**Dating My Sister**

by[MountainDewMan](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4263425&page=submissions)©

It didn't start out intentional, hell it didn't even start out as sexual; but then it never does. I was in my senior year of high school and I needed a date for prom. No I'm not a nerd, or fat and ugly. While I get decent grades, I also play soccer and basketball; I guess that makes me your normal average guy; except for one thing; I'm not wild about girls. No I'm not gay; not that I have anything against guys who are; I am just not into girls...at least ones my own age.

I'm not into the drama and the giggling; I'm not into the hair and the shoes; and God help me I HATE the gossip; which basically takes ninety percent of the girls my age out of the picture. I like porn, let's be honest I jerk off practically every day. And while there are some really hot girls in my class, I've tried dating and with all the giggling and fawning sometimes it make me want to puke.

I hadn't even planned on going to prom; but the "this isn't an option Dawson" from my dad cut that idea off. He still thinks I'm gay and I can't convince him otherwise; which meant I had to find a date or he was going to flip out.

It was Saturday morning and I was in the driveway shooting hoops with Raylene my sister; when it hit me like a load of bricks. Oh my God, Raylene is a girl. Now, you have to understand my sister is a bit different; which is why we've always gotten along great. She got to college on a basketball scholarship and she ran track in high school. She's fit, trim; and will beat the shit out of a guy in a heartbeat.

"What's with the shit eating grin?" Raylene looked at me.

"You're a girl" I said dumbly.

"No shit Dawson, what gave you the first clue; the tits?" Raylene barked out a laugh.

"No, I mean you're a GIRL" I smiled.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa" Raylene held up her hands. "You can skip that idea" she gave a scowl.

First of all Raylene knew about my rounds with Dad over the prom, hell she had heard them enough around the house. Second, my sister is both very smart, and not bad looking.

At twenty Raylene has that natural look that honestly a lot of women would kill for. She stands five nine and weighs in at maybe a hundred and twenty pounds. She's got that lithe athletes body with toned legs and muscular arms; that taut belly and a natural tan from spending years outside. Add to it a not so bad set of 34C's she keeps bound up in sports bras; even for a sister she's kind of cute.

"Come on, I'll throw in fifty bucks" I said quickly.

"First...fifty isn't near enough to date my sicko brother" she snatched the basketball from my hands. "Second, we live in the same house; I can see dad's face when I march down the stairs as your fucking date" she snorted.

"What if I make it a hundred" I added back quickly. "And I actually have an idea about how to get around the house thing" I told her.

"Look Ray" I said quickly before she could open her mouth. "You know what this about...you've been there" I threw in my biggest shot.

Raylene did know; two years ago when she was a senior she had gone through the same thing with dad. I was about the only one who knew that her prom "date" was actually a member of her basketball team she had paid a hundred dollars to fake being her date. She had pulled the same thing I was suggesting.

"Bite it" she growled. "Look Dawson he won't buy it, he'll know it was me." She sighed.

"I figure you spend how many nights over at Mel's" I shot back.

Melanie was Raylene's long time friend; and I actually suspected she might be a lover for Ray; but it was none of my business. I just knew that at least once a month Raylene spent an overnight at her friends.

"Let me get this straight, you want me to go spend the night at Mel's; and be your prom date?" She stared at me.

"It could work" I insisted. "We go to the prom, word gets back to dad I actually had a girl for a date, and he gets off my back" I argued.

"While I admit I pulled it off" Raylene shook her head. "It won't work for you" she said.

"Why not, you said it worked for you" I was desperate.

"Because girls get asked out all the time by guys." She tossed me the ball. "Guys date first Dawson; they don't just show up with a random girl." She pointed out.

"Fuck" I tried to think of an answer.

While I generally disagreed with her; in a lot of ways she was right. Dad would want to know who the girl was, how I had found her. He might not buy I was actually dating if I just went to the prom and then didn't date again.

"How about..." I was thinking fast. "I take you out for pizza, then we go for a movie; and then prom." I suggested.

Raylene looked at me for a moment, and then slowly walked up closer. She stood almost nose to nose with me; so close I could smell her sweat.

"You do know you're asking your sister out on a date" she stared at me with fire in her eyes.

"No" I said calmly. "I'm asking my best friend out on a date" I said.

The fire in her eyes dimmed and she stared at me. "Dawson..." she said slowly, and then sighed.

"I'll need to talk to Mel, if I'm staying there she is in on this; got it" she said quietly.

"Understood" I said quickly as I realized she was agreeing. "Just tell her she gets a couple extra carpet classes" I said smartly.

A bit too smartly as Raylene's slender hand came straight up and wrapped around my throat. The fire flared in her eyes as she looked at me.

"You ever say that again, I'll rip your nuts off" she hissed. "Besides" she smirked as she let go of my throat. "She tastes fucking awesome."

I just shuddered at her remark as she dropped the ball on the driveway and headed for the house. Halfway across the lawn she turned at looked at me.

"We do this the right way Dawson" she told me. "You ask proper, I'll decide; and YOU pay got it."

I just nodded happily. Once again problem solved, I figured. As I picked up the discarded basketball I wanted to hop around the driveway with joy, I had solved my prom problem. What I didn't know was I was about to create an even bigger problem I had no idea how to get out of.

A week later, after checking my finances from my part-time job; I knocked softly on Raylene's bedroom door.

"Come in" I heard from the other side.

I stepped in and looked around. I was actually shocked when for the first time I saw her room with fresh eyes. There was teddy bear sitting on her properly made bed; the smell of perfume in the room; and just a hint of pink that showed a hidden female lived here.

"Hey" I asked softly.

"Yeah" Raylene looked up from her text book she was studying from.

"I was wondering..." shuffled my feet. "Uhhh, if you are free Saturday...maybe we could go grab a pizza at Delmonico's" I looked up at her.

Raylene sat on her bed and looked at me for a moment. "I'd like that" she said softly.

"Cool" I started to turn and leave. "How is say six?" I asked quickly.

"I can't at six" Raylene shook her head. For some strange reason I felt my heart sink at her words. "How about eight?" she said back.

God help me I actually felt a surge of happiness at her sudden agreement.

"Eight works great" I said quickly. "I'll pick you up then." I told her.

I can't explain why, but I was actually thrilled I was having a date; and having it with Raylene for some reason made it even better. It wasn't some girl I had to pretend with; she knew who I was. For once I could be myself. But, I thought I was thrilled, Dad was on cloud nine. He actually spent time going through date etiquette with me; and when he was done handed me a condom. I wanted to groan with frustration.

The day before our date, I actually went out and got a haircut. For some reason it was important to me to be presentable. I showered that evening, and carefully picked out a pair of jeans and a button shirt.

I pulled up in front of Mel's place at ten before eight. I was nervous as hell; I'd never been on a real date; and my hand shook as I rang the bell.

"Hey Dawson" Mel smiled when she opened the door. "Come on in." I stepped inside the doorway and waited.

"Raylene your date is here" Mel called out. "Remember this is my girl you're taking out" she turned and looked at me. "Hands to yourself big boy" she smiled.

"Uhhh, I promise" I said softly.

"Relax Dawson" she smiled. "You look pretty good dude"

I opened my mouth to thank her; when footsteps came from the hall, and then Raylene rounded the corner. I froze in my movement and could only stare at her. I mean I knew she was a female; shit she was my sister; but holy shit. Long dark hair flowed out around her shoulders, highlighting her face and those big brown eyes. She seemed to move with a fluid grace as she walked towards us. She was wearing an angora sweater that hugged her body; those 34C's jutting straight out at me. She had on a pair of form fitting jeans that hugged her hips and muscular thighs like a second skin.

"Jesus" I whispered.

"Pretty nice package eh" Melanie chuckled at my soft outburst.

"No shit" I whispered softly as I stared at Raylene.

"You can put your tongue back in" Raylene looked at me as she picked up her purse.

I shook myself, trying to regain control. I opened the front door and held it for her.

"Have her back by eleven" Mel called out as we walked down the driveway.

I own a fairly beat up ten year old Ford truck. Most people hate trucks; that night I found another reason to love mine. I held open the passenger door and helped Raylene climb into the passenger seat. The view of that tight ass encased in those jeans; sent a surge south of the belt line like I had never felt before.

Down boy, I screamed silently to myself as I rounded the truck and climbed in. The drive to Delmonico's was quiet; but when we started to both laugh at dad giving me the condom; things finally started to open up. I have to admit; for someone who didn't date; the next two and a half hours were some of the best I could ever recall.

For the first time I could open up to someone who actually cared; and she listened. I heard her talk about her school studies and basketball; listening to her frustrations and victories; and for once I was actually interested.

The next two and a half hours flew by as we ate pizza and drank beer together. The fact I was underage didn't seem to matter to Raylene; she ordered the beers and we shared a glass together. We sat in a dim far booth away from the crowds and just talked; it felt so natural.

When Raylene glanced at her watch, I knew it was time. With a heavy sigh I asked the waitress for the tab. I slipped cash for the bill and a tip inside the folder while Raylene sat and watched; a small smile on her face.

"You know I've never had a guy buy me dinner" she said softly as we settled in for the drive back to Mel's.

"Then I consider myself very lucky" I said quietly.

"You mean that don't you" her voice came in the dark cab.

"Very much, it's been one of the best nights of my life" I answered honestly.

"I have to admit...mine too" I felt her slender fingers twine in mine as my hand rested on my thigh. "Thanks Dawson" she said in a soft voice.

"No, I should be thanking you" I gently squeezed her hand.

I pulled into Mel's driveway and got out, coming around to the passenger side. I opened the door and held out a hand. Instead Ray slid out and down into my arms; her back against the seat. We were hidden beside the truck with the open door blocking the house side.

"You know he's going to ask you if you kissed your date good night" she said in a quiet voice.

"I can't lie" I shook my head.

"You wouldn't be, if you did it" her voice came softly to my ears.

"Raylene..." I felt my throat tighten.

"Be a man Dawson" she murmured softly.

We were standing in that tight space, so close I could smell the strawberry in her shampoo; and yet with only a dim porch light casting a shadow; only her large brown eyes shone as she watched me.

Something inside me, maybe it was the smell of her hair or the touch of her hand. I moved without thinking and closed the final inches as my lips found hers in the dark.

"Mmmmmmmm" I felt the tremor of her lips as she moaned softly.

This was no sibling kiss; this was a dates' kiss. It was soft and yearning; with a hidden hunger in the background. By the time we pulled apart I could hear her labored breathing and I fought to catch my own breath.

"Sorry" I mumbled.

"Dawson, do me a favor" Raylene's voice filled the darkness. "Do that again" she said softly.

I didn't even think about it, I just responded. I pulled her into my arms, wrapped them around her. Her firm breasts pressed against my chest as my lips found hers a second time. This time, my tongue slid into her mouth; to duel with hers. I felt her hands slide up my back as she held tightly; her throat thrumming as she moaned into our kiss again.

By the time we separated again; we were both gasping for breath.

"This is dangerous" she whispered softly.

"It feels so right" I countered.

Without a word Raylene slipped around me and walked to the front door of the house. She stopped and looked back at me as she held the door knob.

"I hope you pick a good movie" she said back to me, and then disappeared into the house.

As I drove home, seven inches of steel hardness between my legs; Raylene stood inside Mel's house leaning against the front door.

"And...how did it go?" Mel asked.

"He was the perfect gentleman" Raylene said softly. "And I'm soaking wet" she looked up at her friend with fear in her eyes.

Dawson knew he only had a few more weeks before prom, so the time crunch made me him push a bit faster than he wanted. He informed his parents he had another date the following Saturday.

His father had given him the scowl when he said he had not bedded the 'girl' on their first date.

"Get with it boy" his father had scowled.

But when he told them it was a movie date, his father applauded.

"Perfect" he told Dawson. "The old hand can land anywhere in the dark and who is to blame."

Dawson felt his stomach flip. After the ending of their first date; the kiss he and Raylene had shared was far beyond anything a brother and sister should. Could he really make a pass at her in the dark theater? How would she react?

Those thoughts never totally went away; even when he pulled into Mel's driveway the following Saturday. The last week he and Raylene had hardly seen each other; she was finishing her exams and he was trying to get every extra he could in at his job. He hadn't even heard her leave the house earlier in the day, and he had wanted to see how she would dress.

As he stood inside the entryway waiting, Mel just watched him. He could feel butterflies in his stomach, he shook himself inside; this is your sister for God's sake; he thought. He turned at the sound of steps and when Ray walked around the corner, he couldn't stop the surge of blood that filled his cock even if had wanted to.

Her hair was done up in softer curls and lay splayed out on her shoulders. This time she wore a touch of make-up and her lips were glistening a light pink. She wore a light blue button blouse and the first two buttons were undone, giving just the hint of cleavage from her breasts. The material was thin enough Dawson could just barely make out the hint of her bra through the fabric.

She was wearing a mid thigh leather skirt that hugged her hips and flowed with the curve of her ass like a black velvet second skin. Dawson trailed his eyes from her firm supple thighs down her tanned legs to the sky blue painted toe nails in open heels.

"Holy fucking God" he whispered softly.

Raylene turned and looked at him, hearing the soft murmur.

"You're beautiful" Dawson choked out.

"Thank you" Raylene gave a shy smile as she walked past him to the front door. As she passed by him her voice barely above a whisper, hit Dawson like a load of bricks. "And you're hard" she said calmly.

Helping her climb into the truck again, he couldn't tear his eyes from her. Raylene looked down at him with a glint in her eyes.

"Is it that bad" she asked.

"No, it's that good" Dawson admitted.

They rode in silence in the growing dark until Dawson could barely discern her tanned thighs next to him, but the image was burned into his brain from his continuous peeks when Raylene shifted in her seat or crossed her legs.

Picking the movie had been one of the easiest things Dawson had done. He and his sister had almost the same likes and dislikes; so picking the new Marvel show The Black Panther had been a no brainer. He pulled into the theatre parking lot and found a spot. As he turned off the engine, Raylene reached out and gripped his hand in the dim light of the parking lot.

"We've always been honest with each other" she said softly.

"Yes" Dawson said slowly, not sure where this was going.

"Are you hard...right now?" he heard her ask in a small voice.

"Yes" Dawson couldn't deny it, and she was right they had always been honest together.

"Why?" Raylene asked as she turned and looked at him.

"Don't ask" he choked out. "It's wrong."

"Is it because of me?" her voice sent a tremble through him.

"Yes" he could barely speak the word.

"It may be wrong, but it still feels good to hear" she gave his hand a gentle squeeze before she released him.

Dawson walked around the truck and opened the door. He extended his hand but this time Raylene turned to full face him, and as she prepared to slide out of the seat; her thighs parted. Dawson couldn't help himself, it was like a magnet pulling his eyes; and he glimpsed the color of purple lace between her firm thighs just as she started to slide towards him.

For the first hour of the movie Dawson was in pure hell. He barely saw much of the show as every time Raylene crossed her firm muscular thighs; his eyes were drawn to her legs. When he glanced up his heart rate nearly doubled. Didn't she only have two buttons open? He thought. Now three fasteners were free and the top half of her breasts were clearly in view in the flickering light of the screen.

He had hoped that the distraction of the movie would help his raging hard cock subside; instead it was the opposite. He lost track of how many times her fingers gripped his arm; and even once she reached out and gripped his thigh only inches below his groin. The constant contact and the sight of her exposed flesh; kept a steady flow of blood pumping into his engorged cock.

Finally, Dawson couldn't stand the tension and suspense. The words of his father rang in his ear; you could always blame it on the dark, he thought. He reached out and took a drink of his soda; replacing it in the holder, instead of resting his hand on the armrest, he let his hand drift to the side and let it come to rest on the smooth skin of Raylene's thigh.

For a brief second he felt her tense under his touch; and then she relaxed. He had expected her to yell at him; but her face stayed locked to the screen. He was more shocked when she made no attempt to stop him as his hand slowly drifted over her thigh.

Her skin was warm and soft under his fingers; and Dawson marveled at how smooth her legs were. He began to explore the length and width of all that bare skin; each inch sending more blood into his already painful hard cock. When his hand bumped the edge of her skirt, Raylene reached down and gripped his wrist.

Oh God she's going to yell at me, Dawson thought. Instead he was shocked by her soft words.

"What color are they?" Raylene asked in a soft whisper; her eyes never leaving the screen.

Dawson knew then she had seen him peeking when she got out of the truck. His immediate reaction was to deny; to claim ignorance. But it was the thought they had always been close that changed his mind.

"Purple...lace" he whispered back.

Dawson was further shocked when she slowly released his wrist, but did not move his hand away. Instead she lifted her hand and rested it on her arm rest at her side. When he didn't move his hand for a moment, in rabid fear, Raylene gently parted her thighs, inviting him in.

Sliding higher Dawson found the edge of her now drenched panties; amazed at how much moisture clung to her thighs and seeped through the cloth. God, she's a fucking swamp he realized. He slid his middle finger up the crease of her thin panties until her found the hard bud of her clit, pressing lightly on it.

"Unngggggghhhhhhhhhhhh" Raylene gave out a low guttural moan.

Dawson continued to tease and pleasure that hard bud, watching as Raylene shook and trembled from his touch. Her breasts rose and fell as her breathing became even more labored. Finally, she turned and looked at him, a fire glinting in her eyes.

"If you don't put it inside me right now; I swear to God I'll scream" her voice low and husky.

Dawson knew what they were doing was wrong. It was not only culturally illegal, it was morally wrong; and if his parents ever found out he would be disowned and out on his ear. It didn't matter at that moment, as he saw the sheer pleasure on Raylene's face. Extending his middle finger, he watched her face as he slid between her soaked lips and into her steaming depth.

Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the arms of her chair; her mouth opened in a silent moan and her eyes fluttered. Without moving his arm, Dawson gently pumped his fingers in and out, moving slowly to hide the sloshing her could barely hear between her thighs. Raylene turned and looked at him, surprise on her face as her body began to tremble. When she spoke he was shocked by her words.

"No man has ever...touched me...like this..." she gasped softly.

"Are you and Mel...?" He asked; worried he was invading.

"She's the only one who ever made me orgasm...until now" Raylene moaned.

Dawson could only watch as his sister convulsed beside him. He could feel warm juices flowing over his hand as she sat beside him and shook through her silent orgasm. People sat around them not more than ten feet away and Raylene all but vibrated as she bit her lip to keep from screaming out.

As the trembling slowly subsided she reached down and gripped his wrist, slowly pulling his finger free. She stared at the fluids that clung to his finger is amazement.

"God that was intense" she whispered with a smile.

Dawson wasn't sure what was going to happen; it's not every day you sit in a dark movie theater and finger your sister to a mind numbing orgasm. But Raylene quietly rearranged her clothing and seating; reached out and twined her fingers in his and they sat and watched the remainder of the movie.

Through the movie and the quiet drive back to Mel's place; one thought kept invading Dawson's mind. After they had pulled into the driveway he turned to his sister.

"Listen, if I invaded on you in anyway..." he started to say.

"You didn't" Raylene turned to face him.

"I mean...you mentioned you and Mel; and I didn't want to..." Dawson tried to explain.

"Look" Raylene reached out and rested one hand on his thigh. "Mel and I have explored, I'm not going to lie" she smiled. "But she is as much into guys as she is girls" Raylene chuckled.

"Oh; I thought maybe you two were...you know" Dawson looked over at her.

"Lover's?" she asked. "Look Dawson Mel's bi-sexual; and me...well I wasn't sure." She sighed.

"Wasn't sure about what?" Dawson asked.

"I thought maybe I might be gay" Dawson felt her other hand slide onto his lap as he stared into her eyes. "I'm not; I just never met a guy I wanted to do that with...until now."

Dawson shuddered as he felt her fingers deftly unsnap his jeans and begin to draw his zipper down.

"Ray...you don't have to..." he tried to protest.

"I know I don't have to" she dipped her hand through the opening of his boxers. "I want to" her hand wrapped around his thickening cock.

"I've never done this before" she husked. "So help me"

Dawson just sat and watched as Raylene's head lowered between his stomach and the steering wheel. He couldn't see through the mass of dark hair; and with only the dim porch light there wasn't much too see; but God could he feel.

Wet warm surrounded the head of his cock; and he felt her lips slide down his length.

"Oh Goddddddd" Dawson moaned.

He reached out with both hands and gripped the steering wheel; as he felt his sisters hot mouth slide down his cock. He looked around in fear, God if anyone saw what was happening it could get back to their folks.

"Oh shit...Ray" he moaned as her mouth began to move up and down. The sound of her sucking filled the cab as she devoured his throbbing dick.

Dawson could feel his balls tightening; God if this was her first blowjob he couldn't imagine what she could do with experience. He moved one hand down and curled his fingers in her dark hair. Glancing over, he was shocked to see Mel standing at the door to the house watching them; there was no way she could miss the bobbing mass of hair in his lap. Mel held a thumb up and slipped back into the house and Dawson knew then there was only one way this was going to end.

"Oh fuck...Ray...that's so fucking good." He gasped.

Dawson felt her mouth come free and her muffled words from his lap.

"Am I doing that good?" Jesus how she could even question it, he thought.

"Keep it up and I'll cum" he warned her.

"Good" was her one word reply and then that heat wrapped around him again.

"Oh shit...don't stop...oh fuck Ray..." Dawson babbled as his nuts tightened until they ached.

"Oh my Goddddddddddddddddd" he moaned as his body jerked; and the first blast of hot cream pumped into her mouth.

He heard her softly gag on the first blast; followed by the sound of her swallowing as he fired off a second and third blast.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmm" Raylene murmured as he unloaded his balls into her eager mouth.

Dawson's brain spun with sheer pleasure as his sister drank his hot seed. It was the hardest he could ever remember cumming; and while part of it was the forbidden aspect of her being his sister; part of it was also that this woman connected with him in ways no woman had before.

By the time Raylene lifted her mouth from his softening cock; she had managed to suck out what felt like was every drop of cum his balls had held. He just stared in wonder as she rose back to sitting, a small dribble of white goo trickling from the corner of her mouth.

"Holy shit" Dawson breathed out slowly.

Raylene reached up and used the tip of her finger to swipe at the small glob, popping it into her mouth. She smiled at Dawson.

"Now that was hot" she murmured.

Dawson couldn't even move as Raylene opened her door and slid from the truck. He tucked his limp cock back into his jeans as he watched her walk to the door. This was simply going too far, he realized. He needed to rethink this arrangement, but for tonight he just wanted to remember the hottest blowjob of his life.

As she heard the truck pull out of the driveway, Mel watched as Raylene came through the door. She could see the glow on her friends face; and she knew.

"Did you swallow?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Raylene walked up to her friend, and pressed her lips to hers. Their tongues intertwined and Mel could taste the semen on her friends' mouth. As their lips separated, she stared at her friend.

"You know where this is going?" Mel asked.

"Yes" Raylene nodded.

Mel looked at her friend closely. This time there was no fear like the first time. Now there was a quiet determination in Raylene's eyes.

For the next three days, Dawson thought and pondered over where things were going with Raylene. It was a route he had never intended; and one that both troubled and excited him. She made him feel in ways he had never felt before; but the nagging thought this was his sister kept bubbling to the surface. Finally, just when he thought he had worked up the nerve to talk to her; Raylene floored him once again.

Coming home from working second shift, everyone in the house was sleeping and Dawson quietly picked his way through the darkness to his room. Closing the door he flipped on the light and then he stepped to his desk to drop his keys. Sitting on his desk was the hundred dollars he had given Raylene for being his prom date. It was resting on a note that he could tell was her flourish.

His heart sank as he picked up the hundred, and then the note. She was calling it off, he thought. Like him, the reality of what they were doing, the harsh truth; was simply too much he thought. While his heart ached, he knew she was right. Then he looked down at the note.

'I want to do this because I choose too, not because you paid me.'

As Raylene's words sank in Dawson wasn't sure whether he was scared of what was happening, or thrilled that it simply was happening. For the first time, he was connecting with someone of the opposite sex and the thought of losing that made his stomach lurch. No, he couldn't call it off now; not when it was clear she wanted this as much as he did.

For the next week his father kept going on and on about the upcoming prom and Dawson's date. Every time he bragged about 'his boy' bagging some hot high school girl; Raylene would just stare at him and then shake her head. It was so bad his father gave him money for a tuxedo, and bought him a fresh box of condoms; which he flaunted at the dinner table making Dawson blush crimson as Raylene looked on.

That night he found the box of condoms sitting on his desk opened and now empty; all of them were removed and gone. The note with them was in Raylene's flourish again as he read.

'You won't need these so I got rid of them.' She had written.

Of course I won't need them, she's my sister you ass; he thought. At least Raylene seemed to finally understand the gravity of the road they were traveling. That was until he stood in Mel's house waiting for her; and she came down the stairs this time.

His first sight was red painted toes in a pair of strapped high heels. As she descended his eyes traveled up her calves and lower legs, to the expanse of firm tanned thighs. The hem of her rose dress ended just above mid thigh; low enough to be proper; but high enough to create the threat if she bent or moved wrong, so much hidden would be revealed.

By two more steps he didn't know which way to look, that firm ass that the skirt flowed over; or the taut belly clearly visible through the rose lace of her top. It was so sheer Dawson could see the glint of silver from her belly button piercing.

But it was when she hit the landing that Dawson stopped breathing. The rose lace continued up and over the curve of her breasts; the sheerness highlighting the globes of flesh they barely hid; the dress had just enough thickness at the right two spots to hide the caps of breasts, taking the nipples from his view. There was no bra; there couldn't be, he realized. The top was tied in a single bow at her neck; and the back, well there wasn't one. Bare tanned skin ran the full length down to just barely above the crack of her ass, mute confirmation she wasn't wearing a bra; and either she had no panties on or was wearing a thong.

"You can breathe now" Mel's amused voice sounded in his ear.

"Oh my God" Dawson let out with his held breathe. Raylene looked at him in surprise. "You're beautiful" he said more softly.

Raylene held onto the stair rail and lifted one leg to adjust a strap on her heel; Dawson barely held in the moan when the movement revealed the control top of her nylons. Real nylons, he thought not pantyhose but real fucking nylons.

"Thank you" Raylene gave a demure smile. "Shall we?" she asked softly.

All through the drive Dawson couldn't tear his eyes from her; he was still in shock at how stunning this tomboy sister he had never noticed was. It didn't help that the obvious tent in his slacks showed his approval. Raylene said nothing as he kept stealing glances; she just sat quietly with her hands in her lap.

As they entered the dance hall that had been rented, Dawson felt like he was on cloud nine; there was no doubt the most beautiful girl here tonight, was on his arm. He had purposely given them an extra half hour so that people would already be present, and their entry would hopefully not be noticed by some; unfortunately he was wrong.

"Yo Dawbag!" rang out behind them; and Dawson felt Raylene stiffen in his arm.

"Hey Ricky" Dawson sighed.

"How much did it cost you to hire this beauty" the boy behind them laughed.

Before Dawson could retort Raylene spun on her high heels and faced the young man. One eye brow arched as she gazed at the well dressed classmate.

"Who is this?" her voice dripped acid as she looked at him.

"This is Ricky." Dawson said. "Ricky this is my date Ray."

"Ray" the boy scoffed; "What girl goes by the name Ray."

"It's Raylene to you little man" her voice hissed. Her hand shot out and nails dug into the crotch of his slacks. "Only Dawson calls me Ray; say it again and I'll rip this little dick off and shove it down your throat" she growled.

Rickey's eyes went wide when nails dug through the cloth of his slacks, sending a lance of pain through his groin. Raylene stepped closer and lowered her voice so only Ricky and Dawson could hear.

"He's got twice the cock you have little man; and I should know I've sucked it dry" she hissed.

"I think it's time we danced" Raylene released her grip and turned to Dawson. "Shall we?"

"Holy fuck" Dawson let out his breath as the two entered the dance floor.

He wrapped his arms around Ray and pulled her close. It was such a contrast to him; the swiftness and power he had seen in her reaction to Ricky; and the soft feminine form he now held.

Dawson reveled in Raylene's closeness as she never was far from his side. Small touches from her hands, the smell of her hair when they danced; all of it made the evening pass like a swift bolt of lightning. He had lost count of how many dances there had been; both fast and slow; and as the band began to play the midnight lovers song, he knew what he wanted.

Extending his hand he led his sister to the dance floor and once again wrapped her in his arms. He could hear a thrum of approval deep in her throat as her body molded perfectly to his.

"This has been the most perfect night, thank you" he whispered into her hair.

"You know we are in trouble." Ray's voice was a soft murmur.

"I knew that the first night." Dawson admitted.

"Do you know what you're saying?" she asked against his chest.

Dawson reached down and tilted her chin up until their eyes met. "I love you" he whispered softly.

Raylene made no effort to fight as his lips descended on hers; she couldn't. His tongue slipped into her mouth, she felt one of his hands slide lower, all but cupping the cheek of her ass. She knew this was so wrong; and yet their kiss lit a fire in her belly she had never felt before. As their lips parted, she looked into his eyes.

"We need to leave" she said softly.

Dawson nodded; and the two headed over to gather their things from their table. Raylene was silent as they headed for his truck, Dawson wanted to ask what she was thinking, but was terrified of her answer. As he slid into the driver seat, Raylene looked over at him.

"You rented a room" it was a statement not a question. Dawson could only nod in reply.

"You're not wearing panties" Dawson didn't even look at her; instead he stared out the windshield.

"I think you need to drive...now" Raylene told him.

The drive to the hotel was silent, and Raylene never left his side as he checked in. Together they rode the elevator to the fifth floor and walked down the hall to the room door. Ray used the key card and opened the door; he stepped into the dark room and looked back at Raylene standing on the threshold.

"Are you all right?" Are you sure?" he asked nervously.

"I've never been surer." She looked at him. "Dawson...I cross that threshold I'm no longer your sister...I'm your date." She stared at him. "I'm not a one-time girl Dawson" she said softly. "I can't be, do you understand."

Dawson reached out and gently took her hand; and then swiftly jerked her forward. With a squeak Raylene half stumbled through the door and into the room, plunging into darkness as the door.

"Daw..mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm" her words turning to a moan as his lips smashed into hers, his weight pinning her to the wall beside the door.

"Oh God yessssss" Ray moaned as his lips began to travel down her neck.

"God I want you" Dawson disembodied voice echoed in the dark.

"Then take me...own me" Ray moaned as his hot lips traveled over the lace of her dress.

Like frenzied animals they tore at the others clothes. His jacket went flying to the floor, followed by his shirt; as Dawson pulled the bow at the back of her neck, causing the top of her dress to fall free.

"Oh God suck them" Ray moaned as hot lips wrapped around her rock hard nipple.

Raylene shimmied her hips as Dawson tugged her dress down; at the same time her nails clawed at the front of his slacks. Dawson moaned as he felt her hand wrap around his rigid cock.

"Fuck you're so hard" Raylene whispered.

Dawson released her nipple and rose up, pinning her against the wall. His hips ground into hers as his cock searched for her opening.

"No" Raylene husked as her hands pressed against his chest. "Not like this" she told him.

He heard her hand sliding along the wall, and then the dim light of the entry way to the room came on. Raylene looked around and saw the bed; taking Dawson by the hand she led him over and had him stretch out on the bed on his back.

Raylene leaned over and tapped the base of the bedside lamp, bringing it to life. Dawson blinked and his eyes adjusted to the light as a nude Raylene climbed onto the bed and straddled his hips.

He watched as she reached down and gripped his cock, holding it upright, her hips easing down until the tip nestled into her dark hairs; he could feel her moisture seeping onto his cock head as she positioned herself.

"I want to see your face" Raylene said "I want to see you when you slide inside me" she husked. "You are the first...and only...man who will ever be inside me; do you understand" she stared down into his eyes.

Dawson opened his mouth to answer, but all he got out was a low guttural moan as pure heat surrounded his cock. It started at the tip and slowly slid down until he felt her pelvis grind into his.

"Oh God yessssssssss" Dawson groaned.

"Oh my fucking God" Raylene breathed out.

For the next ten minutes neither could speak as Raylene rose and fell on him. Sucking noises filled the room, and the smell of their sex hung in the air as she rode him.

"Oh God...Dawson...never felt...oh shit...I'm going to cum...I never..." Raylene began to babble as her body bounced faster and faster.

Dawson reached up and gripped her hips, watching her face; he waited, and just as her body began to violently tremble; he pulled down on her, impaling her on his thick cock.

"AWWWW FUUUCCCKKKKKKKKKKK" Raylene screamed as her body convulsed.

Her hands slapped down on his bare chest, her nails digging into his skin. He felt her thighs quiver as they tightened around him. A hot splash of fluids across his groin drenched him in her juices. Her body slowly eased down until her head rested next to his; her breasts pressing into his sweaty skin.

Neither was moving and yet he felt her walls squeeze and relax around his cock as waves rolled over her. It felt like she was milking his cock, and he could feel his balls begin to ache. His dick started to swell and he knew he was hitting his limit.

"Ray...oh God" he moaned. "You need to get off...I can't...oh fuck..." he moaned into her ear.

"God yes...cum for me" her voice was hot against his neck.

"Oh shit" he was getting desperate. "I'm not wearing a condom, you threw them away" he was trying to lift her hips up off his now pulsing cock.

"I know" Raylene ground her body down harder, holding him to her body. "Have you ever dreamed of cumming in me?" she asked softly.

"Oh my God Ray, yessss" Dawson moaned as his balls tingled.

"Then do it" she leaned down pressing her firm breasts into his chest. "I want this Dawson" she husked in his ear. "Cum in your date...cum in your lover...cum in your sister" Ray told him.

Ray reached up and wrapped his arms around her back, and then slid his hands down her smooth skin to fill his hands with the firm globes of her ass. With a grunt, he heaved his hips upward and twisted her. With a squeal Raylene landed on her back, Dawson's cock still buried to the hilt inside her.

Pushing up on his knees between her spread thighs, he gripped her ankles and lifted her legs to his shoulders. The silky feel of her nylons drove his crazy as he began to pound into her.

"Oh God yes, fuck me...don't stop...oh shit...so good." Raylene babbled as Dawson hammered into her.

Dawson watched her head roll from side to side as she clawed at the bed sheets. He could feel her tight walls rippling around him as her hips lurched up to meet his; the sound of skin slapping together filling the room.

The smell of their sex filled his nostrils; the sounds of Ray gurgling and whimpering under him in raw pleasure sent tingles down his spine that settled in his balls.

"Oh shit...Ray" Dawson felt his balls tightening. "I'm going...to cum" he moaned between thrusts.

"Do it" Raylene hissed up at him. "Oh fuck fill me Dawson" Ray moaned.

"OOHHH MY GAAWWDDDDDDDDDDDD" Dawson roared.

He jammed his hips down hard, impaling himself in that hot cavern' he looked down at his sister in shock as his cock jerked; the first thick wad pumping deep inside her.

Raylene felt that incredible heat fill her belly, her eyes staring wide up at him. "I love you" she managed to whisper out as her second massive orgasm on the night slammed home.

Dawson gripped her convulsing hips as hot juices splashed across his lower belly. He watched his sisters eyes roll back as her orgasm roared through her, even as his balls spewed a second and then third thick rope into her. He knew she wasn't protected, and he really didn't care at that moment, he wanted to shove every hot drop of cum deep inside her; and all Raylene wanted was that hot cream filling her as she wrapped her arms around his trembling body.

"Holy fuck" Dawson gasped as he tried to catch his breath

"That was incredible" Raylene cooed into his ear.

"God I am in so much trouble" Dawson whispered.

"What's wrong" there was a tremble in Raylene's voice.

Dawson raised his head and stared into her eyes.

"Because I'm in love with my sister" he kissed her softly.

"Then we're both in trouble" her voice whispered back.

"What now?" Dawson looked at his sister.

Raylene swiveled her hips slowly, feeling his still hard cock embedded inside her sopping wet pussy. With a glint in her eye, Raylene shoved her hips upward, causing Dawson to tip sideways. This time it was his sister as the pair rolled over once more until she was seated straddling him, his thick cock deep inside her.

"It's actually rather simple" Raylene gave a smile. "You've been dating Mel" she smiled.

"What?" Dawson was confused. Between her words and the tight pussy that wrapped around his throbbing cock he couldn't focus.

"You didn't say anything because you didn't want me to be upset" Raylene ground her pelvis down into Dawson. "But I think it's fantastic, especially since you plan to move in with her, and I'm going to join you two to help with the finances."

It actually was simple, Dawson thought as his sister began slowly bouncing up and down on him; the hell of it was, it just might work, he thought.

"You think Mel will go for it" he grunted.

"I think she'll come around" Raylene smiled brightly. "Especially after you shove your fat cock into her while I suck her clit" she laughed.

"Oh God" that image burned into Dawson's brain.

"Now, you've got until checkout tomorrow" Raylene growled down at him. "Fuck me Dawson, and don't stop until you've put so much cum into me, it drowns her tomorrow." She husked.

Dawson reached up and gripped his sisters' hips, her words setting off a flame in his balls. With a lunge he lifted his ass straight up, impaling her on his dick.

"FUUCCCKKKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS" Raylene screamed at the ceiling, as the pair began to fuck.