**Kid Sister**
My friends and I were sitting around in the shade of the porch at the front of our house. The lawn had yellowed in the past week and the tar was melting in the street. We were all behaving as if it was too hot to move, which it was fast becoming. No one had even spoken for a while.
“Why don’t we go to the river,” Al suggested half-heartedly, his hairy legs up on the porch railing. The local river ran through a forest in a regional park a few miles out of town.
“We’d need a car.”
“Ask your mother to lend us hers.”

I didn’t think the chances were high but I went to find out. A graphic artist by profession, my mother, working from home on an assignment, was at her drawing table. She agreed to my using her car once I’d promised to bring it back undamaged. She made a condition though. I had to take my kid sister along with us. At fifteen, going on sixteen, Kim was almost two years younger than me, and a pest. She had hung around my friends on the porch earlier, but got into a huff when they teased her about something or other. I assumed she’d been making a nuisance of herself with mom as well.

I tried negotiating the condition but my mother was adamant.
“What if she doesn’t want to come?”
“Go and ask her,” my mother was brisk. “I sent her up to her room. I can’t get anything done while she’s hanging around moaning.” I guess that’s why she hadn’t balked at Kim going out with a bunch of older boys and me.
“And make sure you look after her,” I heard the inevitable instruction as I headed towards the stairs.

Kim’s door had a “Boy Free Zone” sign on it. It really meant “Brother Free”. I happened to know she liked boys. I’d caught her kissing one in our garden once, and really getting into it.
I knocked but went straight in because I objected to the sign as a matter of principle.

Kim was sitting cross-legged on the bed with headphones on. Her mini-skirt revealed her thighs almost all the way up.

Obviously, I wasn’t interested in my own sister, but I couldn’t help noticing.

The music was up loud enough to be heard in the room, though distortedly, even without the speakers on. Kim glared at me. “Why didn’t you knock?”
“I did.”
“What?” She took off the headphones. The tinny sound got louder.
“The guys and I are going to the river. Do you want to come?”
“Why would I want to go anywhere with a bunch of hairy apes,” she pretended superiority.
“Suit yourself.” I turned to leave.
“Are you going to Barton’s Rock?” It was a waterhole where teenagers hung out - in a wilder part of the Park than the family picnic areas.
“Yeah. Probably. Everyone wants to swim.”
“I’ll come then,” she condescended.
“You don’t have to.”
“Whose idea was it?”
“Swimming or you coming?”
“Me going with you?”
“Mom’s.”
“Will your lame-brain friends mind?”
“Why would they?”

She might be my kid sister but I wasn’t oblivious to the fact she had grown up somewhere along the way, and wasn’t half bad looking – I guess – if I thought about it from the point of view of another guy.

Even without makeup, she looked as if she was over sixteen, what with having a certain maturity about her, some of the time, and a nicely developed figure. I’d checked out her bra once, when I saw it on top of a pile of clothes in the laundry. It was size 34B.

I guess 34’s what the measurement is around her chest. I think “B” has something to do with the size of the cup-things that hold a girl’s tits.

Anyhow, Kim has blue eyes, brown hair with blonde streaks in it – kind of adding interest – and quite a nice smile – not that she ever gives me one.

… Oh, yeah. She’s 24 round the waist. And I’m not saying how I found that out.

“So, you coming then?”
Kim straightened her legs over the side of the bed, showing a flash of white panties, and bounced to her feet. “I might as well. It’s no fun here.”

In the back seat, Kim was squeezed between Al and Chandler – yeah, named by his dumb parents after the dopey guy from “Friends”. Steve, the most athletic of the four of us, was sitting in the front with me. Lucky he wasn’t driving because he kept glancing back at Kim every time she spoke.

I wasn’t exactly oblivious to my friends’ attraction to my sister. I’m sure they would have competed to date her if she’d been allowed. But my parents wouldn’t let her go out alone with a boy, even from her own class at school.

Anyhow, it would have felt kind of weird if one of my friends had dated her, I guess. None of us had a lot of experience with girls, but we did talk about sex a lot and I knew what they tried, or wanted to try, when they were out alone with a girl. The idea of one of them touching my kid sister’s tits, or trying to get into her pants, made me kind of squeamish.

Even so, it was a double standard. I wasn’t against the idea of trying that myself with someone else’s sister. So I guess I couldn’t really object to some guy wanting to do it with mine.

If Kim and I got on better, I suppose I might have felt more protective.

Al and Chandler were kidding her that our mom had probably made her come out with a swimsuit that went down to her knees.
Getting irritated at being treated like a kid, she unfolded her towel and showed them she had a very grown-up and rather skimpy floral bikini in it.

“We’re going to swim in the buff,” Steve informed her.
“Yeah,” Al agreed. “Sorry about that.”
Kim retorted practically, knowing she was being teased, “You can go in with your shorts on.”
“No. We’ll need dry pants later," Chandler pretended seriousness. "It definitely has to be in the buff."
“Like you’re going to do that in front of everybody else at the swimming hole.”
“We’re going upstream to The Pines.” Chandler had named a more remote, less popular swimming hole at the end of a walking track. “We should have it to ourselves.”
“Have fun," Kim told them disparagingly. "I won’t be going there with you."
“That’s okay,” Steve called her bluff. “We can drop you off at the main hole with the other kids.”
Kim pouted. “Like I’d have anything in common with them.”
“You’d better come with us older boys then,” Al said.

I certainly didn’t fancy the idea of leaving Kim alone – or of separating from my friends – but I wasn’t comfortable about their banter either, especially if they weren’t kidding about skinny-dipping. They were looking at my sister in a funny way – expectant-like. She was actually a female to them. They were thinking about parts of her body I never did – or almost never.

“I’m not swimming in the buff then,” Kim drew a line.
“We wouldn’t mind if you did,” Steve teased her. “You’re just a kid, after all. None of us are going to notice.”
“I would,” I piped up, having seen Kim’s reflection darken in the rear-view mirror.
“Brothers don’t notice their kid sisters anyhow,” Steve quipped.
Ignoring me, Kim asserted about swimming nude, “If I wanted to I would.”
“Yeah, well, we are,” Chandler assured her. “So if you come with us you’d better be prepared.”
“It won’t make any difference to me,” Kim faked being blasé about it.

I didn’t think my friends would go through with it but, when we’d sweated our way to the end of the path and found no one else at the forest-enclosed swimming hole, they threw off their clothes and dove into the clear water from a low rocky bluff.

None of them, as they’d shed their shorts, had taken the trouble to turn their backs entirely. Kim was left gaping in surprise. I doubted she had seen male pubic hair before, let alone fully exposed with a cock sprouting from it – not that my friends were erect exactly.

“Come on in,” Steve called as the three of them paddled on the surface, staring our way expectantly.

I would have felt a turkey, putting on my swimsuit before joining them, so I turned my back to Kim, stripped quickly, and jumped in off the rock, modestly feet first.

The water was delightfully refreshing and cool after the walk in the mid-day heat. When my head broke the surface, the others belatedly cheered my decision to join their outdoors nude escapade.

Maybe it was that, and the cold touch of the water between my legs, that made me start to get hard. I certainly hoped the sight of Kim, standing on the rock above us in her denim mini-skirt and white T-shirt, wasn’t a contributing factor. I’m sure it would have affected the others though, if they were experiencing similar stirrings in their loins. Kim’s legs looked pretty good, and you couldn’t help wanting to see further up than even the high hemline of her skirt allowed.

The pressure to conform to the norm set by rest of the group was now on her. With our masculinity largely hidden by the water, she was half back on an even keel and considering her options. The others waited expectantly. They were disappointed when she turned without saying anything and went into the trees.

“Aw shucks!” Chandler showed how he felt. “I thought she was going to take the bait.”
“The bait, or your hook,” Al grinned.
“Girls are more shy about showing it off,” Steve contributed a worldly-wise word of advice.
“Hey, that’s my sister you’re talking about!”
“She’s pretty grownup for her age.”
I didn’t have a response to that factual observation.

We trod water, waiting for Kim to return. After a few moments, she emerged from the bushes on the edge of the trees. I don’t know what the others thought, but she looked pretty stunning to me in her itsy-bitsy bikini.
I didn’t exactly get a sexual thrill but the way the others were staring, I wouldn’t have been surprised if they did.
I tried to think of her like they were – as a girl – and not the rotten little sister I knew she was. It didn’t work.

“Coming in, Kim?” Chandler had a grin all over his face.
Steve just stared, looking awestruck.

Shit! She did look more like the girls our age than even some of them did.

Kim sat on the edge of the rock, climbed down its rough face, and then eased herself in so she wouldn’t go under the surface. I figured she didn’t know how to dive – or was afraid of losing part of her swimsuit. I wasn’t sure which.

We stayed on our side of the natural pool and Kim swam on the other, enjoying herself but keeping her distance.

We boys got out first. I thought the others would dry themselves and then get dressed like I intended to. Instead, Chandler and Al lay on the flat top of the rock, on two of the towels I'd brought, and Steve sat nearer the edge, for a better view of my sister in the water.

I knew she had to get out sooner or later so I put on my shorts, but without a top. She and I were related, after all, and I wasn’t about to give her the opportunity to tell mom or dad that I’d exposed myself to her. What I did savour, was the idea of telling them about her being at the swimming hole with three naked guys – but I wasn’t going to rat on my friends – and it would have gotten me into trouble anyhow. I was supposed to be looking out for her.

“You guys getting dressed?” I tried tentatively.
“I’m enjoying the sun,” Al said lazily. He’d definitely had an erection when he came out of the water but it was subsiding now.
Steve twisted round to look back at us. I noticed he was still stiff. “Worried about your sister liking what she sees?”
“She’s a big girl. She can like what she wants,” I said lamely.
“She’s a big girl all right,” Chandler muttered appreciatively. His erection had fallen limply to one side.
“She’s a bit young for you guys to show off to,” I tried pricking their consciences.
“Hey, we’re not out to try and fuck her,” Al said. “We’re just having a little harmless fun. Even if she’s a virgin now, she’s going to see a grown up cock sooner or later.”
“Yeah, you might say we’re sparing her the shock of seeing one for the first time in more intimate circumstances,” Chandler contributed.

Steve had lost interest in the conversation and was watching Kim again. She was swimming towards the base of the rock. Reaching it, and using her hand for support, she looked up. Steve parted his legs and leant forward, extending his hand in an offer to assist her up. Kim just gawped up at his exposed cock. She’d probably seen mine when we were both kids (before she became sexually aware) but Steve’s was in a state of arousal even she would recognise – assuming girls talked to each other like boys did.

His large cock sure as hell didn’t look like a kid’s, sticking up proudly like that.

Kim’s cheeks started to turn pink, maybe because her gaze seemed trapped on the monster between Steve’s legs.

In the end, she tore her gaze away, ignored his offered hand, and found her own footholds, working her way up to the top of the rock a few feet from where Steve sat. She came over the edge, still dripping water, her cleavage displayed for a moment. Then she was on her feet, the bikini bottom etching a sexy V between her long legs.

The first thing that caught her attention was, of course, Chandler and Al’s prone figures – bathed in sunlight and decidedly male.
Her eyes flicked to me. Then she picked up a towel and began to dry herself, acting as if she was in a situation she was totally accustomed to. The others seemed surprised she hadn’t run screaming into the bushes. Maybe that was the fun they’d expected.

Kim was facing away from Steve when he stood up, stepped over, and sat with the others. They were on one side of where Kim stood and I was on the other. While she had been gamely trying to ignore the prone Chandler and Al, she could not help staring at Steve’s rampant crotch. He was not getting any less obvious.
She spread her towel and sat down beside me.

“Aren’t you going to get changed,” I whispered at her anxiously.
“Why?”
“No reason.”
We both stared straight ahead for a few moments.
There was whispering from the others and one of them – Al, I think – chuckled loudly. Kim and I glanced over. Chandler had his limp cock in his hand and was obviously trying to turn it into a boner to rival Steve’s. He and Al were watching with grins on their faces.

I knew they’d cooked up the idea to get Kim’s attention. The whole situation was sexually charged – like it was static sparking in the air.

I thought it would disgust Kim, or make her shy at least, and I expected her to ask if we could go. If she had, I might have left my friends stranded, given the way they were behaving in front of her. But she seemed fascinated by what she was seeing, and not a bit reluctant to watch.

Chandler’s cock quickly swelled and rose to a full erection.
It kept my attention too, and I forgot for a little while that my kid sister was also watching one of my best friends play with himself.

Steve had his hand between his legs now, fingering his prized possession. Not to be left out, Al started stroking his own.

We’d all done things like this on the rock a few times before, but not with a girl present. We were just boys-together then, seeing who could get the biggest, or who could shoot cum over the longest distance into the water. Steve had taken the honours.

Al looked over at Kim, “So, which dick do you like the most?”
It took a few moments for Kim to get any words out at all. “All of them I guess.”
“Have you ever seen one squirt stuff?”
Kim shook her pretty head.
“Would you like to?”
She nodded vigorously.
“Which one of us do you want to go first?”
“Chandler, I guess.”
Of my three friends, he was positioned nearest to her.

She was still my sister, but I couldn’t think of her as a kid anymore – not with a body like hers and not with the eager look on her face.

Chandler began slowly, in the time-honoured way of simple up and down strokes, his foreskin covering then uncovering the head of his cock. The movement was kind of so hypnotic that we were all watching him, tensing for the moment when his jism would spurt.
He stayed on his back, eyes devouring Kim’s bikini-clad figure, with his erection jiggling about in the air as his hand, wrapped around, beat his meat in a faster tempo.

Al and Steve were just holding their cocks, squeezing gently to add stimulation.
I had a boner of my own, confined by my shorts, and wished I hadn’t put them back on. Not that I wanted Kim to see it. I just wanted to do something about the way my balls ached.

Surreptitiously – I thought – I shifted my hand down between my legs and started stroking the mounded lump through the smooth fabric. Kim caught the movement out of the corner of her eye. She glanced down at my crotch then gave me a strange look. I guess it hadn’t occurred to her that I might get turned on too.
Embarrassed, I stopped stroking.
“I don’t mind if you take it out,” she said brazenly, before she turned her head back towards Chandler.
I was shocked by her words, and yet at the same time bothered by her indifference.

The decision to take my shorts off was not however difficult to reach. Al and Steve grinned at me. Chandler just kept his eyes on Kim, his hand flying up and down on his manhood. Abruptly he gave a series of drawn out, short-of-breath grunts as a gusher of cum erupted from the tip of his penis, spraying his chest and the ring of thumb and fingers that had produced the messy climax.

Kim, the little sleaze, looked delighted, making Chandler grin from ear to ear over the show he’d put on for her.
“Now it’s Al’s turn,” she decided.
“I reckon I’ll need more stimulation than Chandler,” he told her, adding a cheesy look of lust.
“What do you mean?” Kim looked surprised, obviously just expecting a repeat performance.
“Being able to see your bare tits should do the trick.”

We all held our breaths.
“You mean take my top off?” Kim knew very well what he meant. I guess she was even more turned on than I’d thought. She glanced at me, “Would you tell if I did?”
With my cock out, among three others, in front of my own sister I was hardly in a position where I had an option. I shook my head.

She slowly unhooked the bra part of her bikini and pulled it off her arms in front. Her breasts kind of relaxed into mounded curves that delighted the eye. They were the first I’d ever seen that weren’t just in photographs. Her nipples were pale pink and slightly raised.
My friends were looking at them in awe.

“Is this what you wanted?” She kind of arched her back, thrusting out her chest.
My cock jerked and I thought I was going to come. I smothered the head in my palm just in case I did. I didn’t want Kim to see.
The sensation dryly ebbed.

Al was pumping his cock like a ramrod. Kim seemed to be studying his technique, not, like she had with Chandler, just watching a spectacle.
Their eyes met.
“Would you like to spurt on my tits?”
We all stared at Kim, not believing that a girl younger than we were would come up with such an idea.
“Squirt it on your tits,” Al repeated like a village idiot.
“You can if you like.” Kim stood up and stepped over to where he lay.
Jeeze! My kid sister was a nympho and I didn’t even know it.

For a start, they both looked like they didn’t know how to set it up. Then, wordlessly, as if the thought had occurred to them at the same time, they changed places.
Kim wriggled to get comfortable on the towel, what with the rock surface underneath, and her tits wobbled like jelly on a plate.

My cock experienced tantalising thrills of pleasure. It was lucky that frequent experience of masturbation had taught me how to hold back.

Kim kept her legs together, but she looked almost naked in just the tiny triangle of thin floral cloth. Her pubic mound was prominently outlined and I found myself imagining the frizzy brown hair all over it under the bikini.

Al was wanking again, standing with his pole directed at my sister’s tits. She was staring expectantly up at it.

I had to see it to believe it!

When he came, his jism shot out, splattering Kim and the rock beyond. His body jerked as if hit by splashes of very cold water.
As we all stared, someone exclaimed, “Fuck!”

Kim sat up and looked at the sticky dribbles on her breasts, curious to see what cum looked like on her skin.

Steve began pleasuring his big cock more actively.
“Can I do that?”
I couldn’t believe my ears. My sister wanted to touch a cock – wank it even.
“Yeah, sure.” Steve took his hand off his immense erection.

They knelt up, facing each other. Kim reached for his manhood. Her hand looked tiny against it, compared to his, but she had long fingers and they managed to form an adequate circle round the penile shaft. She began jerking him off, using her newly acquired knowledge.

Chandler got up unexpectedly and, in a quick movement, dragged the bottom half of Kim’s bikini down off her hips to mid-thigh. She did not protest, or even stop what she doing, as if expecting, or hoping, something like that would happen.

With Chandler sitting back out of the way, we were able to admire Kim’s peach-shaped butt - creased down the middle as far as the hair-fringed gap between the tops of her thighs.

Once she’d passed eight or nine, I’d never ever expected to see my own sister’s pussy again, let alone be sharing the sight with my friends. Steve would have a different view of it from the front and I ached to see it from that direction too.

My friends and I had all shared second and third-hand stories about girls who put out, but none of those accounts had equalled what was happening right before my eyes, with my own sister participating willingly. I began to doubt she was still a virgin, but the idea only made me think about her cunt and wonder what a girl’s hymen looked like.

I was sure Kim hadn’t jerked-off a guy before, just from how she’d studied the way Al did it to himself. Not that her first-ever attempt looked amateurish. Steve’s engorged cock was bobbing up and down in her hand and he looked like all his Xmases had come at once.
“I’m gonna come,” he groaned breathlessly.
Kim increased her pace, her arm going back and forward like a piston. He let out a low moan and Kim kind of did a pelvic thrust towards him. I guess she wanted his jism as well to connect with herl.

A few seconds later, after she sat back on her calves, we could see white cum running down her belly and into her pubic hair. On her tits, Al’s jism had dried.

Steve looked like he’d just run a marathon – his whole body, not just his cock, drooping. I guess my sister had really milked him hard.

“What about your brother?” Chandler nodded at my sole-remaining erection, which felt stiffer than ever. All of them stared at it, even Kim.
“You don’t do something like that to your brother,” she said.
She didn’t seem averse to us both looking at each other’s genitals though. In fact, she pulled the wet bikini bottom down below her knees and kicked it off.

Chandler and Al got up, went over, and sat beside her. She started kissing them in turns while she played with their cocks. It wasn’t long before their hands were all over her gorgeous young tits.

“Pete looks awfully desperate,” Chandler said, pausing what he was doing and looking over at me.
Kim stopped kissing Al and glanced my way. I was starting to feel like she was the older sister and I was the younger brother. Her nipples, now free of hands, stood up erectly by themselves, giving points to her tits.

“What does he expect me to do about it,” she asked rhetorically.
“Fuck him,” I guess. Maybe they wanted to watch her do something like that and thought I had the best chance.
There was tension in the air, and a long silence. Kim’s nose wrinkled.
“Let him eat you out then.” The idea of incest seemed to excite Chandler. I knew he had two older sisters.
“No.”
“What about letting one of us, then?”
I was forgotten.
“Why don’t the three of you take turns just licking my pussy?”
My sister simply lay back and spread her legs like a young whore. We could all see the pink gash in the dark mass of pubic hair covering her crotch.

She climaxed when Steve’s tongue came out of her wet hole and licked upwards. After that, she let Al, and then Chandler, practice on her private parts. She seemed to enjoy it, but did not climax again.

I did, right onto the rocks, when Chandler inserted a finger into Kim’s gaping pussy. It was something I’d dreamed of but never had the chance of doing with a girl.

Kim only put up with the digital intrusion for a few seconds and then pulled Chandler’s hand away. “I said just licking.” She pushed him off. “I think it’s time we all had another swim.”

Getting to her feet, staying beautifully nude, she ran lightly to the edge of the rock and jumped into the sparkling water.

Part 2

That hot summer, when I was young, I suddenly seemed to acquire a lot more friends my age. Guys I hardly knew from school started dropping by my house or buying me shakes at the mall.

My mother, a graphic design artist, seemed to take the new visitors to our home in her stride, just as she had my other friends. “We’ve become very popular as a place to hang out,” was all she said.

My kid sister Kim, if she was home, put in an occasional appearance when boys were about, but mainly stayed in her room. I’m two years older than she is. She’s going on sixteen. You know what kid sisters are like at that age, right? Remember I told you last time about the sign on her door that said: “BOY-FREE ZONE”? Now there’s a new one saying: “BOYS SUCK!!!”

If she had been someone else’s sister I guess I would have noticed how the eyes of my new friends followed her whenever she was about. After all, she had a well-developed figure, blue eyes, blonde hair with trendy brown streaks in it, and quite a nice smile. Yet, despite what I’d seen her do at The Pines with my three best friends, I hadn’t developed sexual feelings for her. Like, I didn’t want to screw her or anything. She was my sister after all. Not that the remembered images of her didn’t play a part in helping me, you know, sexually gratify myself; I didn’t have any other experience to visualise from then, did I?

I got suspicious about my new friendships when the boys started asking who Kim was currently going out with, or whether our mother allowed her to date or not. Two or three even asked what their chances were. One, Kevin Morrissey, usually the first to arrive at our home, came right out and enquired one day if I’d ever fucked Kim. That’s when I realised why I’d suddenly become so popular with the guys – which likely meant that one of my three best friends had broken his oath of silence and blabbed about what Kim had let them do while I watched. Somehow it had led to Morrissey thinking she was the sort of sister who would let her brother screw her.

“Hey!” I told him. “I’m no pervert.”
“A guy said you jerked off in front of her at The Pines.”
I felt my face turn red. “Who said that?”
“Chandler Dale.”

Like, all I wanted to do after that was finding out how much Chandler had let out of the bag. I asked Kevin, “Did he tell you what he did?”
“Yeah. It sounds like your sister gave you all a pretty good time.”
“I never touched her!”
“Chandler says you watched her in the nude – right out in the open. Did she look hot?”
I remembered vividly and felt queasy about his interest in it.

Morrissey said, “I caught a glimpse of my sister’s tits once, but I’ve never seen her cunt… She’s nineteen and really hot!” He didn’t seem to mind that I wasn’t talking, and went on, “I don’t suppose you have any pictures of your sister – with nothing on, I mean.”
“Hell no! We don’t even like each other.”
“Pity,” he said. “I’d really like to see what her body looks like. Pretty hot I’d expect.”
I said sarcastically, “I guess you’d like me to ask her to show it to you.”
“That’d be great. Would you?”
“Sure, if she ever talks to me I’ll ask her.”
“Cool!” Again he’d missed the sarcasm in my voice.

The cheek of his request stayed on my mind the rest of the day, and I was still thinking about it when I went to sleep. In the morning I jerked off in bed just at the idea of Kim showing someone her genitalia again. [Okay, so that’s a big word I didn’t know then but do now, but that’s what I had a picture of in my head – and quite a picture!]

Kim was at breakfast when I went out to the kitchen. Our mother was just leaving. “Urgent work to do,” she said to me. “I’m going to be in my workroom all day… Don’t fight with your sister.”

I went on through the doorway. Kim was eating cereal. She gave me a sour look for no reason. I poured some cereal in a plate and sat across from her at the table.
I might have been her older brother but she had no respect for the fact. She said to me, “What are you looking at me like that for, Weasel?”
I told her straight, “It’s got out what you did at The Pines with Chandler and the others.”
“I know that. What do you think all the boys have been hanging around for?” She sounded more annoyed than embarrassed, and didn’t even blush over being reminded of what she’d done. “It’s the last time I trust friends of yours.”
“Some of them have got the hots for you pretty bad, sis.” I wanted to embarrass her.
“Oh, like who?”
“Kevin Morrissey for one.”
“He’s a spunk! What did he say?”
“He came right out and told me he’d like to see you naked.”
I thought she’d be shocked or disgusted, but she wasn’t. She said, “Maybe he’d like a private showing.”
“You wouldn’t!”
“Why not?”
“Because that’s not what girls do.”
I had, after all, convinced myself that what happened at The Pines was a one-off, spur of the moment craziness – summer madness from the heat that year.

“Shows how much you know,” Kim retorted. “Essie Hunt charges boys to see hers.”

I’d overheard boys sniggering about Essie. They’d nicknamed her “Hunt the cunt”. I didn’t want my sister to be put in the same category.

“Don’t look so shocked,” she said.
“I’m not,” I protested.
“I suppose you want to see my pussy and tits too, like Kevin.”
“I saw too much the last time.”
“Prig!”
“You’re my sister!”
“So?”

As if that was reason enough, she began unbuttoning her pyjama coat from the top, right there at the breakfast table. I couldn’t help looking at the mounded cleavage as it became exposed. My cock stirred in my pants even though I didn’t mean it to.

Kim held open the flaps of her PJs, letting me see her pointed tits and pink nipples. She looked turned on. She asked, “Don’t you like them?”
I just stared open-mouthed.
She grinned. “You do, don’t you – even though I’m your kid sister.”

My mouth had gone too dry to say anything. I was thinking of the even more unexpected things she had done with my best friends at The Pines, on the rock above the river.

Kim asked, “What would you do for me if I showed you my little pussy again?”
“Anything,” I croaked.
She chuckled, “I bet you would, Weasel. No other girl’s likely to want to show you hers.”

My self-esteem took a plunge.

“So, do you want to see it?”
“Ye – es,” my voice trembled.
“Then take your cock out and show me.”
“What for?”
“You said you’d do anything,” she reminded me, standing up.
“But…”
“But?” she echoed, starting to lower the waistband of her PJs over her bare hips. “Take your cock out.”

I stood up too. I was wearing casual cargo pants, without flies, and had to lower them with my underpants. Kim stared at my erection, pausing in disrobing, her pussy still covered and her white belly showing.

“You’re a dirty boy getting stiff like that,” she said, looking pleased with herself.
I took the insult because I felt so horny, and said, “I thought you were going to show me yours.”
“If I do, you have to do something.” She grinned in an evil way.
“Like what?”
“Like jerking off onto your cereal in front of me and then eating it.”
“Like hell!”

She pushed the waistband of her pyjamas a little bit further down until dark brown pubic hair peeped over the top. She looked up at me, “Are you sure?”

My cock was so stiff it ached.

She pushed, “You’d do that to see my pussy, wouldn’t you, Weasel?”
“Quit calling me Weasel!”
She stared across the table at my cock. “Maybe you’re more of a ferret.” She giggled. “So, are you going to do it?”
“You go first.”

She lowered her pants until the waistband was just below her crotch. When she moved her feet apart, a perfect camel toe became exposed. My cock jerked.

“Now it’s your turn.” Kim’s expression was excited.
“What if mom walks in on us?”
“She won’t come out until lunchtime.”

My sister watched avidly as I put my hand round my cock. I started masturbating, my eyes drifting from her cunt to her tits and back again. With private parts on show, it didn’t take long for me to splash cream over the heap of cereal in my plate – a streamer that shot right across the tabletop as well. To her delight, my ejaculate spurted three more times, the last of the load falling completely in the bowl.

Kim was looking awed.

I sat down, feeling weak, and she stayed standing, staring at the white mess on the table. It had almost reached her unfinished bowl cereal. She looked up. “Now go ahead and eat your breakfast or I’ll cover up.”
I reached for the carton of milk.
“No milk. Just with natural yoghurt on it.”

I tried to kid myself that’s all it was and took a spoonful of splattered cereal into my mouth. It tasted a little salty and had a smell of its own. I swear that if Kim hadn’t still been showing me her cunt I never would have been able to do it.

Kim spoke up, “Give me your spoon for a moment.”
I handed it across unquestioningly. Grains of cereal were stuck to it. She can an edge through the cum on the table, scooping it up, then held the spoon over my bowl and let the contents drizzle off over the cereal.

“Open your mouth.”
“What?”
“Open your mouth.” Still standing, she leant forward, her labia almost sitting on the edge of the tabletop, and put the spoon in my mouth

I never thought I’d ever taste my own cum, with or without cereal. I heard her giggling. “Now finish your breakfast,” she said.
“Only if you stay like that.”
She looked down at where I was staring. “Do you like that?” She pushed her thighs against the wooden edge of the table, making her labia stick out more. They were sparsely covered with fine hairs. “Would you like to see me masturbate?”

I just looked back at her, shocked.

She moved round the edge of the table. It was oblong but had rounded corners. She stopped against the first one she came to and brought her pussy down to the edge and started rubbing its lips against the polished wood. Pretty soon the corner started to look slick, as if it had been newly oiled. She pushed harder into it and, flexing her legs, bounced up and down, moving faster all the time. Sounds of pleasure were coming from her throat but I was sure she was holding them back as much as she could so they didn’t reach our mother’s ear.

Her cunt was making squelching noises against the wood. The corner of the table pressed into her pink slit, which appeared and disappeared as it drove up and down.

She suddenly threw her head back, her clenched teeth emitting, “OOOOH!” Her breath caught. “RRRRRRRH!”

I tensed, in case mom heard. When I looked down Kim’s legs were clamped together. There was a slick wetness on her thighs as if her cunt had flooded as she came.

She collapsed back on her chair, panting.

Recovering a few moments later, she insisted on spoon-feeding me the rest of the cereal in my bowl. Each time she leant across the table her bare tits thrust out between the flaps of her pyjama coat. Once down to the last spoonful, however, looking straight into my eyes, she took the cereal into her own mouth. There had to be cum sticking to the spoon, even though none had been visible on the grains left in my bowl. She licked the inside of the spoon, looking at me meaningfully.

I realised then that, under the usual animosity Kim showed towards me, she was hiding feelings that maybe went deeper than just wanting to show her privates to me. I felt repulsed then curious.

“What?” she said.
“Nothing.”
She started doing up her pyjama coat.
“Didn’t you know that girls could bring themselves off?”
“No,” I said honestly, feeling a new closeness to her.
She stared at me. “This is your fault you know.”
“How!”
“Telling me what Kevin Morrissey said.”
“You don’t fancy him do you?”
“What girl doesn’t.”
“So, I suppose you’d be willing to show your cunt to him too?”
“Jealous, Weasel?” She lifted off the seat momentarily to pull her PJs up.
“Course I’m not! You’re my kid sister.”
“And you’re a perv!”
“What does that make you?”
“A perv pleaser.” She grinned at her own cleverness.
“I could think of another name for it.”
“Shut up, Weasel.”

I knew what the boys would be calling her after Chandler’s revelations, and so did she. Maybe that was the driver for what she’d just done – knowing it was safer to express her sexuality with me. I couldn’t help thinking she needed to get her confidence back.
“So,” I asked her, “would you like me to arrange for Kev to see your cunnie in private?”

The next day I was having a cold drink with Kev on the porch when Kim came out with a frosted Pepsi bottle of her own. She sat on the rail in the sun, wearing tight shorts and a shirt with the tails tied together at the front, exposing her toned little midriff.

“Just you two here,” she said without greeting us.
“What did you expect?”
“I dunno. Maybe more of your other gawky friends hanging around, I guess.”

Despite being obnoxious at the start, Kim chatted for a while and flirted with Kevin without giving him too much of a come-on. Finally, draining her Pepsi, she got off the rail. “Excuse me for a moment.”

It was the signal she and I had arranged. As soon as she was inside, I said urgently to Kev, “Come on!”
“Where are we going?” He hurriedly followed after me.
“Round the back of the house. I think Kim’s gone inside to take a piss.”
“So?”
“We can take a peek at her doing it.”

The bathroom of our house faced into an enclosed yard planted with trees and shrubs. Breaking with convention, the interior of the bathroom was open to view from the garden, with two floor-to-ceiling glass doors that opened in. [It had been my father’s idea before he ran off with a younger woman.] There were shades you could pull down if you needed privacy. In the summer, though, especially a hot one like this, the doors were usually left wide open during the day. (It was the custom to let anyone in the house know if you had a reason to go round the back. Not that I thought about that this time, though.)

We were concealed, and looking into the bathroom through the shrubbery, by the time the inside door opened and Kim came through. She had delayed her arrival to give us time.

“Jeez!” I heard Kev utter.

Kim deliberately didn’t look outside, though she might have heard Kev.

She went over to the white porcelain bowl facing the external doorway. Kev sucked in his breath. “She isn’t really going too…”

Kim stood still, facing our way, and pulled down her shorts. Her panties were white and cut high on her thighs. She took that garment down too, acting as if she didn’t know we were out there. For a moment she didn’t move, standing with her pants round her ankles, and then she kicked them off her bare feet.

Kev was spellbound. Or was that both of us?

Kim backed up to the toilet bowl without putting the seat down, and spread her long shapely legs on either side of it. Needless to say, though at a distance, we had a good view of her pussy.

She only half squatted and then a golden stream leapt out from between her legs.

My mouth fell open, and so did Kevin’s.

The flow into the bowl eased to a trickle and stopped. Kim reached for the toilet paper, made a wad then wiped the hairs round her cunt. She tossed the damp tissue in the bowl and flushed it. Without putting her pants back on, she went over to the washbasin, stood side on to us, and cleansed her hands. She dried them on a towel afterwards, standing with her back to us so that we could see her cute butt.

We thought she’d dress again but instead she came over to the open doorway looking onto the garden. Nude from the waist down, she lifted her hands above her head and held the doorframe. Then she opened her legs.

“Who’s she showing herself off to?” Kev hissed quietly, looking around to see if there were any windows in neighbouring properties overlooking the yard.
“I dunno,” I said quickly. “Maybe she’s just drying her fanny in the sunshine.”
“Shit! You can see everything between her legs!”
The bright sunlight lit her lithe body, silhouetting it against the shadows at the back of the bathroom.
Kev asked incredulously, forgetting it was my sister we were perving at, “Did you see her pee?”
“Yeah,” I said.

Kev's fingers were fumbling at his flies. He took his cock out and started teasing it to attention. “I just hope she stays like that,” he uttered fervently.
I looked at his stiff cock. “I guess she will for long enough for you to jerk off.”
“I hear she doesn’t let guys fuck her,” he whispered, wanking breathlessly in front of me, unabashed, and keeping his eyes on Kim.
“She hasn’t turned sixteen yet.”

Kim put one hand down and started petting her pussy hair.
Kev’s heavy breathing caught. “When’s her birthday?”
“Next month.”
“I’d love to be the first in that snatch!”

Kim was insinuating a finger of her own into her slit.
“Fuck! She’s diddling herself!”
“Shut up,” I hissed, “or she’ll hear you.”
If she had, she pretended otherwise.

Kevin was wanking even more vigorously than before. He looked down at my crotch, likely wondering, given he could see the bulge in my shorts, why I wasn’t taking advantage of the opportunity.

Kim had her finger well into her hole now, a rapt look on her face.

Suddenly, she made a pretence of looking startled. “Is someone out there?”
She pulled her finger out, exposing the pinkness of her pussy lips, then put her hands over her pubes to cover them from view.
“Shit!” I heard Kev say.
“Who’s there?” Kim called softly.
We boys both froze. This wasn’t part of what she and I had planned.
“I know someone’s there,” Kim said, stepping down onto the path. She came directly towards our hiding place, taking her hands away from her crotch, no longer hiding her sex.

She came abreast of the lane of shrubbery we were concealed behind, and stared, catching Kev in the act of trying to stuff his six and a half inches back into his shorts.
“What’s that you’re holding?” she asked Kevin, looking at the swollen member he was trying to hide with his hands. She accused, “You were watching me, weren’t you.”
“It was Pete’s idea.”
“You’re dirty boys,” she scolded, making us feel like she was the older one. “Show it to me,” she ordered. He stared at her numbly. “I want to see your cock.” She knelt down to be on the same level we were, concealing herself in the vegetation. She did not seem bothered that she was half naked in front of us.

Coming alive, Kevin, as requested, gladly showed off his sex organ for her.

“Now I want to see yours,” she told me.

Not bashful, only because she’d seen it before, I undid my flies and produced my cock for her. She reached out and wrapped her right hand round it then took Kevin’s in her left. My cock thrilled to the touch, even though it was in my sister’s hand.

“They’re both so hard!” she breathed.
Her nipples had visibly stiffened under her shirt.

‘This is wrong,’ I thought. It didn’t matter that she wasn’t a blood relation – that my parents had adopted her as a baby. We’d been brought up together as brother and sister.

She squeezed our cocks gently, letting the heads peep out of her hands as she pulled the foreskins all the way back. “I just love the little holes in the tips,” she enthused. “You both have such nice stiffies!”

She bent forward and put her lips over the tip of Kevin’s cock and kissed it. Then she did the same to mine but lingered longer, her tongue briefly touching my opening. I just about came!

Her blue eyes looked bright with excitement. “I want to suck them and lick them! They’re so big and juicy-looking.” She eyed our mastheads like they were hotdogs between toasted buns. But those weren’t the sorts of buns we had on our minds to put them between.

Kevin was looking at Kim adoringly. She held up our cocks for her own visual stimulation, not seeming to want to pursue the wish she’d just expressed.
“You can lick and suck mine,” Kev said, finding his voice, not seeming bothered by being in our garden with my half naked kid sister holding his dick.
Kim said, “I want to lick them both together.”
“Okay.” It was clear Kevin would do anything she wanted if it involved his cock.

She told us how she wanted to do it. Kev and I had to kneel up close, facing each other. Our cocks didn’t touch until Kim tried to bring them together. The combined girth was too great for her small hand though and she had to settle for supporting them in her open palm.

She squeezed her blonde and brown head in between our bellies and began licking along the ribbed shafts, moving down towards one shiny glans then back to the other.

She wasn’t the only one doing heavy breathing.

We could smell the musk from her bare cunt and, occasionally, each time she shifted her weight from one knee to the other, a wet sound.

While being licked sent shivers of pleasure down my cock, I wasn’t prepared for the sensation when she slipped the glans of my penis between her lips and started sucking on it like it was a Popsicle. I felt as if I was going to explode! Probably sensing it, she stopped sucking and slid her tongue down my tingling shaft until she came to Kevin’s cock-head, and sucked that into her luscious mouth instead.

The more oral activity she practised on the two of us, as the minutes ticked by, the better she got at it. She kept letting her lips slide back off each cock-head in turn so that, covered with her saliva and our pre-cum, it popped out of her mouth. She only released each one so that she could suck the flaring head back into her mouth.

As soon as she figured one of us was close to coming she would stop and move to the other’s boner.

When she stopped doing it, and took her hand from under our cocks, we both groaned.
She had another order for us, “Now I want you to take your pants off and lie on your backs side by side.”

How could we deny a goddess as sexy as my kid sister?

We’d just settled when we heard the inside door of the bathroom opening. It had to be my mother. Kevin tried to sit up but I held him down.

“Oh Kim!” we heard her exclaim out loud in exasperation. “Won’t you ever learn to be tidy?” She must have found Kim’s discarded shorts and underwear.

None of us dared look. We huddled in the shrubbery, us two boys on our backs and Kim bending over to make sure her head wasn’t visible through the sparser foliage at the top.

We heard the toilet flush. A few moments later, the bathroom door closed again. A collective sigh of relief came from the three of us.

Kim’s attention returned to our male members, which had become a little floppy, what with the interruption to our horny mood. “We’ll have to fix those,” she said.

She climbed up Kev’s legs until she was straddling him. She lowered her crotch, letting it make contact, then started rubbing it externally against his cock, her labia and slit running up and down his shaft until it was as stiff as before.

Next she moved over to straddle me and do the same. I could feel her soft wetness on my cock, and the hairs round her cunt.

When she was satisfied with the state of my cock too, she swung her leg off and knelt up to look at us.
“Did you like that?”
We dumbly stared at her magic pussy, wishing it was still touching us.
“Would you like to fuck me then?” The invitation was addressed to us both.
“Properly, you mean?” Kevin spoke up. “Actually in your fuck-hole?”
“That’s usually where boys want to stick their things, isn’t it?”
“Yes, please!”
Kim grinned wickedly.
“What about you, Pede?” She said it “Pee-dee”, like she’d tried to pronounce my name when she was little. There was just a touch of bashfulness in her manner towards me now. “Do you want to?”

I faced an immense quandary. This was my own sister offering to take my virginity!

“Go on,” Kevin urged. I guess he was afraid Kim might change her mind if I didn’t participate.

I looked down at the precious pink place between her legs then up to her face again. I felt stupefied.

“It’s alright to do it,” she said.
“Of course it is,” Kev encouraged. “Guys fuck their sisters all the time.”
“You haven’t fucked yours,” I accused.
“Some guys then,” he modified his assertion. “Kim wants you to do her.”
I looked back at Kim’s face. I said, “We don’t have any rubbers.”
“That’s okay,” she smiled at us sweetly. “I kind of want to feel you in me raw.”
At the thought of my cock touching her, inside, my organ jerked where it stood up in the warm air.
“What about…”
“I’m safe,” she cut me off. “You can spurt your stuff right in me. Kev too.”

Kevin looked like he couldn’t believe his luck.

“So, will you fuck me,” my little sister who wasn’t a sister asked me.
I made an impulsive decision, “If neither of you ever tells anyone about it.”
“We won’t,” they promised in unison, full of earnest sincerity from being so horny.

“Then let’s fuck,” Kim said eagerly, swinging her bare leg back over me again. On her knees, bent forward, she was looking down into my face. “I haven’t done this before," she said. "You’ll both be the first.”
That meant neither of us knew how to do it exactly, and I doubted Kev was any street-smarter. [It was a long time ago, when kids hadn’t lost their innocence.]

Kim spread her knees further apart, stretching her thighs across me, her cunt-hole fishing for the head of my cock where it stiffly dangled under her belly. We couldn’t seem to connect in the right place. Then she reached behind her legs and gripped my shaft to lead the top to her evasive entrance.

I guess I expected it would go right in but it stuck, the gap it was pressing into feeling too small to penetrate. Everything was slippery though and I was anxious the head of my cock might fall out of her entrance.

“I think you have to push,” she said.

I tried experimentally. The pressure round the lower part of my cock-head didn’t give way though. Her cunt entrance felt like a tight rubber ring – the kind they put round lambs’ tails to make them drop off. I had visions of getting my cock in and then having it turn black and blue. It was already so stiff it was almost painful.

“Try again,” she pleaded.

This time, as I pushed up, she pushed down. My cock slid through with ease, and into her softness. I was no longer in aching frustration but seventh heaven. I can’t spell the sort of noise that had come out of her throat. It was somewhere between a gurgle, a grunt, and a long sigh of satisfaction.

Only the entrance still felt tight. Inside, she was kind of squishy. I was still aware of something like a fleshy pipe elastically gripping my cock.

‘She’s not a blood relative,’ I kept telling myself. ‘This is like fucking any other girl.’

But, as I looked up at her face in adulation, it was still my sister.
She looked back at me fondly, whispering, “Do you like being inside me?”
“I’ve never felt anything so good!”

She giggled and her cunt rippled against my cock. She said breathily, “I guess there isn’t anything else like it, is there?”
I looked up at her happily, a little anxious, saying, “Do I feel okay?”
She let her eyelids close and open. “Just perfect,” she murmured. “But I’d better let Kevin have a turn before he feels left out.” She lowered her lips to kiss me, which made the wrong thing we were doing seem even worse. “I’ll be back shortly,” she promised huskily.

She lifted off me, my cock making a plopping sound as it came out of her tight hole.

I turned my head and watched her straddle Kevin. He didn’t seem to have the trouble getting in that I’d had. Our cocks were about the same size, and I guessed mine had stretched Kim’s hole, making it easier for him.

I suppose I should have felt jealous, or even outraged that he was poking my sister right beside me. I just didn’t feel possessive, under the kinky circumstances, and after what I’d done I could hardly blame him doing her. I just hoped having sex with me meant more to her.

After she’d held him inside her for a while, she pulled off. His cock, as it slid out, was shiny with her juice.

She squatted over me this time, and first of all untied her shirt and unbuttoned it. Then she held my stiff cock up and impaled herself, sliding it through the tight little ring. Inside, her cunt felt as firm as before and even more slippery.

Sitting on me, but leaning forward, she took my hands and brought them up to her tits. Each one fitted without much to spare outside the ring of my fingers. Her nipples rested against my palms, feeling rubbery and taut.

She was breathing heavily, and I realised I was too. Somewhere in her depths my cock-head had come to a stop in warm sponginess. My swollen organ stuck up, leaving me visualizing it penetrating past her navel inside, but I guess it hadn’t really.

I looked down between us and could see her pink inner labia gripping the end of my shaft, as if peeled open round it. Her outer labia were spread wide.

I resisted the sensation coursing down from my groin, reacting desperately by thinking of a backward-flowing river.

“Kev’s turn again,” she whispered, lifted off me, moved over and, kneeling across him, substituted his cock in her cunt for mine. I felt bereft, my balls aching with need.

She let Kevin touch her breasts too. It was more stimulation than he could take. He thrust up, his body in a spasm, and I knew he was coming inside her. They both groaned like cats mating.

They lay together for minutes, panting, Kim’s chest resting on his. Finally, she pulled herself off. His cock had gone limp, and her juice and his clung to it wetly. I could smell the strong odour of her cunt and his jism. Then she was on top of me again. She fed one of her nipples into my mouth. Instinctively I nipped and sucked at it. She groaned again and reached for my cock. This time her cunt felt looser, as if it had expanded. Instead of holding still, as she had before, she lifted her cunt up and down on my cock as if she had an itch and was rubbing it against a post. The friction felt sensational!

The more she did it, the further she seemed to sink down on my cock, until I could feel her spongy outer labia pressing against my pubic bone. She stopped pumping me then and just rode against the hardness pressing into her. It was like she’d found the centre of her itchiness.

Her cunt felt elongated and I was even deeper in it than before. I rode with her, feeling the wetness dribbling out on my balls.

We both started making guttural noises and then I came – a rush, followed by another, and then uncontrollable spasms. The sensation of pleasure – infinitely more overwhelming than masturbating to a climax – was so great that it blew my mind for a moment. Then Kim’s cunt went into rhythmic waves along my cock and I just knew I’d brought her to a second orgasm.

We clung to each other afterwards, my hands on her bare waist.

I wanted to stay inside her forever but my cock couldn’t remain hard. Strong muscles in the slippery walls my cock had snuggled in were expelling me. I popped out.
“Aw,” she said with a sigh as if no part of her had been responsible for it.

Rolling off me, she lay on her back between us, on the small patch of lawn amid the shrubbery. We all felt drained, I reckon. Kim started buttoning up her shirt. That seemed silly when she was bare below the waist. She said to us, “You guys had better get dressed and scoot.”

Turning towards Kev, she kissed him on the lips, and then turned back to me and did the same. With that farewell she leapt up, showing us her peach-shaped white cheeks, below her shirt, as she retreated to the path,. We knelt up and watched her running into the bathroom. She closed the outside doors, giving us a last glimpse of her half nude silhouette, and then drew the shades.

“Fuck!” Kevin said. “I never expected your sister would let us do her!” He looked at my limp cock then at his as if he couldn’t believe they’d been in the same place. “And I thought my sister was hot!”
“This stays between you and me,” I warned him. “As far as we know, Kim doesn’t fuck boys, right? That’s the way it stays.”
“Hell, I don’t want to go to jail for letting on I've done someone under sixteen.” He paused. “You’re a lucky devil, though, getting to live with her after this. In a month she’ll be legal… Well, at least for other guys.”
“She’s adopted,” I said, “so we really aren’t brother and sister.”

That was when I stopped thinking of Kim as my kid sister and started considering the possibilities