His Sleeping Sister

- by Alvo Torelli, 2016

Part I

Raphael would swear that it started as an accident. And anyway, if it was anyone's fault it was Lexy's fault, not his. She was the one who got into their parent's liquor cabinet first. She was always getting in trouble like that.

Raphael Espree was stuck babysitting his obnoxious pixie of a little sister: Alexys. She had a cold, or rather she had pretended to have a cold to get out of school. Her mother, who always fell for Lexy's stories, no matter how ridiculous, let her stay home and watch trash TV all day. But come the evening mom had a long-standing date to spend the night at her sister's and dad was on a business trip. So Raphael, who as usual had nothing better to do on a Friday night, was drafted into babysitting. Mom promised it would be a piece of cake for him since she would get Lexy ready for bed and give her a big dose of NyQuil. Raphael just rolled his eyes and didn't bother to argue with his mother since he knew it wouldn't do any good. Mom was so clueless.

Whatever, Raphael told himself. At eleven Lexy really ought to be able take care of herself - even if she did have a cold, which she didn't! As long as she didn't make too much of a pest of herself he'd just ignore her and take care of his own troubles. What was he thinking? Of course she'd make a pest of herself. He was screwed, as usual.

Come to think of it, where was the little pest? Normally she'd be all over him to play some stupid game or another, trying to tease him until he got mad and grabbed her to hold her down and tickle her into submission. But she hadn't bothered for at least an hour. He'd been settled in his own room doing his weekend homework before he spent some time trolling for porn on the Internet. He kept half an eye on the door, expecting the little pest to break in on him any minute.

Eventually the absence of little Lexy was too suspicious for Raphael to ignore. Was it possible he actually missed the little pain in the ass? Whatever, it was past her bedtime and he decided to investigate. She wasn't in her room, or hogging the bathroom. He trooped down stairs to look for her in the family room.

"What the hell, Lexy, why aren't you getting into bed?" Raphael declared when he spotted Lexy sprawled out on the sofa. But there was no response from her. She didn't even look up. Raphael noticed that the television was stuck on a DVR screen, waiting for her recording to be deleted or saved. He quickly came around to look at her - she was sound asleep. Shaking her shoulder he growled at her, "Lexy. Hey, Alexys! Come on, it's time for bed! Mom'll be pissed royal if you don't get to bed on time. Lexy!" There was no response from the comatose young girl.

"Shit!" Raphael said under his breath. What was he supposed to do? What was wrong with his sister? Should he call 9-1-1?

There was a large suspicious half-empty glass of juice on the table - it looked like cranberry. Raphael picked it up and sniffed at it, then gingerly tasted it. Whoa! It was cranberry. It was also at least half liquor, probably vodka. He looked down at Lexy again and realized what had happened.

"You little punk!" Raphael declared to the sleeping child. "Geez, how much did you drink? You can't mix booze and NyQuil you silly brat."

Raphael's panic subsided once he knew what was going on. He carefully checked his sister's breathing and tried to check her pulse. Both seemed fine as far as he could tell. She was just passed out. She'd probably be fine in the morning. In the mean time...

In the mean time he probably ought to take her up and put her to bed. If mom came home and found her this way she'd have a panic attack and then she'd have a shit fit. Come to think of it, Mom would probably blame him for letting her get into the liquor cabinet! Lexy was going to owe Raphael big time!

First Raphael got rid of any evidence that his sister had raided the liquor cabinet. This was primarily accomplished by drinking the rest of her drink, which was surprisingly strong and enough to give him quite a buzz. He wasn't used to drinking. No wonder she clocked out. He rather liked the feeling of carefree confidence the liquor leant him. Slightly drunk, he looked down at Lexy's pretty little form and thought about how best to carry her upstairs. But first, maybe...

Raphael Espree was a very nice boy - almost a man at seventeen and three quarters. He was good looking and with a little grooming he would be quite dashing, even with his thick glasses. He was tall, strong, athletic and smart. But he was also painfully, dreadfully shy. Too shy to become a member of the in group at school and far too shy to be able to ask a girl out. In consequence he was not only a virgin, he was a completely inexperienced virgin. Oh, he'd spent more than his share of time in front of a screen full of naked buxom hot women getting fucked in every way imaginable. He certainly knew which parts went where. He was particularly fond of extremely large breasts, fascinated by the way they bounced and jiggled as the women were banged in one position or another. He dreamed of fondling and then cumming all over a huge pair of perfect triple-D jugs.

But had Raphael ever seen a pair of real tits, in the flesh? Of course not.

Raphael stood gaping at his little sister, amazing thoughts racing through his brain. Bad thoughts. And bad thoughts can have a mind of their own, not so easy to dismiss. The temptations presented by the condition of his little sister, by her need to be taken care of so that she wouldn't get in trouble, were taking root in his mind and crowding out everything else. The rationalizations followed immediately. He was really doing her a big favor, right? And she'd never know anyway. It would be like it never happened. The good boy side of Raphael Espree never had a chance.

Shaking Lexy by the shoulder one more time, just to be sure, had no affect on her at all. Her eyelids never even fluttered and her body was limp as a rag. Her little mouth lolled open, threatening to drool on the sofa. Raphael carefully rolled his sister on to her back on the large sofa. He gazed down on her, taking a really hard look at her - perhaps for the first time in a long time.

Lexy was pretty. She was very pretty - for an eleven-year-old pain-in-the-butt. Raphael liked her short pixie-style blonde hair and the way it set off her fine features - small full lips, a tiny pointed nose and delicate high cheek bones. Her eyes were closed in slumber, but Raphael knew well that they were brilliant blue, just like his, and appeared huge in her small face. Her eyelashes, even in sleep, were long and full and her eyebrows were bare wisps of blonde above her eyes.

And when did she get curves? His sister had curves, like a real girl. How had he not noticed? Were sisters even allowed to have curves? Too bad she didn't have nice big tits to push out her pajama top. But now that he was really looking closely, Raphael realized that his little sister did have breasts. There were small mounds under the soft flannel! Suddenly his hands were trembling as he started to unbutton the pink flannel blouse with the ridiculous little blue and yellow bunnies. Wasn't his sister a little old to still wear bunny pajamas? Why did his hands tremble harder with each button he released down the front of her pajama top?

What was he doing? He was pulling back his sister's pajama top. He was touching his sister, running his trembling hands up along her rib cage and staring down at small perfect breasts. Her nipples were so small. And they were pink and surrounded by small targets of pink flesh. He couldn't breathe. His heart caught in his throat and he stared wild-eyed. Her breasts were so small, hardly more than half a lemon each - but they were undeniably breasts. They were so cute!

Raphael jerked his hands back from the perfect skin along Lexy's torso. He'd nearly touched Lexy's tiny breasts! What was he doing? He had to get control of himself! But there was no sign of consciousness in the little girl. What could it hurt, he asked himself again. She'll never know. Just a quick touch. He wanted to know what her breasts felt like! Slowly, slowly, he stretched his hands towards the small body and moved his palms tentatively along her ribs, felling her smooth warm skin. Her chest rose and fell with her breathing, coaxing him onwards. He brought his hands up from her sides and tentatively cupped the precious young mounds of flesh.

"Oh shit," Raphael whispered. His sister's tits were so soft and warm. They fit perfectly into his hands. He couldn't breath. Her skin was so smooth. He squeezed the small mounds and they gave under his big hands. "Fuck me, Lexy, your tits are so cool." He wanted to know what would happen when he rubbed the tiny nipples. He was shocked when they both quickly became bigger and very hard, sticking out farther and blushing a deeper pink.

Raphael couldn't stop himself. He came in close and let his tongue lick roughly across one of the tiny hard nipples. He moaned with pleasure. He was so excited he trembled all over. He straddled his sister's small body on the sofa and leaned down for another lick across her other nipple and then he pulled the hard nubbin into his mouth and sucked on it. His head swam. With every passing second his desire to explore his sister's small body intensified. His breathing was fast and his heart was pounding. He'd never been this excited in his life.

Straddling Lexy's small, vulnerable body, Raphael suddenly sat bolt upright on his knees. He was overwhelmed with a sense of desperation. He scrabbled clumsily at his pants, frantic to get his rock hard cock out into his hand. Nothing in his experience had prepared Raphael for the intensity of his need at that moment. He barely touched his cock before cum exploded out, arcing out and down onto his comatose little sister's chest, coating her pretty petite tits with his warm seed. More of his sperm shot out and splashed across her face as he moaned in uncontrolled orgasmic pleasure. Again and again, cum erupted from his throbbing rod to violate the form of the beautiful girl between his knees.

When he was finally done spewing his cum across the upper body of his defenseless sister, Raphael looked down at her in awe. What a sight. He fished his smart phone from the pocket of his jeans and took several pictures of her cum smeared face and chest. He saw that a substantial stream of jism crossed her open lips. An amazing flush of emotion spread throughout his body. But it didn't last long. The enormity of what he'd done broke through his pleasure and he was horrified.

Raphael leapt off of his sister and hurried to the bathroom for supplies, praying he could clean her up without waking her. He needn't have feared; the little princess never stirred as Raphael carefully used a wet washcloth to scrub all of the cum off of her breasts. Then he had to deal with her face. But already he was aroused again, and his brain reeled with terrible ideas that he couldn't seem to resist. Instead of wiping the cum from her face he carefully pushed most of it into her mouth, until her mouth was full of the thick white goo. He took more pictures of her and then gently held her mouth closed until he was rewarded with the sight of her involuntarily swallowing. Raphael's young cock strained at his jeans and it was all he could do not to whip it out and cum all over her again.

The sense of desperation was building again and Raphael didn't know how to deal with it. His whipsaw emotions were confusing and debilitating. One second he was feeling protective, the next horny. He alternated between horrified at his actions and desperate to do more. Why couldn't he overcome the terrible temptations that kept hammering at his brain and his cock? It was his sister lying there defenseless! He sat at the end of the sofa for several minutes, just staring at his pretty sibling, trying to calm down. Finally he was settled enough to carefully re-button her pajama top, restoring her modesty. Stealing himself against his desires, Raphael carefully scooped the small girl into his strong arms and carried her up to her bed. He tried not to think about how terribly he had just behaved.

It was her smell that got to him. Holding her tight in his arms, with his face almost pressed into her hair, he was overcome. How could she smell so good, so inviting? How had he never noticed this intoxicating fruity fragrance. By the time he got her to her bed he was shaking again. He didn't want to put her down. He wanted to pull her tighter and breathe in her wonderful odor. He wanted to touch her again. He wanted to understand why he was having such terrible thoughts and terrible yearnings - all for his sister. He wanted to understand why she was doing this to him!

Raphael was angry. He was furious. How dare his pesky little sister be such a tease! She was always such a pest. This was just the newest way for her to drive him crazy. He should teach her a lesson! He should get her back but good!

In his anger, Raphael tossed Lexy unceremoniously onto her big double bed, but even that violence didn't wake her from her NyQuil induced slumbers. Her head lolled to one side and her mouth hung open, but she was still enticingly, mockingly, maddeningly beautiful.

Raphael gave in to his anger fueled yearnings. He pulled his pants all the way off and then considered how to accomplish what he wanted. His hands still trembled with excitement as he lifted Lexy's limp body up and set her back against the headboard of her bed. But she wouldn't stay there - her comatose body insisted on flopping over to one side or the other. Piling pillows up beside her didn't help. Frustration drove Raphael's desire to new heights! What could he do? Inspiration came to him just in time.

There were plenty of long scarves and soft belts to choose from in Lexy's closet. It was a moment's work to tie a silk scarf to one wrist and a bathrobe belt to the other, and shortly afterwards Lexy's arms were stretched tightly across her headboard to the corner posts. She hung by her arms with her head lolling to one side. Raphael couldn't believe how exciting it was to tie his little sister to her bed! His cock stood straight out from his body, begging him to sink its throbbing length inside of her.

After taking more pictures of Lexy's incredibly erotic position, Raphael straddled her on his knees, bringing his big cock to her face. Now it was easy to hold her head and bring her young lips to the bulbous head of his manhood. Anger still coursed through him. He would teach her a lesson and he'd have the proof of it too! He could barely breath! He never thought he would get to see his cock in a girl's mouth - certainly not his beautiful little sister's mouth. The more he took advantage of her, the more beautiful and sexy she looked to him and the more he lost control of his terrible anger and desires.

The big cock-head pushed past Lexy's full red lips. Raphael moaned at the intense sensation. He controlled her head with one hand and took pictures with his other. He could feel her tongue on the underside of his glans and it made his cock twitch. Precum leaked from the tip. Dropping his phone, he threaded more of his cock into his sister's mouth. He started thrusting his hips, forcing more of his long dick past her lips. The sight was overwhelming! He was face-fucking his sister.

Something amazing happened. Like a little baby presented with a bottle, the unconscious girl started sucking on Raphael's cock! He felt her drawing him into her, slurping and closing her lips tightly around his dick. It more than tripled the sensations he felt as he thrust in and out of her. He grabbed her head with both hands and guided her farther and farther down his pulsating rod until he was hitting the back of her throat. Nothing had ever felt so fantastic. He didn't dare to shove his cock any farther into her small mouth for fear of choking her to death. He concentrated hard, trying not to cum so soon this time. But he was only seventeen and completely inexperienced. He felt his balls contracting, readying another huge load of jism.

"Oh god, oh god, Lexy, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Raphael came in his sister's sucking mouth, delivering the salty thick formula that she seemed to want. He watched her throat contract again and again as she swallowed every drop of precious seed.

Remorse crashed over Raphael. What had he done? His poor defenseless sister hung from her tied wrists, with a bit of cum drooling from her pretty mouth. Jesus, what kind of a monster was he? He backed away from her, horrified at the way he'd just abused his helpless sister. At least she was still completely unconscious. Thank God she'd never know what he'd done to her. Now he had to take care of her, protect her like he should have done all along. It was time to be a brother, not a molester.

It was only a moments work to untie Lexy and move her down under her covers. With his young sister tucked safely into her bed on her side, a teddy bear under one arm and drooling lightly on her pillow, Raphael quickly cleaned up any sign that he'd been in her room. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and reluctantly left her to sleep off her alcohol and NyQuil induced coma.

It was almost midnight. Raphael crawled into his own bed where he tossed and turned for an hour, wide awake. His mind raced and his erection refused to subside. He'd learned what it felt like to touch a girl's smooth firm breasts. He'd seen his aching cock disappearing into a girl's mouth and felt the pleasure of shooting his cum down her throat. And not just any girl - his sister, his beautiful sexy desirable little eleven year old pixie of a sister. When had she become so hot? Why hadn't he noticed before? Visions of her perfect face swam in front of him. He wanted her so badly, suddenly convinced that she was the only girl he would ever really desire this much. He remembered the intoxicating way she smelled. Oh god, why wouldn't his aching virgin rod of flesh stop tormenting him?

Raphael felt like he was going to explode.

A thought occurred to Raphael. What if Lexy got sick from the drugs and alcohol? What if her stomach rebelled? His own stomach was rocky from all the vodka. She could choke to death on her own vomit! He needed to check on her. What was he thinking leaving her alone? It was his duty to take care of her. She was his sister after all.

Raphael leapt out of bed and struggled with his jeans. He was woozy from drink, but he raced to Lexy's bedside. The beautiful angel was sleeping soundly. Her breathing was steady and slow. She'd barely moved.

He'd better check more closely. He shook her and called her name. No response. He lifted one eyelid and exposed her beautiful blue eye. No response.

And there was that amazing smell again, so inviting. Raphael gently stroked her hair, and then her perfect cheek. The next thing he knew he was in the bed with her, holding her in his arms and kissing her luscious lips. Why were her lips so full, so red, so perfectly formed? Why did she tease him so mercilessly? Why didn't she kiss him back, pull him tight and whisper how much she wanted him?

Anger fueled lust exploded in Raphael's half-drunk mind. As small and vulnerable and forbidden as his little sister was, he was suddenly overwhelmed with he fact that she was a beautiful girl, with all the girl parts he'd dreamed of for years. And she was right there, available, unable to resist. And she would never know!

He threw the covers from the bed, rolling Lexy onto her front in the process. He scrabbled frantically at the top of her pajama pants, pulling at the elastic and sliding the pink bunny-decorated flannel clumsily down across her hip, her leg and her ankle. He watched with myopic fascination as each inch of perfect smooth white skin was bared. He pulled the garment to his face a breathed in the exquisite odor of her body before he tossed it to the side. When he looked down to take in Lexy's full form he realized that she wore no underpants. She was naked from the waist down.

The confused young man gasped as the enormity of what he was considering, what he was desperate for, hit him like a slap across the face. He knelt next to his comatose sister's body and trembled, taking in the awful moment, trying to find the strength he needed. But her skin was so smooth and pale. The curve of her young ass was so amazing. She was so perfect. His cock was so hard.

Raphael rolled Lexy's limp body onto her back. She still clutched the teddy bear under one arm, but her legs flopped open, revealing the sight he was desperate for. Lexy's virgin young pussy looked very different from the many well-used pornstar cunts Raphael had seen on his computer screen, even the well-shaved ones. Her slit was barely that, a tiny cleft between two puffy mounds of flesh. There was the slightest hint of clitoral hood poking out near the top. It was magnificent. So simple, so smooth, so well proportioned and so very very sexy. Raphael was instantly and deeply in love with his sister's perfect little pussy. He worshipped it.

Fascinated, Raphael pushed Lexy's limp legs further apart on her wide bed, then wider still. He lowered his chest between her knees, bringing his face mere inches from the source of his new obsession. He was rewarded by seeing the fat little mounds of her outer labia part slightly to reveal the tiny inner lips, pink and slightly moist. Up close he could see that where he thought she had no hair, there was actually a sheen of fine thin fuzz, just above her pussy. He held his breath and barely grazed his finger tips across the nearly invisible triangle of blonde hair, like stroking a perfectly ripe peach.

Without thinking, Raphael gently parted Lexy's outer cunt lips with his fingers. He breathed in the rich full smell of her sex. He was amazed at how small her opening was. Surely it was too small for sex. He pressed harder, spreading her more, wanting to see inside of her. He could make out all the different parts of her and suddenly he realized that the filmy substance stretched across her entrance, deeper inside her, was her cherry. She was a virgin, of course! She was only eleven and her hymen was intact.

Raphael realized that he was actually touching a pussy, a real live warm little girl pussy. He ran his finger around the rim and felt the dampness there. He gently teased her tiny clitoris and was rewarded, surprisingly, to see it swell slightly. But he was afraid to push his fingers deeper inside her, terrified he might pierce the membrane that declared her innocence. And then a thought overwhelmed him.

What would she taste like?

Holding Lexy's legs back, Raphael brought his trembling face closer to her. Her smell flooded his nostrils and drove him on. He touched the inside of her thigh, gently, with his closed lips. Brushing along her smooth skin with his sensitive lips was like nothing he could imagine. How could such a light touch cause such an intense feeling flooding through his whole body? Trailing slowly upwards, he came up around the outside of her pussy, just brushing the edge of one puffy mound of young flesh. His lips felt the soft fuzz In the triangle of peach hair. It tickled the skin above his upper lip.

Why was he afraid? Why now? Why didn't he just do it?

Gripping her legs harder, Raphael lifted his face from between Lexy's legs and stared upwards along her body. He could just see her face past the pink flannel bunnies of her pajama tops and his heart twisted in his chest at how beautiful she had become to him. He lowered his face and pressed his eager tongue into the center of her forbidden treasure.

The most surprising thing was not the taste, but the heat and the texture of her, like licking warm wet silk. She was amazing. She was sweet. She was more than he had imagined and better than anything he'd watched on his computer. He explored every part of her spectacular cunt, tasting every corner and sliding across every surface with his sensitive tongue. She was wonderful. He knew he could taste her, tease her and enjoy her for a very long time.

But surprisingly she responded to him; at least her body responded to him. His tongue felt the pressure of her little clitoral hood swell to a hard knot, flushed with warm excited blood. He tasted the change as her body pumped fluids into her entrance, preparing her for an act that couldn't happen, not with his sister. She was sweeter and sharper at the same time, a taste that drove him wild with desire Raphael knew, instinctively, that this was Lexy's little body telling him that she was ready for sex, that she knew he wanted her desperately. In moments she was soaking wet and she smelled even better than before. Her body was teasing him, knowing that he could never have her! She even started to tremble under the flicking of his tongue, urging him to use her. Her hips suddenly twitched. How dare she be so cruel!

Raphael's roller coaster ride of emotions took the next teeth-rattling turn as anger flooded through him again. His little sister was such a fucking tease. Why was she so mean? Why did she have to taste so good? Why was she shaking and thrusting her little pussy harder into his laving tongue, like she yearned for him? Oh no! Was she waking up?

Horrified, Raphael surged upwards to look at Lexy. But she was still out cold. It was only her body responding, not her conscious mind. That just made him angrier. Even her freaking body had it in for him! She was such a fucking cock teaser. He wanted to punish her. He wanted to use her. That's when he remembered taking pictures of his cock in Lexy's pretty mouth. That was the way to dominate and punish her! Imagine what he could do with those pictures of her. He stumbled woozily from between Lexy's legs and retrieved his camera.

Using two of the many pillows strewn about Lexy's bed, Raphael carefully propped his sister's butt up off the bed. But then he had the problem that her limp legs wouldn't stay parted the way he wanted. The solution was obvious and exciting. He retrieved the same scarf and belt from closet, this time snagging several extra scarves. It was simple to tie these around each of her knees and the pull her legs up, back and out, securing the makeshift ropes to the head of her bed. Her legs stayed wide open in a perfect M. Her wonderful glistening wet pussy was made so available and so vulnerable.

Raphael couldn't resist taking another dive into her young twat. He teased her with his flicking tongue until she was twitching and thrusting again, on the edge of a sleeping orgasm. But before he took her over the edge, he came up for breath and started taking pictures of her amazing bound form.

Not satisfied, Raphael once again unbuttoned Lexy's pajama blouse and pushed the soft pink fabric to the side to reveal her gorgeous little breasts, so small but so perfectly formed. Now his pictures were perfect, but for Lexy's slack-jawed sleeping face. He used another pillow to pose her head, and then he tied a large knot in a pink scarf. He forced the knot into Lexy's mouth and tied off the scarf behind her head. He couldn't believe how sexy she looked with her mouth gagged.

Raphael realized that if Lexy woke up now she would be almost helpless. The thought of having her completely helpless, begging for him to release her, struggling to escape him, was overwhelming. He just had to see what she would look like. So he crossed her wrists and bound them securely with her last scarf, then pulled her arms above her head and tied the scarf tightly to the headboard. It was worth the effort. She looked so amazingly hot and vulnerable. Raphael felt an unbridled surge of power through his body and took pictures of Lexy from every conceivable angle. This will show her!

But of course taking dirty nasty pictures of his helpless bound sister, with her exposed pussy and her gag, wasn't doing a thing to calm down Raphael's intense cascade of emotions. He just got more and more worked up and his erection got more and more painful in his tight jeans. And then the rationalizations took over.

"She's still out," Raphael whispered to himself, feverishly. "I've already done it twice, once more can't hurt. She'll never know! But it's so wrong, she's my sister. It's not like I'm going to fuck her, I just want to touch it. What can it hurt? She'll never know. She'll never ever have a clue. Oh, god help me."

As he talked to himself, Raphael stripped off his jeans and boxers, until he stood in front of his cute little bound sister in his birthday suit. His erection was painful, like it might explode at any second. Still muttering to himself, assuring himself that he just wanted to touch her, no more, he knelt between her gorgeous smooth white thighs. One last time he ran his tongue through her little warm pussy, tasting her and stimulating her. She was still sopping wet and her greedy young body responded to him instantly, shivering under his tongue.

Raphael couldn't wait any longer. He felt like his whole life had brought him to this moment. He had to touch her pussy with his member, he had no choice. Carefully and tenderly he brought his raging sex to her warm wet center and slowly slid it through her cleft, from knob to base, sliding along the wet valley. He could see and feel the way her pussy grabbed at his manhood, trying to coerce him inside of her. But he couldn't do that! She was a virgin and his sister! But he could touch her, like he was. What was the harm? She would never know, never ever know.

Oh god! Every fiber of Raphael's being was on fire. He slid his cock along her pussy faster. It was so amazing. He lowered himself on top her small body, desperately wanting to touch more of her - her face against his throat her tiny breasts agains his ribs. He reached around her, and down, cupping her ass cheeks in his hands and gripping her hard.

Disaster was inevitable. The fantastic wet grinding along her open pussy felt so amazing. Raphael lengthened them slowly, imperceptibly, until he went the tiniest bit too far down, a millimeter, no more. Suddenly he was inside of her. The head of his aching prick was enveloped in her warmth. Raphael gasped and stopped immediately. But the feeling was too intense. He tried to thrust in and out of her just the tiniest amount, telling himself it was okay, it wasn't really fucking unless he went deeper. He tried, he really did.

"Oh god, Lexy, I'm sorry!" Raphael grunted out and then he plunged his dick forward. He felt his sister's delicate hymen rip away and all at once he was several inches deep inside of her. He'd done it. There was no going back, no undoing the unthinkable deed. "Oh, oh Lexy, yes, yes!" She was so incredibly warm and tight. She clamped on to his dick and pulled hard at him each time he withdrew. She welcomed him with each hard thrust. It took no time to penetrate her tight passage to the fullest depth, ramming the tip of his cock to the end of her tunnel. It never occurred to Raphael how amazing it was that he could force six of his thick seven inch cock into such a tiny young girl. It did occur to him, suddenly, in the midst of his rapture, that neither of them were virgins any more.

Raphael had already expelled large quantities of cum twice in just the last couple of hours. That was the only reason he'd managed to even get past the entrance to his sister's amazing cunt without shooting his load. Even so, once he felt the full glory of her tight cock-sucking young pussy he didn't last long. After only a couple of minutes of wild thrusts into her forbidden tunnel, Raphael felt the familiar boiling in his scrotum. The thought of pulling out of her never crossed his mind. He was wild for her body and in it for the full experience. "Jeez, jeez, Lexy, baby, yes, yes, oh god, yessss!" Raphael flooded his sister's womb with his hot young swimmers, wave after ecstatic wave of hot seed boiling up out of his contracting balls.

Raphael collapsed onto the form of his comatose and abused sister. He could barely breath. But as his heart rate slowly began to drop, so did his elation. What had he done? He'd raped his sister! Fuck, what was wrong with him? No, no, no! What if anybody found out? What was he going to do?

After he climbed off of his sister, the full impact of what he'd done crashed over Raphael. He was a monster. But, but... but he loved her. He realized he'd only done what he'd wanted to do for ages. She was so beautiful and innocent and sweet. Okay, she was a pain in the ass, but he knew now, deep inside that he loved her. He loved her and he'd done horrible things to her. How could he be such a sick bastard.

It was all Raphael could do to untie his sister and clean up all the signs of her horrendous abuse. She slept on through it all, oblivious, even when he carefully wiped away the cum and bits of blood that leaked from her swollen pussy. Eventually he was as certain as he could be that there were no tell-tale signs of the night of terror. He tucked Lexy's gorgeous form in one last time, kissed her beautiful face, and went back to his room where he tossed and turned until finally falling asleep a little before dawn.

Part II.

"Owww! Momma, I don't feel good!" Lexy rolled over in her bed

"What's the matter sweetie?" Lexy's mother had just opened the curtains to flood the room with light. She hated letting the kids sleep past ten, even on a Saturday.

"I don't feel good," Lexy whined. "My head hurts, bad. And I hurt all over."

"All over where, sweetie?"

"My neck and my jaw and my knees and wrists and..." Lexy paused. As she started moving about she realized quickly that her sorest spot was in a place she didn't wanted to mention to her mother. Mom looked at her quizzically after a long moment of contemplative silence. Her mind filled with confusion, then fear, then bewilderment. "I, I just ache all over!" Lexy finally said to break the silence and her mother's worried stare.

"Oh sweetie, your cold must have turned into a touch of the flu," mom said as she fussed about. She put her hand on Lexy's forehead and declared "a bit of a fever, too. You'll be staying in bed today, missy."

"But mo-om! It's Saturday. Oh god, I gotta pee!" Lexy leapt from her bed and tried to race to her bathroom, but could barely waddle. She tried not to groan - the soreness spreading from between her legs got worse with every step.

"I'll send your bother up with some breakfast," mom called to Lexy in a worried voice through the bathroom door as she headed downstairs. "And some aspirin."

Lexy was back in her bed when her breakfast arrived on a tray carried by Raphael. She'd never seen him look so worried.

"Uhm, you okay Squirt?" Raphael placed the tray next to Lexy and sat on the foot of her bed. "Mom said you weren't feeling so hot, maybe you had the flu."

Lexy stared at her handsome older brother for a few second before she answered. "Yeah, I don't feel so great Bo." Lexy had called her big brother Bo as long as any one could remember. Usually he hated the nickname, but today he didn't mind at all. "I'm really sore."

Raphael blushed slightly and fought to keep his composure. "Uhm, sore?" he asked.

"Yeah, just sore, all over, especially my..." Lexy left off. She was still so confused and frightened - suddenly she didn't want to be left alone. She looked up at Raphael with her big blue eyes. "I'll be okay, but, uhm, will you stay with me? We could watch a movie or something. I'm sure you could get mom to let me go downstairs. She'll do anything for you."

"Ha, look who's talking," Raphael snorted, but inside his heart soared. If only she knew what he was feeling; remorse, fear, guilt - but most of all desire, a new found deep desire for his small beautiful sister. But he couldn't be obvious about it. "Sure Squirt, I could watch a movie with you, but then I got a lot of stuff to do, so don't be a pain. Eat your breakfast and I'll go square it with mom."

Raphael was back in ten minutes. "Okay, you can go downstairs, but only if you promise to stay quiet. No running around. And I get to pick the movie! None of that teen vampire crap. Mom's going to the store so I'm in charge. Come on, I'll carry you downstairs since you're such a little invalid."

Lexy stifled a small gasp. Why did the idea of Raphael carrying her in his big strong arms make her shiver slightly?

Part III

Four weeks later, on another sunny Saturday morning, Raphael Espree woke up groggy and stiff. He opened his eyes to find his little sister, Alexys, sitting cross legged on his bed, starring at him with a worried look. "Huh? Hey squirt, what are you doing?"

"Can I talk to you Bo? It's important."

"Of course, Squirt, but, uhm, wouldn't you rather talk to mom?"

"Mom's gone. She went to Aunt Jane's for the whole day. And dad's still on his trip. Besides, I need to talk to you, not her. Please?"

"Sure Squirt, what is it? I'm all ears." Raphael smiled at his little sister, happy to have her there with him.

"I, Uhm, I have a really big problem. Mom and dad are gonna kill me. I don't know how it happened! Oh god, Bo, I'm so scared!" Suddenly Lexy was in tears and she grabbed Raphael around the neck and sobbed into his shoulder.

Raphael was stunned by the rapid breakdown of his little sister's emotions. He wrapped his arms around her small form and pulled her close. What could possibly be so wrong? Over the past few weeks the two of them had been spending more and more time together and Lexy had seemed very happy. For Raphael, the guilt and associated fear stemming from the night he had raped his sister - and there was no other word for it - had begun to fade. He had discovered the enjoyment he got from spending time with her and as for his sexual needs, well, he still had all those photos.

"Lexy, sweetie, what's the matter? Tell me, I'll help you, I promise."

Lexy sniffed loudly and snuggled her head harder into Raphael's bare chest before she answered. "Oh Bo, it's, it's awful. I can't say it! You'll think I'm awful. You won't like me anymore."

"What are you talking about, Squirt? I could never do that. Just tell what's the matter, come on sweetie." Raphael's heart caught in his throat as he realized how upset Lexy was. And he was surprised to hear himself call her sweetie.

Lexy was silent for several seconds, letting Raphael stroke her short blonde hair and hold her tight around the shoulders. Then she looked up into his face with her huge blue watery eyes. A single tear flowed slowly down her cheek. "Bo. I, I think - you probably won't believe me, but I, I think I'm pregnant."

Raphael's young brain exploded in his head. Pregnant! What? NO! How! She's only eleven. Is that even possible? HOW? Oh god, oh god, he'd made his sister pregnant! What should he do, what should he do, what should he do?

"Bo? Did you hear me? You don't believe me, do you? I said you wouldn't believe me." Lexy buried her face in Raphael's broad chest again, weeping.

"Whoa, Lexy, wait, wait. How do you know your pregnant? I mean, gosh, really?"

Lexy's muffled little girl voice came up from Raphael's chest. "I missed my thing, you know, my girl thing. And I got one of those home tests from the drugstore - I had to steal it. Don't tell mom and dad I stole it, please! They're gonna be so mad at me, they don't need to know that too. Oh god, Bo, what am I gonna do? What will mom and dad do? They're going to think I was a bad girl, a really bad girl. But I wasn't bad Bo, really, I wasn't. I never, never, I don't know how it happened. You have to believe me! Please believe me. Will they send me away? Bo! Please! What's going to happen to me?" Lexy shook hard in Raphael's arms as all of her distress came rushing out in seconds.

Raphael was overwhelmed. The guilt he'd felt weeks earlier came crashing back, crushing him down. He'd been so happy and now it was all falling apart around his ears. And Lexy was right, his parents would be furious - worse than furious. They were incredibly straight-laced and religious. They would assume the worst about Lexy. They'd probably send her away, too ashamed to let anyone know that their little daughter was pregnant, that she'd been with someone. The idea that Lexy might be sent away, where he wouldn't get to see her, stabbed him in the heart. He couldn't stand it. He couldn't stand for his parents to think Lexy was some kind of little slut, that she was less than contemptible. He couldn't stand to think of what they might do to her. The truth of what he had to do struck him like a bolt of lightening.

"Baby, Lexy, it's going to be okay, I promise," Raphael gently whispered to his sweet sister as he held her tight and tried to sooth her convulsing body. "Listen to me now, it's important. Are you listening to me? It's going to be okay, I'll take care of it."

"What? No, there's nothing you can do. They're going to want to kill me, or just get rid of me. You know what they're like."

"No sweetie, no. They won't, I promise. They won't do anything to you, 'cause I'll tell them the truth. I'll tell them everything. Oh Lexy, I'm so, so sorry. Please! I'm so sorry. I hope you can forgive me. God, Lexy, I love you, I love you so much. Please forgive me. It's all my fault!" Raphael was starting to shake too as he began to confess his sins to his wonderful young sister.

Lexy looked up again, looking confused through her tears. "What? I don't understand. You love me? I love you too, Bo. But, what are you talking about?"

And Raphael proceeded to confess his terrible crime to his beautiful little victim. Lexy's eyes got bigger and bigger as he told her the whole story. He didn't leave anything out. He even admitted to tying her up and taking pictures of her. Somehow he knew that he had to confess to everything. At any moment he expected Lexy to run screaming from his room, or start punching him, or at least to look at him with hatred and revulsion. But all through the long sordid story she stayed right there, in his arms, clutching him.

When he was finally done confessing, Raphael looked down into Lexy's pretty little face - the face he now understood that he loved more than anything in the world. Not love for a sister. Sure, he loved as a sister, but now he loved her as a girl and he knew he always would. But he had betrayed her, betrayed her in the worst possible way. There was no way she would ever love him back the way he loved her. At least he could try to make it up to her, now that he practically ruined her young life by forcing a baby into her innocent little womb. He waited, silently, expecting Lexy to run from him at any moment.

"Oh, Bo," Lexy said quietly. "Would you really? Would you really tell mom and dad - all of that - just so they wouldn't be mad at me? Bo, they'd be just as mad at you, maybe even worse. You'd really do that for me?"

With surprise, Raphael responded, "Of course I would Squirt. I told you, I love you, I'd do anything for you. I couldn't stand for mom and dad to punish you for the stupid stupid things that I did. I just couldn't."

There was a long pause from the little girl nestled in Raphael's strong arms. For the first time all morning he noticed she was wearing her bunny pajamas. Somehow they made her seem even more vulnerable and he felt yet another surge of intense attraction for her. He started when she finally spoke softly. "Would you really do anything for me?"

"Yes baby, anything!"

Very quietly, almost too soft to hear, with her faced pressed into Raphael's chest, unwilling to look him in the eye, the little girl whispered, "Would you do it again, now? Please?

"What?!" Raphael was stunned. Was his little sister really asking him to do what he thought.

"P-please," the little-girl voice whispered. "Would you d-do it again, all of it? Even the p-part with the scarves?"

Raphael was speechless and his heart was pounding in his chest so hard he thought the neighbors could probably hear it. His perfect, adorable little sister wanted him to fuck her. More, she wanted him to tie her up and then fuck her. She couldn't possibly understand what she was asking. What should he do? "Lexy! You can't mean that. What I did was terrible, it was unforgivable. I swear, I'll do anything you want, but you can't want that. You don't understand what it means. You're just a little girl. God, I'm a monster, you're really just a little girl."

"Hush!" Lexy hissed, finally looking up into Raphael's face with her big blue eyes. She was deadly serious. "Hush, Bo, I know exactly what I'm asking for. I want to know. I want to know exactly what it's like. I don't remember anything at all, it's not fair. I want you! I do. Please, it's our only chance. They'll never let us be together again once they know."

"But Lexy..."

"Hush!" Lexy placed a finger to Raphael's lips. "Just do it! N-now, p-please!"

Lexy was terrified, but Raphael could also hear the desperation in her voice. He knew that desperation - he knew it well. He knew he should argue with her, try to talk her out of this insanity. Nothing good could come of it. But the idea of being with her again was overwhelming. Thoughts of all the things he would love to do with her ran rampant through his fertile teenage mind. He realized his cock was throbbing and straining against the fabric of his boxer shorts. He should say no, tell her it was impossible. But instead he pulled her into his arms and kissed her with all the passion in his soul.

Lexy kissed Raphael back, wrapping her small arms around his neck like her life depended on it. She felt him pull her around to face him but she knew nothing but kissing him, pressing against him with all her might, searching out his tongue. The world receded and there was only Bo, his arms wrapped around her and his lips and tongue meeting hers.

Raphael had his tiny sister wrapped around his torso like a monkey. Kissing her was amazing, wonderful. Everything was ten times more real and exciting - she was awake, she wanted him. He rolled over on top of her small body, reveling in the feel of her warmth. For a long time he enjoyed the simple passion of kissing her, holding her, knowing that was kissing him back. But he wanted more and he wanted to give her more. Even as he continued to kiss her he tore her body away from his and rose onto his knees, towering over her small body.

Lexy groaned when her big brother pulled away from her, but at least he kept kissing her. And then she felt his hands at her chest, fumbling frantically with the buttons of her pajama top. Fear suddenly swept across her, but she didn't try to stop him - she only strained forward to kiss him harder until he raised his head away from hers and looked down into her pretty, blushing face.

How could an eleven-year-old girl be so passionate? Raphael was stunned by her ardor and the strength of his own desires. He nearly tore the buttons from her pajama top in his frantic need to get it open. He ran his hands along her bare ribs. Her skin was so warm and smooth and she quivered under his touch. When he cup her perfect small breasts, she arched her back and moaned, unable to control her small body. He kissed her one more time, hard, before he lowered his lips to one of her tiny nipples and sucked it into his mouth and flicked at it unmercifully with his strong tongue. He rubbed the other nipple between two fingers and was rewarded amply as both of the tiny nubbins grew longer and hardened to steely points. Lexy thrashed on the bed under him in wonderful torment.

The feelings racing through Lexy's little body were beyond anything she had imagined. She had so often dreamed of her big brother touching her, being close to her and even making love to her - but this wasn't anything like her dreams, it was so much better. "Mmmm, Mmmm, Bo! Bo! Oh! YES!" She was on fire, unable to keep from making a fool of herself by moaning and writhing on the bed. It was all so intense. But her wonderful big brother didn't seem to mind. He just kept stimulating her inexperienced body and driving her wild. How could this possibly feel so wonderful?

With every passing second Raphael got more and more excited over his pretty little sister. The way she responded to everything he did was driving him wild. It was so much better than making love to a comatose body! He'd felt powerful then, but this was completely different. As Lexy writhed underneath him, out of control, he felt omnipotent. It was so hot to feel totally dominant of her, and to be able to give her so much pleasure at the same time.

Lexy gasped when Raphael suddenly stopped touching and sucking at her incredibly sensitive young breasts. She wanted to cry out, beg him to keep going. But she was too startled by what he did next. He sat up on the bed, kneeling between her small legs. His strong bare chest looked so beautiful to her and she longed to be wrapped around it again, imagining crushing her small bare breasts against him. Raphael had other ideas. He grabbed her ankles and pulled her legs straight up, holding her ankles together with one hand and lifting her butt off the bed. In one quick violent movement he stripped her pajama pants off of her, leaving her naked from the waist down. And then he pushed her legs apart, wide apart, and held them fast, gripping her just behind her knees. Lexy blushed scarlet, horribly embarrassed to see her brother looking down hungrily at her most private place. She'd had no idea that making love would entitle him to look at her there! She desperately tried to cover herself with her hands, but Raphael was having none of that.

"Oh, Bo! Bo! OH! OH! OH!" Lexy screamed with shock at the unbelievable sensations coursing through her body. Raphael had dropped down onto the bed between her legs and easily forced his face past her hands, driving his tongue into her pussy! She couldn't believe it. He was licking her, down there! And oh, god, the way it felt. What was happening to her. Without thinking she twined her little fingers into his thick blonde hair and pulled him even tighter against her little cunny. She arched back and thrust upwards with her hips, grinding uncontrollably against his face. His tongue was everywhere, frantic and fast. Everywhere he touched her she burned. In less than thirty seconds, a huge orgasm began to wrack the little girl's body - the first of her life. She was overwhelmed and confused, but it was so wonderful. "Oh god! Bo! Bo! What's happening? Oh god. Bo!!"

The little pussy under Raphael's face gushed forth with sweet warm juices. He lapped them up greedily, reveling in the thrashing and moaning he was causing his little sister to endure. He knew that she was having a huge orgasm and he was proud to have sent her over the edge so quickly and so completely. It made his heart soar and his dick throb. The excitement coursing through his body continued to grow and grow. His heart pounded so hard. He knew that he would have to have her soon, he couldn't hold out much longer, but he wanted her to be completely his, completely under his control. So he continued to force her orgasm on her, driving it on and on until she was gasping, out of breath, begging for him to stop!

"Bo! Bo! Oh god, Bo! Stop, stop, please! Oh god, it's too much, too much! OH!!"

Lexy's distressful cries were incredibly erotic in Raphael's ears. He drove her on as her body shook violently, out of control, and only stopped when he was sure that she fully understood what he could do to her. Raphael let go of her legs and flopped over onto the bed beside Lexy, breathing hard and listening to her ragged gasps for air, feeling the bed continue to shake as she came down from her violent orgasm. He quickly stripped off his boxer shorts, freeing his rock-hard cock to point at the ceiling.

"Bo! Bo!" Lexy panted. "What was that? What did you do? Oh god, Bo, that was so amazing! What was it?"

"I, I think it was an orgasm sweetie. I think it was a really strong orgasm. Did you like it?"

"Oh god, I don't know! I mean, yes, yes, it was amazing, but it was scary! Like I couldn't control myself. But yes, I liked it. Oh, can we do it again?"

"Sure baby, absolutely, but first you have to do something else." Suddenly Raphael swung back up onto his knees, straddling Lexy's small chest and pressing her down into the bed. He startled her badly and she gasped. Then she focused on the huge phallus directly in front of her face.

"Aghhhh!!" Lexy screamed. "What is that? Bo! What is it?"

Watching terror on his little sister's face was a whole new turn-on for Raphael. He knew he would never do anything to hurt her, he loved her too much. But scaring her was incredibly hot and fed his desperate desire to dominate and possess her. "That's my cock, Squirt. It's my prick, my hot throbbing dick. That's what goes inside you, baby, down there, in your pussy."

Lexy blanched in terror at what her brother was saying. It was impossible! "No, Bo, no, it's too big, you could never."

"But I already did, Squirt. Remember, I told you. I put it in your pussy and I pushed and pushed and then I squirted my cum inside you. That's how you got pregnant. I'm sorry you got pregnant, but I'm not sorry I fucked you. I want to fuck you again and again. God, I want it so much. But first I want to see you swallow it. I want to see your pretty lips around my big cock. Go on baby, open up, suck it down! Do it!" Raphael leaned forward and forced his huge cock towards Lexy's sweet full lips.

"Bo! No, please, you're scaring me." Raphael was scaring Lexy, but he was exciting her too. She couldn't believe that he'd really put that huge thing, his cock, up inside of her. And he said he'd put in her mouth before too. What would it taste like. Would she be able to breath. She feebly tried to fend him off with her small hands, but she knew she would let him push the head of the big thing against her lips. She knew she would open her lips wide and try to take him into her mouth. "Bo, Bo, I'm scared, I'm scared," she wailed as she tossed violently under her brother's much bigger body.

Lexy pushed against Raphael's stomach and hips with her weak little arms. She tossed her head from side to side, her eyes wide with fright. He exulted in being stronger than her, easily pushing down against her and forcing the head of his cock into contact with her pretty lips. She screamed her fear, but she quickly surrendered to him and opened her wonderful red lips, sucking his cock-head hungrily into her mouth.

"Oh god, Lexy, baby, oh! That's so amazing. Fuck! Yes!" Raphael grabbed one and then the other of Lexy's little hands and guided them to his throbbing fuck monster. Instinctively she start stroking him. He pushed downwards, forcing more of his meat into her mouth. "That's it Squirt, yes, yes, oh fuck. Suck me! Harder! Lick it! Oh god!"

Lexy's fright was on overdrive, but she desperately wanted to make her brother happy and do as he commanded her. His cock was jamming in and out of her little mouth, hitting the back of her throat. She moved her hands rapidly up and down the shaft, slick with her own spit. She had no idea what was going to happen next and not knowing was terrifying. But if it didn't happen soon she thought she would pass out! Unable to scream around his huge cock, she screamed in her mind, "What's happening? What's happening!?"

"Baby, baby, oh god, I'm gonna cum. Here it comes! Oh, oh, OH, FUCK, FUCK, YES!" Raphael's seed forced it's way up through his cock and erupted into Lexy's little mouth. She choked and gagged, but he refused to let up. He wanted all his sperm in her little mouth, down her little throat. Her eyes went wide with terror as the thick spunk filled her mouth. "Swallow it, baby. Go on, swallow, that's a girl. Suck harder, swallow it all down!" Raphael had stared over and over at the pictures he'd taken of his dick creaming in Lexy's small mouth. He never thought he would ever have another chance, but here he was, raping her mouth again, forcing her to swallow his spunk. And how much better this time! She was awake, frightened, spluttering, and best of all she was dutifully doing as he commanded; swallowing his jism and sucking on his dick with all her might. All of the emotions desires and sensations came together to make Raphael cum and cum and cum some more, filling Lexy's mouth until she nearly drowned in sperm.

Finally spent, Raphael collapsed in a heaving mass beside his little sister, who finished gagging down the huge quantity of cum he had forced into her mouth. He lay on his back for a moment, catching his breath, then he grabbed Lexy and pulled her on top of him, mashing her wonderful little breasts into his broad chest. He stared into her beautiful eyes and then he kissed her, as hard and passionately as he knew how. She melted into his arms and kissed him back with just as much need.

Suddenly, Raphael rose from his bed, still clutching Lexy's small body. The little girl instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his trim waist, nuzzling his throat with her face. "Bo? What are doing?" she asked tentatively.

"I'm taking you to your room, Squirt."

"Oh, why?"

"'Cause that's where all your scarves are."

"Oh! Really?" Lexy's frightened whisper was barely audible and began to tremble in Raphael's strong arms.

"Uh-huh." Raphael entered Lexy's room and carefully placed her on her bed. She struggled to stay wrapped around his body, but he be gently disentangled from her and stood back up. He stared down at her beautiful little girl body, his erection already back in full force, pointing directly at her. "I'm going to fuck you now, Squirt. I'm going to put my big cock up inside your tight pussy and fuck you until I cum inside you. I want you so bad!"

Suddenly shy again, Lexy clamped her legs together and twisted them to the side to hide her nakedness. She clutched at her blouse, pulling it together to cover her lovely breasts. She blushed deep red and her eyes were huge with uncertainty. "Oh, Bo, I don't know, I'm scared. Wh-what if I'm t-too scared? Wh-what if I ch-change my mind?"

"That's why I'm going to tie you up first Squirt." Raphael moved quickly to Lexy's closet, knowing exactly where to find all of her long silken scarves. He grabbed the bathrobe belt for good measure and was back at the foot of her bed in seconds.

"Oh god, Bo! But, but, I didn't think you would really... Oh god, Bo, I'm scared. Why do you need to do that? No, Bo, no! Please! Why are you doing this?" Lexy's fear was real, as were her struggles when Raphael gripped her ankle and starting tying one of the scarves around it. She fought, but he was so much bigger and stronger than she, and the end was inevitable. "Bo, Bo, you're scaring me! Bo!" Holding her down on her side, Raphael pulled her wrist down to meet her ankle and secured the two together with a tight knot. Then he flipped her onto her other side and repeated the procedure. When he was done her wrists were firmly tied to her ankles, forcing her to bend at the waist and knees. She thrashed about as Raphael got up from the bed, but she realized at once how extremely helpless she was.

As he worked the last scarf in his strong hands, Raphael looked down on his little captive and his heart crashed in his chest. Once again he was so excited that he could barely breathe. The way his sister tossed and turned on the bed, fighting against her bonds, was intoxicating. He hated to leave her, but he had to dash down the hall to retrieve his camera. There was never any question that he had to record the amazing scene of his tied up sister.

"Oh god, Bo! NO! NO! You can't!" Lexy twisted and turned, desperately trying to hide her pussy and her bare breasts when she looked up to see Raphael taking pictures of her. She blushed so deep that she could feel the warmth suffuse her body. "Please Bo, please! Not the camera - it's too, too... Bo! What are you.... Ummmph! Mmmmm! MMMMMM!" Lexy's frightened screams were cut off when the huge knot of scarf was forced into her mouth. Raphael quickly secured it behind her head and then returned to his camera. "Mmmmm! Mmmmm!" was all the sound that the poor little child could manage as her brother took more pictures of her incredibly erotic position.

"Open your legs, Lexy, go on, do it!" Raphael demanded. "Don't make me tie them open!"

Lexy trembled all over, terrified, but the demanding tone in her strong big brother's voice sent a shock through her body. It was inconceivable that she not obey him, not now. She couldn't believe he was taking pictures of her, but she had to do as he commanded. Slowly, she rolled onto her back and opened her trembling legs to his gaze and his camera. With her arms and ankles bound so tightly together, she was forced to lift her butt off the mattress and she knew immediately what a spectacular exhibition she must be.

Raphael was beyond the breaking point. He couldn't wait another second. He rushed through the last few embarrassing pictures of his little captive sister, then tossed the camera to the side. He jammed a pillow under her butt, then added a second pillow - to ease the obvious strain on her back and keep her butt high off the mattress. The way she continued to moan and struggle against the tight scarves was so hot. He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life. But he wanted her to be ready too.

Stretching out on top of Lexy's small body, between her bound legs, Raphael brought his lips close to her ear. He whispered to her. "Are you ready for me to fuck you Squirt? Do you want my big dick inside of you?"

Lexy shook her head, violently, terrified. "Nnnnn! NNNNN!" This was all so out of hand, so far beyond her comprehension. She couldn't process the intense emotions crashing over her. "NNNNN!" Unexpectedly, Raphael suddenly moved down her body and she felt his tongue find her tiny pussy. Instantly she arched her back even further and writhed from the surprise attack. "Mmmmm! MMMMM!!" His tongue found her little clit and flicked at it unmercifully. Lubricating juices flooded her young slit and mixed with her brother's saliva. The intense sensations coming from her inexperienced pussy collided with Lexy's fear and confusion and desire and she nearly passed out. She screamed and screamed into her tight gag as her big brother worked every sensitive part of her cunt with his fingers and his strong tongue.

It took only a few moments and Lexy was back on the edge of another huge orgasm. She could feel it building and building. It was about to crash over her. She could barely breath, dragging short sharp breaths through her tiny nose. It was coming, any second, she knew it.

"Nnnnnn! Nnnnnn!" Lexy tried to scream when Raphael suddenly and unexpectedly drew away from her, leaving her huge orgasm unfulfilled. All of her fears and confusion were nothing compared to the overwhelming desire he'd engendered in her with his wonderful tongue. She wanted to grab him and force him back to her little pussy. She wanted to wrap her legs around his neck and never let go. She wanted to cum!! But she was completely helpless in front of her grinning, leering brother.

Raphael dropped back down onto his beautiful sister, crushing the side of her face into his broad chest, pushing her legs even wider apart. He had no trouble whatsoever positioning the throbbing head of his cock at the entrance to her small slit. He parted her lips with it, teasing her, just spreading her apart. He moved the head up and down, sopping up the delicious wetness, toying with her and stimulating her as much as he could with just the tip. He waited, impatiently, until her trembling intensified, turning to wracking tremors that moved up and down her body. And then he plunged.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!" Lexy screamed into her gag. Her brother's huge cock split her apart just as her orgasm crashed over her. Every muscle in her body spasmed and strained. She couldn't help but buck her hips upwards into the vicious downward thrusts into her tight pussy. She felt his cock ramming into her insides, painfully smashing against something solid. But her orgasm went on and on, drowning out any pain she felt. Her mind reeled. She wanted to grab ahold of Raphael and pull him even tighter to her tiny body, but she was still helpless.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck yes, baby! Oh, oh, Lexy. UNH!" Raphael kept up a steady stream of swearing, moaning and grunting as he pounded into Lexy's tiny body. He remembered the way her little pussy had sucked at him when she was still comatose. This was so much better! She grasped at him with all her strength, clamping down and pulling hard every time he pulled out. She screamed through her gag in time with his thrusts - screams of delight. She quivered uncontrollably underneath him. She was just as desperate for him as he was for her - he could feel it. If only he could get the entire seven inches of his thick cock inside of her! No matter how hard he tried, no matter how welcoming she was to him, he couldn't get get the whole thing inside of her diminutive love tunnel.

"Oh Lexy, Lexy, I'm gonna cum! I can't hold it back, it's coming. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh FUCK!" Semen exploded through the long tube of Raphael's cock, spraying hotly against Lexy's insides. Wave after searing wave coursed through his dick and erupted into her womb. Raphael arched his back above her and thrust as hard as he could, screaming her name as she clamped onto his huge manhood and milked every drop of his seed into her body. Her orgasm had never ceased as long as he was pounding into her, and the last waves of intensity pushed little Lexy's inexperienced brain over the brink. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her back arched under her brother and she passed out.

When Lexy revived a few moments later, she found herself face down on top of her handsome brother, her face pressed into his sweaty chest. His strong masculine smell broke through the fuzz in her brain and brought her back to the world. She realized that his thick cock was still up inside of her, although it was much smaller and not so hard. She was still tied up, but she didn't mind. She was safe, in his arms, with one hand gently stroking her hair. At least the awful gag was gone from her mouth. She lifted her head to stare into her brother's big blue eyes - eyes just like hers.

"Are you okay, baby?" Raphael asked gently, still stroking her hair and holding her tight. "Do you want me to untie you?"

"Oh, uhm, no, no, just hold me Bo. Oh god, that was, it was so..."

"I know Squirt, I know. It was unbelievable. You are so, so hot. I just can't tell you what you do to me. You know I love you, right?"

"I love you too Bo." Lexy put her face back down on his chest and sighed with intense contentment. She didn't even care that she was still completely helpless. For a long time they just lay there together, but Lexy knew that she couldn't wait any longer. "Bo?" she said, tentatively, refusing to look into his eyes.

"What baby?"

"Can I tell you something? I mean, uhm, will you promise not to get mad at me?"

"How could I get mad you at you Squirt? Not after we just, well, you know... And it was so... What is it baby?"

Lexy forced herself to raise her head again and look into her loving brother's eyes. "It's just that, well, it's just... Oh god. Bo, I'm not really pregnant. I made that up."

"What!? Geez, Lexy, what the...?"

"Please! Please don't get mad at me. Oh! It was the only thing I could think of. I had to know. I had to know for certain and I couldn't just ask you, or accuse you, I just couldn't. And I couldn't talk to mom or dad about it, and I was going crazy not knowing for sure. And then you were so nice to me, more than usual, and you seemed to like spending time with me, but I just had to be sure. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, please don't be mad." Lexy's little girl voice rattled away, almost faster than Raphael could follow.

"I don't understand - you had to know what?"

"If it was you. If it was you who, you know - did it."

"Did what?"

Suddenly Lexy turned shy again and she blushed deliciously. "You know," she whispered, no longer able to look Raphael in the eye, "did it, had sex with me."

"You knew someone had sex with you?"

"Of course I did! You didn't think I wouldn't know did you?"

"Holy shit, you knew, and you didn't say anything to anyone, until today? Geez Squirt, that's crazy. And so you made up a story about being pregnant, just to see if I would admit it was me. Did you want it to be me? Holy shit."

"Of course I wanted it to be you, you dork! I love you. I've always loved you. I've always wanted to be with you, any way that I could. And if you did that to me, then it meant that maybe you wanted to be with me too, really be with me. But, but, I had to know. I'm sorry. Please don't be mad."

"Oh god, baby, I'm not mad, I'm not, I promise. And I do want to be with you. I love you and I LOVE being with you. I can't imagine being with anyone else, ever. Is that what you want Squirt. Do you want to do this again and again? All of it."

Lexy dropped her head back to Raphael's chest and sighed deeply. "Yes Bo, again and again. Anything you want. I love you."

"I love you too baby."

"Bo?"

"Uh-huh Squirt."

"I, I think you should untie me now. My arms are going numb."

"Mmmm. Sure, but not just yet baby. Not just yet." Raphael's cock was still buried in Lexy's tight pussy, and it was already starting to revive, getting ready for another spectacular round of sex with his wonderful new lover. "Don't you think we should celebrate, sweetie? I mean, you're not pregnant - that's great! And we're together, we don't have to be alone any more - I'm so happy."

"I'm happy too Bo. But, what did you mean celebrate? Oh! You meant that. OH! God, yes, yes, oh, that feels so good."

Raphael stroked his fully erect prick in and out of Lexy's tight pussy for several moments, until it was moving smoothly and easily through her juices. "Yeah baby, this is a nice way to celebrate, but, I had something else in mind. Are you ready Squirt? Are you ready to really celebrate?"

"What Bo? You're kind of scaring me. What do you want to do now?"

Raphael stroked in and out of her cunt faster, then suddenly pulled out of her. Clutching her body with one strong arm, he positioned his throbbing dick at the entrance to her microscopic anus.

"No Bo! NO! NO!" Lexy screamed as she felt her brother begin to force his large cock past the tight ring of her tiny virgin asshole. She was suddenly terrified and she struggled wildly against the scarves binding her wrists and ankles. "Nooo! Nooo! Aghh!" she screamed.

But in her mind, Lexy heard herself saying again "Yes Bo! Again and again. Anything you want, Bo. I love you." And she knew she would love him forever, no matter what.