**Lindsay puts on a show for her Brother**

14 year old Lindsay knows her 12 year old brother is peeking in at her when she gets dressed. If he wants a show, she's going to give it to him.

 She knew he was at her door again. He'd been sneaking peeks through her door for a while now and she was surprised and a little ashamed, of how much she was enjoying her little brother's peeping.

 She'd left the door a little open for just this occasion. If he wanted

a show, she was going to give it to him.

 Lindsay had just come from the shower and was only wearing her robe.

With her back to the door, she unknotted the robe and let it slide down her small 14 year old body.

 Behind her she heard a soft gasp and a tingle of excitement ran down her spine.

 She walked over to her dresser and bent down to open the lowest drawer. She didn't have anything she wanted in it. All she wanted to do with give Davy, her 12 year old brother, a show.

 After a moment she stood up and looked at the full length mirror in the

corner of her room. Her door was a little more open and she could see his eye pressed to the crack.

 Trying her hardest not to grin, she stood in front of the mirror and ran

her hands through her hair. She slid her hands down her breasts, feeling

the hardness of her puffy nipples against her palms,

 She slid her hands lower, down her flat stomach and to the sensitive

spot between her legs. Her fingers ran through her soft, wispy pubic hair.

He middle finger slid between her legs and brushed her swollen clit, making her gasp.

 She kept rubbing at her clit in small soft circles. Biting her lip, she

threw back her head and let out a low moan.

 As she continued to rub, she looked back at the mirror. Davy had pushed the door open a little more and she could see his whole face. He was staring at her, his jaw hanging as he watched her touch herself.

 His eyes came up from her body and met hers in the mirror. He stared at her for a long second before his face turned a deep red and he ran from the door.

 Lindsay let out a small giggle and started to get dressed. If she

didn't say anything, she wondered if he might stay at the door for her

entire next performance.

After she'd caught him peeking in at her, Davy had done everything to avoid Lindsay. He'd been waiting for his punishment all day and, finally, when dinner came, he marched down to dinner like a man walking to his execution.

 Lindsay didn't say anything though. He waited and waited, each second

lasting an eternity, but still she didn't say anything.

 After dinner and all through the next few days, he waited for her to

tell on him but it never happened. He knew she'd seen him so why was she not telling?

 He was in his room getting ready for bed, wondering why she hadn't told, when he heard the shower go on. Mom and Dad had gone to bed a while ago so he knew it wasn't them which meant it had to be Lindsay.

 He felt his heart begin to race in his chest. He'd been able to resist

peeping in on her for a couple of days but he felt his self-control

crumbling under the need to see her body.

 He laid in bed, listening to the water running through the pipes behind

his wall. She was just on the other side of his wall, naked and wet with

her hands all over her body.

 He felt his dick hardening at the thought of her. He'd been on the

Internet at Jerry's house and he'd seen all kinds of naked girls doing all

kinds of stuff but there was something about his sister that made his

entire body burn with a need to see and touch her body.

 He listened and waited, his hard 5 inch dick throbbing in his pajamas.

Finally, the shower turned off. He threw back his covers and got out of

bed. He turned off his light and ran to his door. He opened it just a

crack and peeked out.

 Lindsay came out of the bathroom and walked over to her room. She

turned off the hall light and closed the door behind her.

 But not all the way.

 Davy could see a sliver of light coming from where the door hadn't

closed. Did he dare go look? What if she caught him again and said

something to their parents?

 In the end, his resistance to peeking last less than a minute. He went

out his door and crept down the hall to her door. He peeked through the

crack and saw her standing there with her robe still on. She was looking

in the mirror and, when he looked at the mirror, he saw she was watching

him.

 He gulped and was going to run but his fear had him frozen in place.

Maybe she hadn't seen him. It was pretty dark in the hall; maybe he was

just thinking she saw him.

 She sighed and said, "Davy, you may as well come in. I see you out

there."

 He felt his eyes go wide and it felt like his heart was trying to beat

its way out of his chest. She knew! He was so screwed!

 "Davy, get in here before mom or dad see you peeking and you get in

trouble," she said.

 Shaking like a leaf in a hurricane, he pushed her door open and went

into her room. He stood at the doorway, looking down at the floor wishing he'd just stayed in bed.

 "Close it, dumbass," she said.

 He closed the door and went back to staring at the floor.

 "You could get in big trouble if I told Mom and Dad on you," she said,

her arms crossed across her chest as she glared at him.

 "I'm sorry," he whispered, tears pooling in his eyes.

 "Why were you peeking?" She asked.

 He shrugged and said, "I dunno."

 Yes, you do and you better tell me the truth or I'm going to go wake Mom and Dad up and tell on you right now."

 "Please don't" he begged, tears spilling down his cheeks. "I just like

to look at you. You're really pretty. You're the prettiest girl ever.

You're perfect."

 Lindsay felt an unexpected surge of happiness. He thought she was

pretty. Of all of the things she expected him to say, that wasn't on the

list. She'd been planning on torturing him a little more but all of those

thoughts went out the window.

 "Davy, look at me," she said softly.

 He looked up at her, his eyes already red from the tears pouring down

his face. She walked over and wiped his tears away and said, "Does it make you feel good to look at me?"

 He nodded, too unsure of himself to speak.

 She stepped back and looked down at her little brother. He looked so

sacred and sad and now she felt bad after he's told her she was pretty.

She felt she needed to make up for it.

 She undid her robe and let it fall to the floor at her feet. She stood

in front of him, completely exposed under his gaze.

 Davy felt his jaw drop at the sight of her body. Her nipples were so

pink and puffy, not all dark like the Internet girls. She had just a

little bit of hair around her pussy and the sight of this made his dick as

hard as a rock.

 "Do you still think I'm the prettiest girl?" She asked, finding herself

truly wanting him to tell her.

 "Yes," he managed to whisper, his eyes sliding over every inch of her

perfect little body, etching it into his mind forever.

 "Do I turn you on?" She asked, an evil smile gracing her face.

 "Ummm...." He said, not sure what he should say.

 She giggled and pointed at him, "Look down, silly."

 He did as she told him and saw his pajama bottoms tenting out from his

hard on.

 Clapping his hand over his dick, he turned away, his face burning in

embarrassment.

 She giggled at his reaction and went to him. She put her hands on his

shoulders and made him turn around. He stared down at the floor, holding his erection pressed against himself, wishing he could be anywhere.

 She knelt down in front of him and said, "Davy, it's okay. You see a

pretty girl and that kind of thing happens. I bet you had a hard on the

other day when you were peeking, didn't you?"

 He just nodded. She ran her fingers through his hair and said,

"Besides, that shows that you really do think I'm pretty if you're all hard

and stuff."

 "Just hearing you in the shower makes me all hard," he admitted softly

to her.

 She grinned at him and asked, "Can you move your hands?"

 He stared down at her as she knelt in front of him. His hands, his

whole body, began to shake with excitement. He slowly pulled his hands

away from his hard dick. His pajama bottoms tented out in front of him,

pointing right at her face.

 Lindsay felt her heart begin to race. She'd seen one of her boyfriend,

Billy's, dick before, plus her and Lizzi had seen a bunch of stuff on the

Internet, but this was different. Here was a hard dick, just inches from

her, and the sight of it had her excited almost beyond control.

 Licking her lips, she looked up at Davy and asked, "Can I see it?"

 He stared down at her, horrified, aroused, and petrified, all of this

and more running through him. It was all he could do to just nod at her.

 She reached up and hooked her fingers under the waistband of his

pajamas. She pulled them down, leaving on the thin cloth of his underwear between her and his hard on. She could see the head of his dick, pressing hard against the fabric. A small wet spot had formed on his underwear and the sight of it was another turn on for her.

 She pulled down his underwear and his hard dick was exposed to her. It wasn't as big as Billy's had been but it was thicker. His head was a deep purple and a little precum dribbled from it.

 Staring at his dick, she reached out and touched it with her finger.

His dick jumped at her touch and Davey let out a gasp.

 "Did that hurt?" She asked.

 "No," he breathed. "It felt good."

 She put her fingers against his dick and made it jump again. She slid

her fingers down the length of his dick, amazed at how hard and wonderful it felt. She hadn't wanted to touch Billy's dick when he pulled it out but Davey... She wanted to feel every inch of it.

 She ran her fingers up the length of his shaft and rubbed the head.

Davey let out a long moan under her touch. She rubbed the head of his dick harder and faster until he grabbed her hands and said, "Stop. It's too much."

 "I'll be more gentle," she said.

 He let go of her hand and she reached out and wrapped her hand around his dick. It jumped in her hand and Billy gasped. She should have been telling him to be quiet, as loud as he was he might wake up their parents, but all of her attention was on his dick.

 She slid closer to him and stroked her hand up and down his dick. He

panted as her hand touched him. He'd played with himself for over a year and had enjoyed it but this was so much better.

 He looked down at her. Watch his sister stroke him while she knelt

naked in front of him. Of all of the things he'd thought would happen to

him this had never even been remotely in his thoughts.

 She looked up and met his eyes. She saw the lust and desire burning in his eyes and it turned her on even more. She stroked him faster as they stared at each other.

 Davey's moaning turned into a longer, louder sound and she watched his eyes roll up in his head. She felt his dick throb under her hand as his

cum exploded out of him. It splattered all over her chest. Taken by

surprise, Lindsay kept stroking as load after load exploded out of her

brother and onto her small breasts.

 Davey's legs gave out and he collapsed in front of his sister. He

wasn't sure if he was going to be able to stand every again after that.

 She let go of his dick and looked at the cum that had dribble onto her

hand. He looked up and saw what she was looking at. He started to

apologize but he just couldn't find a way to speak.

 Lindsay brought her hand up to her face and looked at the cum on her

hand. It felt warm and slimy but good at the same time. She brought her fingers to her mouth and licked a little of her brother's cum off of them.

 Seeing this, Davey felt his dick twitch with renewed desire.

 "What's it taste like?" He managed to ask.

 "Salty," she said. "It's weird.

 "I'm sorry I made a mess," he said.

 She giggled and said, "No you're not."

 He couldn't hold back the grin that lit up his face. He started to

speak when he heard someone in the hall.

 They both sat, as quiet as possible as someone walked down the hall and into the bathroom.

 As soon as the door closed, Lindsay jumped up and said, "You've got to

get in bed. If they find us like this we are dead!"

 Davey leapt to his feet and yanked his underwear and pajamas up. With one look back at her, he opened the door and was gone.

 She closed the door and went to her dresser. She yanked out a pair of

panties and pulled them on. She grabbed a t-shirt to sleep in when she saw all of Davey's cum still glistening on her body.

 She rubbed the cum all over her chest and across her breast and nipples.

She felt herself getting wetter as she felt her brothers cum rubbing across

her puffy nipples.

 The toilet flushed and she quickly yanked the shirt on, turned off her

light and dove into bed.

 A few seconds later she heard her door open briefly then close. One of

her parents had looked in on her, not knowing that she was still awake.

Not knowing what she and her brother had done or what she was planning next.