**I Love My Brother: Hannah's Story**

by Krosis of the Collective

*I love my brother. You may judge me, but...y'know what? Fuck you, Judgey McJudgerson!*

Sigh. My name is Hannah. This is my story...

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When I was 16 I was a curious and horny girl, but shy. I had been overweight when younger, but recently those blobby curves had slimmed and transformed into sexy ones. However, this metamorphosis left me feeling like an alien in my own body, so I kept wearing oversized clothes to compensate. Nobody seemed to notice how I was changing, and I was fine with that.

My older brother Brett has been hot for his entire life...a cute boy, a handsome young man, and now a high school senior on the wrestling team, so he had added a gorgeous set of muscles on top of that already overwhelming package.

Heh, package...speaking of package, that brings me to what started all this: I sometimes sneak into my brother's room to borrow his laptop, since I don't have one of my own. I have an old smartphone (Brett's hand-me-down), but that little screen isn't great for videos. I make sure to go through Brett's browser history and watch the same porn videos he does so that he doesn't realize I do this. Luckily, he watches ones with couples so there's something for me to get off to as well.

I was just reaching for the laptop on his desk when I heard a snort from the bed. I turned and saw that Brett had come home early from wrestling practice and was having a nap! More importantly, the covers had been pushed away and his cock was in full view!

I held my breath, still, and waited. He was breathing heavily, definitely sleeping. I wanted to get out of there, but like I said, I was a curious, horny girl too. I tiptoed next to the bed, getting a good look.

I had never seen a penis in real life before. It was long, maybe 5 inches, kinda thick...not a porn cock or anything, but it also wasn't fully hard.

I was having trouble reconciling this nice-looking dong coming out of my brother's body. I mean, he was a hot guy, but he was also my brother, y'know?

Then I noticed that Brett's cock was getting harder, lengthening as I watched. I looked at his face but he was still asleep, his eyes darting about behind their lids. Dreaming!

Wet dreaming? His breathing quickened and my eyes snapped back to his cock as it expanded to beyond 6 inches in length. I could see a small drop of fluid escape the tip, and I licked my lips.

Then he rolled to the side and I just about screamed, dropping to the floor out of sight. He didn't make any other big movements, so after a minute I peeked back up. I was looking at his tight asscheeks as he thrust his pelvis weakly into the bed. I adjusted my angle and could still see his hard cock as he rubbed it against the bedsheets under him.

I don't know when I started to do it, but I found my fingers inside my sweat pants, rubbing my clit as I watched. I was so horny! But he was my brother! I decided to just watch his cock and nothing else. Soon my fingers had slipped inside my pussy and I was thrusting them inside myself, unconsciously synchronizing with his hip movements.

Such a beautiful cock...who was he dreaming about? I felt...what was that? Jealous? Maybe he was dreaming about me?

I shook my head. No, of course he wasn't. Nobody wanted Chunky Hannah (thanks for that nickname, Abe from 7th grade!). I almost stopped masturbating, but Brett's thrusting got faster, as did his breathing. I struggled to get more of my fingers inside myself.

Then he grunted and, as I watched, his cock sprayed cum all over his sheets. There was so much of it! This turned me on even more, and I quickly speared my fingers deep inside myself until I started to cum too. I grunted, mouth closed, as I orgasmed around my fingers. I thrust harder.

"Ow!" Shit! I felt a sharp, painful sensation inside me, cutting off my pleasure. Then I realized that I had said that out loud! I quickly ran from the room, pausing just long enough to confirm that Brett wasn't fully awake. He seemed to be stirring but he was still facing away from the door as I quietly shut it behind me.

I raced into my room and examined my fingers. There was blood, and I also found some dripping from my vagina! I realized that I had damaged my hymen in my eagerness, and I was sad because I wasn't a virgin anymore. In a way, my brother had taken my virginity!

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I couldn't put my fingers in my pussy for a couple days afterward, it was so sore. Now, up until that point I had finger fucked myself daily, sometimes multiple times a day, so I was super horny by the third day.

Brett was having a shower before school in the morning and I knew that he never locked the bathroom door. Mom and Dad were eating breakfast so I figured I had a few minutes to perv on my brother. I quietly turned the knob...heh, knob...speaking of knobs, my brother was actually playing with himself in the shower. I could see the silhouette of his hand sliding up and down his cock shaft through the frosted glass sliding door.

My hand that wasn't holding the door steady immediately went inside my sweatpants to diddle my clit. I wondered who he was thinking about as he whacked it. I tentatively slipped one finger inside me, testing how it felt. A little sore, but good. Another finger joined the first, and again I found my thrusting matching my brother's hand on his magnificent cock.

His hand sped up and I could hear him making little grunting noises. I realized he was going to cum soon, and that ramped my own excitement up so that I was right there with him. I imagined that cock thrusting inside me, not just my fingers, faster, faster...

"Unh! Umm!" Brett grunted and I saw his sperm splash against the inside of the glass shower door.

That set me off...he was cumming, and I was cumming with him! "Nnh! Mm!" I tried to be quiet, shaking as pleasurable waves exploded out from inside my pussy, tingling my clit and making my knees weak. I stumbled a little and the door made a slight creaking sound. Shit!

I quickly but quietly pulled the door closed as I heard Brett call out, "Hello?" Then I tiptoed back to my room to change my underwear.

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"Hey Brett," I said as I passed him in the hall between our rooms.

"Hey Hannah," he replied casually. He was about to continue on down the hall but I kept talking.

"Umm...what kinds of girls do you like?"

He stopped. "Err...why you askin'?" He looked confused.

"You never go out anymore! I was going to see if I could set you up with someone." Would this work?

He looked even more confused. "But you have no friends..."

Okay, that was true, but I wasn't about to give him that point. "Sure I do! Just tell me..."

He looked sheepish. "Um...cheerleaders, I guess?"

"Okay!" I said, and skipped away.

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If I wasn't super fucking horny that week I probably wouldn't have gone through with it, but my obsession with my brother's cock was only growing...heh, growing...speaking of growing, I snuck into his room that night with a flashlight covered with tissue paper so its light stayed dim. While he slept I managed to pull the covers back so I could see his thing. It was soft, so after making sure he was still asleep I moved my mouth forward so I could breathe hot air onto it. My mouth was watering, but I figured he'd wake up if I started blowing him.

Sure enough, within a few seconds it started to respond to the warmth and light touch of my breath. I watched in delight as it expanded to its full 6+ inch length.

But...then what? If I touched it he'd probably wake up. I was hoping he'd start having another wet dream, but after a minute or so his cock softened again.

Disappointed, I slipped back out of his room to finger myself to orgasm. Good, but not as powerful as when I watched him cum. It was difficult, not to mention dangerous, to catch him at those times.

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At school the next day I went cock crazy. I had found a cheerleading outfit in the change room that looked like it would fit me and I grabbed it. I then went to the drama room, which I knew would be empty that period, and texted my brother:

Me: \*Hey, got a cheerleader friend who likes u\*

Brett: \*What? Nfw\*

Me: \*Go 2 the drama room RN she has a boyfriend so she can't show her face, but she totally wants u...and ur welcome\*

By this point I had undressed, including removing my bra and panties, and changed into the cheerleading skirt and tight top. I had been pleasantly surprised to find that my new sexy curves actually fit it pretty well. No more Chunky Hannah! Then I put on the full face gorilla mask I had found in the prop room.

I heard the door open and close. He was here! I had turned the lights off and was glad Brett didn't turn them back on. There was sufficient light coming through the windows high up on the outside wall so that we could see each other, but not so well that he might recognize any visible part of me, not that I showed this much of my body at home.

"Uh, hi...?" Brett said, coming forward and smiling a goofy grin when he saw the gorilla mask. Then I could see his eyes scanning down to my legs and back up to my tight top. I could feel my nipples harden, and his eyes widened.

I walked toward him, moving my hands across his chest through his tight t-shirt. He took my shoulders and I shuddered in pleasure at his touch.

"Er...I wanna kiss you, but..." He looked at the gorilla mask.

I touched a finger to his lips and sank to my knees, unbuckling and unzipping his pants. As they fell to the floor I could see his raging hard-on through his "tighty whities". I pulled them down and his cock just about hit me in the face.

Then I realized that because of the mask, not only could he not kiss me, I couldn't blow him! I took a hold of it in my hand, stroking. No, I needed more than just this...

I turned and bent over, my hands on the edge of the small stage in the center of the room. My puffy pussy was fully on display, making sure there would be no confusion as to what I wanted. I was suddenly so glad that I had started trimming down there!

I waited, sweating in the gorilla mask. Finally, I felt one of his strong hands on my hip, holding me steady. A moment later, something poked me down there. Was it--?

It was. Brett managed to angle the head of his cock into my very wet pussy from behind and I gasped at the unfamiliar invasion. Once the tip was in he grabbed my hips with both hands and thrust.

"O-ohh..." I moaned, the pleasure of a couple inches of his magnificent fuckstick almost overwhelming me. My brother's cock was inside me! My nipples were so hard...

Brett kept pushing, but I was well lubricated, and soon he was all the way in. My breaths were shaky gulps by this point, I was so overwhelmed by the feeling of...fullness. Not an invasion...more a completion...something I'd been missing all my life.

Then Brett pulled out a bit and pushed back in. I moaned in pleasure again. So good!

Soon he got a rhythm going, in and out, in and out, and I could barely think. I started to drool inside the mask as my handsome brother pummelled my almost virginal pussy.

I felt one of his hands creep up and grab one of my breasts through the lycra top. He pawed it for a bit, then as he found the nipple and started tweaking it, a pleasure circuit connected from there to my pussy and I came hard.

Cumming on my fingers is one thing. Cumming when filled with hard cock is another. It's like my body was trying to expel him by squeezing him out, but he was so strong that he was right back in, all the way, the tip of his cock tap-tap-tapping at my cervix.

Then he thrust all the way in and grunted. There was a throbbing feeling inside me and I realized that he was filling the condom up, that thin barrier the only thing protecting my defenseless reproductive system from being overwhelmed by his no doubt powerful sperm. I came again, or did that first orgasm just keep going? My mind shut down, pickled with pleasure juice.

He pulled out and the sudden feeling of loss from that swift evacuation brought me back. My head and chest were on the stage, my arms having given out during the orgasmic attack.

"That was awesome! Lemme know if you ever want to do this again. Hannah can give you my number." Then I heard the clink of his belt buckle as he redressed, and a moment later he was gone.

I had zero strength. I just lay there, recovering, a bowl of Hannah-flavored gelatin dessert.

Finally, after a few minutes I was able to get to my hands and knees. A minute later I was back on my unsteady feet. I took off the gorilla mask, my sweaty head of hair falling about my face.

Ding ding!

I looked over at my phone, situated off to the side with its camera pointed toward the stage. Yeah, damned right I recorded it! I may never get up the confidence to do something this crazy again, so I wanted some "spank bank" material. I grabbed it...it was a text from Brett.

\*Ur awesome sis! Sure u cant tell me who that was?\*

Still unsteady, I typed, \*Sorry, hos b4 bros\*. I smirked, proud of myself.

Then I noticed just how much liquid was coming out of my cooch. How had I cum so much? I was juicy, sure, but...

...oh shit...

I smeared my fingers through some of it and brought it to my nose. It was his cum! I dropped back down to my knees. My brother had cum inside me! Why the fuck hadn't he put on a condom? I remembered all the times that I overheard Dad telling Brett to wrap it up when he went on dates, and this was a one-off with a slut he didn't even know! Stupid stupid stupid!

I tried to remember when my last period was. Wait, do you count from when the period starts, or ends? Shit shit shit...

I stilled my breathing. I had to get control. Just had to concentrate on my body...

My nipples were still hard, and rubbed against the lycra of the tight top as I breathed. That made my clit itch. I was still horny. This wasn't what I meant when I said I had to concentrate on my body!

Deep inside me, I contemplated, my brother's sperm was trying to invade my innermost sanctum, my unplumbed depths. His seed and my eggs didn't care that we were family. Millions of years of evolution had brought these two things together, and they would not be denied. I felt a little twitch inside my vagina at that thought. My clit was so itchy...

I shouldn't...it's dangerous...

...danger...excitement...

I dipped one finger into my pussy, extracting some of the dangerous seed, and put it into my mouth. Mmm! Salty, kind of acrid, but tasty! As I brought my finger back down to extract more, it bumped my other hand, which was now playing with my clit. When had I started doing that?

I pushed my finger back inside, continuing to masturbate as I did so. I didn't take my finger back out right away -- I thrust it in and out a couple times first -- before I extracted another dollop to suck on. Then I put two fingers in...oh, my clit was feeling good...I thrust a few more times...take some more sperm out, lick it off...umm...

As I put three fingers in, my mind drifted back to what had happened. Brett had pushed his bare cock inside my overheated and possibly fertile pussy and filled me up with his potent sperm! I could get pregnant...my brother's baby growing inside me...

"Unhh! Ooohhh!" I thrust those fingers deep inside me as my other hand furiously frigged my clit and I came hard. I remembered a video where a doctor had said that when a woman orgasmed during or after sex it improved her chances of getting pregnant. "Nooo..." I moaned, knowing that I was making it worse but hardly caring as my overwhelmed body spasmed in pleasure as those conflicting thoughts battled in my head.

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After school when I got home, Brett rushed around the corner and grabbed me in a bear hug. "Mmff!" I exclaimed as he gave me a smooch right on the mouth.

"Your friend was great, Hannah! You're awesome!"

He was still hugging me. How ironic that we had sex before our first kiss, I dumbly thought. He was so strong that I wasn't touching the floor anymore. "Umm..." I hummed.

"Oh!" He let go, looking shy, and I dropped back to my feet. "Hey, did you lose weight?" he asked, looking at me appraisingly.

I slapped him across the face.

He looked at me, shocked. "Shit, Hannah, I'm sorry...I..." Embarrassed, he turned and walked away, holding his face.

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I didn't like being mad at my brother. Had I slapped him because he mentioned my weight, or to distract him from noticing I was skinnier now, or because he hadn't used a condom earlier? Maybe all of those things?

My handsome brother had looked so hurt...not physically, as I'm sure my slap had barely registered, but emotionally. It hurt my heart to think of it.

Hours later, I stood in his doorway, uncertain. He looked at me worriedly.

I spoke first: "I'm sorry for slapping you."

"I'm sorry for being rude," he replied. "Mom always says a gentleman doesn't ask about a lady's weight or age."

I just stood there. I wanted to go to him and kiss him, hug him, but I didn't want his hands noticing any resemblance between my body and the faceless cheerleader's.

"Okay, good night," I finally offered. "Love you."

His handsome face brightened. "Love you too, sis."

I was glad he wasn't a dick about it. Heh, dick...speaking of dick...

I watched the video that I had taken earlier, but the light wasn't great and the phone had been too far away to pick up much of our sex sounds. I managed to give myself a small orgasm, but it wasn't enough. I needed to touch him, to feel his skin against mine again. I ached for him! Finally, I had an idea. I searched the net and found what I needed: a free service that allows you to send and receive text messages using an app and a fake number.

I signed up, entered Brett's phone number, and sent, \*Hey, this is ur cheerleader friend from earlier today...how u doin?\*

After a long, agonizing minute my phone chimed with his response. I hoped Brett didn't hear that! I quickly turned it to vibrate and read, \*Hey! Doin good...was thinkin that I needed to maybe dl some gorilla porn...think u ruined me for humans\*

I snort-laughed at that, and then quickly covered my mouth. Brett was so funny!

Me: \*Sooo...think I can c u 2nite?\*

Brett: \*Just going 2 bed now. 2morrow?\*

Me: \*If u unlock your back door I can sneak in...I know where u live\*

I sent that before I thought about it. That could come off as really creepy!

Brett: \*Fuck yeah! Midnite? Once u come up the stairs my room's the 1 with the stop sign on it\*

I let out the breath I'd been holding. Romantic or creepy, it's all about how much the other person likes you. Looked like Brett was really into me...um, her.

Me: \*Ok, no mask, but keep the lights off and your curtains closed u can't know who I am or there'll be trouble\*

Brett sent back a thumbs-up emoji.

A minute later I heard Brett head down the stairs to unlock the back door. I set my phone to vibrate at 5 minutes to midnight and took a catnap.

Buzz buzz. Snooze.

Buzz buzz. Snooz-- No! Shit, gotta get going! I looked at the time: 12:04. Fuck! I quickly grabbed a long coat from my closet that I never use and tied it around my naked form. Ever so quietly I left my room, closed the door behind me, and opened Brett's.

The light was off. After I closed his door I heard, "Gorilla girl?"

I almost snort-laughed again, but quickly caught myself. He could have recognized me from my laugh! "Mm hm," I hummed back.

Then he was in front of me, holding me, kissing me. My knees went weak as his tongue snaked between my lips and I French kissed my brother for the first time. Not that I had any experience with it, but I felt that my brother was a good kisser.

I unfastened the coat and dropped it to the floor. Brett's hands moved from my face to my shoulders, and when they found no clothing they moved further down to my breasts. "Mmm..." I moaned into his mouth as he felt me up. I moved my hands to his chest, kneading his strong muscles.

Suddenly, he picked me up, breaking the kiss. I gasped as he pulled my crotch to just above his, holding me steady with his strong arms. I could feel the tip of his hard cock bumping into my pussy lips. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and then felt him enter me.

Yes! This was what I wanted! I gasped and moaned as gravity took hold and my wet vagina slid halfway down his penis...

...his bare penis! He wouldn't have been waiting with a condom already on, and I couldn't tell him to put one on without him recognizing my voice!

Then he was buried all the way inside me and all the good reasons to stop this went out of my mind. I felt so full inside! I clung to him, gasping and moaning as he started to lift me up and down on his dick. Being part of the wrestling team gave him incredible upper body strength.

Then he was kissing me again, our tongues intertwining. I didn't get to do that earlier during the day because of the mask, and doing it during intercourse was so intimate that it made me cum. "Mmmf! Mmm!" I gasped into his mouth.

He waited until I stopped shaking before he carried me over to his bed. Laying me back onto it, he then moved his face down to my breasts, nibbling and licking. Another first for me, and I had a mini-orgasm when he clamped his mouth to one of my nipples.

Then he started to fuck me hard. As his crotch bounced against my sensitive clit I was overwhelmed with pleasure, shaking my head back and forth, barely able to hold still.

I came again, my back arching, my legs clamping around his butt to keep him deep inside me. I heard him grunt...

...wait, no...

I was still cumming...couldn't stop...not again! He jammed himself hard inside me, deep as he could as I felt his cock swell, and then he was gasping and groaning, giving me hard, shallow thrusts as he blew another load of incestuous baby batter deep inside my defenseless pussy. Oh, Goddd...

He stopped thrusting. Had I said that out loud?

He pulled out and I gasped at the sudden evacuation. He could have stayed inside me forever and I would have died happy.

He rolled over next to me, facing me. I could feel his hands touching my face, exploring...

Shit! I couldn't allow him to feel the contours of my face. His sense of touch wasn't as sensitive as a blind person, but he might recognize the shape of my nose or cheekbones or something. I pulled away and sat up.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have..." he whispered. "Will you ever let me know who you are?"

I touched my finger to his lips. He got the message. I then replaced my finger with my mouth, giving him a minute-long, solid French kiss before I got up and searched for my coat.

"This was awesome," he whispered. "You're fantastic."

I got a little thrill at hearing that, and my nipples hardened again. I gave him an audible air smooch and slipped out the door, closing it behind me.

I was about to go back to my room but then I heard Brett's door open behind me. There was a little more light in the hallway than his room so I quickly pulled the coat collar up to hide most of my face and hand-waved him back. He made a gesture like turning a key.

Shit! He wanted to lock the back door after "Gorilla Girl" left! Thinking fast, I showed him my palm in the "stop" gesture and then changed it to three fingers...would he understand? He gave a thumbs-up and closed the door...he'd wait for three minutes before locking behind me.

I quickly and quietly slipped downstairs. I wasn't about to be locked out of the house, so I had to find someplace to hide! I snuck into the downstairs closet, making sure not to knock anything over, and closed the door behind me.

Sure enough, a couple minutes later I heard Brett doing the best a member of the wrestling team could to be quiet as he descended the stairs, locked the back door, and then went back to his room.

I was in a quandary. If I went upstairs too soon he might hear, and find me wearing the same coat as his unseen lover. I needed to wait a while.

I hate waiting. I needed to do something to keep myself amused, and there I was, practically naked, with my brother's sperm dripping out of my well-fucked pussy.

Like earlier that day, I reached down and started to extract the salty liquid from my cooze, stuffing it into my mouth. The less left down there, the less pregnancy danger I'd be in, right?

As before, though, my other hand found my clit and my fingers stayed longer and longer inside my pussy until I orgasmed, my cervix no doubt sucking some of my brother's sperm into my uterus as I came. I sat there, shaking. He had cum inside me earlier that day, so another load wasn't any more dangerous, right? Yeah.

I cleaned the mess up with some paper towel and headed back to my room. There was a message from Brett on the phone app!

\*If u want 2 do this again, I'm good anytime\*

I grinned.

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The next night I pulled out my phone and texted him: \*Hey big boy\*

Brett: \*Wtf Hannah?\*

Shit! I had used my regular messaging instead of the fake number app! Um, um...

Me: \*That's from my friend she sez she's having trouble sending directly to u\*

Brett: \*Oh...that's weird dude\*

I switched to the app and sent, \*Test test\*

Brett: \*Hey! Yeah I got that\*

I'd have to pay better attention! I'd been making little mistakes and getting away with them, but if Brett thought it out...

Brett: \*You cummin over 2nite?\*

I smiled at "cummin" instead of "coming". \*Yeah baby\*

He then sent emojis of an eggplant, a peach, and a gorilla. I snickered.

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When I snuck into his room it was dark, as I requested, but he didn't jump me this time. I dropped the coat and peered into the darkness.

"Psst." That came from the bed. I clambered onto it and lay down next to him.

"I've been greedy, just jumpin' on you," he said quietly. "I wanna taste you." He rolled on top of me and then moved his head down between my legs.

Another first for me! I moaned as his lips kissed the entrance to my pussy and then his tongue snaked out to coax my clitoris from its hood. Soon he was sucking on it, and one of his fingers had slipped inside me, thrusting...then two.

"Uh...uhh...uhhh..." I could only gasp and shake in pleasure. Finally, as he pushed three fingers into me I came, grinding my puss into his fingers and face.

"Yummy!" he whispered, and then moved up to kiss me. I tasted my pussy juices on his lips as his cock easily speared into my very wet cunt.

"MMF!" I exclaimed into his mouth. No condom again. I had wracked my brain trying to think of a reason to ask him to wear one through text, but since we'd already had unprotected sex a couple of times it wouldn't have made sense. He must have assumed I was on the pill or something, and if I said I wasn't then he'd realize what jeopardy he'd already put me in and stop fucking me. I didn't want to chance that! I would make sure when he got close that I'd suck him off.

He was doing something new, just quickly dipping the first couple of inches in and back out. It felt great but I wanted him all the way inside me! The teasing bastard!

Wait, he was my brother, so if he was a bastard then so was I. Why was I thinking thoughts at a time like this?

He suddenly slid all the way inside me and I grunted loud at the sudden intrusion. He covered my mouth with his hand and stopped. "You gotta be quiet, or my parents might hear. They're just down the hall," he hissed.

I nodded and he moved his hand. He then started to give me deep, long strokes of his cock and I sighed in pleasure. We kissed again, our tongues dancing as his magnificent cock brought me to new heights of pleasure.

He started to speed up and I pushed on his chest. "Wha--?" He stopped and I wriggled out from under him. Then I pushed so he would roll onto his back. I grabbed his cock and directed it into my mouth.

"Ohh yeahhh..." he moaned.

Again I tasted my own juices, and I marveled at how hard and yet squishy...pliable?...his penis was. I got half into my mouth and I didn't really know what I was doing, but Brett was still groaning so I kept it up. Heh...kept it up...speaking of keeping it up...

Suck...slip my lips down and back up...suck...down...up...I wasn't able to get all of his cock into my mouth without gagging, unfortunately.

Then I felt Brett sit up and grab my shoulders. I lifted my head and he pulled me on top of him.

"We'll work on your blowjob skills, but right now I need to be inside you." My legs were now on either side of his hips and one of his hands moved down to angle his cock up between my pussy lips. No, wait...

He grabbed my hips and pushed me down, his very hard, saliva-covered cock rushing deep up inside of me.

"Uhh!" I groaned, overwhelmed by the feeling of his dick all the way inside me, kissing at my cervix. With this angle he was so deep! I came hard, my body shaking, spastic.

"Yeahh..." He lifted my hips and brought them down hard, again and again. My orgasm finally peaked and I collapsed onto him, a ragdoll. So good...so goooodddd...

I could feel his cock getting harder, longer, as he lifted my hips up and down faster, supplementing by thrusting from below. No, I had to stop this...I didn't want him to cum in me and make me pregnant!

...make me pregnant...

Make me pregnant, Brett.

"Ungghh!" he groaned, pulling me down hard onto his cock. I could feel the tip stretching me down there...I could picture in my mind the head of his penis pushing on my cervix, opening it up, and...

I came hard. "Ohh...ohhhhh..."

"Arr!" he cried out.

I could feel each shot going inside me...pulse...pulse...pulse...as I orgasmed my cervix was opening up and closing again, allowing my brother to shoot his potent seed directly into my possibly fertile womb. I couldn't stop cumming at the thought.

Finally, he let go of me and my orgasm eventually calmed down. My body felt like a wet noodle.

It might not happen, I told myself. My period was irregular, so maybe I wasn't fertile right now? He came inside me twice yesterday. What's once more the next day?

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I woke up. Where was I? I could see sunlight permeating the room from behind closed curtains...

Brett's curtains! I had fallen asleep in his room! I quickly looked over at my brother, but he was asleep, thank God! Slowly, carefully, I slithered from his bed and donned the long coat.

"Mmm...hey..."

He woke up! I froze, my back to him. I pulled the collar of the coat up to hide my face, but with the morning sunlight there was more light in his room now than in the hallway last time so he could see my hair! Was the jig up?

"I won't tell anyone, if you wanna show me."

I didn't turn, but gave him a wave as I opened his door to escape.

He sighed. "Okay then...seeya later...or touch ya, I guess?"

Instead of going downstairs, I slipped into my room. Brett had still been on the bed when I left, so I had time. I had a look at myself in the mirror...my hair was a rat's nest from all the sweaty sex, so there was no way he'd have recognized me from it. I breathed a sigh of relief.

I looked down at my raw, red pussy lips. No semen coming out this time...it had had hours to soak into my deepest recesses. I caressed my belly. Did it happen? Had I really wanted it to happen? There was one moment when I had definitely wanted to be impregnated, but was that really me, or Gorilla Girl?

Crap, now I was talking about myself in the third person. Dissociative Identity Disorder, here I come!

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We continued our midnight trysts for another week, every time culminating with a load of my brother's incestuous sperm soaking into my womb. I made sure not to fall asleep in his bed again, though.

One night I (Hannah, not Gorilla Girl) got a text from Brett: \*I think im fallin in love with ur friend\*

I stared at the message, my mind and heart pulling in opposite directions. What was I going to do?

Me: \*That's not a good idea she has a boyfriend\*

Brett: \*I think she likes me better, we've been having sex evry day\*

\*Don't tell her\* I sent back. If he told her, er me, I'd have to break it off with him. I can't have a serious relationship with my brother, even if I'm pretending to be someone else, and he would insist she, er I, reveal her identity. Why did this have to be so complicated?

Brett: \*I'm going 2 tell her next time\*

Fuck!

Then I got a text on the fake number: \*Hey, u cummin over 2nite?\*

I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. \*Sorry stud, boyfriend being really clingy going 2 have to back off 4 a while\*

Brett: \*Shit! How long?\*

Me: \*Dunno sorry\* Kiss and gorilla emoji.

I turned my phone off, sunk my face into my pillow, and cried.

\*\*\*

When I plugged my phone in just before bed, it started back up and I got several messages all at once on the app:

\*I'm better in bed than him aren't I?\*

\*Cmon talk 2 me\*

\*Dont do this\*

I was hurting him! I never wanted to hurt my brother; just have fun! I started crying again. Soon I fell asleep.

\*\*\*

In the morning I woke up super horny. It was Saturday so I didn't need to get up right away. I pulled the sheets away from my body and brought up the video of my first time with Brett in the drama room, plugging my earbuds in so I could jack up the too-quiet volume.

On the video I watched him come up behind me with his fantastic cock out, grab my hips and thrust in. I could hear my grunt, baffled by the gorilla mask, as he ravaged my overheated pussy with his bare cock. As I watched, I used my other hand to play with my clit. By the time Brett on the video blasted that very first load of dangerous cum deep inside me, I had three fingers inside myself and was cumming as well, my eyes closed and back arching as I shuddered in pleasure.

As I took my earbuds out I heard a knock at the door. I quickly pulled my sheets up to cover myself. "Yes?"

Brett opened the door. His face was red. "Did you...did you tell her to break it off with me?"

I looked at him, wide-eyed. I couldn't say anything. I had just orgasmed thinking about him, and my mind was a mess.

"Damn it, Hannah..." Then he left, closing the door behind him.

\*\*\*

Our relationship was strained. Brett didn't try to text Gorilla Girl anymore, and I got more horny every day. Finally, after a week of no sex I borrowed his laptop while he was out so I could find some release. When I opened his browser history up, though, his recent porn video list was quite surprising:

"Little sis' needs." "Family fun with siblings." "Brother-sister fuck."

My blood went cold. He knew! How did he know? Oh, who was I kidding? I had made so many mistakes and he finally figured it out.

I just couldn't get an orgasm going, my mind was all over the place. I put his laptop back.

\*\*\*

That night I skipped the coat and just went into Brett's room naked. His curtains were open so it was dark but not pitch black. I could hear him breathing heavily...I climbed under the sheets and took his soft penis into my hand.

"Uh...wha--?" He woke up quickly, validating my choice from a few weeks back not to touch him while he was sleeping.

I could see him squinting in the dim light. "It's you..."

I moved forward, pressing my lips to his. I wasn't going to chicken out, and I could feel his cock hardening in my hand. He returned my kiss hungrily, and moved his hands to my breasts. I gasped into his mouth as he fondled them.

Soon he threw me to the side and was between my thighs, thrusting his hard cock deep inside my very wet pussy with no trouble whatsoever. I came twice like that before he sped up and thrust home, jamming his bare cock as far inside as he could and blowing his largest load deep within me.

He pulled out and lay beside me as coherent thoughts returned to my brain. "I love you," he said, and my response was immediate:

"I love you, too. I'm so glad you figured it out."

There was a pause. "Wait...I didn't leave the door unlocked tonight."

My eyes flew open as I realized that I had completely miscalculated.

I heard Brett shift and then his bedside lamp came on. He looked at me in horror. "Hannah?! What the fuck!?" he hissed. He tried to pull the sheets over his nakedness, even as he had trouble keeping his eyes from focusing on my own.

"Um...um...but you knew I was Gorilla Girl..." My voice was quavering. "Your browser history..."

His eyes went back to my face. "You're...you're...wait, you've been on my computer?"

I leveled my gaze at him. "That's hardly the worst thing I've done, Brett. Why were you watching sister incest videos if you didn't know?" I pulled some of the sheets up to cover my body as well.

He looked sheepish. "Oh...um...you remember that day I asked you if you had told Gorilla Girl to break it off with me?"

I nodded.

"Well, I hadn't actually knocked first. I went straight in and found you on your bed, naked and jilling yourself off."

I gasped.

He continued, "You had your earbuds in so I guess you couldn't hear me, and your eyes were closed. I couldn't stop looking at you...you've lost so much weight and...and looked really good. Then I closed the door and knocked on it until you heard me. Since then I haven't been able to get the sight of you doing that out of my mind...it was so sexy, and I searched up some sister videos..."

I was shocked. "So you didn't know that I was her? Even after you saw me naked? After all the mistakes I made?"

"Mistakes?" He looked confused.

I looked at him levelly. "We've been having sex for over a month and you didn't even notice..."

Over a month since that first time. That meant that my period hadn't arrived in six weeks.

"...I'm pregnant."

"Umm...what?"

I punched him in the shoulder, which with his muscles probably hurt my knuckles more than him. "You didn't use a condom, you idiot."

"You didn't say I had to. You're...really pregnant?" He was looking at my outlines below the sheet, and not as a brother should look at his sister. I noticed that his cock was poking a tent in his own section of sheet.

I pulled the sheet off of both of us and his eyes went wide. "I'll have to take a test, but I think it's pretty much guaranteed." I took a hold of his cock as I climbed astride him. "Now, are you going to finally properly fuck your sister in the light of day?"

He did, and we assured ourselves again and again that we loved each other as we sucked and fucked until we heard a cock crow in the distance, heralding the arrival of morning.

Heh, cock. Speaking of cock...