Dance

David was in the final stages of a law degree,

and was going through the ritual of job

applications. He had been short-listed for a

place with a prestigious law firm in Leeds and

was there for a long weekend of interviews and

tests. After three days of written and oral

exams and various more or less thinly disguised

psychological evaluations (such as how much

provocation it took to make him lose his

temper), he was feeling drained and ready for an

early night in the rather luxurious hotel in

which the six of them had been billeted.

However, their 'shepherd', Greg, who accompanied

them everywhere, had other ideas: first an

alcoholic meal and then an evening touring the

many city-centre bars. David would have liked to

drop out, but he suspected that this was yet

another test - to see if he was 'one of the

lads' (for all of them were men, four students

and the other two a little older).

So he tagged along, trying not to drink too

much, to avoid yawning, and to keep his end up

in the increasingly laddish conversation. He had

a 'reading week' starting the next day and was

planning to take a couple of days off to stay

with his older sister, Katy, who had recently

moved to Leeds and whom he hadn't seen for some

months. She had a job in a bar - more details

had not been divulged - and David wondered if he

might bump into her. But there seemed to be an

awful lot of bars in Leeds.

They ended up at a basement club called the Casa

Paradiso, with a rather seedy entrance

surmounted by neon tubes in the shape of a naked

woman. David's heart sank. He had nothing

against strip clubs - he enjoyed the sight of a

nude female body as much as any man - but he

preferred his girl in a comfortable bedroom, one

on one, with even a little romance added.

Inside, the rooms were dimly lit but richly

furnished. Fortunately the lads weren't expected

to pay the steep entrance fee nor the equally

steep cost of the first drink. Each was given

two paper coupons, and David realised belatedly

that this was a lap-dance club and that each

coupon bought you one dance from one of the

scantily clad girls who circulated among the

tables and cubicles.

The seven of them took possession of a

semicircular alcove and immediately were

approached by a couple of girls, one pale and

blonde, the other dark-skinned with long curly

black hair. David had to admit that both were

strikingly attractive - he had been expecting

some rather scraggy tarts. The girls, who

introduced themselves as Natasha and Ebony, made

small talk for a few minutes and then asked if

they might dance for anyone. Immediately four

coupons were flourished - David decided to wait

and see what one got for the money: whether it

was better to watch someone else being

humiliated.

The girls chose a partner each and carefully

tucked the coupon under the strap of a spike-

heeled shoe. They stood in front of their

'victim' and gently pressed his knees apart, and

commenced 'dancing' slowly and sensuously, their

bodies a few inches away from their men, but

never touching. David was surprised at how

erotic it was, even as a spectator - he felt

himself getting an immediate erection. The

others, having drunk more, were uninhibited in

their crude admiring comments.

The girls, presumably having heard it all a

thousand times before, just smiled and went on

gyrating their perfect bodies, gradually

removing the few flimsy clothes they wore until

both were naked apart from tiny G-strings. Ebony

waggled her firm high breasts in the face of her

partner, and he automatically reached up to

grasp them. But she pushed his hands away, not

unkindly, and whispered 'No touching'. David had

noticed signs to that effect placed

strategically. He wondered what was the point of

having a beautiful girl flaunting herself at

you, if you couldn't touch. It just gave you a

raging erection.

Now the girls turned so that their backs were to

the men, and eased the cords of their G-strings

down over their buttocks. When both were naked,

apart from their shoes, they turned back so that

everyone could see their shaven pubes and the

tops of their neat slits. A few more wriggles,

the track ended and they blew a kiss at their

partners and gathered up their clothes and

disappeared.

'Is that it?' asked one of the students. 'Don't

they give you a blow-job or anything?'

'Give 'em two tokens next time and see,'

suggested another.

'Things hot up later,' said Greg. 'Wait and

see.'

Another couple of girls, Fleur and Amber,

equally beautiful, arrived and were duly asked

to dance. David could see that he wasn't going

to get out of doing his bit, but he was

reassured by the pleasant manner and general air

of decorum of the girls - not nearly as raunchy

as he had feared. He suspected that some of them

might well be students like himself, trying to

pay off their massive loans.

After the dances, which were almost exact

replicas of the first two, the girls dressed and

stayed to chat. They said that business was slow

that evening; they preferred it when the club

was busy and lively. David asked Amber if she

enjoyed the work, and she told him quite

candidly that it was great - easy money, no

hassles, good security, and the club even paid

for a taxi home. She said she could earn three

hundred pounds on a good night. David mentally

compared it against his likely earnings in the

first year as a legal assistant.

When the girls left, Greg went off to order

another round of drinks. 'I'll see if Katya's

here,' he said. 'She's the best - a real

cracker.' He was obviously a regular at the club

- or wanted to appear so. He returned with a

tray of drinks.

'She's just come in. I've asked for her. You'll

see what I mean.'

Soon two girls appeared at their alcove. David

was listening to an involved and very obscene

joke and didn't see them at first. When he

caught sight of the taller one he almost dropped

his glass. She was tall and slim, with a mane of

blonde hair and a heart-stoppingly beautiful

face, accentuated by subtle make-up. Her perfect

body was highlighted by a semi-transparent silk

dress, slit to the waist. She smiled at him and

raised a finger coyly to her lips. It was his

sister, Katy - 'Katya'.

David had always thought that his older sister

(who was 24 to his 21) was pretty. He had

worshipped her ever since he had been out of

nappies, both for her beauty and for her

strength of character. She had fought all the

usual teenage battles with their parents - for

the right to stay out late, to sleep over at

friends, to have parties when the parents were

away, and later to sleep in the same room as her

boyfriend. And she was fiercely protective

towards her brother, once even beating up a boy

who was been bullying him. Certainly, they had

fought sometimes, but there was an abiding bond

between them, latterly loosened but not broken

by her and then his absence at college and her

moving away to live with a boyfriend - a

relationship which had failed in the end, which

was one reason she had moved up to Leeds.

And here she was, a lap dancer. Dressed like a

wet dream, radiating sex appeal. He couldn't

take his eyes off her. The others noticed, of

course. 'Go on, Dave, your turn. She's a

stunner! Phwoar, those legs just go up and up!'

and so on.

Katy stood in front of him. 'Yes, go on, Dave,'

she smiled. 'Why don't you let me dance for

you?'

David felt himself turning bright red. It would

look so strange if he refused - the others would

think he was gay or something. But he couldn't

tell them that she was his sister! That would be

mortifying, for her as well. He looked at her

breasts, right in front of his face, thinly

veiled in a skimpy bra. The thought crept into

his mind that he wouldn't mind seeing her naked

- not since they used to bathe together, up to

when she was about 7, had he seen his sister in

the nude.

He held out his coupon. 'OK then.'

She gave him a big smile, her eyes sparkling,

and tucked the coupon into her spike-heeled

sandal. She gently pushed his knees apart and

stood between his thighs, her smooth bare legs

almost touching his trousers. Her soft perfume

floated into his nostrils. 'Relax,' she

whispered. 'Just enjoy it.'

The rest of the club faded into obscurity as

David watched his sister dance. Her body moved

with sinuous grace, her hands stroking her

curves, making love to her skin, emphasising her

perfect shape. She emitted tiny gasps and moans

that only he could hear as her fingertips

touched her breasts, her hips and thighs. Her

body writhed and thrust, simulating the familiar

motions of sex.

David found that his hands were clenched tight.

His erection was throbbing with pent-up lust.

Fortunately he had surreptitiously straightened

out his cock earlier, so that it lay up against

his stomach, otherwise it would have been bent

agonisingly. As it was, it strained against his

fly, threatening to burst out over his belt.

Katy began to remove her dress, letting it

puddle softly around her feet. She wore a tiny

transparent bra and equally tiny G-string. Her

skin was utterly smooth, lightly tanned,

flawless, like satin. She rested her hands

against the wall behind him and gently shook her

breasts in his face, the hard protruding nipples

almost grazing his nose. Then she trailed her

fingers down across his cheek and neck, down his

chest and along the long bulge of his erection.

David almost came with the sudden touch. Katy

murmured her appreciation.

She turned and began to work the G-string down

over the perfect globes of her ass. The string

caught momentarily in her crack, then the tiny

scrap of silk was off and she stepped out of it.

She turned back, one hand coyly shielding her

pubes. Then she slowly raised her hands, finger

sliding over her flat stomach, and David saw his

sister's smooth naked mound and deep pussy slit.

He caught his breath at the perfection of the

vision.

Katy gyrated her hips, smoothing her thighs

sensuously, cupping her breasts and circling her

dark solid nipples with her fingertips. She put

one foot on the seat next to him and canted her

hips, giving him a clear view of her pussy with

its soft cushiony lips. Then she turned again,

feet slightly apart and slowly touched her toes.

Her beautiful ass and thighs opened up before

his gaze and he feasted on the sight of her neat

puckered anus and rounded labia, with a hint of

darker inner lips between. She rolled her hips,

making her pussy open up further, and leaned

back until her thighs were pushing against his

and her pussy was inches away from his aching

erection.

David's head was swimming. This was his sister,

for God's sake! But for the presence of the

others, he could not have stopped himself

ripping open his trousers and plunging his cock

into her soft inviting entrance. She was sex

incarnate, teasing him beyond endurance. He

almost grabbed her hips and pulled her onto him.

Fortunately Katy stood up and turned to face

him. The track was ending. She bent and brushed

each nipple across his lips, then kissed him

softly on the cheek. David started to breathe

again. His sister gathered her clothes. 'See you

later, maybe?' she said, and walked away.

The other girl had already gone. 'Wow, you got a

good deal there, mate!' said his neighbour.

'Twice as long as Simon.'

'She gave you the works, pal,' said Greg. 'Never

seen her go that far before. What an ass! I bet

you saw everything!'

'What did she mean, see you later? You think

she's up for it?' another student asked. 'Are

they tarts? I mean, can we get off with them?'

'I bet some of them are. They must get horny,

stripping off all the time. Bet they're gagging

for it by the end of the night. You should take

her up on it, Dave! She'd be the best shag

ever.'

David was sickened by their talk. This was his

sister they were talking about. He felt like

thumping them, defending her honour. But maybe

she was a tart - maybe she did go with

customers. If she got every man as ragingly hard

as he was ...

'Maybe I will,' he said with a fake smile.

Suddenly he felt exhausted. Test or not, all he

wanted to do was go to bed and let his

overwrought mind relax. He tried, and succeeded,

to steer the conversation away from Katya and

her charms and onto football. A couple more

girls came and danced for them, but they looked

amateurish and restrained after Katya. David

pleaded a headache and made his farewells, not

caring if he lost brownie points for pulling out

of the evening early. He walked back to the

hotel in the cool refreshing night air and

collapsed into bed.

But he couldn't sleep. Firstly his cock refused

to subside. His mind was filled with images of

his sister's perfect naked body moving

sensuously before him, the sight of her pussy

opening like a flower, of her hard aroused

nipples, the scent of her feminine musk. He

could not deny that he had desired her very very

much. She was infinitely sexier than any of the

few girls he had made love to in his life. And

she seemed to have relished turning him on ...

Secondly he was going to visit her tomorrow. He

had arranged to be at her flat at about 12,

because she had said she wasn't out of bed much

before that. And then he was going to stay with

her for a couple of days, live with her, see the

sights of the city together - she wasn't working

until Wednesday - and generally be together 24

hours a day. How could he survive, after what

had happened?

He did sleep eventually, and slept late, but not

as late as the others in his group, for he

didn't see anyone at breakfast or while he was

checking out. He thought about phoning Katy and

calling off the visit, but he desperately wanted

to see her and talk to her. What if she was a

prostitute? He felt an obligation to find out.

So, feeling very nervous but not at all hung-

over, he caught the bus out to her suburb and

rang the bell for Flat 4 in the modern block

where she lived. Her voice in the speaker was

distorted.

'Yes?'

'Hi. It's Dave.'

'Come on up. I'm just out of the shower.'

There was a buzz as the door lock released. He

got the lift and found the door of her flat, and

knocked.

'It's open,' her voice called, and he stepped

inside, carrying his overnight bag. Katy emerged

from a door, a white towel round her hair and

another one round her bust. Her long legs were

on view. She looked fresh and pretty - prettier

without make-up, David thought. His sister threw

her arms out and hugged him tightly, resting her

head on his shoulder. He could feel her breasts

pressing into his chest, and his cock stirred

alarmingly. He hugged her gingerly, resisting

the sudden urge to caress her back and ass.

'Hi! It's great to see you! How did your weekend

go? Here, dump your bag. I'll get the kettle

on.'

She gushed, obviously thrilled to see him. It

was as if last night had never happened.

'Oh, pretty exhausting. I'm really not sure how

I did. They throw so much at you, and you never

know whether you've given the right answer or

not. Frankly, I'm not sure I want to work for

such a high-powered firm.'

'Don't say that! Think of the money when you're

a hot-shot corporate lawyer. How was the hotel?'

'OK. Wasn't there much. We were at the offices

from half-eight until about seven, no let-up.'

She looked over her shoulder at him, while

pouring milk into the mugs. 'Then out on the

town, eh?'

'Yeah, that was compulsory. To check we could

take the pace.'

Katy put the mugs of coffee on the table and sat

down, tweaking the towel across her thighs.

'Sorry about last night. I couldn't resist it.

Thanks for not giving the game away.' She held

his eyes.

'Yeah, well.' David was embarrassed. She had

felt his erection - she knew that he had been

turned on by her. 'One of those things. How long

have you been working there?'

'I got the job within a week of moving here. Saw

an advert, thought, I could do that. Had an

audition, which went pretty badly, I thought,

but they obviously liked the look of me, told me

to come back when I'd learnt to dance properly

and I could have the job. So I got some videos

out and practised in the mirror, bought some

clothes and bingo, there I was.'

I'd have employed you on the spot, dancer or

not, David thought. 'And is it ... good money?

One of the girls said she earned three hundred a

night.'

'It's great. I work four nights a week - say

eight till about four or five a.m. - and I make

about twelve hundred a week. That's sixty grand

a year! The tokens cost ten quid, the club takes

two and we get eight quid a dance. And it keeps

me fit and I don't take work home!'

'What about ... extras? The chap from the firm

said that some of the girls ... go with

clients.'

She leaned forward and touched his knee, the

towel slipping alarmingly.

'In his dreams! None of the girls I know do. And

the club would sack us if they found out - the

council keep a very close eye on them. Anyway,

we make enough money without.'

'So you've never ...'

Katy grinned, showing perfect white teeth. 'Not

for money! Sometimes there's a guy who just does

it for me, really gets me hot ... but hey, you

know what I'm like.'

David remembered his sister's endless string of

boyfriends from about the age of sixteen, a new

one every week, pawing and fondling her,

sometimes dumping her in floods of tears, to the

constant sorrow of their parents. He would envy

their easy access to her body and to her

adoring, flirting gaze ...

'It's mostly jowly middle-aged businessmen, I

suppose.'

She nodded. 'Yeah, or blokes on a stag night,

all beer fumes and sweat. But I could get all

that if I was a nurse or something.'

'I guess it's a job. You seem to enjoy it.'

'I love it! I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, I

suppose - I never realised before. I like

dancing and I like turning blokes on. It gives

me a real thrill when a guy gets a big boner in

front of me - you'd be surprised how many

don't.'

David swallowed. 'Yes, I would be.'

She looked at him with a wry smile. 'Don't be

shy! That's always been your problem. I was

flattered! You're not bad-looking, you know -

handsome in certain lights. And pretty well-

endowed by the feel of it. Fancy a quick romp

before lunch?'

'Katy!' David was mortified, the more so because

he could not deny the intense attraction he felt

towards her. 'You're my sister!'

'So?' She stood up and came and sat on his knee.

He could feel the warmth of her naked thighs and

bottom against his legs. She put her bare arm

around his neck. 'I've always had the hots for

you, ever since you started shaving!'

'Katy, stop it.' He pushed her off, and she just

grinned at him.

'You wait, Davy boy. I don't give up that

easily, not when I want something.'

She disappeared into her bedroom and David wiped

his brow. His sister had just admitted that he

turned her on. She knew that he was turned on by

her. What had he got himself into?

Katy reappeared, dressed in tight jeans and an

equally tight sweater that hugged the curves of

her superb body. She showed him the spare

bedroom and the rest of the small flat, with

various flimsy items of clothing drying over the

bath. Then she got out some bread and salad

material and they made a simple lunch, talking

about their parents, their father's declining

health and what arrangements they could make to

help. Katy was behaving perfectly normally, and

David was reassured.

She suggested that they might go to the Royal

Armories - David was interested in military

history and his sister said that it was a good

day out. So they caught a bus and wandered round

the exhibitions and watched various

demonstrations of weaponry, joking and chatting.

Katy linked her arm through his, just as if they

were a couple. He kept glancing at her,

comparing her looks and company (favourably)

with all his previous girlfriends. Would people

think they were lovers? Well, no matter.

Following her up some stairs, he caught himself

thinking of the sight of her naked ass splayed

before him in the club.

Back at her flat, she started to prepare a meal.

David was gratified that her cooking skills were

on the same student level as his - pasta mush

with garlic bread from the freezer and pre-

packed parmesan cheese. He had bought a couple

of bottles of wine on the way home and they got

through the first one before the food was in the

oven. Katy said that she was going to get

changed and told him to keep an eye on the

bread, set the table and open the second bottle.

He did so, finding a couple of candles on the

mantelpiece and placing them in the centre of

the table. He turned off the main light, to

leave a soft glow from the candles and a lamp on

top of the TV. Yes, very romantic. All it needed

was some soft music and the scene was set for

seduction. My god, what was he thinking?

Katy reappeared. Her brother felt his mouth fall

open. She had freed her mane of blonde hair and

it cascaded over her bare shoulders. Her black

dress had merely a halter-neck which cupped her

breasts. The hem was cut on the diagonal, down

below the knee on one side and right up at the

top of her thigh at the other. Her flawless

tanned skin gleamed like gold in the

candlelight.

She twirled, showing him her naked back and the

sides of her full firm breasts. 'Like it?'

'God, you're beautiful, sis.'

'You're not so bad yourself, Davy boy.' She

kissed him on the cheek and her soft perfume

filled his nostrils. 'Mmm, that bread smells

done. Let's eat!'

They put the food on the table and refilled

their wine glasses. David was pleasantly mellow

already and felt perfectly happy. He remembered

other romantic candlelit dinners at which he had

tried - too hard, maybe - to tempt a girl into

his bed. Now he had the most beautiful girl in

the world sitting opposite him. Life didn't get

much better.

They clinked glasses. 'To us,' she said.

They ate, without much ceremony, demolishing the

wholesome food quickly, making rather a mess

with the crusty and very garlicky bread.

'I'll have to be careful who I kiss after this,'

David laughed, and then realised what he had

said. His sister looked at him and smiled,

unspoken thoughts plain on her face.

They stacked the plates in the dishwasher and

Katy produced a cheesecake from the fridge.

'Mmm, my favourite!'

'I know,' she said. 'I made it myself

specially!'

'Really?'

'Yes. Well, I bought it myself. Tesco's made it.

But it's the thought that counts.'

After the cheesecake they were pretty much

stuffed. Katy made some coffee with real beans

and told him to go and put a CD on and relax on

the settee. He was surprised by her eclectic

musical tastes. Forgoing the soul and jazz, he

chose a set of Bach cello suites, turning the

volume down low. He lay back against the arm of

the settee and closed his eyes, letting the

sound wash over him.

Katy carried the coffee mugs over and set them

on the floor. She leaned forward and gently

pushed his legs apart, then sat between them

with her back to him, leaning back against his

chest. He felt the heat of her bare skin through

his thin shirt. To his mild annoyance, he felt

the first stirrings of an erection.

'Mmm, this is nice,' she murmured, settling

herself against him. His erection grew until it

was pressing hard against the small of her back.

The top of her head was against his chin, and

the scent of her hair filled his senses. She

raised one knee, and the skirt fell away, its

hem barely covering the edge of her pubes.

David had never desired a girl more than he

desired Katy at that moment. He groaned

inwardly. She must have sensed what he was

feeling, for she grasped his hands and slid then

gently under the dress and cupped her breasts

with them, pressing them into her firm globes.

David tried, half-heartedly, to pull away, but

she wouldn't let him. He felt her nipples

growing hard and digging into his palms.

'Do I feel different?' she whispered.

'Different from what?' he croaked.

'Different from any other woman.'

'No. I mean, yes. You feel beautiful. But ...'

'But what? Aren't I sexy enough?'

'Oh god, Katy, you're too sexy. Much too sexy.'

She kneaded his hands, forcing him to squeeze

her breasts. The nipples hardened still further.

'Just pretend I'm any other woman. A very horny

one ...'

She lifted one hand away from her breast and

pushed it down across her stomach. David was

powerless to resist. She raised her other knee

and let it fall sideways, thereby pulling the

dress above her bare pubes. As he had suspected,

she had not been wearing knickers. She made him

cup her hot pussy with his hand, then guided his

fingers between her soft cushiony labia. She was

already moist and slick. She positioned his

fingertips on her clit and whispered, 'Make me

come, please.'

With one hand still holding a breast and the

other massaging her pubes, and his cock pressing

achingly along her spine, David masturbated his

sister. She withdrew her hands and put her arms

around his neck, relaxing into his body,

completely open to his caresses. Despite his

lingering doubts as to the morality of what he

was doing, he could not have stopped. All he

wanted in the world was to give Katy a beautiful

orgasm.

He could feel her body tensing as she neared the

peak. Her arms tightened round his neck, her

thighs splayed even more, her head twisted to

one side, and she gave voice to her ecstasy as

the climax burst inside her and washed through

her body. Her hips jerked and thrust back into

his crotch, and David felt a drop of pre-cum

leak out of his cock. Katy's orgasm lasted a

long time; she did not seem to get sensitive

like some of his other girlfriends, so he kept

stroking and rubbing her clit until her spasms

finally ebbed away and she lay quiet in his

arms, breathing deeply.

'Oh boy, you can do that all night every night,'

she murmured.

David didn't know what to say. The feel of his

sister, whom he had always worshipped and loved,

climaxing luxuriously in his arms, had raised

his arousal to fever pitch. He wanted her as he

had never wanted a girl in his life. But he

still hesitated; the taboo held him back.

Katy twisted round and knelt on the floor

between his legs, looking up at him with

sparkling eyes. She put her hands on his

erection, now poking up from under the waistband

of his trousers. She dabbed her finger on the

wet spot where he had leaked.

'Want me to return the favour?'

He nodded, unable to speak. She unbuttoned his

shirt, slowly, and smoothed her hands over his

chest, then unzipped his trousers and opened the

fly. His cock jutted out from the confines of

his brief underpants. Katy held it gently,

obviously aware of how close he was to coming.

She murmured her appreciation, and in spite of

everything David felt obscurely proud of his

sizeable organ. Then his sister opened her mouth

and gently slid her lips down his shaft.

The heat of her mouth and the suddenness of her

'attack' made his hips jerk, and he felt her

squeeze the base of his cock. The feeling of

impending eruption receded. She lifted her head,

applying suction to his cock.

'Relax,' she whispered, 'I'm good at this.'

She certainly was. David had not been fellated

often enough to forget any one of the occasions,

and his sister was the best he had experienced.

She could drive him up to unbearable heights of

pleasure while taking care not to let him tip

over the edge. She could take his cock deep into

her throat, so that her lips touched his pubic

hair, and then withdraw so that only her tongue

was circling his shiny purple cockhead, trailing

a string of pre-cum from his orifice. She could

suck so hard that he feared his balls would be

pulled right up his cock, and kiss so tenderly

it was like a feather's caress. She fellated him

until his scrotum was tight and swollen and his

cock felt like a rod of iron, and he hardly knew

where he was or who he was.

Then she stood up and put her hands on her hips.

'Want to fuck me now?' she said.

David ripped off his clothes, pulled forward by

his straining cock. He grabbed his sister by the

shoulders, fumbled with the zip at the base of

her spine and dragged the flimsy dress off her.

He bent her naked compliant body over the arm of

the settee and plunged his cock into her hot wet

welcoming vagina, sheathing himself in her to

the hilt on one mighty thrust. Katy chuckled as

she felt his engorged cock stretch her insides

and thump home against her cervix. She relished

hard sex - it was what her taut fit body was

made for. Her brother gripped her by the hips

and pumped into her with a fierce relentless

rhythm, almost sobbing with urgency, driven into

a frenzy of lust by her whimpers of bliss.

Despite his arousal, he managed to keep up the

thrusting, all the way in and out on each

stroke, until he felt Katy start to squeeze his

cock with her strong internal muscles and his

orgasm triggered. He crammed another half-inch

of cock into her vagina and with a blessed

feeling of release pumped spurt after spurt of

scalding semen deep into his sister's womb.

As his spurts died away, his knees felt wobbly.

Katy gave his softening cock a few squeezes as

he slipped out of her. She stayed there,

kneeling, her perfect ass jutting towards him,

her pussy lips red and wet and swollen.

'Better get a towel,' she said softly. 'Feels

like half a pint inside me.'

David staggered to the bathroom and fetched a

handtowel and held it to her pussy. Katy stood

up, gave him a grin, and wiped herself without a

trace of embarrassment. He noticed that his

sister had tears in the corners of her eyes.

'Did I hurt you?' he asked. 'Sorry, I was a bit

rough ...'

'No, you didn't hurt me, you dope. You made me

come! Doesn't happen very often, not like that.'

She kissed him softly on the cheek. 'Thanks.

Looks like we're made for each other.'

They sat down on the settee, Katy lying across

her brother's open thighs, hugging each other.

The feel of her hot naked skin against his was

unbearably lovely.

'I've been waiting for ages for this,' she

murmured, nuzzling into his neck. 'How about

you?'

David's emotions suddenly overcame him, and he

began to sob. His sister hugged him tightly,

kissing his forehead.

'What's the matter, Davy boy? It was beautiful.'

'Oh Katy,' he said when he could speak. 'I've

loved you all my life. I didn't realise it. I've

never loved anyone else. I never will.'

She stroked his head. 'I've loved you too. And

fancied you. You don't know how often I almost

crept into bed with you, when we were teenagers.

I knew from the start that we would do this

eventually. It was just a question of when.'

'You knew more than me. Of course I fancied you

like mad. You were the sexiest thing in the

world. But I never let myself think ...'

'Shhh.' Katy covered his mouth with her own, and

they kissed passionately, endlessly,

uninhibitedly, until their lips and tongues were

sore and their chins were covered in saliva.

David realised that his erection had returned in

full force and was pressing against his sister's

naked thigh.

She realised it too. Katy twisted round and

straddled him, her feet on the cushions on

either side of his hips. She lifted his heavy

cock and guided it between her soft, swollen

lips into her wet tunnel, and sat down so that

his length was buried inside her.

She bent her head. 'Look,' she whispered. 'Look

at us fucking. Your cock is fucking my cunt.

Isn't is lovely?'

He grasped his sister's hands and she leaned

back so that his cock rasped against the front

of her vagina. He was fascinated by the slick

shaft disappearing between those glorious deep

pink lips, her hard clitoris standing proud

where the labia joined. Her breasts pointed at

the ceiling, the nipples taut and dark.

Their initial urgency blunted, brother and

sister made love slowly and tenderly,

adventurously, exploring each other's bodies

without shame, in as many ways and positions as

they could imagine on the spur of the moment.

David spent time pleasuring his sister's pussy

with his mouth and tongue, relishing the taste

of her copious juices mingled with his own

semen. She took his cock into her mouth again

and again, likewise tasting their mixed fluids.

He licked her adorable anus, running his tongue

tip round the puckered skin, and she, without

any hesitation, did the same to him and sucked

his balls into her mouth. He penetrated her hot

vagina with renewed delight in each new

configuration, amazed at the strength of her

internal muscles as they caressed his cock along

its length. She told him to fuck her with his

fingers and stretch her, to enter her as far as

he could.

And finally, when they felt the rising tide

could no longer be delayed, Katy lubricated her

anus with her own juices and bent over the arm

of the settee and told her brother to take her

in the ass. David had never had a girl like that

before, and could not believe what she was

asking. His sister made it clear by grabbing his

slippery, rock-hard cock and pressing the head

against her anus. She thrust back quickly, and

to his surprise her sphincter opened up easily

and engulfed his cockhead.

It was tight, but not painfully so. Katy pushed

back more and David responded, and his whole

shaft slid into her hot rectum. It was so erotic

that he knew he wouldn't last long. His sister

reached back under her and grabbed his tight

balls, pulling him into her, then as he got the

message she laid a finger on her clit and

masturbated herself in time with his own

impending orgasm. He grabbed her waist and

thrust hard, slipping in and out of her slick

orifice, marvelling at the sight of his cock

disappearing between the perfect globes of her

buttocks.

With superb, but unplanned, timing, they

climaxed together, both shouting incoherently as

Katy's anus began to clench tightly, setting off

aching pulses in her brother's loins, spurting

his newly formed semen deep into her rectum. He

was quickly emptied, but continued to pump as

her orgasmic squeezing sucked the last drops out

of his balls.

Exhausted, they pulled apart and collapsed on

the floor, sweaty and panting. Katy felt the

semen start to leak out of her still open anus,

but couldn't be bothered to do anything about

it. Tiredly, her brother gathered her in his

arms.

'I love you, sis,' he whispered.

END