my hand caressing her hip, my hand cupping her buttock, my finger trailing the cleft between her labia, my cock penetrating her cunt or ass. I had to dismiss these stray, random memories, because they were making my prick stiffen and swell, and I didn't want to walk around a nudist camp with an erection pointed at my navel.

June stole sidelong glances of my genitals and ass, too, from time to time, usually indicating her admiration of my assets with a brief smile. I wondered if she felt moist between her thighs. I wondered if she'd ever harbored forbidden thoughts similar to mine. Had June wanted her brother as a lover, the way that I'd wanted her, my sister, as a bedmate?

During the mornings, the camp was open to its guests, and we could go wherever we pleased and do whatever we liked. June and I decided simply to wander the campsite, meeting our fellow nudists, getting to know the lay of the land, and acquainting ourselves with the various activities that were available to members. In the process, June introduced me as her husband. Each time, I felt a stir in my prick or a prickling in my balls. I had to think of algebra or chemistry or physics to prevent my cock from stiffening. I found a lot of unknown numbers, worked a lot of chemical formulae, and solved a lot of physical problems that morning, managing, despite the almost continuous stimulation of being naked, of seeing my sister and others of both genders and all ages nude, and of posing as June's husband, to remain flaccid. For the first time in my life, I was thankful for math and science. Getting hard in front of strangers or, especially, my sister, would have been mortifying--for both June and me.

In our travels throughout the campsite, we saw men and women tossing Frisbees; boys and girls running after one another, playing tag, as they shrieked with joy; children swimming; teenage girls sunbathing; adolescent boys flying kites; families strolling nature trails or picnicking by the lake; and other couples, young and old and, presumably, married, chatting beside the pool as youths dove and swam, breasts bouncing and cocks and balls jiggling and swaying before them.

June and I held hands all morning, which made me feel even more erotically charged toward her. "Well?" I asked after we'd reconnoitered the campsite, "what do you think of Palm Valley Nudist Camp?"

"It's everything I expected," she replied. "It's everything I wanted." She looked at me. "What about you, Mark? What do you think of it?"

"It's like the Garden of Eden," I replied.

June smiled.

"I'm still wondering what made you want to be a nudist, though," I prompted.

"Let's take a dip."

She wasn't taking the not-so-subtle hint. Oh, well, I told myself, who cared? My beautiful sister was naked; I'd seen her the way I'd only been able, before now, to imagine her, and she exceeded my imagination's poor powers to depict her. I was glad simply to bask in her naked glory. Why she wanted to walk around in front of me and strangers without any clothes was unimportant.

"Okay, let's," I agreed.

We ambled among the palms, the beds of bright flowers, and the rock gardens, past the tennis courts, and through the male and female bathhouses, to the campsite's huge swimming pool. It was late morning, but the pool was heavily populated only in the shallow end, where naked kids screamed and hollered, dunking one another, tossing Frisbees, or playing tag. The deep end was unoccupied except for an occasional diver who, having taken the plunge from the low or the high diving board, swam to the pool's edge and climbed the three-rung ladder to the deck, as unconcerned at displaying his or her nudity as June and I had become in exhibiting ours.

June climbed the short ladder to the low board, which jutted out over the surface of the pool at a height of six feet. I watched her, of course, delighting in her loveliness. Her breasts were full, high, and round, and her nipples were erect in the centers of their puffy areolas. Unfortunately, it wasn't I who'd stiffened and swelled her nipples, but the breeze that fanned us and the cool shade cast by intermittent trees, walls, and other such objects. June's stomach wasn't merely firm and tight; it was slightly concave. Her hips were boyish, but nicely rounded, and her buttocks were sleek, firm, and curved to perfection. Her legs were smooth, shapely, and long. A trim blonde bush decorated her pubic area, hiding the cleft of her sex. Her flesh was creamy, but a day in the sun would impart a nice tan to her tight, supple skin. I looked away, knowing that I would get hard if I continued to admire my sister's body. She was more beautiful than all but the most gorgeous of her sex, and she was the equal of any, including actresses and models who earned millions of dollars a year for maintaining their fabulous, sexy shapes.

She took a few light steps forward before sprinting to the end of the board. She leaped, came down hard on the very end, and was catapulted into the air, a naked, wingless angel against the azure sky. Her legs together, she bent forward at the hips, with her arms down, palms together, forming of her hands a wedge with which to split the surface of the water. Her ass was a cleft moon, beautiful and perfect. Then, her legs extended; a moment later, she cleaved the water, creating a graceful splash, and was lost to sight beneath the surface except as a blurred outline streaking downward.

A moment later, she surfaced, her hair wet and water streaming down her lovely face. She blinked, grinned at me, and said, "Come on in, honey; the water's fine."

Honey! Coming from her, how delicious that word sounded! Even though I knew that my pretending to be her husband was just that--a pretense--being called "honey" by my sister was wonderful! "I'll be right there, sweetheart," I called back.

I decided that, to impress June, I'd forego the low for the high board. Buttocks tightening and relaxing, balls jiggling, and penis swaying, I climbed the ladder and strutted onto the board, which overhung the surface of the water at a height of eighteen feet. I gulped. I hadn't realized that the board was this high. Well, I told myself, I couldn't turn back now. What would my sister think of her brother if he turned tail and clamored down the ladder after he'd strutted so arrogantly onto the board? She'd think him a pussy. I wasn't about to let that happen, even if I killed myself in the dive from the high board. I took deep breaths, studied the length of the board, and estimated when and where I should bounce my weight to get the best height I could out of the board.

As I stood there, another feeling came over me. I felt self-conscious again. After having gotten used to being nude in front of strangers (and my sister), I felt as if I were on display. All eyes--in my imagination, at least--were on me, ogling my bare backside, my exposed chest, and, most of all, my uncovered cock and balls. Then, I smiled, thinking that June, too, was seeing me naked against the sky, my broad shoulders, deep chest, six-pack abs, thick thighs, bulging calves, and manly genitals on full view. It didn't matter about the others, I thought. All that counted was what my sister saw of me, which was just what I'd seen of her--everything.

June had performed a good dive. I could obtain the same effect by imitating her, I decided. Mentally marking the spot at the end of the board at which, on the board below, my sister had sprung into the air, I sprinted forward, measuring my stride, and bounced as hard as I could at the end of the board, on the same spot I'd marked in my mind. The board dipped steeply and sprang back, launching me heavenward. Air rushed past my face, my chest and belly, my legs and feet. I stretched my arms before me, bent at the waist, and extended my legs behind me, a human rocket plummeting toward the water, which seemed miles instead of feet below me.

In a moment, I heard a great splash; water sprayed all around me, and I was met with a cool, liquid rush as I plunged into the pool. I turned my body, directing my feet toward the bottom of the pool. The moment they touched, I pushed off. A moment later, I'd burst the surface of the water and was sucking in a lungful of air. My sister had appeared beside me. She was smiling. "Great dive," she complimented me, surprising me with a kiss on the cheek.

The brush of her full, soft lips against my face was incredibly sexy, the eroticism of this simple act enhanced by our mutual nudity and the ruse that we were playing in pretending to be husband and wife. "Thanks," I managed to reply.

She stepped closer to me. Our arms touched. Should I step back? Give her some space? I reasoned that she could just as easily step back as I could. I decided to stand my ground.

"You never saw me naked when we were kids?"

At just eighteen, my little sister was still a kid, I mused, but I simply shook my head. "No."

"I saw you once," she confided.

I arched an eyebrow. "You did?"

She spluttered a laugh. "Don't look so outraged. It was years ago. You were sixteen."

"Tell me about it."

"Nope."

I frowned. "Then why'd you bring it up?"

"So you'd know," she said with an impish grin.

"That's not fair."

"I know."

She continued to grin at my irritated expression. "All right," she relented. "I'll give you a hint. You were at the beach."

When the hell would my sister have seen me naked on the beach? I wondered. Maybe she hadn't. Maybe she was just making this whole thing up. "You never saw me naked at the beach," I replied, "or anywhere else, for that matter."

Her smile remained in place. In the shimmering sunlight, as it reflected from the blue-bottomed pool, her eyes were sapphire. They were gorgeous and full of mischief. "Think what you want."

A picture popped into my mind--me, naked, at the beach--well, actually, the shore of Lake Meade--with Wanda Good, who was also naked. June had come to the lake with us that day. My parents had allowed me to visit the lake with Wanda, provided that I let June tag along. Clearly, I'd understood, even then, they'd wanted June to serve as a sort of chaperone. After all, what could a teenage boy do with his little sister hanging around?

"But I sent you to the snack stand to buy burgers and fries," I said, "to, uh, get you out of the way."

"I know," June acknowledged. "That's why I didn't go--well, not right away, at least--not until I saw you and Wild, Wicked Wanda--"

"Okay, okay," I surrendered. "I get the point."

June looked me in the eye, held me with her gaze. "You were handsome then," she said, "and virile. You're even more attractive and manly today."

I gulped. Although such a compliment was welcome, it also was a little weird hearing it from my little sister. She's not so little anymore, I thought. "Thanks," I managed to say. "Why didn't you tell me before now?"

"If you'd seen me naked, would you have told me?"

"Of course."

Now it was she who lifted a skeptical eyebrow at me. "Oh, really?"

I shrugged. "Okay, maybe I wouldn't have. So why did you tell me now?"

She looked at me enigmatically, the way that only women--one's sister or otherwise--can. "I want you to know," she said.

Before I could pursue this cryptic line, an elderly couple waded past us. I'd seen June speak to them earlier, while I was returning from her car, having retrieved the last of her luggage. Like most women, she'd packed enough for a month's stay despite the fact that we had reservations for only today.

The old man of the couple asked me, "What do you think of Palm Valley?"

"It's nice, really nice."

The old codger's wife, a blue-haired old lady with jowls and tits to her wrinkled belly, sniffed. "Just 'nice'?"

"Great," I replied, upgrading my evaluation.

"It is that," the old man agreed. He winked at me. "A wonderful place to spend your honeymoon, eh?"

"Honeymoon?" I blurted.

My surprise seemed to confuse him. He turned toward June. "Didn't you say that you and your husband are on your honeymoon?"

June rolled her eyes. With a glance in my direction, she answered, "Don't mind Mark. He thinks he's a comedian."

The matronly old lady regarded me as if I were pool scum. "How very droll," she said.

The elderly couple waded away.

I looked at June. "Why the hell did you tell them that?"

She smiled her Miss Innocence smile. "Don't you want a honeymoon with your bride?" she asked coyly.

I did. She had no idea how much I'd love a honeymoon with my "bride," even though June was my sister, not my wife. Instead, I rolled my eyes at her. "If anyone's a comic, it's you."

The afternoon was devoted to a picnic by the lake. The camp provided the food, the plates, the cups, the cutlery, and the cooks, and we provided the hungry stomachs. The idea was to provide a forum for us to get to know one another. The only one I wanted to get to know better was June. I'd always thought her a modest young lady. Apparently, I'd been wrong. At age fourteen, she'd seen me naked with her friend, Wanda, who was June's age at the time. Wanda and I had planned to make out for weeks. The trip to Lake Meade had been our chance to accomplish this common purpose. June was the fly in the ointment, so to speak, which is why I'd sent her to the snack shack for burgers and fries. By the time it would take her to get there and back, Wanda and I could have enjoyed some intimate moments together. I remember being surprised at how long it had taken June to get back to our site from her errand. Instead of half an hour, it had taken my sister twice that amount of time. Now, with her recent confession in mind, I understood why it had taken June so long--she hadn't left until Wanda and I had finished putting on our unwitting show for her.

All these years, June had kept her secret. I would have known immediately if she'd told Mom and Dad. In fact, my ass would have hurt for a week. My parents, as both June and I knew only too well, believed that, by sparing the rod--in our case, the belt--parents spoiled their children. Consequently, both Mom and Dad applied the rod, or belt, frequently and energetically to our bare backsides. Unfortunately, they only punished us in private. Dad had seen June's ass, and Mom had seen mine, but neither June nor I had ever been lucky enough to witness each other being spanked. When I heard the belt slapping her buttocks, though, I'd always get rock hard, imagining her ass cheeks reddening, maybe even bruising, under the repeated lashings, while my sister shrieked and sobbed. How often I had wished that I could have been the one to wield the belt!

As far as I knew, June hadn't told any of her friends about seeing Wanda and me naked together on the shore of Lake Meade, making out with each other. How could a fourteen-year-old girl not have told someone? Seeing her brother naked would have been a hard secret to keep for most teenage girls, but to have kept both that secret and to have kept secret her having seen Wanda naked with me while we--well, that was unbelievable. Yes, somehow, June had managed to tell no one. Until today, she hadn't even told me, and, as I mentioned, June and I have always been especially close. Again, I wondered why she'd brought it up now, after all these years. "I want you to know," she'd said cryptically when I'd asked her why she'd told me.

Her answer, although intriguing, made about as much sense as her telling the elderly couple she'd spoken to while I was retrieving the last of her luggage from her car that she and I were on our honeymoon or as her asking me to accompany her to a nudist camp posing as her "husband." If I didn't know better, I thought, I'd suspect that June had harbored the same incestuous thoughts about me as I'd entertained about her. Could it be that June, my little sister, despite her innocent demeanor and modest deportment (except for today, of course, when she'd begun to parade her nakedness for God and everybody else to see), actually wanted to fuck her brother as much as I had always wanted to fuck her? No, I told myself. That was impossible. Wasn't it? It was absurd. Right? It was just wishful thinking on my part, nothing more. Correct?

Although we were supposed to meet and mingle at the picnic, I stayed fast by my sister's side. Throughout the afternoon, I constantly stole glances at her naked body, prompting a few variations on the comment I first heard from a giggling teen, spoken, too loudly, into the ear of a confidante, "He really loves her! He can't take his eyes off her."

Truer words were never spoken, I thought with a sigh. Why couldn't June feel the same about me?

Maybe she does, I told myself.

Yeah, right.

She could.

Uh huh.

Couldn't she?

Quit dreaming.

The afternoon seemed to last forever. Finally, the picnic was over, and we left, this time to our cabins. This was what I'd been waiting for since our arrival. This was the first time today that I'd have June entirely to myself.

Maybe, I thought. . . .

Yeah, right.

On our way to our cabins, we held hands. I released hers to scratch an imaginary itch. When I finished this task, I didn't take June's hand in mine again. Instead, I placed it around her waist, midway down her hip. The heel of my hand rested against the curve of her right buttock. The palm and fingers curled around her flank. This was more intimate contact than simply holding hands had been.

June didn't object.

After all, we were "married."

Soon after we'd closed the door to our cabin, June asked, "Would you mind massaging me, Mark? It's been a long day, and I'm exhausted. Every joint and muscle is stiff and sore."

I was dumbfounded. My sister wanted me to massage her naked body? "Uh, sure, sis," I stammered, trying to sound nonchalant and failing miserably. "Be glad to."

June lay on her stomach, and I climbed onto the king-size bed we were sharing, straddling the backs of her thighs. My balls actually touched the flesh of her upper legs. Her flesh, slightly red with the sun, was silk-smooth. My cock stiffened, swelling. This time, I knew that it wouldn't matter how many algebra, chemistry, or physics problems I worked in my head. This was one erection that wasn't going to succumb to math or science.

I started with her shoulders, gripping them between my thumb and fingers and squeezing. I pressed the muscles with the heels of my hands. I kneaded the flesh.

June sighed. "That feels so good," she said. "You're a natural masseuse."

Gently, I pressed my fingers against the vertebrae in her neck, massaging the muscles on the sides of her throat. "Thanks."

"But more than my neck and shoulders need your healing touch."

I worked my way down the sides of her back, rolling the sides of my fists back and forth over the muscles and pressing my palms down firmly upon her lower back. I rubbed her spine with the ball of my thumb.

"Ah! That feels wonderful."

I straddled the backs of her thighs with my spread thumb and fingers, squeezing the muscles in my hands as I worked them up and down her upper legs. Her skin was unbelievably smooth.

"Do me, baby," June encouraged me.

I massaged her calf muscles. Then, I slapped her lightly on the right buttock. "Feel better?"

June didn't move. "Yes, but you're not done."

"I've massaged your neck, shoulders, back, and legs," I reminded her. "What's left."

"Duh. My ass."

My eyes widened. "You want me to massage your ass?"

"Of course."

I shrugged. If she wanted her buttocks rubbed, I was just the man to do it. I pressed my thumbs into the deep cleavage between the smooth, ivory mounds and dug my fingertips into the outer sides of her ass cheeks. My fingertips make deep indentations in the flesh as I pressed them firmly into the cushions of her buttocks. After working my way down her ass cheeks in this manner, I placed my thumbs at the bottoms of her buttocks, pressing them beneath the firm globes and stroked the upper portions of her butt cheeks with my fingertips, alternating between light caresses and a firmer, kneading pressure.

"Ah! You are good!" June said.

My hands described circles upon her buttocks, as if I were polishing the sleek, firm flesh. My cock stood straight up against my belly. It was a good thing that June was on her stomach, I thought. Otherwise, she'd see her brother with a raging hardon.

"If I'd known you were such a good masseuse, I'd have had you give me a rundown much sooner."

Again, I gave her ass a light slap. "Glad I could help you out," I said. I climbed off her.

Turning over, onto her back, June caught sight of my erection. She smiled. "You really are my big brother, aren't you?" she asked.

I blushed, embarrassed to be seen in such a state by my sister.

If she noticed my chagrin--which was likely--she gave no indication that she had done so. Instead, she just said. "You're only half done."

I frowned at her, trying not to stare at her firm breasts and her trim bush. "What do you mean?"

"I want a complete massage," she said.

"A complete massage?"

"I have a front side as well as a back side," you know.

"Oh." I leaned forward, taking the sides of her neck in my hands.

"Not like that," she protested.

"How should I do it, then?"

"The same way you did before. Straddle me. Sit on my thighs."

With an erection pointing toward my chest? I thought. She'd be able to see my hardon simply by peering past her boobs and cunt. My stiff prick would be on open display to her--my sister.

"Well? What are you waiting for?" June urged.

I shrugged. If she had no problem with me sitting on her thighs, with my cock standing along my belly, why should I? I climbed onto the bed, straddled her, and rested my ass upon her sleek thighs. The contact of my ass and balls against her sleek flesh stiffened my cock even more, and I felt an ache in the center of my testicles. A clear drop of Cowper's fluid, or pre-cum, had formed at the tip of my purple glans.

June looked past her bosom, past her stomach, past her trim bush, at my stiff-standing, swollen cock, and smiled. "That's better," she said approvingly.

I worked her neck muscles and her shoulders again. Then, I slid my butt down her legs and took her thighs in my hands.

"What are you doing?" June demanded.

"Massaging your legs."

"What about my breasts?"

"I can't massage them."

"Why not?"

"They're your tits. You're my sister."

"So?"

"I can't rub my sister's tits. It's wrong. It's incest."

She chuckled. "It's a massage, Mark."

"June, I can't."

"You can."

"You're my sister."

"You've already rubbed my bare ass."

"That's different."

"How?"

"I don't know. It just is."

"I want you to, Mark. Please."

I shook my head. "No. I can't. Don't ask me."

"I have asked you. We're not doing anything wrong. You're just giving me a massage, Mark."

Her breasts were tempting. I wanted to take them in my hands. I wanted to touch the silken mounds and thumb the erect nipples and the puffy, smooth areolas. But it was wrong. Wasn't it?

"Please, Mark."

Yes. It was. Wrong.

"Please."

Against my better judgment, I cupped my hands over my sister's breasts and squeezed them lightly. They felt wonderful in my hands--sleek, soft, warm, full, round, firm. I rolled my thumbs back and forth across their nipples.

Pinned beneath me, June squirmed, moaning. "Oh, God!" she gasped.

I noticed the moisture between her legs. My sister was aroused. Her arousal aroused me further, and I teased and manipulated and rubbed and kneaded and squeezed her lovely breasts in my hands and tickled them with my fingertips. My thumbs flicked her hard, swollen nipples.

"Ah! Don't stop!" June cried.

I didn't. June's cries intensified and quickened, as did her breath and her pulse. Her heart pounded, and her cunt was awash in its own juices. I coaxed my sister from one orgasm to another. By the time I'd finished massaging her breasts, June was beyond herself with ecstasy.

I slipped a thumb between her drenched labia, feeling the deep-pink, rose-petal soft tissues slide past my digit. I let my thumb slide into her to its limit. Stretching my forefinger, I used its tip to stroke and circle and flick her clitoris. If rubbing her ass and tits hadn't crossed the line from a massage to sexual play, caressing her pussy and her clitoris certainly did. I had passed a social boundary. I was committing incest with my sister.

Like her, I was loving it.

June had her eyes closed. Her head rolled back and forth upon her pillow. She seemed oblivious to everything but the pleasure rising inside her and to the presence of my thumb inside her cunt. "Oh!" June cried. "Fuck me, Mark!"

"I'm not fucking you," I told her. "That's my thumb, not my cock, in your cunt."

"I know that," she snapped. "Take out your thumb and shove in your cock!"

I blinked. "You're asking me to fuck you?"

"Duh."

Here was an even clearer boundary. If I fucked June, neither of us would ever be able to be simply brother and sister again. We'd be partners in incest. "Are you sure?" I demanded.

"Fuck me, damn it!"

She sounded pretty sure, I thought.

Fucking my own sister--this was a one-way ticket to hell if anything was, I thought. A guy just didn't have sex with his sister. Such an act was forbidden--by God, by society, and, for most people, at least, by their own consciences. It was wrong. Sinful. Criminal. Immoral.

Or was it? In some societies, brother-sister sex had not been only acceptable, but it had also been desirable. In ancient Egypt, for example, among the pharaohs, brothers commonly married their sisters, producing offspring by one another. Incest among adults was also commonplace among royal families in ancient Hawaii, among the pre-Columbian Mixtec tribe, and among the members of Europe's Habsburg family. Other forms of incest, in which cousins intermarried, was also commonplace. Many scholars believed that such unions were intended to keep wealth, and power in the family, so to speak. In some of the states of the United States and in other industrialized countries, marriage between first cousins is permitted. Mythology is likewise replete with examples of incest. For example, Zeus and Hera are both brother and sister as well as husband and wife, as were their parents, Cronus and Rhea. Frey and Freya, according to Norse mythology, also committed incest--or so the mischievous Loki claimed. The Scandinavian hero Sigmund and his sister Signy, after killing Signy's offspring, had a son together, whom they named Sinfötli. Incest also appears in the folklore concerning King Arthur.

Even the Bible contained several instances of incest, which it reports without censure. Lot's sister Micah married her uncle Nahor. Lot's two daughters had sex with their drunken father, giving birth, respectively, to Moab and Ben-Ammi. Abraham marries his half-sister Sarah. One of Abraham's sons, Isaac, married his second cousin Rebekah. Esau had several wives, among whom were two cousins, the sisters Mahalath and Basemath. Jacob married two cousins, Rachel and Leah, the daughters of his uncle Laban. Jacob's fourth son, Judah, impregnated his daughter-in-law Tamar, whom he mistook for a prostitute, producing twin sons Perez and Zerah. Amran married his father's sister Jochebed, by whom he fathered Aaron and Moses. (Apparently God approved of this act, because he allowed Amram to live to the ripe old age of 137.) God commanded Zelophehad's five daughters to marry within their extended family, so they married cousins born of their father's clan.

All of these facts flashed through my mind in but a few moments as I beheld the beauty of my sister's nakedness stretched out before me on the bed we would share this night. I hadn't realized the extent of my studies or of my knowledge of this forbidden act until these details concerning the history and religious aspects of family sex ran through my mind at this moment (of all moments). The realization that incest, even between siblings, had not been everywhere prohibited by all peoples at all times and had seemingly even been approved and enjoined by God on at least some occasions emboldened me, and I slipped my thick, hard cock through my sister's wet, slippery labia and into the velvet-soft, saturated tissues of her bright-pink cunt.

"Yes!" June prompted me at once. "Fuck me, darling brother! I want it fast and hard!"

I entered her to my balls, paused a moment, luxuriating in the warm, wet feel of her depths, and then withdrew the column of thick, hard flesh upon which I'd impaled her. When only the tip of my erection remained within the lips of her cunt, I drove my member forward again, plunging into her sopping depths, Again and again, with as great a force and speed as I could manage, I fucked my sister. Within minutes, I felt the telltale signs of orgasm, and, as ecstasy seized me, I jerked my cock free of June's pussy and spewed my thick, white semen over her belly, breasts, and face. So intense was my orgasm that I ejaculated several streamers of semen onto the pillow and headboard as well as upon my sister's lovely face and golden hair.

I remained within the embrace of her liquid sex until my penis wilted, becoming flaccid again. My labored breathing slowed. My racing pulse and fluttering heart decelerated. My muscles relaxed. Sperm oozed from my shriveled prick. As I regained my strength, conflicting emotions asserted themselves. I felt wonderfully satisfied and content. At the same time, though, on a deeper, perhaps primeval, level, I felt guilty and ashamed. I had fucked my own sister! I told myself. Despite my rationalizations of the act, I was haunted by the sense that I had committed a forbidden act. I had crossed a line. I had done that which was forbidden.

"That was wonderful," June said.

Apparently, my lovely sister, awash in my semen, did not share my sense of wrongdoing and guilt.

"Yes," I said lamely, "it was."

She turned onto her side, smiling at me. Her dainty, soft hand curled around my cum-smeared cock, tugging the loose skin up and down upon the wilted shaft. I felt a stirring in my loins as my penis began to swell and stiffen.

"But it wasn't enough," June said.

I gulped. "It wasn't?"

"Not by a long shot."

My prick continued to stiffen and swell as my sister toyed with it, masturbating me. Her fist pumped the tightening flesh back and forth, up and down, upon the risen shaft of my ballooning member. Her long-nailed fingertips stroked the taut flesh of my shrunken, risen scrotum. Her fingertips rotated my balls inside the snug sack of skin. My cock stood upright, stiff and swollen, against my belly.

Repositioning herself on the bed, my sister took my semen-smeared erection between her soft, full lips. She rocked her upper body back and forth and she bobbed her head up and down, up and down, up and down. The wide "O" of her lips pushed and pulled the flesh upon my rigid, upright prick. The semen on my cock frothed between her lips and bubbled at the corners of her mouth. Within minutes, although I'd just ejaculated, I felt the familiar signs of approaching orgasm. Previously, I had come inside my sister's cunt. (Thankfully, she was on birth control!) Now, I'd spurt my thick, warm, salty nectar into her mouth, over her tongue, onto the insides of her cheeks, and down her throat. In but a few more moments, June would taste her brother's seed.

She surprised--and annoyed--me by stopping.

"What's wrong?" I asked, trying not to sound demanding and trying to repress my consternation.

"Nothing."

"Then, why'd you stop?"

"I want you to finish in my ass."

"In your ass?"

"Yes."

My sister, whom I'd thought modest and innocent, had proved, and was proving again, that she was anything but reticent and chaste. Well, that was fine with me.

Once again, she repositioned herself on the bed, this time resting her weight upon her elbows and knees. Her ass was high in the air, and her legs were parted wide. Between her thighs, below the tiny, puckered dimple of her asshole, I could see the slit mound of my sister's cunt, aptly named in honor of the goddess Aphrodite, for the hillock of flesh in which her labia, like jewels, were set is known as the mons veneris, or, literally, the "mount of Venus." Tonight, it had been my mount. The sight of her soft, full labia and the glimpse of bright pink between these slightly parted lips made me want to slide my prick deep into her warm, wet pussy, but my sister wanted me to fuck her in the ass this time, so I would forego the pleasure in favor of pleasing her in the manner she'd requested.

Still, there was nothing wrong with dipping my prick into her cunt for a moment to lubricate my member.

As I did so, my sister protested. Her body stiffened. "Mark! That's not my ass."

"Relax, sweetie. I'm just lubing up."

After a few strokes inside her lovely cunt, I reluctantly withdrew. Holding my erection in my fist, I guided it between the silken cheeks of her full, round buttocks. The glans pressed against the ring of her anus. Overcoming the resistance of that tight, round muscle, I continued to drive my prick forward, through the firm sphincter and deep into her ass. I stopped only when my lower belly was hunched over her bottom and my pubes and balls shoved against her lower ass cheeks and perineum.

June gasped. "Your cock is so big!" she cried. "I feel like you're going to split me in half. I've never been so crammed full of cock, so stuffed with prick!"

"I'm sorry," I said, backing out a few inches.

"No! Don't! I love being filled with your cock! Fuck me, Mark. Fuck your sister, hard and fast in her ass. Be my husband as well as my brother."

Once again, I felt a twinge of guilt. My prick was plugging my sister's ass, and I was about to butt fuck her as I'd already fucked her cunt. I couldn't help feeling that such an act was wrong, perverted, and, despite the Bible's references to it as a sometimes-acceptable act, immoral. However, the sight alone of my cock impaling my sister's lovely bottom more than counterbalanced these misgivings. Lust had made moral matters seem irrelevant. I gave in to the sinful lusts of the flesh and began to fuck June in the ass, driving my manhood fast and hard through the wide-stretched circle of her anus and deep into her more accommodating rectum.

When my balls slammed into her perineum, I again pulled out, leaving only the purple, swollen glans of my cock inside her asshole, and plunged home again, ramming my thick, hard prick as far as possible into her bowels. Back and forth through her gaping anus, I pumped my prick with greater speed and force until I was fucking her with a passion that bordered upon violence. June, rocked beneath my every advance, gasped and moaned, squirming beneath me as her tits bounced and swayed, her belly heaved, and her legs flexed and straightened, her buttocks flattening and rebounding.

I fucked my sister as if she were a slut or a whore, and she loved it. However, the intensity with which I drove my prick back and forth through her anus, plunging it repeatedly into her impaled bottom precluded the longevity of the intercourse. Within mere minutes of my having introduced my cock into her ass, I was spurting my seed. As the semen erupted from my balls, I jerked my cock free, firing the warm, thick, white rounds of ejaculate over my sister's creamy, smooth buttocks and along her sculpted back.

Spent and exhausted, I collapsed atop her, my cock riding the semen-slick furrow between her cum-splattered buttocks, and lay still, my heart beating wildly between her shoulder blades, my breath coming and going in quick, short gasps, a film of sweat cementing our naked bodies together, so that we, brother and sister, had, as husband and wife, become as one flesh.

We slept as never before, exhausted by our lovemaking and the complete draining away of all tension, anxiety, and care in which our sexual activities had resulted. Within minutes, June was slumbering, my sperm drying into opaque streaks and dollops that became dry, brittle flakes. I watched her a while, lightly caressing the smooth, flawless skin of her buttocks and hip and thigh. Then, I slept a deep and dreamless sleep, uninterrupted by guilt, remorse, or shame. Such feelings had vanished, seemingly ejaculated along with my semen.

In the morning, as I kissed the incredibly beautiful woman beside me in bed, I had only gladness in my heart. "Thanks for the most wonderful night of my life."

She kissed me back. "You mean one of the most wonderful nights of your life. We're 'husband' and 'wife,' remember--or, more accurately, 'bride' and 'groom.'" She smiled at me as she added, "I've already booked the same cabin for next year."

I grinned.

"For our first anniversary."

I kissed her again. That was one date I would never forget, I thought. "You're one hell of a bride, sis."

"But we needn't wait a year," she observed.

"I'm glad to hear that," I said.

She kissed me again, her hand closing upon my penis. "Brotherly love is the greatest love a girl could ever have."