**Exhibitionist Little Sister Ch. 01**

by [RandomAuthor](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1191868&page=submissions)©

My little sister, Cassie, is eight years younger than I am. Cassie and I have always been close, even considering the age spread between us, so when she became depressed during the summer and didn't seem to break out of it, I was very concerned. Having amassed a considerable amount of unused sick time, personal time and vacation time, and, no longer being able to bear hearing her cry over the phone, I made the decision to go visit her. To say Cassie was happy about me coming would be an understatement, and she promised to have her spare bedroom ready for me and would even stock up on my favorite beer and wine.  
  
Cassie had suffered through a horrible office romance which became public and vicious in the most horrific way. The man involved was a senior executive, and even though he was the one that initially came on to her, she was portrayed as an opportunist, man-stealer trying to seduce a happily married, and very powerful business man. She was immediately professionally humiliated, fired with no severance and effectively blacklisted at most of the agencies in town.   
  
The bottom line was that Cassie needed my help -- someone's help - so I dropped everything and got on the plane to go see her. The first night I was there, she cuddled up with her head in my lap and I held her while she recounted the lurid details of her office affair and basically cried herself to sleep in my arms. I'd never seen my sister like this, and I knew I'd done the right thing by coming to see her.   
  
Several weeks earlier, Cassie started seeing a therapist to help her get her life back on track. At first, I was skeptical that therapy would help, but, Cassie spoke so highly of Dr. Charm, and told me she trusted and identified with this woman, so I held my tongue. And, in a way, I was very happy to learn that Cassie wanted me to go with her to see the therapist the day after I arrived for my visit. Hopefully, I'd be able to assess the situation myself and find out if the therapist was helping Cassie, or not.  
  
And so, I sat in the tiny waiting area at Dr. Brenda Charm's office for about thirty minutes before the doctor's door opened and she walked out and introduced herself. Immediately, my first impression was that I liked the woman, too. She had an unassuming smile on her face and her tone and demeanor was very warm and friendly. As she invited me in and closed the door behind her, she gestured to a small couch and invited me to sit next to Cassie.   
  
Cassie's eyes were red, and there was a box of tissues on the table in front of her. My sister had obviously been upset and crying, and, as I sat next to Cassie, I put my arms around her and asked her if she was okay.  
  
"Robert......," the doctor said, "or I guess its Rob, right?"  
  
"Rob is fine." I answered, looking over at Cassie, who nodded her head and dabbed the tissue to her eyes.  
  
"Cassie has give me permission to talk with you about what's going on in her life," the doctor began, "and if it's okay with you, I'm going to ask Cassie to step out for a few minutes so we can talk. Would that be okay with you?"  
  
"Of course." I replied.   
  
I watched as Dr. Charms stood and stretched her hand out to Cassie and then walked with her to the door. Stopping for a moment to whisper something into my sister's ear, she patted Cassie on the back, and then let my sister out. Turning back to me, she smiled and then returned to sit in an armchair across from me, crossed her legs primly and politely laid her hands in her lap and said, "It's nice you care about your sister so much that you came out to be with her for a while. She really appreciates what you're doing."  
  
"It's not a problem for me at all." I replied. "I'd just like to see her get back to the old Cassie again."  
  
"Well," the doctor said, "I think you can play a big part in making that happen, Rob. If you two are as close as she says you are, then I'm sure of it."  
  
"At this point, I'm willing to do just about anything." I said. "It breaks my heart to see her cry and moping around like she's been doing."  
  
"The situation is complicated, Rob," the doctor said, "and from what I gather, Cassie hasn't been completely forthcoming with you about her depression. But, before we talk much further, I need to tell you that you're probably going to be shocked at what you're going to hear from me today. You need to prepare yourself for that, and, if you're serious about helping your sister get back on her old self, you're going to need an open mind and accept some things as the way they are."  
  
Although I heard her words, I had no idea what she was talking about. Doctor Charms could see I didn't understand what she was eluding to, and told me not to worry about it right this instant, saying, "For now, you need to accept the fact that you're going to be shocked, and, accept the fact that you can't change certain aspects of your sister's life. Can you do that?"  
  
"A few moments ago I told you I'd be willing to do anything to help." I reminded the good doctor. "Shocked or not, Cassie is my sister and I love her. Whatever she needs...... whatever will help..... regardless of what it is, you can count on me. I'm your man."   
  
Doctor Charms leaned back in her chair and smiled at me. "Very well then, Rob." The doctor replied. "I'm sure you're curiosity has been peaked now, so we might as well get the shocking part out of the way, so let's start there."  
  
I nodded my head and tried to mentally prepare myself for whatever she was going to say. The doctor's attitude turned uncomfortable for a moment and she started to speak, and then she suddenly stopped. After a moment, she looked up at me and simply said, "Rob, your sister is what we call a compulsory exhibitionist."  
  
I sat there for a minute trying to assimilate what she said, and when I didn't react or say anything, she added, "That means she can only achieve sexual gratification by exposing herself."  
  
"I know what an exhibitionist is." I mumbled. "I've never heard of a compulsory exhibitionist, but, what makes you think that anyway? I thought it was the office affair that tore her life apart. " I asked.  
  
"Rob, you might find it hard to believe, but Cassie admitted this to me herself," the doctor replied, "and we've spoken about it in great detail during her sessions. And I can assure you, it's definitely true. For Cassie, exposing herself is a very necessary part of what's normal for her, and with very minor exceptions, she can't achieve any type of sexual release unless it's associated with being exposed in some way."  
  
The doctor explained that in years past, Cassie had been ashamed of her body -- specifically the size of her breasts, her puffy nipples and the way her genitals looked. "This feeling was intensified when a boyfriend she cared very much about broke up with her and told her it was because she was flat chested and had, what he described as a 'Small Dick' instead of a normal size clitoris." The doctor told me.  
  
As the doctor continued to explain, she told me Cassie eventually met the man at work and he started flirting with her regularly. "He'd make suggestive comments," Doctor Charms told me, "even suggesting he could help her career if she went out with him. She resisted it for a while, and then one day he invited her out for drinks after work and she accepted."  
  
"That evening," the doctor told me, "she caught him looking down her blouse and it excited her. As the night drew on, she unbuttoned her top button, and then another -- and then another until by the end of the night, her blouse was hanging unfastened and he was openly staring at her chest."  
  
Doctor Charms told me this kind of behavior became the basis of their affair and Cassie allowed him to undress and expose her whenever he desired. She learned how to entice him by showing herself off, even doing it while they were at work. Cassie's self confidence grew and together, they had the best sex Cassie had ever experienced. She went with him on business trips and learned how to be a 'Kept Woman' and a successful exhibitionist. He introduced her to public nudity, and allowed her to be naked in front of a select group of his friends. He encouraged her to undress and masturbate as they watched, and he took great pains to reward her with lavish gifts and praise.   
  
Along the way, Cassie became quite submissive to him, and she began to be dependent on him to provide opportunities for her to be exposed. She craved his attention, knowing each time they were together, it would eventually lead to her being stripped, undressed, or exposed, and brought to a sexual peak that always ended with multiple orgasms strong enough to literally shake her down to the root of her soul.   
  
Apparently, Cassie began to live each day with only one goal in mind -- to be his obedient submissive. In turn, he would be pleased and reward her by giving her opportunities to expose herself in front of him, his friends, and towards the end of their relationship -- in front of anyone who wanted to look.   
  
"Of course," Doctor Charms added, "their relationship was eventually found out, and Cassie took the fall. For him, the whole thing was just a fling with a cute, young woman, but, for your sister," the doctor said as she leaned toward me, "it was devastating. She had become dependent on him emotionally and sexually, and when he abruptly dropped her, her whole life began to spiral downwards."  
  
I sat there for a moment with a blank look on my face trying to believe what the doctor was telling me. I just couldn't visualize my sweet little sister being an exhibitionist, or publicly undressing, or willingly exposing herself, much less masturbating herself in front of other people. It just didn't seem possible to me and as I told the doctor she must be wrong, she laid her hands in her lap and looked at me.  
  
"Rob," she said, leaning forward towards me, "I understand this is hard for you to believe, but, it is an indisputable fact that your sister is a compulsory exhibitionist. And, I can tell you with almost guaranteed certainly that neither one of us is going to dramatically change her behavior. This kind of drive and desire is way too strong to change."  
  
Then, settling back into her chair again, the doctor calmly said, "I think our best course of action right now is to be understanding and give her some of what she needs the most, and that's where you come in."  
  
"Uh, I'm not following you." I replied.  
  
"She needs some attention and affection, Rob." Doctor Charms answered. "She has this overpowering need to be submissive to a man. She wants to experience sexual pleasure again, and that means she needs someone who will accept and allow her exhibitionistic desires."  
  
"You mean...... me?" I croaked.  
  
"Yes." The doctor replied. "But, it's more than that. Her self-respect as a woman has been all but obliterated, Rob. I'm convinced she'll snap out of this after a while if she just had some good, old fashioned skin to skin contact with someone she knew she could trust."  
  
"But, uh......" I muttered, "I'm her brother!"  
  
"I think she's already thought that part through." The doctor said, looking directly at me. "And, we've discussed it at considerable length. Your sister isn't a virgin and she's been on birth control for several years so there's no risk of her becoming pregnant. And Rob, I'm satisfied that she's considered the possible ramifications and consequences."  
  
"I don't know if I could do that." I argued. "I don't know anything about submissive women or exhibitionism, or........"  
  
"Hold on a second, Rob." The doctor said, interrupting me. "If you put aside the fact that Cassie is your sister, do you think she's an attractive woman?"  
  
"Well, yeah, I guess." I answered.  
  
"And, probably like any other guy, you like to see naked women, don't you?" She asked.  
  
I blushed, but, nodded my head when she asked me the question again.  
  
"And if you had a chance to have a cute girl at your beck and call...... one who would get naked for you, or let you undress her....... and willingly let you see her most intimate parts....... and would let you touch her, and in turn, would touch you, too? If it wasn't your sister, would that interest you?" The doctor asked.  
  
"Well, yes." I exclaimed. "Obviously I'd be interested in that, but...."   
  
"So you're saying you're not willing to look beyond the fact that this woman is your sister?" The doctor continued. "If this is what she needs, you don't think you could do it?"  
  
I felt like an idiot sitting there because I realized the point the doctor was making. And yes, my little sister is cute, and she's attractive. And just for an instant, a vision went through my mind of her standing in front of me dressed only in her bra and panties. In that vision, I imagined her removing her bra and pushing her panties down to her knees and asking me to look at her. As much as I tried not to think of my sister sexually, I couldn't help it. My cock started to harden and in the split second it took to complete the incestuous vision in my head, I found myself sitting there with a major hard-on tenting up the crotch of my jeans.   
  
The doctor must have realized my predicament because she blushed and fidgeted with her hands for a moment until I could carefully reach down and adjust the straining pole inside my pants.   
  
"Rob," she finally said, "what you're being asked to do isn't that complicated. You wouldn't be forcing her to do anything she doesn't want to do. Your job would be to enable and allow her desires to be satisfied. She's still your sister and you'd have to keep loving her just like you normally would, and once her pride heals and her self confidence returns, she may not need your help anymore. But," she added, "right now, she needs someone with a kind heart to sympathize with her and tend to her sexual needs."  
  
"Okay." I said, softly. "I understand what you're saying. It just seems weird, that's all. I'm sitting here daydreaming about seeing my sister naked and it's.... well..... it's weird."  
  
Doctor Charms gave me a satisfied smile, saying, "I'm happy about your decision, Rob. And if it will help, I could give you some tips on what to do, and, how to get started."  
  
"Well, that would help." I replied. "I wouldn't know the first thing about how to get started on something like this."  
  
"Actually," Dr. Charms answered, "I bet I know exactly what to do to get the two of you off to a good start."  
  
"What's that?" I asked.  
  
"It's simple." The doctor answered. "You'll just expose her before you leave here today. That will show her you accept her and understand her needs. Plus, it will put you in immediate control and set the stage for things you can do later."  
  
"You mean expose my sister right here in your office? Today?" I exclaimed.  
  
"That's exactly what I mean." The doctor answered. "I've already been allowing Cassie to be as dressed as she wants to be during her sessions."  
  
"Does that mean she's been naked in here with you?" I asked, quite stunned.  
  
"Yes." She replied. "Numerous times. And she's masturbated in here, too. In fact, she usually reclines back in that same exact couch you're on right now and touches herself while we talk. Sometimes it's the best therapy if I just watch."  
  
My cock was raging inside my pants. More nasty visions of my sister flashed through my head. Visions of her lying naked on the couch with her legs spread and her fingers feverishly working her vagina into a frenzy. Then, I had visions of her walking around in front of me in just a pair of tight panties with an obvious and pronounced cameltoe. Fuck! My crotch was on fire and the thoughts going through my head weren't of my depressed little sister anymore, but of a beautiful woman ready and willing to show off for me, and ready to serve my every sexual desire.  
  
"When I bring her back in," the doctor said, "we'll talk for a minute and then you have her stand in front of you. Give her a hug and tell her you love her, and then reach down and unbuttoning her jeans while you look into her eyes. Without stopping, pull her jeans down to her knees and then pull her panties down to her thighs."  
  
My eyes got big and I looked at the doctor in absolute shock.  
  
"Don't worry, Rob." She said, softly. "This is one of her recurring fantasies. She's recounted this exact scenario to me several times and I assure you it will get you off to a wonderful start with her."  
  
Doctor Charms continued with her instructions, telling me to take time to look between her legs. She even encouraged me to touch her there if I was comfortable doing that, suggesting I might want to check to see if she was aroused.  
  
Then, she said I should pull her t-shirt up above her breasts and unfasten her bra and let it hang off her body. "The act of undressing her and exposing her like this is a major theme that runs in her fantasies." The doctor informed me. "Touch her breasts and play with her nipples." She added. "But don't remove any of her clothing from her body. Doing it like this will begin to exercise her submissive craving. You see, she'll get the physical benefits of being exposed as well as knowing she had to give up control to you in order to have the arousal."  
  
"Then," she added, "check to see if she's wet between her legs and if she is, make sure you mention it and praise her for it. That way, she'll know you noticed her excitement and you're okay with it."  
  
The doctor told me to take a few minutes and be intentional about looking at Cassie's body. Then, after a few minutes, I was to dress her by fastening her bra first and pulling her shirt down before I pulled her panties and jeans up.   
  
"Rob," she said, solemnly, "the key to this being successful will be the way you calmly take charge and keep control of the situation. If you do it correctly, she'll be wet, aroused, excited, and extremely ready to let you lead her."  
  
Damn, if she had said another word, I probably would have cum in my pants. Unconsciously, I'd started to rub my cock with the heel of my hand as she talked, but, it didn't phase her one bit. She noticed it, yes, but she didn't say anything and quite honestly, at this point, I didn't care. I had major wood inside my underwear and there was no amount of modestly that was going to change that.  
  
"So, do you think you can do all that?" She asked.  
  
"Oh, yeah!" I moaned, still massaging my trapped cock with the palm of my hand. "I can definitely do what you described."  
  
"Good." The doctor said, smiling a satisfied grin. "After you leave the office, be sure you show her some affection -- say or do something warm to let her know you love her. Then, when you get to your car, make a point to completely remove her shirt and her bra. Have her sit there for two or three minutes without showing any concern that someone might see her. Then, let her have her shirt back and take her out for something to eat in a very public place. Pick a place that has a lot of male customers -- like a sports bar, and make sure you sit where people can see her. Don't allow her to slump or cover her chest. By the time you get her home, she'll be ready to let you fully inspect her and touch her any way you like. Then, of course," Doctor Charms added, "you can improvise from that point on."  
  
I could only imagine what she meant by "improvise", but, as far as I was concerned, I didn't think I needed any help figuring the rest out.   
  
We talked for just another few minutes and she gave me some ideas of things she thought Cassie would benefit from; like sleeping together, showering together and frequent skin to skin contact. "Don't raise your voice to her," the doctor added, "the key to her recovery will be your ability to demonstrate love and understanding."  
  
"Are you ready for me to bring her in now?" Dr. Charms asked.  
  
I sat forward and nodded my head. Dr. Charms smiled and gave me one of her cards and told me I could call her if I needed to. And with that, she walked to the door, opened it slowly and gestured for Cassie to come back in.

Cassie had been crying while she was waiting, her tear stained cheeks were a testimony to that. And, when I saw her, I immediately stood up and went to her, wrapping my arms around her and cradling her head against my chest. "Ssshhh." I whispered. "It's alright."  
  
"Rob," Dr. Charms said, "why don't you and Cassie have a seat together on the couch and we'll start to wrap it up for today."  
  
I took the hint and guided Cassie over to the couch and sat down right next to her. She was still sniffling, so I reached over and picked up her tiny hand and held it in mine, caressing it like I'd touch the hand of a girlfriend. I put my arm around her shoulders, and Dr. Charms offered Cassie a tissue and then she started to speak.   
  
"Cassie," the doctor began, "your brother and I had a chance to talk. As you know, you gave me permission to discuss your case with him and I've done that."   
  
I felt Cassie shudder next to me when she heard the doctor's words. Not even ten seconds later, Cassie started to softly sob as she sat next to me, hiding her face in her hands, understandably ashamed that her brother now knew about her need to be exposed.  
  
Without thinking, I squeezed her hand gently and pulled her to me with the arm I had around her shoulders. Like a limp rag, she rested against my shoulder and I cradled her head in my hands as she sobbed. Dr. Charms handed me the box of tissues and I pulled one out and dabbed it against Cassie's cheek as best as I could.  
  
"Cassie," Dr. Charms continued, "your brother loves you very much and he's obviously quite concerned about you. He's agreed to stay with you for a while and help you through a few things. He can be someone you can talk to, rely on and trust. Of course, you and I will keep having our weekly sessions, but I see your brother's help as instrumental to your complete recovery. Cassie, do you understand what I'm saying?"  
  
My sister lifted her head and looked up at me with her red, tear stained eyes. I smiled down at her and squeezed Cassie's hand as we looked at each other. She looked so forlorn as we exchanged glances, but, when she squeezed my hand back, I took that as a good sign.  
  
"Yes." Cassie, answered Dr. Charms. Then, glancing up at me and then over at the doctor, Cassie asked, "Doctor, did you tell him everything?"  
  
"Exactly what you and I discussed earlier, Cassie." The doctor replied. "But, I'd suggest the two of you spend some time talking between yourselves. That way, your brother will understand more about what's happened in your life during the last year."  
  
Cassie nodded her head, and I glanced at the doctor and nodded my head, too. "Okay, then." The doctor, added. "We're about done here."  
  
"Rob," the doctor said, looking directly at me, "any questions or anything from you?"  
  
Picking up that the doctor was giving me the opportunity to do what she suggested earlier, I told her I didn't have any questions, but, I had something I wanted to say to Cassie. When Cassie heard that, she let go of my hand, sat up and turned to look at me.  
  
Standing, I reached down to take my little sister's hand again in mine and I pulled her up so she was standing next to me. Then, reaching out to her and pulling her into me, I cleverly turned us so her back was to the doctor and I gave Cassie a gentle hug.   
  
As I held her, I bent my head down and very quietly whispered in my sister's ear, "Cassie, I love you very much...... and in this whole world, there's no one I care about more than you. Whatever happened in the past doesn't matter now. What matters is that I love you and I'm here to help."  
  
The look in Cassie's eyes as she tilted her head up to look at me made my heart soar. That little sparkle that used to be there all the time was back. Her eyes were still wet from crying, so I reached down to the couch and pulled another tissue from the box and wiped her eyes, one at a time, and as I did it, I leaned toward her and gently kissed each of her red eyes.   
  
Lightly touching her, I brushed her long brown hair out of her face and over her shoulders and kissed her cheek. "For me to help you," I said, "you're going to have to trust me and do what I say."  
  
"Do you think you'll be able to do that?" I asked. "Will it be so bad to have to listen to your big brother?"  
  
I saw a glimmer of a smile turn up at the edges of Cassie's mouth and she answered me softly, saying, "I think I can do that, and no, it won't be so bad to do what you say."  
  
"Good." I replied. "So, right now, I'm going to ask you to trust me and stand right where you are and don't move until I tell you. Okay?"  
  
Cassie looked up at me with questioning eyes. Leaning toward her again, I whispered in her ear, "Please, Cassie. I can't help you unless you cooperate with me. And that has to start right now, before we leave your doctor's office."  
  
For a second, I wasn't sure what my little sister was going to do, but when she looked up at me and nodded her head up and down, I took that as the approval I needed.  
  
I made a deliberate point of hugging Cassie again, gently rubbing her back as we hugged. I pulled her into my chest and felt the breasts I knew I'd be seeing in just a few moments. I was surprised to feel Cassie's arms wrap around my waist and tug me into her, too. The feeling of her arms around me was wonderful, and after a few seconds, I pulled back and took a small step backwards.  
  
Looking directly into her eyes, I reached my hands forward directly to her waist. Then looking down just for an instant to find the snap, I put my hands on her jeans and pulled the snap open.  
  
Cassie immediately looked down and then back up at me. "Stand still." I said softly. "Please don't make this difficult."  
  
Without waiting for a response, I extended my hands again and felt for the tongue of her zipper, and when I found it, I pulled it all the way down until it stopped. I saw shock in my little sister's eyes, but, she didn't move. And as we looked at each other, I hooked my fingers into the waist of her jeans and began to pull them down.  
  
Her jeans were not very tight, but, I had to struggle a little to get them past her hips. All the while, her eyes were locked on mine, and I noticed that her eyes were almost clear and she'd stopped crying. When I started to push her jeans down past her hips, she nervously bit her bottom lip, but she didn't move an inch.  
  
Readjusting my hands, I grasped her jeans and bent down to push them to her knees. As I bent down, I happened to glance at the front of her panties and immediately noticed two things. First, her panties were very sheer -- a flimsy white mesh that I was able to see through.  
  
Second, I was surprised to see how overgrown her pubic hair was. Through the mesh of her panties, there was a mass of brown hair. It even spilled out both sides of her panties and the first thing that came into my mind when I saw it was: it all had to go. She'd have to be shaven, or better yet, completely waxed. I recalled what the doctor told me about her anxieties over the appearance of her breasts and genitals, and I accepted the fact that I'd have to come up with something creative in order to get rid of all that pubic hair.  
  
Raising up into a standing position, I became aware of the erection that was in my own jeans. Without thinking, I put my hand in my pocket to adjust my hardened cock. As I moved my cock to a more comfortable position, I looked up to my little sister's face to see that she was watching me intently. I didn't even think to hide my actions, and since I was standing so close to her, I was pretty sure she saw my cock tenting out my jeans, and the way I had to move it around.  
  
But, I couldn't let that bother me. Besides, I thought, it might actually end up helping me, especially if she realized I'd gotten hard in the process of pulling her jeans down and looking at her panties.   
  
Once I stood up and took care of that troublesome erection, I made eye contact with her again and reached out to place my hand directly between her legs, palm up, right against her panties. Then, as we looked at each other, I worked two fingers deeper between her legs until I felt the puffiness of her mound and searched for the slit between her lips.   
  
"I'm going to take your panties down now, Cassie." I whispered as my finger found the crease between her labia and pressed into it. "Please don't move."  
  
The redness in her eyes was gone now, and she seemed to straighten her chin with a courageous nod as she looked back at me. I didn't want too much time to go by, so I kneeled down in front of her, reached up and unceremoniously pulled her panties down her legs and left them just above her jeans.  
  
My first look at my little sister's pussy was alarming due to the unsightly mass of hair that seemed to be everywhere. And from my vantage point, still kneeling in front of her, not only could I clearly see her pussy right in front of me, but, I could also see down inside her panties -- directly at the cotton crotch that pulled up tightly against her pussy lips.   
  
I'm not sure what made me do it, but, once I lowered her panties, I carefully reached up to her pussy, and putting my hands on each side of her outer labia, slowly pulled her apart until I could see the moist, pink tissue inside her lips.   
  
I was greeted by a slight gasp from Cassie as I opened her lips and looked at her intimately. Glancing up, I could see she was looking down at me -- her eyes as big as saucers and her mouth partially hanging open as if she didn't believe I holding her pussy lips apart and looking inside her. I was instantly struck with the pinkness inside her pussy, and as I pulled her open even further, I looked up at the apex of her lips and saw the amazing clitoris that was peeking out at me from under its hood.   
  
I'm not sure I'd characterize her clit as being the size of a small dick (as her boyfriend had done), but, it was big -- big enough to suck on, and I made a mental note to do that as soon as the time was right.  
  
Another thing I noticed was how wet she was. When I pulled her lips apart, I heard the telltale sounds of wet pussy. Not dry pussy, mind you..... not moist pussy -- but honest to goodness wet pussy. She was wet enough to accept a finger, or a cock, without the need of any additional lubrication. This, on its own, made me proud. It meant I was correctly doing the things Dr. Charms had suggested, and, it meant she was sexually excited. And she wasn't the only one who was excited. I could feel my cock thumping inside my jeans, as if it was knocking -- trying to get out.  
  
I spent another minute or so kneeling in front of her, holding her pussy lips open and looking at her pussy. I didn't want to touch her very much while we were still in the doctor's office, but, I definitely got a pretty good look and my little sister's pussy before I pulled my hands away.   
  
When I did stood up, I didn't even bother to hide the fact that my cock was angrily pushing at my jeans, trying to poke through. I simply looked into my little sister's eyes and said, "I'm sorry. I can't help getting turned-on."  
  
I thought I saw Cassie begin to smile when she realized I'd gotten hard from just looking at her. But that smile went away fast enough when I reached for her t-shirt and pulled it up -- way up -- above her breasts. She flinched for just a second, as if she was going to use her hands to cover the sturdy bra that held her breasts.  
  
I was about to reach behind her to unclasp her bra when she lifted one of her hands in front of her, like she was trying to stop me, or get my attention. Looking up into her face, she closed her eyes for a second and whispered, "Please don't, Robbie. They're awful."  
  
I looked over Cassie's shoulder to see Dr. Charms sitting at her desk, carefully watching us. I was pretty sure she couldn't hear us whispering, so I leaned in closer to Cassie and told her she needed to be brave, and then added, "Or, if you insist on not cooperating, I'll just do as the doctor suggested and turn you over my knee right here in her office and I'll spank your butt right in front of her."  
  
Okay..... I told a little white lie to encourage Cassie to remain still and let me do what I needed to do. And while I wouldn't have really spanked her, I don't think she wanted to test me. She dropped her hand and in a disappointing gesture, her shoulders dropped and she nodded her head.   
  
I was almost there -- almost done. All I needed to do was get her bra undone and then I could take a few minutes to look at her as she stood in front of me undressed, but not actually stripped.  
  
Our eyes locked together again and she watched me until I reached around her back to unclasp the bra that surrounded her chest. I made another mental note to make sure I threw out this bra as soon as possible, and every bra she had that was like it. The thing was like a monstrous, 18 hour, armor reinforced, and obviously heavily padded bra.  
  
It almost killed me to undo her bra with the look of humiliation that was on her face, but, I did it and when she felt it come undone, she closed her eyes as I pulled the straps forward and flipped her bra up over her breasts and exposed her.  
  
For the life of me, I couldn't understand why she'd be unhappy with her breasts. They were totally fucking beautiful. Petite -- yes. But they were the most gorgeous breasts I'd ever seen in my whole life.   
  
They were probably about the size and shape of a lemon, maybe an A-cup at the most, but they were flawless.... perfectly unblemished and creamy white, with the most amazing puffy nipples proudly turned up toward me. I'm not exaggerating when I say they were awe inspiring, and as I openly stared at her, I reached up with my left hand and tenderly cupped one of her breasts in the palm of my hand and fingered her nipple.   
  
My cock was literally throbbing in my pants, and for a moment, I worried I might cum just from looking at her breasts. Her eyes were urgently searching mine for my reaction, and I was unable to stop myself from bending down and taking her nipple into my mouth and sucking it gently.   
  
I tongued her nipple and suckled her tenderly for several seconds before I lifted my head and leaned into her. "When we get back to your apartment," I whispered in her ear, "you'll have to be spanked for lying to me and making me feel bad."  
  
The look of sheer confusion swept over her face. "What?" She said softly. "Why?"  
  
"You said your breasts were awful." I replied. "And it almost broke my heart to have to undo your bra and embarrass you. But, you lied to me, Cassie. Those are the most beautiful breasts I've even seen, and I don't appreciate the way you made me feel guilty for no reason at all."  
  
At that point, you could have driven a double trailer mack truck through the doctor's office and my little sister wouldn't have even noticed it. The look of total surprise on her face could have been the winning picture at any photography contest. And, I wasn't just being nice, and I wasn't kidding. Her breasts were nothing less than 100% prime, Grade-A, premium boobs. However in this world she got to thinking they were awful is way beyond my understanding.  
  
I reinforced my point by raising both my hands and holding her breasts in them and alternately sucking her nipples and kissing each breast multiple times. I got so involved, I found myself suckling her eagerly, but, she didn't wince, pull away or try to stop me.   
  
After giving her breasts a considerable amount of attention as she stood there in absolute shock, I put my arms around her and pulled her tightly into my body and held her, not even caring that she could feel the hardness in my crotch against her soft, naked skin.   
  
As I held her, I dropped one hand to her crotch and felt my way to her pussy and began to wiggle one finger through her matted pubic hair to find her pussy lips. She spread her legs for me, as much as she could with her jeans and panties pulled down, which allowed me to find her slit and slip my finger into the wettest and warmest pussy I've ever touched.   
  
Once I found her vagina, my finger slipped into her like a hot knife cutting through butter, and she gasped when I pulled my finger out of her and massaged her clit. Again, I pushed my finger into her, and then pulled it out and rubbed her clit. I felt her lean her weight into me and she moaned in time with my finger as it circled her clit and rubbed directly on the sensitive button of flesh.   
  
"You're really wet." I said. "I like that, Cassie. I like it a lot."  
  
"Robbie," she panted in my ear, "if you don't stop touching me, you're gonna make me cum and I know for sure I'm going to gush. I can't do that in front of her, Robbie. It's too embarrassing. Please stop."  
  
I could sense the urgency in her voice, and wanting to spare her any more humiliation in front of her doctor, I stopped. "We'll finish this later." I whispered in her ear. "But, not until you have your spanking."  
  
The smile that came from Cassie's face, and the sparkle in her eyes made me smile as I looked down at her and kissed her gently on her cheek. Then, as we made faces at each other, I pulled her bra down over her breasts, smoothed it out and fastened the clasp behind her back. As she watched me, I pulled her shirt down and straightened it out, fixed the shoulder straps and then bent down to pull her panties up.   
  
I couldn't resist reaching up to touch her pussy one last time, and as my hand rose, she surprised me by reaching down with both her hands and spreading herself open. I looked up at her and she had a mischievous smile on her face as she watched me slide my finger between her legs and directly into her vagina. From that position, I knew I could hit her g-spot, and I was tempted to do it, but, by this time, I was eager to get out of there.  
  
When I withdrew my finger, I brought it to my mouth and sucked it as she looked down at me. I made absolutely sure I licked off every molecule of her thick, slippery pussy juice that coated my finger. Cassie's smile was even bigger now, and I'll never be able to describe how happy I was to see that smile on her face.  
  
Pulling her panties up, I took one more look at her pussy as I set her panties on her hips and reached down for her jeans, and as I stood and pulled them up, she sucked in her stomach so I could snap her jeans and pull her t-shirt down.   
  
Cassie took over from there, wiggling her bra around until it was right and adjusting the fit of her shirt before she threw herself into my arms and gave me a very strong hug.  
  
"Very well done -- both of you." I heard Dr. Charms say, as she sat at her desk. "But, our time is up for today, Cassie. I'm guessing you two have a lot to talk about, so you guys can leave from that door in the corner and, Cassie, I'll see you next week at the same time."  
  
Cassie reached down and picked up her purse and then grasped my hand and pulled me toward door. There was a spring in her step and it was like the difference between night and day from when we got here.   
  
As Cassie opened the door and pulled me through, I glanced back at Dr. Charms who was standing up behind her desk with her arms crossed over her chest. When she saw me looking, she smiled and gave me the thumbs up.  
  
When we got out to the hallway, Cassie started to walk fast, yanking my hand to hurry me up as we got closer to the elevators. When we got at the elevator bay, she pushed the 'Down' button and I asked, "Hey, what's the rush?"  
  
"Didn't you say you had to spank me?" My little sister said, grinning. "And then finish what we started in there?"  
  
The next thing I knew, my little sister was reaching out for me and when I held my arms open for her, she literally jumped into my arms, saying, "Thanks, Robbie. I'll be good for you, I promise I will."  
  
*To be continued...*