**Jill - My Brother and I**

 ----------------------- Chapter 1: The Beginning -----------------------

 This story starts of as one of great curiosity. Mostly because the idea

of having sex with a sibling is so taboo in society. But being young and

full of intrigue I found myself in the middle of a sexual relationship

whirlwind. I had been born to a loving mother and father. I was also the

youngest of two. My brother was two years older than I. The question of

more siblings has never really come up. My parents decided not to have

anymore. I figured that it wasn't my place to pry.

 My brother and I had pretty normal childhoods. We spent a lot of time

together as kids playing cops and robbers and with his trucks and cars.

Occasionally my brother even sat down and we would play with my Barbie

dolls and play house with me. As a result we had a close friendship that

grew early on in life. We had to stick together, there was only two of us

after all.

 Our parents were both had successful careers. Both spent a lot of time

at home. Our mom stayed home with us until I started school. Once I was

on my merry way to kindergarten she decided to go back to work. They both

enjoyed work and my brother and I always had the afternoons from the time

school let out until our parents got home from work to entertain ourselves.

Our parents were very specific about this time. There were to be no

friends over unless they were here. This of course left a lot of time with

my brother and I to strengthen our already close friendship.

 My brother and I would talk about many things together. The weather,

teachers at school, other kids at school, our parents, how comfortable new

underwear is, how nice is to have new shoes, the outcome of books we had

recently read. basically anything. Our conversations covered topics from

the realistic to the sublime.

 My brother and I also loved cuddling. I loved it. It made me feel good

like someone really needed me. It didn't take long before we figured out

how good back rubs felt. We used to rub each other's back and then lie

together and watch TV. One day my brother had just finished rubbing my

back and I was laying next to him. He asked me "Hey Jill, what do boobs

feel like?" Now this question was innocent enough. I was 14 at the time

and he was 16. It only seemed natural that he would ask me this question,

after all we did talk about everything together.

 My breasts had recently grown from a small training size to a much

larger B cup. I had noticed that my brother would glance at them every

once in a while so it was no major surprise to me that he was curious. The

thing that did surprise me was that I could not explain what boobs felt

like. I tried to think of everything, but every vocabulary word that I

could come up with brought me closer and closer to the realization that

explaining the feel of breasts was beyond my knowledge of English. Feeling

frustrated with my poor description I looked at him and asked, -œWould you

like to touch mine and find out? -

 He smiled and nodded. My brother then slid his hand up my shirt. I

reached down and lifted my shirt off my head. He started again with a back

rub but slowly started working his way towards my breasts. He finally got

his hand just under my recently developing breast and rubbed the skin just

beneath it.

 I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra. I slid my bra off my

body and exposed my breasts to him. I twisted onto my back so my brother

could get a better look at them. He stared at me and at my breasts for

quite some time. Finally after feeling embarrassed I said, "Either touch

them and find out or I am putting my shirt down." My brother was nervous.

It was easy to see it in him as I saw his trembling hand move towards my

breast.

 After what seemed like an eternity to me my brothers hand finally

reached my breast. He gently touched it, he stroked it, and then held it.

I could feel his fingers and his palm stimulating my nipple. The

sensations that went through my body were astounding. I felt and

electrifying sensation running from my nipple across my breast and down my

abdomen. I felt my heart beating faster and my temperature began to rise.

I knew what was happening to me. I knew I was becoming sexually aroused

but I was amazed that it was happening so quickly and that it was my own

brother who was causing me to be so lascivious.

 With my fast beating heart and my high body temperature I broke the

erotic moment of exploration. I was fearful that such emotions and

thoughts had crossed through my brain at such a quick pace. I was more

fearful that I was thinking these thoughts about my own brother. I pulled

away and slipped my bra back on. I reached behind and tugged at the back

and fastened it into place. My brother had a somewhat disappointed yet

completely astonishing look on his face. "Why are you putting them away?"

he asked.

 I replied with a shaky voice, "Because now you know what they feel like.

You don't need longer than that to figure it out" And at that I put my

shirt back on and left the room. I was so very hot from the experience

that I spent the rest of the evening thinking about my brother's touch.

 That night at the dinner table was rather awkward for me. My parents

sat there talking about work and about the upcoming weekend and my brother

sat across from me staring at my chest. I knew what he was thinking, I

knew what he was thinking most of the time let alone right now. I remained

rather quiet during dinner which was very abnormal for me. I quickly

excused myself to my room after I was finished eating. I wondered if what

I had done earlier was the right thing to do. Had I already gone too far

with my brother? Would our friendship be the same?

 I heard a knock at my bedroom door and I scrambled off of my bed and to

my feet. I walked over and took a deep breath thinking that it was my

brother. I opened the door and to my surprise my mother was standing

there. "May I come in?" she asked.

 I opened the door further. "Yeah, I guess so." My mother headed for my

bed and sat down. I took the space next to her and she reached over and

gave me a hug. "Mom, why are you doing this? This is really out of the

norm for you."

 "Jill, I noticed tonight that you were very quiet at dinner. Are you

feeling OK?"

 "Yes Mom, I'm just kind of thinking. Thats all."

 "Whats going through your mind honey?" She called everyone honey.

 "I'm kind of confused I guess. Do all guys like to look at women's

boobs?"

 "oh," she replied softly. "It sounds like its time to have a mother and

daughter chat." I squirmed as I heard her say this. I knew what it meant

and I didn't really have conversations like this with my mom. We rarely

talked and when we did it was just small talk. "Boys are tricky people,"

she continued. "They don't quite know what they want. Of course boys like

the way girls dress. I have noticed that you have matured a lot in the

past six months."

 My conversation with my mother went surprisingly well. I even let my

guard down and opened up to her quite a bit. I'll spare you the rest of

the conversation as it is quite boring and I really don't remember all that

was said. My mother was very candid with me. She told me about sex and we

covered many sexual topics. She even went into masturbation and told me

that I might be feeling urges to be with boys and feel their touch. That

statement made me think she somehow knew what happened. But as I later

found out she had no idea. She went on to tell me that it was OK to feel

exited and that I shouldn't feel guilty because of it.

 My mother left my room obviously feeling good about herself as she had

just informed her daughter in such a noble way about the birds and the

bees. I sat there on my bed thinking about what we had talked about. As I

lied there I unhooked my bra and removed it along with my shirt. I brought

my hand up to the same location that my brother had touched earlier. I

slid my fingers across my nipple and it was soon erect. The same thoughts

and emotions from earlier had rushed back into my mind as I recalled the

awkward yet sensual moment that he had so unknowingly shared with me.

 The next morning I awoke to the buzz of the alarm clock. I had fallen

asleep the night before laying topless on my bed with my hand on my breast.

I looked down and saw the red lines from where my hand was positioned all

night. I was still in shock about what had happened the day before but I

was much more ready to face the world that morning after my emotionally

draining night. I hurried to the shower and got ready for school in my

usual fashion, all the while vividly remembering the flood of emotions that

rocked my world.

 That day at school I could not seem to keep my head in the books. I was

a good student, I had a 3.8 GPA. I was always attentive and I would always

get my work done as quickly as possible so I didn't have homework. But on

this day I had walked out of the school with piles of homework. I felt as

if I had not accomplished anything during those amazingly long and

laborious six hours.

 I returned home and instead of spending time in our family room with my

brother I immediately went to my bedroom. I sat on the floor and started

to sort out my load of work that I had procrastinated all day. I had not

been sitting for more than a few minutes when I heard a knock at the door.

I knew who it was this time without a doubt. He was the only one besides

me at home. "Come in," I said loudly at the door.

 The door opened and there stood my brother. He looked as nervous as can

be. He started to talk a little and stuttered, "Jill, I uh... Well, I

uhm... Listen, I'm sorry if I upset you yesterday. I hope I didn't scare

you. I didn't think you were going to take off your shirt like that."

 "Well I did," I said back to him in an obviously upset and stern voice.

"And now I feel guilty for doing it because all you see when you look at me

are boobs."

 "Jill, you are the most beautiful girl I know. I'm glad you showed them

to me. And for what its worth, I'm sorry."

 My brother then turned and left my room. His apology had hit on a chord

of thoughtfulness and forgiveness. But why should I be forgiving him? I'm

the one who lifted my shirt. I'm the one who thought that the best way to

answer his question was by exposing myself to him. I'm the one who should

be apologizing. On the other hand he is the one who asked the question.

 I repeated that night very similarly as I had the night before. I

removed my pajama top and lied on the bed caressing my breasts. I caressed

my stomach and even my hips. My hand slowly made it to my pussy. I

lightly touched myself and moved my labia around a bit. I set my hand on

my most intimate of places and fell asleep. During the night I had a dream

of a man whom I presumed to be my brother laying next to me in bed and

caressing my body so lightly and lovingly.

 I woke the next morning to the sun's rays shining on my face. A very

pleasant awakening as opposed to the sound of my obnoxious alarm clock. It

was the weekend and my parents had planned a day together. They had

planned on leaving us at home and taking the whole weekend to themselves.

This would give me plenty of time to work up the courage to talk to my

brother and apologize to him.

 I strolled out to the kitchen for a bowl of breakfast cereal and my

mother was on her way out the door. "Have a good day honey," my mom said

as she kissed me on the forehead. "If you need anything call me. You know

our cell number." She picked up her bags and ran out the front door. My

father was already in the car waiting for her. This seemed to be a common

occurrence with them. He would get ready and go to the car while she took

her time. I could never quite figure out why my dad waited in the car

instead of the house.

 I poured a bowl of cereal and brought it with me to our nice large

couch. I clicked on the television and relaxed with my cold bowl of cereal

and my flannel pajamas. My brother came out of his room before I had

finished breakfast. "Have mom and dad left already?" he asked.

 I looked up at him and said, "Yeah, I said. Mom said to call her if we

need anything." My brother grabbed a bowl and some cereal. He poured milk

generously on his huge serving. He also decided he wanted to watch TV. He

slowly made it to the couch careful not to spill his overfilled bowl. I

thought to myself that this would be my chance. This would be my

opportunity to let him know how I was feeling and to make my apologies.

 Surprisingly enough a feeling of calm and comfort came over me as I

opened my mouth, "Hey, I'm sorry for what I did. I know you asked but I

should not have lifted up my shirt."

 My brother stopped paying attention to his overstuffed bowl of cereal

and looked at me. "Can I say something to you and have you promise that

you won't get mad or upset?"

 "Yeah, I guess." I was kind of worried about what he was going to say.

 "You have got the nicest boobs ever. I haven't been able to get the

picture of them out of my mind."

 I immediately blushed and felt my skin flush with redness, "Thanks, I

guess. But you are my brother, you aren't supposed to have thoughts like

that."

 "I know. But you do have an amazing body to back up your amazing

personality."

 At this moment I'm not sure what came over me other than I was back to

talking openly with my brother. "Thats really nice of you to say. I do

have to admit that when you were touching me I was getting pretty exited."

 "You and me both sis. Its probably a good thing that you put them away

because I was about ready to ask you if I could suck on them."

 Hearing my brother admit that he was feeling the same as me caused a

rush of emotions, both disgusted and completely lustful. I was shocked

that my own brother wanted to do more to me but the thought of it

overpowered my first instinct. I was so completely overtaken by my lust

for my brothers lips on my nipples that I looked at him; and without

thinking about what it would mean, offered my breasts to him yet again.

 My brother looked at me with amazement and concern, "You aren't going to

get all weird like you did the other day are you? I mean will you still

talk to me afterwards?"

 "Yes," I felt myself get wet when I replied to him. "I'm OK with it

now. I thought it felt really good. I was just scared because your my

brother." And with that I unbuttoned my flannel pajama top.

 My breasts slipped out as I pulled my top off. My brother looked at

them and asked, "Are you really sure? I don't want you to be upset about

it."

 "I have been thinking about it for the last two nights. I want you to

touch me," i said as i lay down on our couch. "And you can even suck on

them if you want."

 My brother put down his already soggy bowl of cereal and walked over to

me. I could see the out line of his penis in his pajamas, it was as large

as ever. He caressed my breast with caring and gentleness. He seemed

quite nervous about it. He caressed them for quite sometime before I

relaxed and began to find it very soothing. I had to take a deep breath in

as his lips first met with my nipple as it sent a rush of sensations

throughout my young teenage body. The sexual moment that we were sharing

was bonding us in ways that we did not yet understand.

 My brother had satisfied my cravings for the sexual attention that I

needed. My brother was quite content as well, which was a good thing

because my nipples were beginning to get quite sensitive. He caressed my

breasts a bit more. Around the edges and around my aureoles. He also

caressed up and down my cleavage area. The morning ended with me cuddling

up to my brother while we watched TV. I lay there topless against him

while he rubbed his fingers along my back.

 That day was the beginning of my brother and I learning about sex from

each other. He continued to play with my breasts on a regular basis. We

both explored further into each other's bodies and our own sexuality. But

that is a different story...

 ---------------------- Chapter 2: The Next Day ----------------------

 The experience I had shared with my brother the morning before would be

best described as exhilarating. My sexual senses were beginning to be

awakened. I lied there on my bed in the same flannel pajamas I was wearing

the night before. My top was unbuttoned and my chest exposed. I slowly

and gently massaged my breasts. My hands began to wander as they did a few

nights earlier. I found myself rubbing my abdomen and working my way down

to my pussy.

 My hand reached into my panties and my fingers fondled the folds of

sensitive skin. I had thought about what my mother had told me earlier in

the week. She told me that it was OK to masturbate to help relieve some of

the sexual frustration that I might feel. I continued to play with my

vagina and felt it getting more and more wet by the second. My fingers

slid so much more freely now than they did when I first touched myself.

The pleasure that my fingers were creating was a new experience for me.

 Just as I was starting to enjoy myself my brother knocked at my bedroom

door. "Hey Jill! You in there?" I quickly pulled my hand out of my pants.

I may have let my brother suck on my nipples the day before but I didn't

want him to know what I was doing. I especially didn't want him to know I

was thinking about doing more.

 I quickly got to my feet and buttoned up my pajama top as quickly as I

could before he walked in. "Hey Jill, what are you doing..." He paused for

a moment as he saw me buttoning up. "Oh, sorry. I didn't know you were

getting naked."

 "I'm not," I said. "I'm putting my clothes back on."

 "What were you doing then? Just hanging out naked?"

 "Listen, I really don't want to talk about what I was doing. Besides we

shouldn't talk about stuff like this. You have already done things to me

that brothers just shouldn't do to their sisters."

 "It was your idea!" he exclaimed in a stern manner. "You are the one

who offered."

 "You know what, you are right. I shouldn't have taken off my shirt for

you again."

 "But you did take it off, and you liked it too. I know you liked what I

did to you because your eyes rolled back in your head when I was sucking on

your boobs. Your face looked pretty happy too. What happened overnight?

You said you weren't going to be this way today. You said you were

comfortable with it and you wouldn't not be like you were last time."

 I knew that my brother was right. I knew I loved what we had done the

day before. It had given me pleasure that I did not know was possible. I

moved towards my bed and sat down. "I know I liked it. But we can't be

doing these things together. I'm your sister not your girlfriend. You

should be out at your age having fun with other girls, not me."

 My brother came over and sat next to me. "Jill, I have never even

kissed a girl before. I'm such a dork that girls don't want to go out with

me." I found that hard to believe. I thought he was really hot and quite

confident. He continued on, "Yeah maybe I should be out chasing girls.

Maybe we shouldn't do this with each other. But yesterday morning when you

let me suck on your boobs I thought that we had just gotten closer as

brother and sister and that you were comfortable with me touching you."

 I sat there letting what he was saying simmer in my mind. We sat for

quite some time in silence while he waited for me to say something.

Finally I broke the silence with a little whisper, "We are closer, and

honestly I like it when you touch me. But what if someone finds out? What

if mom or dad were to find out what we did? I think its too dangerous to

do things with you."

 "It can be our little secret." My brother started in, "We don't have to

tell anyone."

 "But what if someone catches us?"

 "They won't. No one will find out because we can set rules."

 The idea of "rules" about what we were doing was rather appealing to me.

I didn't want anyone to know that I was fooling around with my brother.

That would have made me look like a slut who would do anyone. So I agreed

to my brother's idea of rules. We both sat down and started thinking up

some ways to keep it safe and quiet and we both wrote our ideas in a

notebook. Surprisingly enough when we shared our lists they were rather

similar. We still had to compromise on some things but we ended up with

our own little constitution of love.

 The rules we came up with are as follows:

 -We could not touch each other while our parents were home.

 -We could not tell any of our friends no matter how good of friends they

were.

 -My brother could not make me do anything I wasn't ready for.

 -If I got a boyfriend I would still have to give my brother some time

with me.

 -If he got a girlfriend he would still have to give me time with him.

 -If our parents found out it would have to stop.

 -We could not actually have sex together. We could do anything except

sex.

 Although this list of rules was short it was adequate at the time. And

by sitting down and making it up we covered a lot of issues that might (and

did) later effect us. We made two copies of our constitution and we both

signed them. He got to keep one and I got to keep one. There it was, I

had made a pact with my brother to be sexually active with him. However I

didn't realize it at the time. I was thinking that he would play with my

boobs for a few months until he got a girlfriend and then it would be over.

But little did I know that he would hold me to that contract that I signed.

And little did I know that I would even hold him to that same contract.

 With our contract out of the way my brother leaned in and kissed me on

the lips. I had never been kissed before, my brother was my first kiss.

As my lips embraced his my mind was enthralled. I was caught up in the

moment and felt like i was dancing on clouds. I was still a little ashamed

of myself for doing this with my brother but it felt so nice. It feels so

good but I know its wrong. I couldn't stop it even if i should.

 My brother left me unsatisfied with a short and exiting kiss. I sat and

thought about the kiss. Just like the incident with my breasts it had

taken over my mind. I went into my room and found a great place to put my

new little contract. I had a spot for it in my chest with a lock. It was

a small chest so I had to fold the paper to place it in there.

 My brother had left me alone for quite some time. I was getting quite

curious as to why he would leave me all to myself. Especially after what

we had talked about and after that kiss. That kiss that was taking up all

of my thought processes and my imagination. My curiosity got the best of

me and I walked into the family room and there was my brother, watching

television. Watching him sitting there paying attention to the television

and not to me really hurt. Thats when I realized that I would have to get

over my jealousy. I was jealous and for no good reason. He was my

brother, not my lover or my boyfriend.

 I walked to the couch and sat down next to him. I looked at him and

asked if I could cuddle up to him. He lifted his arm and I took my place

under it. I lied there with my head on his chest thinking about how I

could get him to kiss me again. What I was doing was pretty ridiculous as

we had just sat down and planned out the rough sketch of our relationship.

 I looked up at him and moved in for a kiss. I moved my body to make it

more comfortable and before I knew it I was nearly on top of him. His lips

pressed against mine and he held me as they massaged one another. I was

rather dominant in kissing him. I let him know right off that a good long

kiss is what I wanted. Our tongues embraced, our lips slid back and forth

across each other, and our hearts pounded. Our make out session lasted

about thirty minutes.

 I pushed myself up off my brother. It just so happened that I was on

top for that one. And I sat back on the couch feeling rather good about

myself that I had made the first move on that one. I found out really

quickly that I really enjoyed kissing. My brother looked at me and then

back at the television. He sat there for a minute and then began to laugh.

"What are you laughing about," I asked him.

 "Jill, I can't believe you just made out with me. You have been all

upset every time we have done something and once you get a few ground rules

you decided to just make out with me? Thats all I had to do?"

 Thats when I realized how truly silly I had been. I looked back at my

brother and I started to laugh with him. "I'm sorry I have been so

emotional about it all. I really like it and the idea of doing things like

this with my brother is kind of weird to me."

 "Yeah, I can understand that," he said as he gazed into my eyes. "But

you are seriously the most gorgeous girl I know and you even talk to me all

the time."

 My brother and I sat talking for the rest of the afternoon about our new

love fling together. I wanted so much to keep him to myself but I knew

that would not be possible. My brother, my friend, and now he was becoming

my lover.

 ---------------- Chapter 3: The First Time ----------------------------

 My Brother and I had been fooling around for almost eight months now.

We had explored every part of each others body. We had both touched and

kissed every part of each others bodies. We had spent hours in a nude

embraces together. Having my brother fondle me had become a normal and

daily occurrence. Having him shoot his hot load of sperm on me was also a

daily occurrence. He would shoot it on my butt or breasts. When we

started doing oral I tried to swallow it a few times. I can see why men

like it, but wow, have you ever tried to swallow something that feels like

a mouthful of snot?

 Basically my brother and I had done everything together and I was quite

content with feeling his dick getting rubbed between my pussy lips. I had

good orgasms that way. Matter of fact after eight months of fooling around

my body was getting really fast at orgasming. My brother really enjoyed

what we had too. He was happy that he had me as willing as I was to

fulfill his sexual desires. He was just happy that his sister was letting

him have an almost full reign of her body. Yes, my brother and I did

everything together, everything except sex.

 Rule #7 was one of the rules that we had put on our little commitment

constitution of what was allowed and what was not allowed. Rule #7 had

clearly stated that we were not to have sex, and we had both signed the

agreement. My birthday was coming up soon. I was going to turn 15. My

brother had asked me what I wanted from him for my birthday. My response

was simple. "Just you" I told him.

 My response did not go over so well. He seemed a bit disappointed by

it, "Oh come on Jill, you have me everyday. I want to give you something

that I don't do everyday. So think about it and let me know what I can do

or give to you that you would like to have."

 So with that I started thinking about things he could go buy me, places

he could take me, presents that I would want. Of course the thing that I

wanted was just to be with him for my birthday. Now before I go into the

decision I made I have to tell you about a few things that happened to help

me make that decision. I always thought birthdays were really cool and

special. Our parents would let us stay home from school on our birthday as

a little treat. For me this was like the coolest thing ever, I got to sit

at home and not worry about school. As it just so happened that year my

birthday fell on a Friday. That meant a long three day weekend for me. I

could not have been more exited. I imagined that I would be home all by

myself all day and then later in the evening my parents would bring me a

cake and some ice cream.

 Now the day before my birthday my dad had gotten a phone call. His boss

needed him to go out of town for the weekend on business, my mom had

decided to go with him. My dad would go out of town for business every

once in a while and about half of those times my mom would go with him. So

this wasn't a big shock that he was leaving that weekend or that my mom had

decided to go. But what I was upset about was that it was my birthday and

we were supposed to have the big family party with cake and ice cream and

everyone singing to me. Then I would get to open up all my presents.

 I had woke up that Friday, it was my birthday. I still had not made up

my mind as to what my brother could get me and he reminded me of that every

day up until that Friday. But I woke up later than I would if I were going

to school. I did all of my usual morning stuff. I took a shower and went

out to eat breakfast. My mom and dad were awake too. My mom came out into

the kitchen wearing her robe which was kind of odd. My mom was always

dressed and ready to go to work by the time I stumbled down for breakfast.

She opened the fridge and as she bent over to grab some things her robe

slipped open a little. My mom was wearing a sexy blue negligee under her

robe. I was a bit shocked by this because I had never seen my mother with

anything like that on before, I didn't even know that she owned stuff like

that. My mom stood up with a can of whipped cream and chocolate syrup.

Right then and there I knew what was happening.

 "Are you staying home from school today?" my mom asked. Normally a

question that was never ever asked. Staying home was never allowed or

tolerated except on one's birthday. So I knew she remembered what day it

was.

 "Yeah, I am mom, its my birthday."

 "OK honey, your father and I are getting ready to go out on his business

trip."

 "Well I'm really upset that you are leaving on my birthday. I was

thinking that we would have a great party tonight with cake and ice cream."

 With that my mother set down the Hershey's chocolate syrup and the

whipped cream and then walked over to me. She gave me a motherly hug. I

was much taller than I had been a year ago. I was almost as tall as my mom

was now. She grabbed my head and pulled it into her chest like she always

did, except this time it was more like she pulled my head into her neck. I

knew my mother had meant well. I looked down and could see into her robe.

Her blue negligee was a little small for her and her breasts were about

ready to fall out. It looked like she had squeezed into it. I saw her

nipples erect as I had ever seen them. My mom let go of the embrace and

looked at me.

 "We will give you your presents before we go. I know it isn't the same

but we will be here and you can open them."

 So I looked at her and asked, "What time does your plane leave?"

 "In about three hours. Give us about and hour and we will come out and

open them with you."

 With that my mom grabbed up the whipped cream and the chocolate syrup

and moved quickly for her room. I knew what her and my dad were doing. I

had heard them having sex before. I finished my breakfast and then with

nothing to do I decided to go get dressed for the day. I walked back in

the hallway towards my room, I looked farther down the hallway and was

shocked to see that my mom had not closed the door all the way. Now my mom

was not quiet when they had sex, she screamed a lot. And with the door not

closed all the way I could hear her even more clearly. I walked quietly

and slowly to their door. I peeked in and noticed that they weren't quite

having sex yet. I could see my moms head over my dad's cock. I knew what

she was doing. I had been doing that with my brother for a few months now.

My dad looked like he was enjoying it. I stood there silently because I

did not want to interrupt them.

 My mom's head was moving up and down along my dad's penis. I watched

intently to see if there was anything that I could learn from her. She

suddenly stopped and pulled his cock out of her mouth. When my brother and

I did this he was usually shooting sperm when I pulled it out. But I saw

for the first time my dad's hard erection sticking up in the air, and to my

surprise he was not cumming all over the place but still as hard as a rock.

I wondered what my mom was doing. I also remember thinking that she was

not finished yet because his cock was still hard. My mom stood up on the

bed and removed her sexy blue negligee that I had gotten a peek of earlier.

She took it off in such a slow and deliberate way. As she took it off my

dad reached down and started stroking himself.

 Now this is when I really thought to leave. I had never seen my dad

naked and did not really want to. I had seen my mom naked in the locker

room when we went to the gym or the pool, but my dad, this was a first. My

mom finished taking off the lingerie and spread her legs and stood over my

father. He held his cock up with his hands at the base of it. She started

to move downwards and as she did I got a glimpse of her pussy lips. Her

pussy met with my fathers cock and I watched as my dad's penis sunk into my

mom. My mom still had her feet on the bed and her knees were in her chest.

My dad reached up and grabbed her boobs as she started bouncing up and

down. I watched as her pussy would release and then take back my fathers

cock over and over. By this point I could feel my panties were wet, then I

heard my mother start to moan and scream. Once I heard my mom moaning my panties got even more and more wet.

 I sat there and watched them have sex through the crack in the doorway,

it was interesting. Although I had seen pictures of sex on the internet I

had never actually seen two people having sex. I watched intently with my

heart pounding in my chest. I wanted to see what they did but I was so

afraid that they would catch me watching them. My mom continued to bounce

up and down on my father, by now he had let go of her breasts and they were

flopping up and down. Watching them doing it was very hot and erotic. I

could not help but think what it would be like to do it with my brother. I

was startled out of my own daydreaming about sex because my mom suddenly

stopped. She climbed off of my father and got on her hands and knees

facing towards the end of the bed. My father got up on his knees behind

her and although I could not see it I could tell from my mom's face that he

had put his cock back inside her.

 I watched as my mom and dad had sex, my mom's breasts moving quickly

back and forth. She had one arm holding her up and one arm was down toward

my father. I didn't know what she was doing at the time but now I know

that she was rubbing her clit as my dad fucked her from behind. My mom was

still screaming as loud as ever but now there was the added sound of

slapping as my dad made contact with my mom's ass on every thrust. I

watched my mom's face as she started screaming really loud. I knew she was

having an orgasm and my dad started fucking her even harder and faster. My

mom's screams slowed down and she got really quiet. Then she started

moaning a little and saying things like "Oh, yeah baby. Fill me up."

 My dad lay back and my mom stood over him again. I watched as her pussy

started to drip sperm out of it back onto my father's cock. My mom started

using her fingers to help it fall out of her pussy. Then she got back down

and started stroking my dad's limp cock again. He did not get hard at all.

Matter of fact he started going more limp. My mom was rubbing in his sperm

and then she put his cock in her mouth. I was shocked. I knew that I did

not like the way sperm tasted at all, but it looked like my mom was

enjoying it. She stopped and made a trail of kisses up his body to his

lips. My mom and dad lay there together and kissed each other

passionately. My mom rolled off and walked towards their bathroom. I

continued to watch as my dad stood up. I watched his ass wiggle right into

the bathroom after my mom. I heard the shower turn on and that is when I

got up and went to my room.

 I looked at the clock and was amazed at how long I had been watching

them. It had been over a half an hour since I originally intended to get

dressed. My panties were dripping wet. I could not believe that I had

just watched my parents have sex. I let my hand wander down to my clit and

I started rubbing. I stopped knowing that my parents would not take long

in the shower since they had to go catch their plane. I quickly put on

some fresh new underwear and threw on some clothes. I ran out to the

family room and turned on the TV.

 Not long after my mom and dad came out of their room. They were holding

hands and smiling and my dad could not seem to keep his hands off of my

mom. I had dreamed of doing stuff like that with my brother in front of

them. Watching them do it only made me jealous that they did not have to

hide it. They had spent a little too much time in their room so they did

not have a whole lot of time for me and my quickie birthday party. My mom

gave me a present in a box, kissed me on the forehead and then went for the

door. My dad hugged me and told me that he was sorry he had to leave. It

was kind of odd when he hugged me because I had just seen him fucking my

mom. Then my dad did something that caught me off guard, he slipped his

hand in my back pocket and back out again. I looked at him with a wide

eyed look of astonishment. He just smiled and told me to have a great

weekend.

 As I watched them pull out of the driveway I put my hand in my back

pocket where my dad had so boldly grabbed my ass. I could not believe what

I had found in there. My dad had slipped fifty bucks in my pocket. He was

not trying to grab my ass, he was slipping me a Grant! After I noticed how

much money my dad had given me I was totally exited for the weekend. Even

though my parents had have left on my birthday the fifty sure helped make

up for it.

 After watching my parents have sex I was feeling particularly devious

and still quite horny. I went into my parent's room and found my mom's

lingerie in the dirty clothes hamper. It had gotten a little body fluid on

it as a result of what they had just done together. I took it and threw it

in the washer to clean off all the mommy and daddy juice. I went back into

my parents room knowing that there had to be more sexual things hiding

somewhere in the room. I started in my mom's dresser. I searched all

through her drawers and found nothing. This couldn't be! I was positive

that since she had lingerie that I did not know bout that there had to have

been something else. I moved to my father's dresser and searched it, still

nothing. I looked over at my mom's nightstand. She would have to be crazy

to keep it there. That was such an obvious place. I opened the drawer on

her nightstand and looked inside. My disappointment grew as all I saw

there was a bible. But then I looked farther back into the drawer. I knew

it! My mother had in her drawer a bottle of KY-Jelly and a rubber dildo

that was only about four inches long. I picked it up and gazed at it. It

looked so cute. It was much smaller than my brother. And from what i saw

of my dad earlier today it was much smaller than him too. I laughed a

little and unzipped my pants. I slid the little guy in my fly and zipped

it up to make it look as if it was my cock hanging out of my pants. I

looked in the mirror and got a good laugh out of a cock hanging out of my

pants.

 I put the little dildo back in my mom's drawer and picked up the

KY-Jelly. I opened up the bottle of KY and put a little on my finger. I

was surprised at how silky smooth and slippery it was. I thought about all

the things that I could use it for. Of course most of what I thought of

was quite sexual. I decided to give the stuff a try. I pulled off my

pants and underwear and made myself comfortable on my parents bed. I

squeezed some KY out onto my pussy and started rubbing it in. I loved the

way it got me so slippery wet so quickly. I rubbed and rubbed and stopped

only right before I orgasmed. I wanted to save it for later because I knew

my brother would want to play when he got home.

 I took off my shirt and made myself more comfortable on my parent's bed.

I sat there thinking about what I had just seen my parents doing. My mom

really looked like she enjoyed herself and my dad seemed so much more happy

after having sex. My brother and I were quite satisfied with what we had,

but after seeing my parents fucking I wanted to do it too. I had thought

about sex with my brother before. Matter of fact I had been thinking about

it a lot since my brother started rubbing his cock between my pussy lips. I

was just too scared to do anything about it. I was just too scared to go

all the way.

 I looked over in my dad's night stand drawer and just like my mother he

had a bible sitting there at the front of the drawer. So I looked in the

back and found what I thought he had back there. My dad had a set of nude

playing cards, something that looked like an inside out dildo (I later

found out that it was a masturbator for men), and of course condoms. I

picked up the box of condoms that my dad had laying in the drawer. It was

a big box, a box of twelve. I opened the box and pulled out one condom. I

opened the tiny package that held the prophylactic and unrolled it. I

played with it, stretched it and blew it up like a balloon. I put it on my

finger and rubbed it along my pussy and between my pussy lips. It had lube

on it and it felt good; better than my bare hand. Unfortunately with all

the stretching and blowing up of the condom it soon ripped on me.

 With all this playing around, with seeing my parents having sex, with

finding my mom's dildo and with the discovery of condoms, I decided it was

time to have sex with my brother. I wanted for my birthday something that

only he could give me. I wanted his virginity.

 I left my parent's room before I got so horny that I masturbated myself

to orgasming. Just then I heard the buzzer on the dryer and I ran to it to

pull out my mom's lingerie. I pulled it out and looked at it. I was

surprised that my mom had been able to squeeze into such a tiny garment.

She was not as small as she used to be, she had put on a few pounds. I

really would not have believed that she could fit into it unless I had seen

it with my own eyes. I had left my clothes on my parent's bedroom floor so

I was standing there buck naked. It was an easy setup to try on this sexy

lingerie. I put my legs through the little holes and pulled the spaghetti

straps up on my shoulders. I adjusted my boobs and snapped up the crotch.

From there I walked into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. I

was smokin hot. I thought my mom looked good in this thing, but there was

no contest compared to me.

 With that I decided to just wear the lingerie around for the rest of the

day. It would be a nice surprise for my brother when he got home. The

rest of my day up until the time that my brother came home was rather

uneventful. I had searched the rest of my parent's room for any sexual

items i could find. Unfortunately what I had found earlier was it. So I

lay down on my parent's bed and fell asleep to their TV. The nap was a

long needed one. But don't worry, I was awake well before my brother got

home.

-------------- Chapter 4: The First Time Continues --------------------------

 I woke from my nap to the sound of a Coke commercial. I looked at the

clock, it was 3:02 and I knew my brother would be home soon. I crawled out

of bed and went in the bathroom to fix my hair. I also put on a bit of

makeup that my mom had laying out; some lipstick, eyeliner, and a light

feathering of blush. I looked around for the prettiest smelling perfume

that my mom had. I sprayed one squirt into the air and walked through it.

I wanted to smell pretty but I didn't want to be overbearing.

 After I had got myself all dolled up I went back out to my parents bed

and lay down in what I thought was a very seductive position. I lay there

for what seemed to be an eternity. I watched the minutes on the clock roll

by one after the other. 3:30, the time I expected my brother to be home,

came and went. I knew he would be home soon so I just waited patiently

knowing that he would be happy to see me as I was. Again I watched the

minutes move slowly by on the clock.

 It was almost 4:00 when I heard the front door open. I heard my brother

walking through the house. He started in the family room and then the

kitchen. He stopped in the kitchen for quite a while. I almost yelled out

his name because I was so very tired of waiting for him. But soon he was

back to walking around the house. I heard my bedroom door open (It had a

particular squeak about it), then I heard his door open. This whole time I

wanted to jump off of that bed and race in to grab him but I knew that

would ruin the dramatic effect of me laying there ready to be taken.

 My brother finally made it to my parents bedroom. He opened the door

and I was laying on the bed in my mothers baby blue lingerie. My pussy was

as wet as I had ever felt it. My brother gazed at me for the longest time.

He was standing there with a huge bouquet of roses. When I had seen what

he brought me my heart almost leaped from my chest. I wanted him so bad.

He handed me the roses and I set them on the nightstand.

 "This is quite a surprise," my brother said to me.

 "Yeah," I started in with no hesitation, "I thought you would like it. I

found some of mom's things and I thought you would like to see me in them.

Don't I look hot?"

 "Jill you are as gorgeous as ever, but what do you plan on doing with

me?"

 I looked at my brother with surprise, "What do you mean? We have been

getting naked together every day after school for the past eight months and

your asking me what I plan on doing?"

 "Sorry, I guess it was a dumb question."

 I invited my brother to join me on the bed with a simple patting of my

hand next to me. He crawled in next to me and I kissed him on the lips.

It was a very passionate kiss, I still remember what it felt like. After

that long passionate kiss I got up the courage to talk to him about what I

had decided earlier in the day.

 "So, I've been thinking," I said with a shaky voice, "I know what I want

for my birthday."

 "I got you some roses because you never told me what you wanted," my

brother's voice sounded upset. "Why do you sound so scared anyways? You

can talk to me about anything You know that."

 "Well, I was in mom and dad's room most of the day. I found mom's

lingerie and some things that belong to dad. I was thinking that for my

birthday I would like to have sex."

 My brother's jaw dropped as he heard this, "You mean you want to go all

the way with me?"

 "Yes, I have been thinking about it all day."

 "But what about rule #7, You are the one who added that in because you

didn't want to have sex."

 "I know, but I found some of dad's condoms and I opened the box. We can

be safe, you won't get me pregnant. We will just do it today for my

birthday and then after today it will be back to normal."

 "I would love to do it as long as I know you won't hate me tomorrow.

Every time we try something new you seem to get all upset and withdrawn.

So I don't want to do it if you will regret it."

 "I thought about that today too. I want to have sex with you. I want

you to be my first. I don't want to loose my virginity to some other guy.

I want to give it to you because I know that you will always love me and

will always think I'm special."

 With that my brother kissed me again and I kissed him back. I started

to unbutton his shirt and he rolled over on his back and I rolled on top of

him. I finished with his buttons and I started to rub his chest. I lay on

top of him, pressing my lingerie covered body against his chest. As I

continued to kiss him I worked his arms out of his shirt. The whole time I

was thinking to myself that I was going to have sex. I was thinking about

what I had seen earlier that morning. I kept thinking about my mom riding

my dad. I kept thinking about how my dad got my mom to scream so loudly

and how much she enjoyed it. I kissed down my brother's neck and to his

chest. I kissed down to his pecks and lingered on his nipples. I kept

kissing lower and lower, until I ran out of skin.

 I reached down and unbuttoned my brother's pants. I pulled the zipper

down slowly as i looked at him with complete lust. I pulled his pants down

around his ankles. I grabbed one leg of his pants and pulled it all the

way off followed by the second. I kissed back up his leg to his underwear.

I grabbed the waistband with my teeth and pulled down. He moved his hands

down and helped me take off his underwear. I climbed up and stood over

him.

 So there we were. My brother laying naked on our parents bed while I

stood over him in my mother's lingerie. I let one of the spaghetti straps

fall from my shoulder and dangle next to my arm. I ran my hand slowly

across my breast and down my stomach. I reached my pussy and rubbed a

little and let loose on of the snaps on the crotch. I could see my brother

getting even more exited. I let the other spaghetti strap fall from my

shoulder as I did the same thing with my other hand. There was only one

snap remaining between my pussy and easy access. My brother reached up and

unsnapped the last fastener and moved the lingerie out of his way. I was

so wet, my brother said he could see the moisture as it began dripping on

him. I let the lingerie slip off my body and to the bed.

 My brother grabbed me and lay me down. he lay his naked body up next to

mine and began to passionately kiss me. My brother returned the favor I

had given him earlier by kissing down my neck and to my chest. There he

lingered on my breasts has he always had, sucking my nipples so gently. I

was so ready to have sex. My pussy felt a huge amount of pressure like it

was going to explode. Just as I was thinking about tackling my brother and

putting his cock up against me his kisses wandered down to my clit.

 I had done enough thinking and playing earlier to get myself really

worked up. It didn't take him long to get me to orgasm. I found out later

that it was good I orgasmed then. I was about ready to do the same for my

brother when he stopped me. He wanted to stay hard enough to have sex with

me. He had always bounced back pretty quickly but he wanted to hold on to

all of it for me. my brother lay his body next to mine with his leg draped

over me. We kissed for a moment more before he pushed himself up on me.

he slid his cock up against me. I was used to this, we had been doing it

for a few months. He rubbed his hard cock between my very wet lips and I

could see the pleasure he was getting by the expression on his face.

 I stopped him, I didn't want him to cum before we got to have sex. I

reached over and grabbed one of my dad's condoms and handed it to him. He

got up on his knees and I lay there staring at the man who was going to

take my virginity; and I was taking his too. I watched as my brother

pulled the condom out of the wrapper. I had done the same thing earlier

but I didn't have a cock to put it on. He slipped the condom around his

cute penis head and rolled it down the shaft. He lay back down on me and

slid his cock in against my pussy.

 Now this next part would end up being a bit awkward. I was really wet,

my brother was wearing a lubricated condom, so there should have been no

problem. But for some reason we could not seem to find my vagina. We were

possibly too slippery for my little virgin tunnel. Finally my brother

reached down and grabbed his cock. He pushed it around our slippery mess

and he finally found my entrance. I could feel the head of his penis

fighting to get in. I lifted my legs up and wrapped them around his ass.

Just after my legs were up around him I felt it slide in. My brother went

in fast and deep. I grabbed him and squeezed him very tightly against my

body. I had felt my vagina stretch to let him in. He was my first and it

hurt.

 My scream was so loud that it scared him. He had heard me moan while he

ate me out or rubbed me but this was a different kind of scream. He

stopped and looked at me. I was biting my lip and had a tear rolling down

my cheek. "Jill, are you OK? I didn't mean to. I'll stop if you want me

to."

 With my lower lip being held on between my teeth I could only shake my

head. I didn't want him to pull out. I just wanted him lay there in me

until I got used to it. I continued to hold on to him tightly. I moved my

hands down to his ass and held him in me. Once the pain subsided a little

I was able to talk a little. "Its OK. I want you to stay in. Just don't

move yet."

 My brother lay there with me, I'm sure with a throbbing hard it wasn't

easy. However, concern that he had somehow really hurt his sister took

over. As we laid there together the pain began to go away, and the look of

concern on my brother's face began to get deeper and deeper. It wasn't

really long before I was ready for him to finish. The pain had mostly gone

away and the feeling of his cock inside me was nothing like I had ever

experienced. Now the problem was that my brother figured he had really

hurt me so much that I would never want to even touch him again. It took a

little convincing and a little forced movement of his hips with my hands

but he started going.

 My brother stayed with the rhythm of my hands. If I stopped, so did he.

This form of control over the situation was a good thing, it gave me the

confidence I needed to keep going. I didn't want him to get too exited and

have the pain come back because he started going too fast. So with my

hands I gave him the speed at which I could handle it. It was slow. Very

slow. My brother seemed satisfied at that speed. I could tell because his

cock began to regain the firmness it lost as he heard me screaming. This

slow rhythm was just what we both needed; I could not take it any faster

and he could not have taken it very long. My brother's cock exploded. I

could feel it expanding with each ejaculation of sperm. I felt the pain

come and go very slightly with every drop of cum that came from him.

 I relaxed as I felt his cock withdraw from my tender and sensitive

vagina. This was the first time that anything had ever penetrated me.

Through all the months that my brother and I had been fooling around only

one thing had passed through that opening. My brother's tongue had

penetrated a little, but there was no penetration like his cock had just

done. My brother lifted himself off of me and slid the cum filled condom

off of his penis. I rolled on my side and held my pussy with my hand. It

didn't do much but putting pressure there sure seemed to make me feel

better.

 I was still in awe and still slightly in pain. I had just had sex with

my brother. What in the world had I done! I knew I wanted to have sex and

I knew that it was really only a matter of time before my brother and I did

it. But that pain that I felt from when he broke my hymen sure put major

doubts into my head after it had happened. I knew I could not mention this

to my brother. He had just told me that he did not want to do it because I

would get all quiet and not want to talk to him. So I did the only thing I

could think of, I rolled over and cuddled up to him.

 My brother ran his hand across my back. Finally something that feels

nice. Now don't get me wrong, the sex was really cool. but because I was

a virgin it didn't feel too great. The knowledge that my brother had been

inside of me was totally hot to me. I laid there feeling his touch when he

finally broke the silence, "Jill, are you OK?"

 "Yeah, that hurt a lot. Sorry I screamed so loud in your ear."

 "I didn't want to hurt you. If I would have known it hurt I would not

have done it."

 "It isn't your fault, I wanted you do to it. I could feel my vagina

stretch as you went in. It felt like you were becoming a part of me."

 "Its OK if you don't want to do it again. I don't want to hurt you and

if I am you should not let me do it. Hey, what are you going to tell dad

when he finds out his condoms are gone?"

 All of the sudden I realized that if I did not replace the condoms that

were gone then my mom and dad would know that one of us got into them. And

there is only one reason to open a box of condoms. Then it dawned on me

that I could simply bush the blame off onto my brother, what would I ever

need a condom for? But if I did that would he hate me? Would we still be

intimate together? I took a deep breath and started taking to my brother,

"I need you to go get some more. The same brand and same kind. Dad can't

know anything about what we did."

 "Jill, I don't have any money. I can't buy more condoms to replace

these."

 "I'll pay for them, dad gave me fifty bucks on his way out the door. I

just need you to go buy them for me."

 "Wow, dad gave you fifty bucks? What else are you going to do with it

besides buy condoms? I'll go buy them for you but there is still ten left

from this package. What should we do with those?"

 I knew what my brother was hinting at. He wanted to have sex again. I

wasn't too excited about it because it hurt so much the first time. Up

until now my brother had always been the one to push our relationship

farther by slowly trying new things with me over the last eight months.

But I had started this one and knew deep inside of me that it wasn't going

to stop. I was still amazed that my brother had been in me and that idea

was more compelling than the idea that it might hurt again. I looked back

at my brother and said, "If you go and buy the new condoms then we can use

the rest of these together. Now, I'm hungry. Lets order some pizza."

 ----------------------- Chapter 5: Almost Caught -----------------------

 My brother and I had been active for quite some time. When we first

became active I would I keep track of how often we had done it. Needless

to say it didn't take long before had lost count of how many times we had

sex together. Our activity had become a daily occurrence. Neither of us

had to ask the other if we were going to fuck, we just knew that sex was

going to happen. Every day after school we had between 3pm and 5pm to get

our sexual fulfillment. Sex between my brother and I was hot. I loved

feeling his naked body against mine. I loved it when he would eat me out

before filling me with his hard cock. We had a very open sex life with

each other. If one of us wanted to try something new we would simply ask,

and more than likely those fantasies were fulfilled.

 Yes my brother and I had an amazing sex life and our relationship had

grown immensely deeper because of it. Our great sex life was about to be

thrown a loop. We were about to see how much we were really playing with

fire. Our parents had no clue to what we were doing together. My brother

had been filling my pussy with his cock for months. He was good enough to

use condoms or to pull out when we didn't have any. We were very careful

as far as pregnancy was concerned. We were out of the clear on this. The

fire that almost burnt us was not me getting knocked up, but my mother

coming dangerously close to discovering our sexual relationship.

 We got home from school and did our normal thing. We usually ended up

fucking wherever we had started making out. A lot of the time it was on

the couch in the living room, sometimes on our parents bed, sometimes in

his room, once on the stairs. Today I had gone to my room when I got home

and my brother was following closely behind. This was perhaps our own

saving grace that kept our sexual secrets safe.

 As I mentioned my brother and I were in my room. It started as usual,

my brother and I making out, his hands running quickly up my shirt. He

kissed down to my neck while softly rubbing my breast. He had already

unfastened my bra clasp with his right hand so I went ahead and lifted my

shirt up for him. A brief pause happened as I lifted my shirt off my head

and his mouth moved from my neck to my chest. I've always loved the way he

treats my breasts. He was a bit rough at first but after a little

education he does extremely well. He starts on the edge of my breast and

kisses in circles, caressing and kissing all the way to my aureoles. By

the time he reaches my aureoles my nipples are very erect and ready for

attention. This is way more erotic for me than just going strait to nipple

town. My brother ravaged my breasts and the pressure began building in my

pussy. My brother soon moved on and kissed down to my stomach. He was

briefly stopped by my pants, which he had learned to remove rather quickly.

My panties were all that remained between my complete nakedness and my

brother's love. By brother seductively removed them with his teeth, at

least the best he could anyways. There is only so much leverage with teeth

and panties. I helped him remove my panties completely and used the

opportunity to remove his shirt.

 I felt his naked chest rub against my legs and his mouth made its way up

my thigh and to my pussy. He started gently, lightly caressing my labia

with his tongue. This light tongue teasing caused my pussy lips to open up

and he began slipping his tongue into my slit. It didn't take him long

before he started penetrating my wet slippery love hole with his soft warm

tongue. He pushed it in and out, tongue fucking me very fast. His tongue

didn't get too much done before it got tired and retired to slowly

caressing my clit. My brother had relieved the pressure built up in my

pussy enough that I could take some time for him.

 I grabbed his hair and lifted his head up towards mine. I started

kissing him again I have always had that thought pass through my head after

he gives me oral. You know, the thought where you think about where they

guy's lips have just been and now they are on your lips. It makes you feel

kind of like you are kissing your own pussy because the taste and smell is

still emanating from your lover's lips. Anyways, I decided I had enough

making out with my brother's lips smelling like my pussy, so i headed down

his neck. By this time I was pretty ready for sex so I didn't spend much

time kissing down my brother's body to his pants. It was pretty much a

straight line of love to his zipper.

 I unzipped his pants and pulled them down. His boxers soon followed and

he laid back on my bed. I followed up with a little cock teasing. I would

kiss his thigh or kiss right next to his cock without actually making

contact with it. This drives him crazy. He grabbed my head and forcefully

moved it towards his cock. "Suck it or fuck me." he said to me. I

couldn't blame him for this reaction, I could tell he needed it pretty bad.

I moved in and kissed his cock. I slid it into my mouth and grabbed his

balls with my left hand. I slid his cock in and out, jerking him off with

my right hand as I focused my tongue on the head of his cock. He loves it

when I lick the top side of his head. He is very sensitive there.

 Like I said I was ready for sex. I needed it bad too. I cheated my

brother out of a great blow job but I wanted him in me. I climbed up on

top of him and slid his cock in. He was pretty damn hot by then. He

started fucking me hard and fast. All I could do was hold on so he

wouldn't slip out. It felt fucking amazing. Sex is always best when you

both need it really bad. I knew my brother wouldn't last long but I wasn't

too worried. I figured he would pull out and cum on me and within fifteen

minutes he would be able to get it up again to finish me off. That is

usually what happens when he gets off before I do. But this time was a

little different. This time I could tell my brother was getting close and

I was ready to jump off. Before I could get off in time I heard the garage

door open. I was frozen in place.

 My brother yelled at me, "Move Jill!", still shocked by the noise of the

garage door and knowing that it was an hour early, I stayed on my brother.

 "The garage door just opened, I think Mom is home" I replied to my

brother trying to calm him down. I had completely forgotten that he was

ready to blow and just as I had finished my sentence his cum shot deep

inside me for the first time. I had been deathly scared of cum. I didn't

even want to mess with his cum in me because I knew it could get me very

pregnant. "Shit!" I said, "Shit, Shit, SHIT!"

 "I told you to move" my brother told me.

 I looked at him knowing he was right. "Just grab your clothes and get

out of here. Mom is home. If she finds out about us there is no telling

what will happen."

 My brother grabbed his clothes and ran to the bathroom across the hall.

I shut my door and didn't know what the hell to do with the cum oozing out

of my pussy. I grabbed my shirt, the closest thing to me, and wiped up the

best I could. I threw my shirt into my laundry hamper and grabbed my

pants. Completely bypassing panties I pulled my pants on and zipped up just

as my Mom knocked once and then opened the door. I stood there topless in

front of my Mom, the look on my face let my Mom know I was doing something

she might not like. "Oh, sorry" my Mom said to me, "I didn't think you

were...". She paused and looked at me,"What were you doing anyways?"

 I stared at my mother uncomfortably standing there with my breasts

hanging in her full view. At that moment my brother had come out of the

bathroom and poked his head into my room. "Hey Mom, whats up?" He looked

around and quickly pulled his head out and yelled back in, "sorry Jill, I

didn't know you were naked." and then he hurried off down the hall.

 My mother turned and shut the door, "Do you want to tell me why it

smells like sex in here?" I thought we were caught. I started to cry.

"Were you masturbating Jill?" my mother asked with concern. With that

question I knew I didn't have to tell her what I was really doing.

 "I'm sorry Mom," my lips quivered as I continued to cry. "I know I

shouldn't do it."

 Now for a more awkward moment than I was already in, my mother sat on my

bed next to me and put her arms around me. I would like to remind you that

I had not put a shirt on yet that my mother was putting her arms around my

naked torso. She held me and rubbed my back until I calmed down. I was

crying for lots of reasons, mostly because I was so scared of her finding

out about my brother and I. I didn't want my relationship with him to

stop. If my mother found out she would have put a quick end to it.

 I had calmed down enough that I was no longer crying hysterically. My

mother leaned back and said, "Jill, I understand the desire to have that

pleasure. I think as long as you are here at home and not sleeping with

boys from school I'm going to be OK with it."

 I couldn't believe my ears. My mother had just told me that it was OK

for me to be masturbating. "Mom," i looked at her and she still had a look

of concern on her face, "I started doing it because I heard that it helps

periods so they aren't so bad. But it felt so good I wanted to do it all

the time."

 Here I am a teenager who is scared to death of her mother finding out

that she fucks her own brother. Instead of her finding the real secret she

honestly believes that I'm just masturbating to help bring down the

intensity of my periods. That does work by the way for anyone wondering.

So she looks at me again, "Jill, I understand. Sometimes when your father

is out of town I have to take care of things myself. I just don't want you

having sex with boys now because you know how good it can feel to orgasm.

You have had orgasms haven't you?"

 Hearing my mothers understanding and her admitting that she masturbates

when dad is out of town was a real shock too. I have seen her little dong,

and have even played with it myself. But hearing her actually admit that

she needs to take care of business herself, that was a lot of information

that I was not expecting from her. And on top of all that she ends asking

me if I have had orgasms! Holy shit! What am I supposed to say? No mom,

I masturbate until the pressure is gone but never achieve orgasm. I didn't

know what to say, so I looked at her and nodded my head in the affirmative.

"Yeah, I have had them."

 My mother smiled at me. "Good, now get a shirt on, you look like your

starting to get a little cold." Holy shit! I look like I'm getting cold?

My mom is checking out my tits? "And Jill, about your periods, I'll take

you to the woman's doctor and he can help you regulate your periods

better." At the time I didn't know what she meant by that. But a few weeks

later I was in an awkward situation with a gynecologist looking at my twat

while my mother held my hand. I left that situation with a little round

case full of "happy pills".

 My mom left my room and on the way out, smiled at me,"Jill, let me know

if you need any help with masturbation. And make sure you are discreet

about it. Your brother just saw your boobs, who knows what is going

through his head now." Her help? What the hell? My mom is willing to help

me out with sexual things? Sure I had been fucking my brother but my mom

talking so candidly about sex and masturbation had really thrown me for a

loop.

 I spent the rest of the afternoon laying topless on my bed thinking

about what my mother had said. I also lay there thinking about my brother,

I could feel his sperm moving around inside me. It was interesting. It

was the first time I had been cummed in and I liked the way it felt. I'm

sure he was scared shitless wondering what I had talked about for so long

with my mother. I later found out that he was expecting a beating like

none other after my mom came out of my room. Luckily he was smart enough

to keep his mouth shut when my mom didn't say anything. He asked about me

and my mother told him not to bother me for a few days and not to make fun

of me for seeing my tits. He told her he thought something might be wrong

so he was just wondering.

 After a few hours of thought I got up and took off my pants. Looked

around and found my panties, put them on and then put my pants back on. I

found my bra and then pulled a clean shirt out of my closet. Just about

then a piece of paper slipped under my door. I walked over and picked it

up. My brother had written me a note:

 Are we in trouble? Mom hasn't said anything to me so I figured you took

all the heat. Are you feeling OK? Do you need anything? Let me know.

 I put my shirt on and headed out of my room. I walked quietly to my

brothers room and knocked softly on his door. He opened up and I looked at

him. He looked like a little kid who had been caught with his hand in the

cookie jar. "You want to talk to me?" I asked him.

 My brother looked back at me, "What did you tell mom? She hasn't said

anything to me."

 "She thinks I was masturbating. She doesn't know about us, so just

relax."

 "I'm going to take the rest of the night by myself. I don't want mom or

dad thinking there might be any connection," he said.

 "OK." I told him and I headed to the kitchen.

 My mom is usually making dinner by this time of night. But instead she

was putting ear rings in her ears. She smiled at me and told me she was

going to dinner with my dad. She also told my that my brother looked like

he was really embarrassed to see me topless and that I should talk to him

so we don't feel uncomfortable around each other. My dad came out of the

room all dressed up nice and hugged me, kissed me on the forehead. He told

me to have a good night and took my mom out the door. The familiar sound

of the garage door opening coaxed my brother from his room.

 "Where are mom and dad going?" he asked.

 I smiled at him. "They are going out to dinner. Mom thinks we need to

talk about you looking at my tits so we don't feel awkward around each

other."

 "So what did you and mom talk about anyways?"

 "Before I tell you, I think you owe me an orgasm. Pull off your pants

and fuck me till I cum."

 My brother pulled his pants down far enough to pull his cock and balls

out. I pulled mine down and bent over, presenting my pussy and ass to him.

He jerked a bit to get it up, didn't take him long. He penetrated me and

fucked me until I came. I had cum and was done but he kept going. He

fucked me until he came again. This time he pulled out and shot his load

on my ass. This was our first quickie. Not much to say about it other

than he fucked me fast and I came fast. He helped me clean his cum off my

ass and we cuddled on the couch. We lay there together talking about our

sexual relationship, my conversation with my mom, and about what we needed

to do to make sure we keep our dirty secret. Don't worry about the earlier

load of cum that filled my pussy. My period came when it was supposed to.

 My embrace with my brother ended abruptly as we heard the garage door

open again. Our parents had returned a few hours later to find us sitting

on opposite ends of the couch. My mother had figured we had worked out the

embarrassing situation my brother found me in. My mother informed us that

they were going to bed early and that they would see us in the morning. My

brother and I sat on the couch, one wall away from our parents, and

listened to my mom moan loud as ever as my dad ended the evening the right

way.

 ---------------------- Chapter 6: Time to Quit ----------------------

 My grades were beginning to drop as my thoughts were constantly turned

to sex. All my thoughts were about my brother's cock. I kept seeing it

penetrating my wanton pussy. I imagined our naughty taboo sex during every

class. In English we were reading Romeo and Juliet. Every time we went

over it in class I could only think of my brother loving me like Romeo

loved Juliet. In Physical Ed all I could look at and think about were all

they guys running and their junk bouncing up and down in their shorts. I

sat next to the tuba player in Band. When he hit those low notes I could

feel the vibrations through my chair. My only respite from sexual thought

was during math. It was the only time I was able to immerse myself in

something else that would overpower my erotic mind.

 There was no question about it. I had become addicted to sex. I was in

a constant state of arousal and the closer the clock got to 3pm the more I

could feel myself getting more and more wet. It was the last bell that

rang to let school out that really got my juices flowing. My body had

gotten so used to having sex right after school that I would be ready for

sex when I got home. No foreplay needed. My teachers had all decided to

send home a progress report; and thats when I realized I had a problem. My

straight "A" grades had turned into a "C" average. I had managed to keep

an "A" in band, not that hard really. It was quite apparent that something

needed to change in my life. My hopes for being a valedictorian had been

shattered and I realized it was because of my desire for sex. Forbidden

taboo sex with my brother.

 I was nervous and confused as I headed towards home. My teachers were

concerned about my recent academic performance. I knew my parents would be

even more worried but would also ask questions. I didn't have any answers

for direct questions. What the hell was I going to tell them? "Hey mom

and dad, my grades fell so far because I couldn't stop thinking about

having sex with your son."

 As soon as I got home I headed straight for my room. I passed by the

living room where my brother was waiting for me on the couch. I could see

his head turn and follow my movement as I scurried by. I sat on my bed not

knowing how I was going to explain my craptastic grades to my parents. I

sat on my bed determined to enter into a state of depression that would

make my parents feel more sorry for me than upset at me.

 Just as I was really beginning to feel sorry for myself I felt my

brother's gaze. I looked up at him ready to tell him we need to stop. I

needed to focus on school and not sex. As I lifted my head and looked in

his direction my thoughts changed quickly. There he stood in my bedroom

door; butt ass naked. He stroked his cock as he stared back at me. There

was no reason that he wouldn't be there ready to have sex with me. It had

become our daily ritual to fuck after school. On top of that he had been

cumming in me occasionally since I had gotten birth control pills. Call me

naive or gullible, but I still had him use condoms or pull out most of the

time. I figured that not being filled with cum every day would also help

boost the odds for the birth control to work. Nonetheless, there he stood

with his cock in hand ready for me to go down on it.

 I was instantly horny. I was also worried about my slipping grades. I

was ready right then and there to tell him no. I was so ready to stop

fucking him. Then he had to go and open his mouth. "Hey Jill. Are you

ready for some lovin? I'm so damn horny. I really need you today."

 "What the hell," I thought to myself. "I'll do it with him one last

time and tell him after we're done." I figured it would be a lot easier if

his cock wasn't aching for sex. I could literally see his cock throbbing

from it's erection. I didn't say anything to him. I didn't even give him

any hint of my desire to stop. I simply patted my bed next to me, inviting

him in. He walked in and sat on my bed. I gazed into his eyes. I wanted

to make it as memorable as I could. I reached out and grabbed his cock. I

leaned in and kissed him passionately. The kiss reminded me of when I

first told him I wanted to have sex with him. I could feel a rush of heat

run through my chest.

 My breasts longed for his gentle touch, which happened rather quickly.

Not surprising knowing my brother's fascination with my tits. I started

stroking his cock for him as he unbuttoned my shirt. His kisses moved from

my lips down my neck. I slid my shirt off my arms as my brother reached

around to my back. With one flick of his wrist my bra clasp popped open. I

let my bra slide down my arms and dropped it to the floor. My brother's

hands cupped my breasts. I could feel the electrifying touch jolt down to

my pussy and it's juices began to flow. My brother's hands quickly moved

to my pants and I moved my hands down to join his. I unbuttoned my pants

and pulled my zipper down. My brother tugged at my pants and I stood up

while still trying to kiss him. He pulled my pants down as far as he could

and I shimmied my legs to get them down all the way. Before I could get my

pants past my feet my brother was already pulling down my panties. They

fell to the ground quickly and easily past my feet. My brother lifted me

up and set me on my bed. I lied down and opened my legs for him. His hand

moved from my breast to my pussy.

 "Holy shit Jill," he said to me with astonishment. "You are so fucking

wet. Have you been thinking about fucking me all day?"

 I smiled at him and bit my lower lip. Up till now there wasn't much

talking between the two of us. "You could say that," I replied as he moved

to his knees. "I need to talk to you after we're done."

 "About what," he inquired.

 "Don't worry about that now. Worry about my wet pussy. get down there

and lick it like you need to."

 My brother smiled and pushed his tongue out of his mouth. He started

with a long slow lick from my taint up past my clitoris and into my landing

strip trimmed pubes. It felt amazing. I wanted to remember every lick. I

completely intended for this to be our last time. After his long lick he

vigorously began going after my vagina. He learned early on that going

directly for my clit meant a quick end to oral sex. He pushed his tongue

in and out of my pussy, inviting my juices to drip out. When my brother

noticed my pussy beginning to drip he slid a finger in while still trying

to tongue my opening. He slid in a second finger and began to finger my

pussy as he gave me long slow stroking licks up to my clitoris. I began to

moan as I could feel an orgasm building up inside me. He moved up to my

clit and began to assault it with his loving tongue. A few minutes after

he had started licking my pussy I began having an eruptive orgasm. I

screamed aloud as my muscles twitched in orgasmic extacy.

 I laid my head back onto my pillows. I felt so relaxed after an amazing

orgasm of such magnitude. My brother climbed up on top of me pressing his

cock into my leg. "I need you to suck my cock," he said to me as he

pressed it into my leg even harder.

 "OK," I said as I tried to catch my breath. "Give me just a second." He

stayed on top of me and kept pressing his cock on my leg until I was ready

to give him a good tongue lashing.

 I vacated my spot and he quickly took it. My brother's cock was still

throbbing for attention. I could see it lightly move up and down every

time his heart would beat. It had been a long time since I had seen his

cock so engorged with blood. I grabbed his hard cock and began with a

light teasing of it's head with my tongue. I loved sucking the head of his

cock while jerking the rest of his shaft. He was oozing precum at an

amazing rate. I licked it up happily as I began to move his cock in and

out of my mouth.w I cupped his balls with one hand while using my other

hand to jerk his shaft. I sucked his cock's head and then I moved my

tongue down his shaft. The scent of his balls entered my nasal cavity and

I could feel my pussy beginning to drip. I licked his balls and gently

sucked one into my mouth. I tried my best to keep jerking his cock while I

was on his nut sack. I could feel his balls beginning to tense up in my

mouth. I wasn't ready for him to cum.

 Since my mother had suggested the pill to help calm down my periods, I

would occasionally have my brother cum inside me. I wanted to feel his

steamy hot sperm in my pussy and not on my hand. I stopped jerking him

off. I knew he would need some time to calm down a little so he would last

long enough. He never lasted long when he was so close to orgasm after a

blow job. I stood up and gazed down at him laying on my bed, "I need your

cum in me. You can't have an orgasm yet."

 "Jill, just fuck me. Fuck me hard."

 "Not yet," I replied to him as I straddled him. I moved my ass up to

his chest. My brother could easily overpower me, however, he allowed me to

remain in control. I reached for a few lacy strings that were hanging from

the back of my daybed. I tied them to the bed tightly and lifted my

brother's wrists into position.

 "Going to tie me up Jill," my brother asked seductively.

 "Yeah. Don't touch your cock." I finished tying up his wrists to my bed

and then I walked away. I left my room and left him there with his hard

cock staring him in the face.

 I could feel my wet pussy lips sliding around as I headed towards the

kitchen. I was so damn horny but I knew this had to end. My grades had

slipped far enough that it would be impossible for me to get them back up

to 'A' status. I grabbed a glass from the cupboard and opened the fridge.

We have always kept cold water and I was going to need it. Not only to

cool myself down but I knew the sex I was about to have was going to be hot

and sweaty. I sat my naked ass down at the table and enjoyed my glass of

water. My brother was waiting in agony as I was taking my time. I began

to think of his cock and started rubbing my pussy. I rubbed and rubbed

until I was getting close to orgasm.

 I figured I had given my brother's cock enough time to cool off a

little. I wandered back into my bedroom to see my brother laying on my bed

with his cock waving in the air. He was still hard as a rock and ready to

be ridden.

 "Where the hell have you been Jill," my brother asked impatiently.

 "Sorry, I needed a drink of water," I said to him.

 "Ten minutes for a drink of water?"

 "No, two minutes for a drink of water and eight to allow your cock to

cool off. I want the sex to last longer than a few minutes. On top of

that I want you to cum in me today." I saw my brother's face light up as I

informed him of my desire.

 "Jill, come ride my cock."

 I kissed my way up my brother's body. My pussy was still dripping it's

juices down my leg. I reached his cock and teased his balls, topping it

off licking the length of his shaft. He took a deep breath as I reached

his cock's head. I saw his balls leap upwards as I licked his prick hole.

I continued on my way and kissed up his chest up to his neck. I reached up

and began to untie my brother. As soon as his hands were free he grabbed

me.

 My brother grabbed my arms and rolled me over so that he was on top. He

forcefully pushed his cock between my legs. I moved as fast as I could to

allow for him to slide in. His cock penetrated my pussy and he began to

pound me harder than ever. Screaming aloud in extacy was the only response

I could muster. I so wanted this to be our last time together and I knew I

needed it good.

 My brother's cock went back and forth, in and out; over and over. His

skin slapping against mine sounded like loud flicks of a whip. Combine

that with my loud moans and someone would have thought he was beating me

senseless. When in fact he was just fucking me senseless. I could feel my

orgasm growing closer with every burying of his cock deep within me.

 "Uhh, Ohhh, KEEP GOING!" I yelled out. "I'M GOING TO CUM!"

 And with that my body began to erupt as my brother continued to fuck me

as hard as he ever had. Every muscle in my body began to twitch and I

could feel my pussy juices increase in volume as his cock suddenly felt

like it was covered in silk a silky smooth lubricant.

 I continued to moan as my brother kept going as hard as he was. He was

moving his body in closer to me and lay his chest on mine. I grabbed his

ass and as I felt his body tighten up as he was ready to cum, a second

orgasm suddenly and unexpectedly ripped through my body. His cock began to

erupt inside me at that same moment and I was paralyzed by a combination of

both our orgasms. I felt his hot juicy sperm fill my womb. Shot after

shot of his little swimmers filled me up. At the same time my pussy

tightened around his cock, milking every last drop.

 My exhausted brother rolled off of me. He lay next to me, panting for

every breath. "So," my brother said as he was gasping for air, "what did

you want to talk about?"

 I felt my brother's baby potion oozing out of my pussy as I rolled over

to cuddle up to him, "Well, I don't want to have to do it. But I need to."

 "Do what?" my brother's response sounded very inquisitive.

 "We need to stop having sex."

 "Why do we have to stop? I'm OK with it and I thought you were too."

 "I am okay with it really. But my progress report grades were terrible.

All I can think about is you. All I want to do is come home and ride your

cock. I just need to stop until I get my grades back up."

 "Jill, I don't know if I can stop. We have been having sex for over a

year and a half."

 "I know, but I have to focus on school. I need to get my grades back up

so I can get good scholarships for college."

 "Jill, do you realize that this is my senior year," I sat silently

through the awkward silence as my brother seemed to want an answer. "After

this year all the time we have together is this summer and then I'm going

off to college. I can't stop Jill. I need all I can get before I go."

 After another long awkward silence I responded. "I'm so sorry I have to

do this to you. I promise that as long as you help me get my grades back

up I'll let you have me all summer in any way that you want, no strings

attached. But this has got to be the last time for now."

 My brother pondered my proposal. I cuddled up closer to him and he

started talking again. "I really wish you would have told me that this

would be the last time. I would have been more willing to make it last a

lot longer."

 "Sorry," I replied to him. "I guess I should have told you. But you

were so horny and there was no way I would have been able to talk to you."

 "We have to do it once more. I can't just let this be the last time I'm

with you until school gets out."

 My brother was right. It was selfish of me to enjoy this time as our

last without letting him know what was going on. "Alright, just one more

time."

 "Let me think about it Jill. I want it to be good. I want to spend the

whole night with you when we do it."

 I thought about what he said for a few minutes. Whenever my brother

said that he wanted it to be good he usually got a little romantic as well.

"Alright. But it better be good. It better be fucking good."

 My brother smiled and looked into my eyes. He moved in for a kiss while

fondling my still dripping wet pussy. His cock started to spring back to

life against my leg as we kissed. His tongue penetrated my mouth. As I

pushed back with my tongue I could feel his cock become completely hard

again. My brother kissed down to my neck where he lingered along my

collarbone. My pussy was still so wet from his earlier load that I

couldn't tell whether it was my juices or his that were dripping. I knew

where this was leading and I was going to be a big enough pushover to let

it happen. My brother intended on burying his cock one more time before we

had our last time together. This was usually the norm when we had sex,

however most of the time it took him longer to get it back up for the

second time around.

 My brother shifted his body on top of mine while still passionately

kissing me. His cock teased my pussy by sliding through my pussy lips. I

spread my legs open and his lower half filled the gap. This movement

placed his cock into the prime penetration location. His cock slid into my

awaiting pussy. I could tell he wasn't as hard as he was the first time

around, his cock didn't fill my pussy as much. Nonetheless it still felt

great having him in me.

 I've always wondered what my brother thought about having his own sloppy

seconds. He seemed to be just fine with it because he wanted to do it all

the time. His second wind always lasted much longer than the first time

around. He pounded my pussy for what seemed like an eternity. My clit was

beginning to get weary of the constant stimulation. Just as I was ready to

tell my brother I needed to stop he grabbed my hips and started pounding

harder. I could feel his cock beginning to twitch as he moaned aloud.

With that his cock let out what little cum he had left in him.

 I looked over at the clock. "Oh, shit. You have got to get out of

here. Mom and dad will be home soon." I was disappointed that there was no

time to really cuddle.

 My brother leaped from my bed. With his cock and balls swinging around

he leaned in and kissed me again. "I love you Jill. I'll think about our

last time and get back to you."

 His tight ass cheeks sliding back and forth as He turned and walked out

of my room. I loved his ass. It was very nice.

 I lay on my bed soaking in the sex juices that we had created. I didn't

want to get up and I certainly didn't want to have to tell my parents about

my grades. Alas, I had no choice about the matter and I didn't want my

mother to come barging into my room and seeing her son's cum leaking from

me. I got up off my bed and found the panties I had worn the day before in

my laundry. I used them to soak up my brother's leaking cum and to wipe my

pussy dry.

 I picked my clothes up off the floor where my brother had thrown them

during his rage of lust. I quickly dressed and headed downstairs with my

backpack full of books. I figured it may help my cause if my parents came

home to their studying daughter instead of their television watching

daughter. I stayed there at the kitchen table, books open, until my

parents got home and prepared for the beating that I was about to get.

 --------------- Chapter 7 - Prom ---------------

 The chastisement I received from my parents was truly horrendous. My

grades were less than acceptable for them. I had superlative grades up to

this point and my parents knew that something else was wrong. They went

from accusing me of using drugs to just being plain lazy. My mother

suggested sex and my father quickly removed that from the conversation.

Perhaps he didn't want to admit that it was possible his little girl was

getting stuffed like a thanksgiving turkey. His argument for my cause was

actually pretty good. He informed my mother that I didn't even have a

boyfriend, therefore making sex a very hard conclusion to stick to. It

came down to being plain old grounded from friends, television, and the

computer until I could get my grades back up to a -œrespectable - level.

I guess it comes down to one's perception of respectable.

 My decision to stop having sex with my brother was a hard one for me. I

had no options left and I had to do it. My grades had gone downhill fast

and I was still struggling to bring them back up. My English teacher was a

pushover who gave me enough extra credit to bring my grade back up faster

than it fell. But as for science and math I was still in the hot seat. I

had let enough information pass over my head that I felt lost in the

current topics.

 My brother hadn't said a word to me since the last time we fucked. It

was a little odd coming home from school and not spreading my legs open for

some sweet fun loving. It was also a bit awkward when I would see him

sauntering around the house. But I knew he was planning our last time

together and I was sure it was going to be pretty involved. It took over a

week of this maladroit behavior between the two of us before he finally

began to talk to me about his plan for our last time.

 -œHey Jill, - my brother said with a hint of insecurity. -œI was

thinking about our last time for sex. - He was obviously nervous about

talking to me. I guess a week of no sex had given him the same lonely

feelings that I had. I could only respond by simply staring back at him.

-œWe are still going to do it one last time, right, - he asked

inquisitively. I continued to just stare back into his eyes. After 18

months of daily lovemaking it was hard to pull my eyes away from his.

 -œJill, are we still going to do it? -

 -œUhm, Yeah. I had thought you were planning it, - I was finally able

to give an audible response.

 -œYeah, I am. I was thinking that maybe we could do it after MORP in a

few weeks. - MORP was our schools way of having a dance at the end of

October. It was completely ridiculous, prom spelled backwards. Some

people would dress up in Halloween costumes but it was more trendy to wear

the same clothing style as your date. The same t-shirts and pants were

literally sold in matching pairs in October.

 -œWhy after the dance? I'm not sure what your getting at. -

 -œJill, its simple. We both get dates. We both go out and have a lot

of fun but the difference is that we come home and fuck each other instead

of just going to bed. -

 -œAre you crazy? I'm so grounded right now. Mom and dad wouldn't even

consider letting me go, let alone convincing some guy to ask me. My grades

suck ass and it's only a month into school. -

 -œI'll talk to mom and dad. You just get someone to ask you. -

 My brother's plan was absolutely crazy. No way in hell would he be able

to get our parents to let me go to the dance. Not only that he gets me to

think that I have to find some guy to ask me. My friends had talked about

getting other guys to ask them out and I thought they were crazy. Why in

the world would a girl have to convince a guy to ask her out? I figured no

asking meant no interest. Little did I know at the time that guys were so

darned insecure with themselves.

 "Alright," I said. "If you can get mom and dad to let me go then I'll

do it." Little did I know that there was more to my brother's plan; more

that I was not privy to. He smiled and winked at me as he ducked out of my

room. I giggled aloud to myself before I got back to my homework. It was

nice to finally have an exchange of words with him.

 I woke the next morning with my hair matted to my chemistry book. I

peeled my face up off the book at looked down at it. I had fallen asleep

on top of it and obviously drooled uncontrollably all over it's pages. I

looked over at the clock, twenty minutes before my alarm was to go off. I

hated when that happened. I rolled out of bed and grabbed my book. With

this extra twenty minutes I might as well dry the pages off. I rolled off

my bed, picked up my book, and headed for the kitchen.

 At six in the am I didn't expect to see my mom in the kitchen, but there

she was sitting at the table sipping away at some tea. Her eyes followed

me as I walked into the kitchen and over to the counter. I pulled some

paper towels off the roll and began wiping my book dry. The awkward

silence was suddenly broken, "Morning Jill." My mother and I hadn't talked

much since she had ripped me a new one about my grades.

 I looked at my mother and smiled, "Hi mom." With the silence broken I

felt more comfortable and took a seat across from her.

 With and inquiring sound in her voice my mom asked, "Why are you wiping

off your book?"

 "Oh, I fell asleep on it and drooled all over the pages."

 My mother chuckled and sipped at her tea. "It sounds to me like you

have been studying pretty hard."

 "Yeah, I haven't done much else for the last few weeks."

 My mom looked at me with a half smile and sighed. "Well, it seems that

your brother thinks you need to get out of the house. He asked last night

if you could go to the dance."

 I just stared at my mom. I had no idea what to say. I knew that the

intimay my brother and I had been sharing would devastate our parents if

they ever found out. I had no idea what he had said to them and I didn't

want to get pushed into a corner. So there I sat, look at my mother

pretending to be surprised.

 My mother broke the silence again, "Would you go with your brother if he

asked you?"

 Now this surprised the hell out of me. I'm sure the look on my face was

worth a thousand words, god knew thats how many raced through my head at

the time. Of everything that raced through my mind only one short sentence

came out, "He wants to ask me?"

 "Actually no," my mother continued, "but he asked if you could go. I

just figured since he wanted you to go with him so bad he may as well ask

you."

 "Mom, he is my brother. Do you have any idea how weird that would look

in front of the other kids at the school. I would never live that down."

 My mother smiled at me again, this time it was an all out teeth showing

smile. "I wouldn't want the other kids thinking your dating your brother."

 "Thats gross! I can't believe you said that." I knew what I had said to

my mother. I also knew what was in my heart. I didn't think it was gross

at all. I just didn't want to be treated like a slut if anyone found out.

And I sure as hell didn't want my mother knowing that I was more than

willing to get naked for my brother and did so on a regular occasion.

 "I'll tell you what Jill," my mother stared me down as she said it.

"You can go as long as I approve the guy who asks you to the dance.

Besides, you could use a little break from all the studying."

 This was huge. When my parents grounded me I was told that Hell itself

would freeze over before I got to do anything social again. Now that I'm

older I would have said something snooty about that. I would have asked if

Hell was endothermic or exothermic, because knowing that will help me judge

when I can have friends again. I'm sure that would have simply made

matters worse.

 I stood up and hugged my mom, "Thanks mom," I said to her as I squeezed

my arms around her.

 My mother hugged me back, "I love you. I'm sorry we have to be hard on

you sometimes."

 Our embrace ended and I headed back to my room. My little chit chat

with my mother took just the right amount of time. I had walked into my

room just as my alarm clock started buzzing. My mind had started wandering

as I began to wonder what guy would be willing to ask me out to the dance.

I stripped down so I could jump in the shower. With my mind racing every

which way I forgot to wrap my towel around me as I left my room. As I

entered the hallway my brother was standing there.

 "Oh shit," I said as I gasped from fright. "What the hell are you doing

standing there?"

 My brother looked at me and smiled, "I came to talk to you about the

dance," he said as I watched his eyes look up and down my body.

 I looked at him with a sort of annoyed frown and wrapped my towel around

my body. "Let me take a shower then we can talk."

 "How about I join you? Then we can talk in the shower?"

 "Are you fucking crazy? Mom and dad are still home and mom is in the

kitchen. I'll talk to you after my shower."

 My brother smiled at me, "You look really hot Jill," he grabbed for my

breast as he bit his lower lip. It was a cute look on him, really it was,

but I had no intention of my mother seeing him groping me in the hallway.

So I turned away towards the bathroom door. He had a pretty good grasp on

my towel so I happened to leave it behind.

 "Hey Jill," my brother said under a chuckle, "here is your towel back."

I poked my head out the door, gave him a stern look, and grabbed my towel

from his grubby hands.

 I made quick work of my shower that morning. I usually spent some time

with the hot water running down my back. I also had a new habit that had

formed over the last few weeks. It involved rinsing, then lathering, then

lathering some more, and lathering even more, and even more lather, finally

ending with a rinse at the proper moment. I skipped that ritual this

morning. I was so intrigued by what my brother had told my parents that I

wanted to know as soon as possible.

 I quickly dried off and wrapped my towel around my body. This wasn't

the first date I had ever been on but it was the first time I would be

going on a double date with my brother. My excitement was uncontrollable

as I quickly dressed and hurried to the kitchen with my wet hair. My

brother was sitting at the table with his ritualistic bowl of cereal. I

had been so exited that something big was about to happen but it just

turned out to be a regular morning.

 My brother finished up his cereal and looked at me. He emitted a little

chuckle, "Kind of funny that mom told you to go to the dance with me."

 "Why do you say that?" I asked in response.

 "Because if mom and dad knew what we were really doing then they

wouldn't leave us alone for more than ten seconds."

 "What are we really doing? I thought we were just going to the dance

together with our dates."

 My brother raised an eyebrow. The kind of eyebrow raising that

insinuates some dastardly plan is about to be put into play of which I was

not privy to. "Don't worry Jill. I already have a guy lined up to ask you

out."

 "Who," I asked inquisitively.

 "Mason," my brother replied with promptness.

 "Mason Taylor?"

 "Yeah, Mason Taylor."

 At this point I was a bit confused. Mason was Mr. goody two shoes that

lived up the street from us. Of course my parents would be fine with him

but I was a bit concerened. "Mason has a girlfriend. Why would he ask me

to the dance?"

 My brother stood up from the table grabbing his now dirty bowl. My

brother looked into my eyes and stroked his fingers across my cheek, "Just

trust me on this one will you?"

 "The last thing I need right now is to be in more trouble than I already

am. So you better not fuck this up."

 "It will be fine. Mason is going to pick you up for the dance. Then we

will go get his girlfriend. All of us will go to the dance and take a

picture. That way mom and dad won't ask questions. After that we will

leave and Mason and his girl will stay at the dance by themselves." The

look in my brother's eyes as he informed me of his plan looked like he was

telling me only half of the truth.

 I contemplated his plan and although I could find a million holes in it

I decided to see what happens. "Alright. I'll trust you. But if you get

me into more trouble I'm taking you down with me."

 My brother moved in closer to me and rubbed his cheek up against mine.

He whispered in my ear, "Don't worry. Everything is going to be alright."

And with that he moved back a little and gave me a sweet kiss.

 As the conversation ended I felt better about the whole situation. My

brother had obviously thought this through. I had a million concerns

caused mostly by paranoia of getting caught. Plus I wasn't too sure about

what my brother had told Mason. The last thing we needed was our secret

sex becoming public knowledge.

 The two weeks left before the dance passed very slowly. Its amazing how

time slows to a nearly complete stop when anticipating an event. My

preparations for the dance were a bit odd. As part of wearing the same

outfit my brother and Mason decided to swap shirts in order to make it all

work out. Their plan was to swap back after we took a picture.

 The day of the dance finally arrived and I was nearly sick with

anticipation. I was worried about our parents finding out as well as Mason

and his girl learning of our situation. I was ready to go as soon as I

woke up and ended up pacing back and forth around the house for the rest of

the day. The anticipation of finally being with my brother again had me

extrememly horny since we first set up this devious plan. I couldn't help

but pleasure myself throughout the day. It was during one of these self

love sessions that my brother decided to invite himself into my room. The

sight of my door opening scared the shit out of me and I whipped a blanket

over me as quickly as I could.

 "What the fuck?" I shouted at my brother.

 He replied calmly, "Oh Jill! Are you masturbating? I'm glad to see

your keeping that pussy wet for me."

 "So what? Get the fuck out before mom or dad comes up to see why I

screamed."

 "Don't worry about it. They are gone and won't be back for a few hours.

Get out from under that blanket. I want to watch you finish."

 Hearing that my parents were gone and would not be back for a while

helped me to relax quite a bit. "You haven't seen me naked for a month.

Are you sure you can keep your cock under wraps if I let you see me?"

 "We are going to fuck later tonight Jill. Why don't we squeeze in a

quick one right now?"

 "No. I want our next time together to be a bit romantic. You have

built it up since you came up with this crazy ass plan anyways. The least

you could do is save that cum. Let it build up I want a lot of it

tonight."

 "But I really need it. My cock is going to explode."

 "I have an idea. Come lay on my bed. Take your shirt off but leave

your pants on."

 "Keep my pants on? I was hoping for a little more than that."

 "Take what you can get. Are you going to do it or not?"

 My brother took his shirt off and laid on my bed. I stood up over him,

my pussy dripping down, my tits waving above in the air. I lowered myself

down on his stomach with my pussy over his chest. I started rubbing my

pussy while he watched. I felt his hands begin to move up and down my

legs, hitting all the sweet spots. Just thining about him watching made me

even more randy. I could feel my juices beginning to drip down my ass and

onto his chest. My brother was getting really ancy, I could feel his hips

trying the fucking motion. I was getting closer. Just a bit more. Just a

little left. Right then my brother grabbed under my legs and got a firm

grip on my ass. He pulled me forward and I felt his toungue and mouth

embrace my wanton lips. The feeling sent me over the edge and i fucked his

face as hard as I could. My pussy juices spilled out and covered him in my

love.

 I laid back feeling his cock through his pants. He was humping the back

of my head. "Oh fuch yeah, he said. Please let me fuck you. Your pussy

needs it. Listen." He put his fingers on my pussy lips and made a high

voice as he moved them back and forth. "Oh come on Jill. I need cock. I

need you to let me be fucked."

 I burst out in laughter and rolled off of my brother. "Your such dork.

I can't believe I even let you see me naked let alone fuck me."

 "Let's just do it." His retort was enough to get me over the edge. I

could see in his eyes that he was in real need of a good fucking almost as

if hypnotized by my swaying titties.

 I reached down and ran my hands over his chest and down towards his

pants. He moaned as I leaned down and kissed his little man nipples. I

pulled the button on his pants and ran the zipper to the bottom. It was

just then at that very erotic moment that we heard the familiar sound of

the garage door opening. "Going to be gone a few hours huh? Great call on

that one dipshit."

 "Don't be a cunt Jill. Thats what they told me."

 I zipped up his pants and buttoned it up. "Get your shirt on and get

the fuck out before they get in the house and start asking questions."

 My brother got up and put his shirt on. "I'm fucking you hard tonight.

Your getting it good." He turned and I watched his cute ass scamper out of

my room.

 I slipped into some sweats and looked around my room. It smelled like

my wet pussy. I opened my window to air it out and then headed out to

greet my parents.

 "Hi sweetie." The sound of my fathers voice jerked me back into reality.

 I looked at him and smiled. With my I'm-still-daddy's-little-girl tone

in my voice I responded, "Hi daddy." And gave him a hug.

 "I sure hope you have a good time tonight."

 I squeezed my dad a little more, "I will."

 "Come with me for a bit, I need to talk to you." I was a bit nervous

hearing that my dad wanted to talk to me alone. I followed him into my

parents bedroom and sat down on their bed while looking at him attentively.

"Listen, I know you have been really good lately. I'm really proud of you

and I want you to enjoy yourself tonight."

 I smiled, "Thanks, dad."

 "But thats not all that I wanted to talk to you about." My eyebrows rose

and my eyes widened as I looked at him, "Jill, boys are assholes. They

don't care about you. All they care about is your pants." I was caught a

little off guard by my dad's abruptness. I knew exactly what he was

talking about. Not more than ten minutes ago I masturbated on my brother's

chest. I understood what guys wanted. "I've been called up for a meeting

this weekend for work. So I won't be home tonight and I'm pretty sure your

mother is going with me. I want to make sure you are taken care of." I

couldn't believe how perfectly things were working out for my brother and

I. Little did I know that there was a bigger surprise in store for me. "So

I'm giving you a little money just in case you get into a bad situation."

 My dad pulled out his wallet, opened it up, and handed to me a folded

bill. Without looking at it I slipped it into my pocket. I then smiled

and gave my dad a huge hug. "Thanks dad. I promise I'll be good tonight.

Besides, it isn't like I'll be all alone."

 My dad kissed me on the forehead, "I know honey. I just worry about

you. You had better go get ready."

 I left my parent's bedroom and headed up to my own. I've had awkward

moments with my father before but I would have to say that has been the

most odd. I've always been a daddy's girl and since I had become involved

with my brother there was a bit of distance between our relationship. I

reached into my pocked and pulled out the folded up bill. As I began to

unfold the green happiness I was given a much larger shock. My father is a

scrooge. He hates spending money. So much to my surprise I was holding a

hot and crisp hundred dollar bill.

 Armed with the knowledge of my parents absence and a nice sum of money I

decided to whip together my own unforseen plan for the evening. I laid on

my bed thinking about the evening. The night was going to be one to

remember. This certainly wasn't the first time my dad went out on a

business trip and my mom always tried to join him. I always assumed they

fucked hard while out of town. Sex would be my first priority after my

meetings.

 My hands began to wander. I needed to get ready for the dance. I was

feeling erotic and sensual. After having cum all over my brother I needed

some cuddle time but hadn't gotten it. I caressed my body as I began

removing my clothes. I sat up and slid my shirt off my body, feeling it

skim across my alabaster skin. My bosom filled with lust as I thought

about my future. I rubbed my breasts and stimulated my nipples. My hands

moved down to my stomach and I rubbed in soft circles. I love the relaxing

touch above my pelvis after I orgasm.

 Just as I was beginning to lose myself in eroticism I heard a knock at

the door. "Hold on," I yelled. I quickly got up, put my shirt back on and

opened the door.

 "Why aren't you ready?" My brother didn't look too happy. We were

already running a bit late and I was in my room caressing myself.

 "Give me a few minutes. I'll make it quick."

 "Don't worry. I'm going to go hook up with Mason and then we will come

get you." My brother had sounded rather annoyed but tried not to make it

sound that way.

 "I'll be ready when you get back." Hearing my response he just turned

and left.

 By this time I wasn't too interested in going out to the dance. I just

really wanted to be fucked. It has seemed like and eternitiy since I had

been penetrated by my brother's hard cock. My body yearned for his touch.

 It didn't take long for my brother to get back with Mason and his girl.

They all came in and picked me up making qutie a scene out of it. After

the obligatory picture taking by my father and a little doting from my

mother we were finally on our way out the door. Mason jumped in the back

with his girl and I jumped up front with my brother. I couldn't keep my

mind of what our night would consist of. I knew my parents would be gone,

I knew I had a nice chunk of change stashed away in my bra and most

importantly I was the only one who knew these things.

 "I think its great what you guys are doing." Mason's voice jerked me out

of my own thoguhtful world. "I could only imagine how fun it will be."

 My heart sank and guilt filled my stomach. In an instant I was nearly

sick. I looked over at my brother. I must have looked extremely scared.

"You going to be alright sis?" my brother asked.

 "Yeah, what did you tell Mason?"

 Mason jumped into my brother's question, "Don't worry Jill. He told me

all about it. He told me what you are doing for your parents anniversary

and I think its great."

 I nearly turned around in my seat. "What exactly did my brother tell

you about their anniversary?"

 "He just mentioned that you needed a few hours to put together a present

for them. You should keep your grades up so that way you won't have to lie

to them to get out of the house for a while."

 It suddenly dawned on me why my mom decided to go out of town with my

dad. She would never let him miss out on their anniversary. That would

also explain why my dad was feeling so generous. "Well, Mason. All we

need is to get a few pictures to make this believable and then you two can

have a great evening together."

 We arrived at the dance just in time to stop conversing with this

incompetent excuse for a man. My brother jumped into the conversation,

"Lets get some pictures taken. We have a lot of things to get done."

 It didn't take long for the formal pictures to be taken and for my

brother and Mason to change shirts.

 I APOLOGISE FOR THE ABRUBT END. I WILL GET THIS FINISHED BUT I DO NOT

CURRENTLY HAVE TIME.