*Kelli’s Little Sister*

# By Stevesaint

**(mf)**

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I’m Bobby.  I live in a small northern California town (you’ve probably never heard of it).  I’m almost 18, a senior at the local high school, and I’ve been going steady with Kelli for a couple of years now.  But that’s not really my story.

One day this summer I stopped over to Kelli’s house to see if she wanted to go out, but she wasn’t home.  Her younger sister Kari answered the door and invited me in, letting me know Kelli wouldn’t be home until much later (she went to the mall in the next town with her girlfriends).  Kari was acting strange.  She’s standing at the back door as if somehow to block my exit.  When I inched to the door to leave, she hiked up her little denim skirt, revealing her pink thong-covered pubic mound.  I blushed and asked her what she was doing.

“My folks are out, we’re alone, and I’m going to get you to fuck me, Bobby,” Kari declared, “I’ve peeked into the bedroom when you were doing it with Kelli, and now it’s my turn.”

I’m speechless, and a little scared.  Kari was only 14, although she’s pretty stacked for her age.   Conflicting emotions overwhelmed me—she *IS* hot—Kelli will *KILL* me—I wonder what her pussy *TASTES* like—they’ll throw me in *JAIL*.

Kari said, “You want me, Bobby, I can see it in your eyes...I bet I can fuck your brains out better than my bitch sister ever could.”  Where did that mouth come from?  I’ve been around this girl since she’s been a gawky little kid...what happened?  Still standing by the door, Kari pulled down her tank top to her waist, releasing beautiful, full, firm, pointy breasts.  “You like what you see?” She asked.  “I think your cock does.”

I closed the gap between us and began to touch her tits, rubbing and kneading them, reveling in their fullness (Kelli’s weren’t as big as these).  She smiled a lascivious smile, broke away from me and walked toward her bedroom at the back of the house.  I followed her as she stripped off her skirt and undies, leaving just the bunched up tank top around her waist.  She stopped and slid into a hall chair, spreading her legs a bit, showing her marvelously shaved pussy.

“Dammit, Bobby, you just gonna look, or are we gonna do it?” she barked. “Take off those damned clothes of yours...!”

I started fumbling with my clothes, stripping them off as she again headed for her bedroom.  All I could think about was that pussy, little-girl-bald and all, as my stiff cock throbbed with desire.  She jumped up on her bed and posed for me.  Smiling, she reached down and slowly ran her fingers over her pussy lips.  She didn’t have to point out to me where I wanted to go, since my focus was definitely there already.  Aha, I think she just got a little nervous about this whole thing...I saw the look of concern that crossed her face when she finally noticed my very erect and very thick, 9-inch dick.  She may have been thinking twice about this, but I won’t let her chicken out now.

“So, you’ve been watching me and your sister get it on, have you?” I asked, approaching her and climbing onto the bed.  “What position do you think she likes the best, huh?  So you want this, do you?” pointing down at my erection. “How do you want it?”

She stammered, “I-I-I...what do you mean...position?  I thought we would, eh, like, just do it;” just staring at my cock—so close to her now—all bravado gone.

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close.  She swooned a bit, but the fear is there, right below the surface.  I gazed into her eyes.  “Are you sure you’re ready to be loved by a man,” I murmured, “You don’t have to be jealous of your sister...today I’ll be your boyfriend.”

She nodded her head a couple of times, and parted her lips in anticipation.  I kissed this 14-year-old with as much passion as I’ve ever kissed another girl.  With my cock rubbing up against her belly, I almost came, but managed to hold back.  Our lips still locked in a kiss, I reached down and probed for her clit.  I didn’t need to even think of foreplay, as she’s so wet some of her juices were trickling down her leg.  This was amazing!  Kelli had never been this horny.  The anticipation of our coupling had silenced Kari as well.  She’s shaking as if it were below zero in there; edgy nervousness mixed with an inner heat stirred her young body.  I began to explore her with my hands.  I brushed my tongue and lips across the nape of her neck while slowly turning her so her back is to me.  Continuing to nibble on her neck and earlobes, my hands caressed her pointed tits.  Her nipples were iron-hard to the touch.  I moved one hand toward her pussy, lightly running my fingertips down her belly in the process.  When my middle finger parted her swollen labia, she convulsed in a spectacular climax.  I’ve never seen this amount of quivering and trembling in any girl before, especially Kelli.  I’ve never felt this amount of female cum before either, as Kari’s pussy juice was practically squirting from her as she purred a long, low moan.

I held the embrace, letting her come down from her high.  I’ve made this girl cum and I haven’t even put it in her yet!  We sank to the bed.  We’re face to face again, and I’m amazed by the glazed look in her eyes.  I kept caressing her perfect little body; I couldn’t keep my hands off her breasts.  My cock was still rock hard, and in need of release.

Kari whispered “Woooo, what was that?”

“They call it an orgasm, little sis,” I answered.

Kari nestled her head at my chest, and said, “You know, I’ve, like, touched myself down there a few times...it felt good, but not like *THAT*.  What did you do to me, Bobby?”

“I haven’t done anything...yet...I think you just want my cock so much...you got off just thinking about it.”

“Can we do it *now*?” She moaned, drawing out the last word.

She pushed me down, and hiking herself up on one elbow, stared at my cock (it’s much bigger than she thought it would be, I imagine.)  She quivered again.  In a moment, she laid on top of me.  We kissed; all the while I’m squirming about, trying to get my cock into position to enter her.  She surprised me by reaching between her legs and guiding my cock between the lips of her super-wet pussy.  I loved it—she was in control and she’s hungry for full penetration.  She’s in heat, thrusting her hips down on my engorged shaft, going very deep in only a few pushes.  Her hesitation on taking a cock of my size long gone, she grunted and moaned at one thrust (cherry?) but picked up the rhythm, going faster and faster.  She was so tight I couldn’t believe it—I needed lots of control to keep from shooting my load.

I’ve heard the term ‘humping’ many times, and used it myself, but this is the first time I truly knew what it meant: Kari was humping me in sexual abandon.  She suddenly arched her back, a loud groaning sound grew and grew as it escaped from her; her pussy convulsing in a tremendous orgasm.  My aching cock was squeezed by her climactic spasms, and I let go with an explosive spasm of my own, shooting load after load of cum deep inside her.  Amazingly, we’re not done yet.  She kept riding my semi-hard, spent cock for a few more minutes until she was hit by another orgasmic wave.

That was indeed the best fucking I ever got.  I mean it that way too...she’d been in charge, not me.  Kari relaxed on top of me, and we kissed for the longest time.  Our mingled sex juices puddling around my softening cock, we lay there as if to prolong the spell.  I eventually rolled out from under her languid body, and ran my hands over her magnificent teen form one more time, exploring, admiring, and loving.

Why haven’t I ever really noticed her pretty face, her straw-blond hair, her tight body?  How she must have been looking at me?  Have I been that blind?  In all the time I’ve been going out with Kelli, I always thought of her little sister as a fun, playful girl, but never as the hot-blooded sexy creature that I just fucked.

When I got up from the bed, I noticed a small amount of blood mixed with the cum stains on the sheets.  I wasn’t sure before, but I guess she was a virgin, her show of experience an act.  She’s certainly experienced now, I thought.  Kari was lying on her side on the bed.  She smiled at me with that half-smile of hers, pulling one thigh forward, letting me get a good look at her beautiful 14-year-old girl pussy that still has tiny dribbles of my cum leaking from it.

“Oh Bobby, do you think we could, like, do it again?”

I looked into her eyes.  That fiery gaze of hers was enough; my cock was springing back to life.  She reached out to me.  When I knelt on the bed, she hiked herself to her knees and began touching my stiffening member.  Her full attention on my cock, she adoringly appraised and caressed it.  My 9-inch or so erect cock must be a wondrous sight to this young teen.  How many little boys’ cocks has she seen?  She doesn’t seem to be afraid of it anymore, which gets me thinking of her mouth—(so close!)—sucking my cock.  Of course she doesn’t know anything about blowjobs at her age, so I thought we can wait for that...I want her tight pussy one more time.

As she’s playing with my cock, Kari’s breathing turned to short, rapid gasps.  I could feel the heat radiate from her, she’s so horny.  She broke the spell holding her to my cock, looked up at me and said in a hoarse whisper, “I want you to fuck me like I saw you fuck Kelli once.”

How many times did she spy on us?  Kari swung around on the bed, and still on her knees, lowered her head onto a pillow, sticking her ass into the air.  I was mesmerized by the sight; the most beautiful, tight, round ass I’ve ever seen, even in Playboy!  I placed a hand on each cheek while positioning the head of my cock at her moist labia.  She made a mewling sound when she felt my cock-head touch her, and she shoved her hips back to meet me, my cock penetrating her several inches.  Holding her tightly at the hips, I began the thrusting rhythm.

In no time, our pace quickened to a very rapid, sweaty, animal-like coupling.  My cock was so long in her tight de-virgined pussy that I’m bottoming out with every thrust—she made little grunting noises every time I ram it, but these were beginning to be drowned out by a keening sound escaping from her lips, getting louder and louder.  I didn’t know who came first, but we were very close.  My cock-spasms seemed to go on forever, encased in her throbbing tightness, as she climaxed with a long, loud moan I swear the neighbors could probably hear.  Spent, I pulled out of her, but Kari was still in almost animal-like heat.  She sprang up, pushed me to my back on the bed, and with her back to me straddled my still hard cock.  She rode me at a frantic pace (good for her, it kept me hard enough to satisfy) for about 30 seconds until she exploded in another orgasm.  While cumming, she ground her pelvis into me, savoring the fullness and the waves of pleasure she was discovering today.

We knew we couldn’t lie there forever—Kelli or her folks could be home soon—so we silently got dressed.  I helped Kari straighten out the bed (I hope her mother doesn’t see the stains, I thought uneasily).  Before we leave her bedroom, I pulled Kari into my arms and kissed her warmly.  I could still feel the sexual hunger in her.

Did I know what I was saying when I asked her “Do you still want me to be *your* boyfriend?”

Kari swooned at the question; “Bu...but what about Kelli?”

“I think I want to love you forever, little sister,” I said to her with a smile.

The smile on her face was as bright as the sun, as she said, “I love you, Bobby.”

I’m thrilled.  I definitely wanted to get to know this fantastic girl.  Could an 18-year-old boy go out with a 14-year-old girl?  Probably not, I imagined.  We’ll have to face some hurdles, including me breaking up with Kelli.  Our loving would have to remain secret for a while.

We went out and sat on the porch swing, held hands, and talked for a while until her folks came home.  She told me about her crush on me, and how jealous she had been of her big sister, especially when she would sneak a peek at us making love.  We talked of the future, each learning new things about the other, beginning to share our feelings, as lovers do.  We pondered the possibility of her getting pregnant, since I didn’t use any protection.  Somehow, it didn’t seem to matter to us.  We had consummated our love on this beautiful summer afternoon, and we would be together always.

I know, I know...horny teenagers always think this way!