**Michelle's Awakening**

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**Michelle's Awakening Pt. 01**

My name is Michelle and I'm 18 years old. I just turned 18 actually. It's a little weird being 18 knowing I can now do more than I could be before like vote, join the army (not that I'm going to), and well, other stuff.  
  
My life is pretty normal. I live with my parents, Rob and Beth, and my twin brother, not identical, Steve. Nothing about our life is extraordinary or different really. My parents both have good jobs, and work the regular 9-5 hours with the occasional late nights. My brother and I both go to a Catholic School in the north east. You know, uniforms, somewhat strict, and so on. It's not as bad as it sounds. I'm pretty quiet myself. I keep to myself mostly, and my grades are pretty good. I'm just about to enter my final year at highschool, and I need to start thinking about what I want to do with my life. Travel? College? Something else? My brother is going through the same thing, but is much more outgoing. He always has a girlfriend, and is one of the most popular people at school.  
  
We're just on our way back from a family vacation in Florida. We're driving back. It's a family tradition. We always rent a house near Miami and spend time together by the pool, go out for dinners, do some fishing, and so on. Regular family stuff really.  
  
I don't know if it was because I was 18 this year, or what, but I had some real different feelings on this years trip. I've never had a boyfriend really. There was someone I "dated", but it never went anywhere sexually. It was just young puppy love. Don't get me wrong, I'm somewhat sexual, I do masturbate occasionally, but I've never had sex. It's usually just when my hormones get the best of me and I need to get off, or relax.  
  
I think I'm fairly attractive, but I wouldn't call myself "sexy". I'm 5'6", brown hair and have nice B cup breasts. I work out sometimes at home so I'm pretty toned. Flat stomach, nice butt. I don't really dress provocatively. I usually wear slightly baggy jeans or shorts. If I wear a skirt it's down to my knees for sure. T-shirts are my go too tops. If I have to wear a dress it's usually old. Oh, and I never wear heels.  
  
My parents are pretty average too. Mid 40's, pretty fit, nothing out of the ordinary. Most people would say that they are attractive for their age, but of course I don't see them like that.  
  
My brother on the other hand would be considered "hot". 6'1", hard stomach, great hair, and he works out a lot. This is obviously the reason that he always has a girlfriend, because other than his looks, he's actually an idiot.  
  
Like I said, this trip was a little different than usual, not because we did anything differently, just because I noticed and felt things, and really it confused me. I'm thinking about them right now actually, in the car on our way home. This so isn't me, but I'm getting a little turned on just thinking about it.  
  
The first thing that happened was the same night we arrived. We got to the house, brought all of our stuff in, some of us showered, and we decided to go out for dinner. We all got changed and I went with my usual outfit, black Nike running shoes, mid thigh jean shorts, and a worn out black t-shirt. Nothing special. We of course decided to go out Miami beach for dinner. We drove down there, and as I looked out the window I just started to look, and then stare at the people. For what seemed like the first time I noticed how little they were wearing, especially the girls. Their skirts were so short, their bikinis hardly covered anything, and their shorts were so short they showed off their ass like panties. I remember sitting there, starting to feel a little warm. It was probably the first time I realized I was actually getting turned on.  
  
We parked the car shortly after, I was trying to recompose myself, and we started walking to our restaurant. Of course we were following two girls dressed like sluts if you want me to be honest. The one girl had the smallest bikini I've ever seen on, or at least smallest at that point. It was bright pink, and the string just disappeared into her ass crack. Her friend wasn't much better, she was wearing a t-shirt that must have been 10 sizes too small, and white leggings that were almost sheer. I don't THINK she had any panties on, but I couldn't be sure. I was once again turned on, and disgusted at the sametime. How could girls dress like this?  
  
I looked over to my brother and his eyes were bouncing back and forth between the two girls asses. I think he was almost drooling. I elbowed him and he looked down at me. He looked at my smiling and just acted like it was a normal thing. We both kind of laughed because it was so ridiculous, but really I know we were both a little turned on. It was an interesting walk to say the least.  
  
We finally got to dinner, and the rest of the night was as expected. I'll be honest I had a hard time concentrating. I kept going back to how those girls looked, what they were wearing. It really did turn me on.  
  
The second thing that was not a normal part of our vacations was when we all decided to spend a day at the beach. Well all got ready to go, drinks, some snacks, towels, the regular stuff. As we drove to the beach we went past the same streets, and I saw the same kinds of girls wearing the same kind of things. I started to feel a little turned on again, but I knew that I was in the car with my family, so I started thinking of other things trying to get my mind off the feelings in my bikini bottoms.  
  
We got to the beach, found a nice area and started to take off our outer clothes to get comfy. I wore my regular bikini. Probably at least a size too big. It gave me all the coverage I wanted. As much as the other girls I saw turned me on, I wasn't ready to wear anything like that.  
  
My dad wore regular swim trunks, same with my brother. I must admit when my brother took his shirt off I kind of was taken aback. He really does have a great body. No wonder girls like him so much.  
  
My mom's bikini was actually a lot more revealing than mine. Not anywhere close to some of the other girls around though. It tied on the sides, and top looked like it was at least one size too small. She actually looked really good.  
  
I layed down and started to read my book. My brother and dad were throwing a football around, and my mom was reading a magazine. Like I said, nothing special. After a while I was getting pretty hot so I decided to go into the ocean to cool down. I got up and started walking when I saw this beautiful girl walking just in front of me. She had the smallest bikini I have ever seen on. It was white and the g-string bottom disappeared into her butt. I couldn't help but look.  
  
As we got closer to the water I tried to look away so it wasn't so obvious I was staring. She started getting into the water, and then I guess it was cold, because she turned around quick and ran out smiling. I looked over and almost tripped. Her bikini was SO small. The bottoms barely covered her vagina, sorry, pussy, I'm new to this whole thing, and the top was the perfect size to show off her breasts. She must have noticed me looking because she quickly looked up and smiled at me. I got super embarrassed and ran into the ocean.  
  
Just then my brother came up beside me and nudged me. I thought he was just going to say hi, but instead he started asking me about that girl, and if I liked what I saw. Once again, SO embarrassed! I told him I was just in shock, and his response was "Sure". So basically my brother thought I was a lesbian after that. Which I'm not... I don't think!  
  
Just to make things worse, right after that I was trying to get out of the water, and a big wave came up and when it went back out my bottoms slipped down a little. I didn't notice at first, but my brother came up around me and basically said that my bush was showing and I should really shave! I was beet red by that point. Then he pointed over to the other girl in the white bikini and said I should be more like her, pointing at her pussy in her bikini. It was basically see thru now that it was wet. You could see her pussy clearly, no hair. Even though I was embarrassed by what happened, I was actually so turned on. Partially by the fact that she looked so hot, but also the thought of dressing like that in public. Part of me wanted to wear the same thing!  
  
So if those two things weren't odd enough for our trip, the third was actually worse! My brother and I were at the rented house and were planning to go in the pool. We both looked around for our bathing suits but couldn't find them. Apparently our mom decided to wash them all. Odd, why wash a bathing suit? Anyway, I still had my very old and worn out one piece, but since we were at our own place it didn't matter. I put it on and noticed right away it was really tight. It definitely showed off more of my butt then I would usually, and it really was tight against my pussy, but once again, at home, so who cares. I went out back and jumped into the pool.  
  
My brother came out wearing his white boxers only. I asked him what he was doing, and he said it was all he had to wear. I didn't really put two and two together, but I should have known what would happen when he got in the water. Thinking back now, I think I did notice his penis moving in his boxers as he walked over, but it was nothing like after. He jumped in the pool and spent some time in there before deciding to get a drink. As he walked out I looked up and noticed is boxers went almost completely see thru. I was behind him, so I just saw his butt, but once again I was staring at something I shouldn't have been! It was even worse when he got back, he was walking right towards the pool, I looked up, and there was his penis hanging in his boxers. I've never seen one up close, but it looked like it was pretty big. I tried to look away, but I couldn't. I could feel myself getting turned on. I had to turn away and swim the other direction. I forced myself too. I couldn't believe I just stared at my brothers penis!  
  
As soon as he jumped back in I decided to get out. I swam over to the steps and started getting out. As I did my brother called over to me and basically said that my suit looked a little small. I originally thought he was saying that I was fat, but then he followed up with saying that my ass looked really good! What the hell! I couldn't believe it. I started turning red immediately. I said thanks back, but really I just wanted to get out of there. I turned to walk down the side of the pool back to the house when I heard my brother say that he noticed I took his advice. I was so confused at first. Then he pointed to my vagina. Oh my god, my suit was so thin over all of these years it was almost see thru now that it was wet. And to make it worse my vagina was now shaved! The night before after the beach I shaved right away after being so embarrassed. Now it was even worse!  
  
My brother lifted himself out of the pool and sat on the edge. His boxers were very see thru at this point. His penis was bigger then before I noticed, it was getting harder. That's when I realized he was getting turned on! And I realized it was because he was staring at me! The worst part was I was getting turned on too. It felt so dirty and so good at the sametime! I ran back inside right after that.  
  
I basically ignored my brother for the rest of the trip. My mind was racing. Trying to forget everything... but I couldn't.  
  
Anyway, that was the trip, and now I'm here, in the car with my family, and we're almost home from the trip.

**Michelle's Awakening Pt. 02**

The next morning I woke up feeling a little groggy. I stumbled out of bed wearing my usual sleep attire, old t-shirt and sweatpants and headed downstairs to the kitchen. I still had a few days left until school started so I wasn't in any kind of rush to do anything. When I got there I saw my parents getting breakfast ready and Steve sitting at the kitchen island looking at his phone.  
  
"Morning everyone"  
  
"Hey honey, how did you sleep" my mom asked.  
  
"Not too bad. I'm a little groggy. Is there coffee?"  
  
My mom poured me a cup and I sat down as far from Steve as I could.  
  
"So honey, what are your plans today?"  
  
"Well, I thought you were going to take me to the mall to get some new clothes, right? I need a few things." I replied, still not fully awake.  
  
"Actually, something has some up and your father and I need to go out. Do you really need anything?"  
  
"Yes! I need some new stuff or I won't have anything to wear!" It was still early and my tone was directly related to me not being fully awake.  
  
Even though I go to a Catholic high school, I still need some clothes, underwear, stuff for gym class, and every Friday is "casual" Friday.  
  
"OK, well honey your options are either you don't go, or your brother takes you. Steve can you take Michelle?"  
  
I look over at Steve and see him smirking, and I reply with an angry glare.  
  
"Sure, I have nothing to do anyway" Steve said right away.  
  
I didn't know what to say. I really didn't want to go with Steve, but I also really needed to get some new clothes. What happened on our trip changed things, changed our relationship, and now going out to do a simple thing like shop seemed stressful.  
  
"Fine" I said in a tone that was not pleased.  
  
I went to get ready while Steve waited downstairs. I wore my usual outfit, jeans that were a little too loose, a black t-shirt and my black shoes. Almost the same thing I wear every time. I grabbed my purse, made sure I had my wallet and phone and headed downstairs. I also made sure to grab my mom's credit card because there was no way I was going to pay!  
  
"Steve! Lets go!" I yelled while walking out the door.  
  
Steve came out, unlocked the car door and let me in. We drove in basic silence for a while. I wasn't planning on saying anything until I needed too, I knew that. No eye contact, no interaction. Then Steve broke our perfect quiet.  
  
"Hey, sis, should we talk about, you know... what happened?" Steve said softly.  
  
"Uhhhhh... we don't have too"  
  
"Well, I think we should say something! I don't want it to be like this between us forever"  
  
"Well, what is there to say? It was a little weird, and it won't happen again" I said matter of factly.  
  
"Well ya, of course it can't happen, I mean won't, happen again, but still..."  
  
Can't? Won't? What was he saying?  
  
"... I just wanted to let you know that I looked at you like that because you have a really good body, you're really beautiful, hot actually... so really it's a compliment!" Steve said with a bit of an awkward chuckle.  
  
"Uhhhh... thanks?" I could feel myself blush when I answered. Someone, anyone, thinking I was hot was not something I was used too.  
  
"It's true! You have a such a good body! It's too bad you cover up the way you do!"  
  
"Ya, whatever. Thanks..." I wasn't sure what was happening anymore, I just knew I wanted to get to the mall, and get out of this conversation.  
  
"Well, I won't say anything else. But you really should get something a little more your size, show off your body a little more. You're 18 sis, not 81!" Steve said now much more excited.  
  
"Thanks Steve... but I'll buy what I want, OK? Just please, stop..."  
  
We finally arrived at the mall and we both got out and walked towards the mall. As I walked towards the mall Steve was behind me, I could feel his eyes on me, looking at me, staring at me. Not only is it wrong, but I don't even get it. Why is he looking at me? I'm not even wearing anything revealing, just my regular too big clothes. I picked up my pace.  
  
"Steve! Are you coming?" I say while holding the door open.  
  
"Ya ya! I'm coming!"  
  
We walked into Forever21 and I tell Steve that I'll see him in a bit. I head over to the women's section and pick out some stuff to try on. Skirts, long of course, shirts, dresses, shorts, just a little of everything. Everything I pick is modest, comfortable, easy to wear, my usual style. As I'm about to walk into the change room I run into Steve holding a bunch of women's clothes in his hands.  
  
"Steve, why do you have that stuff?" I asked, very confused.  
  
"Well I picked some stuff up for me, but I also picked out some stuff for you. Try these on!" He said while handing me a pile of clothes all jumbled together.  
  
"Steve... this is weird... what is this stuff?"  
  
"It's stuff I think you would look really good in. Just try some of it on, what's the worst that can happen?"  
  
"Fine..." I said a little hesitantly. I really didn't want to try any of it on, but I would say whatever I needed to to move this situation on.  
  
I walk into the change room and try on my own items first, picking what I want and what I don't want, two piles. Then I look at what Steve has picked. It actually wasn't that bad, some skirts and a couple of dresses.  
  
"Hey, sis" Steve said speaking through the door.  
  
"Uh, ya?"  
  
"When you try them on, let me see, OK?"  
  
"Why?" I roll my eyes.  
  
"Because I want to see what you look like in something that fits you!"  
  
"...Fine..." I reply, but in a soft questioning tone. I don't want to do it, but I also don't want to argue with him. Getting through the day is all that matters right now.  
  
I try the items on, one by one, and start going out to show my brother. At first it's a little weird, his eyes looking at me up and down, judging what I'm wearing, telling me I look good, but as it goes on it actually becomes kind of fun. I started spinning and joking around with him. We were actually having a good time, and even though the situation was a little strange, it started to feel normal again. I felt a smile on my face for the first time today.  
  
"Hey Steve, guess what... I'm actually going to get a couple of the things you picked!"  
  
"Seriously? Awesome!" He smiled.  
  
"Ya, I actually think some of the things look good. Not something I would usually wear. I hate to say it, but you were right."  
  
Steve just laughed and walked out of the change room area leaving me to finish up.  
  
What a strange day. Shopping with my brother, and having a good time. We walked around some more of the mall and went into a few more stores. Sometimes I went my own way, and sometimes he joined me. We both had a bunch of bags.  
  
We both walked into the Nike store as I needed to get some stuff for working out, well really for gym class at school. I started walking around to the shorts and pick some regular ones that are about mid thigh. Nothing exciting. As I'm grabbing some other items, socks, a t-shirt, I see Steve walk towards me, and again he is holding clothes that aren't for him.  
  
"Hey sis, why don't you get these?" As he holds up a pair of black spandex shorts.  
  
"First of all why would I need these? Secondly, look how small they are!" My eyes widened as I looked at them.  
  
"Well you probably don't need them, but I bet your ass would look amazing in them!" Steve said laughing a little.  
  
"Steve! I thought we weren't going to talk like this anymore?"  
  
"Well, I just saw them and then I thought of your ass, and I thought they would look good on you. What can I say?"  
  
"Even if they would, you shouldn't be saying this!"  
  
"Can you just try them on for me? I know it's a little weird, but I'm curious!" Steve said almost begging.  
  
"Ugh! Fine! After I try my other items on I'll try these on for 2 seconds." I said as I walked into the change room shaking my head.  
  
I really can't believe I just agreed to do this. I mean, why am I doing this? He's my brother! I can't wait for this day to be over with.  
  
I went into the change room and to try everything else on, shorts, shirts, leggings, and now it's time to try on the shorts Steve picked. I pick them up and look at them. They look so small, and short and tight. The more I look at the them the more my mind starts to race. I can't believe that people actually wear shorts like this, especially out in public. They must feel so tight on you, and squeeze around your butt and your... pussy. I stop myself. Pussy? What am I thinking about. Why is my mind thinking like this? But I can't stop it. I now have this urge to try them on, to see how they feel. I removed my clothes and slide the shorts on.  
  
As I look at myself with the shorts I realize, they look horrible with my panties on. They just don't fit right... So there is only one thing to do. I slide the shorts down, followed by my panties, and then slide the shorts back up my thighs and over my ass. I immediately feel a twinge run through my body. The fabric on my bare skin feels amazing. The way it hugs my body, running up along my ass, how it rides over my pussy and stops just below. I turn around and look at my ass in the mirror. Again, Steve was right, my ass does look good.  
  
Even though he didn't ask, I know I need to show him. I want him to see how these shorts fit, how I look, how right he was. My mind was spinning, my hands were shaking. What was happening to me? I felt some resistance fight back, but I pushed it away, the thought of opening that door was too powerful.  
  
I open the door and walk out to show Steve. His jaw almost hit the floor.  
  
"Oh my god Michelle! Those look amazing on you." Steve said excitedly. "Turn around, let me see that ass!"  
  
I'm feeling so turned on. The fabric is rubbing against my pussy. I turn around to show Steve my ass. I hold in that position for a minute, letting him stare. My blood is rushing, I can feel my face blushing, I can't believe I'm doing this, but at the same time I don't want it to stop.  
  
I turn back around and Steve is smiling ear to ear.  
  
"You know I'm not actually going to buy these, right?" I say, a little disappointedly. As exciting as this was, this wasn't me, I couldn't go through with buying these let alone wearing them in public.  
  
"Why not?!"  
  
"Because I'll never wear them, and I have no use for them."  
  
Steve looked disappointed, maybe as much as me, but it wasn't going to happen.  
  
I pay and walk out of the store as Steve still wanders inside. I yell at Steve that I'll be next door, and next door happened to be Victoria's Secret. Usually I wouldn't go there, but they do have some very comfy panties. I start to look around and pick out some of the panties I like, head and eyes down in the pile. And then I feel it, again, Steve with clothes in his hands. What is going on with him today?  
  
"Steve, what are you doing in here?"  
  
"I'm picking some things out for you, just like everywhere else!" Steve said, kind of laughing, but also looking somewhere serious.  
  
"Steve, what are you talking about?"  
  
Steve lifts his hand and shows me a pink lace pair. I shake my head. Then he lifts up a blue thong. I shake my head. Then he picks up a white g-string, which is honestly the smallest pair of panties I've ever seen, and I shake my head. None of those were going to happen. Even though I'm sure Steve would like to see me model them for him, I would never wear them. Steve drops the panties in a pile and sulks away, his usual movement today.  
  
I spend the next few minutes picking out some items and paying. I've lost track of Steve by this point. I wait at the front of the store and finally he walks up beside me.  
  
"Ready to go?" He asks  
  
"Yep!"  
  
We walk out to the car side by side this time. For some reason we went to the mall first thing in the morning so we're both feeling a little tired after a few hours of shopping.  
  
"Thanks for taking me today Steve."  
  
"No problem sis. It was fun"  
  
"Ya it was... and thanks for picking a few things for me at Forever21... I didn't think I would like them, but I did."  
  
"Well thanks for showing me how they looked. You're seriously so hot."  
  
I blush immediately. Any kind of compliment seems to make me feel embarrassed.  
  
"And thanks for showing me your ass in those shorts!" Steve said with a smile.  
  
"...uhhh no problem..." I responded tentatively. "I actually kind of liked wearing them..."  
  
"Really? I thought you hated them?" Steve said sounding genuinely confused.  
  
"Well, no, I really liked them, the way they felt, and looked... but I just knew I would never have any where or reason to wear them."  
  
"If you liked them you should have got them. You know you can wear things that make you feel good even if they don't fit what others think you should wear, right? I mean other girls wear those shorts"  
  
"Ya... I know... maybe I should have." My head was staring straight ahead... something was burning inside of me "Can I tell you something else about them?"  
  
"Ya, sure"  
  
I took a deep breath before blurting it out.  
  
"I wasn't wearing any panties under them"  
  
"What!" Steve almost yelled as the car swerved.  
  
I quickly responded "Ya I realized they would look weird with panties underneath, so I took them off."  
  
"WOW" Steve said still in disbelief. "That must have felt different for you" He chuckled.  
  
"Ya..." I don't know why I was telling him this, but it just kind of came out "it kind of turned me on"  
  
"Oh my god Michelle!" He yelled "Now I'm getting turned on" he said with a laugh.  
  
"Oh shut up Steve!" I turned my head to look out the window not knowing what was going on.  
  
"No seriously, look!"  
  
I turn to look at him and I see he is pointing down towards his shorts. My eyes follow his finger and see a tent growing where his dick is.  
  
"Steve! Your penis shouldn't be getting excited talking to me!" I feel my face blush more than ever.  
  
"I'm sorry sis, but I can't help it! You just told me you were wearing those shorts without any panties. Your ass looked so amazing! You're so hot!" Silence followed for a few seconds "And you shouldn't call it a penis" Steve said laughing. "Call it a dick or cock like everyone else your age."  
  
The word 'cock' sent waves through my body. Each letter felt like it coursed through my body and moved directly down to my pussy. I was getting turned on now too.  
  
"Steve we have to stop talking like this!" I said without looking at him. I couldn't believe what was happening. Why were my brother and I talking and acting like this?  
  
"OK, OK." Steve said smiling as he tried to focus on driving again.  
  
The rest of the drive home was silent, but we were both stealing looks at each other. It is awkward and exhilarating at the same time. We arrive at the house, and I quickly jump out grabbing my bags as I go.  
  
"Hey sis! Wait!... This bag is yours too"  
  
I look back at him confused.  
  
"I bought you a few things I knew you would never buy" He said with a smirk.  
  
"Oh God" I said back, rolling my eyes, but I couldn't stop a small smile breaking from my lips.  
  
What did he buy me? Was it items I would actually wear? Or something only he would want to see me in? I didn't know, but I couldn't wait to find out.  
  
As soon as I got to my room I lock the door and dump the bag he bought me on my bed.  
  
I didn't care about what I bought anymore, I just wanted to know what he bought me. It looked like a lot to be honest. I started looking at the bags within the bag and there is Forever 21, Nike, American Apparel, Victoria Secret and Bikini Paradise. There was so much stuff. I didn't know what it was, but just looking at the bags of clothes Steve bought me I felt myself get turned on again.  
  
I decided to start with the Forever21 bag. I pulled out a skirt, and it was the shortest skirt I've ever seen. It was blue and pleated, and I swear it would hardly cover my ass if I put it on. I smiled when I saw it though. Somehow, for some reason, this was turning me on. There was also some kind of white dress. It looked like a wife beater, but just longer. A pair of sleep shorts that were obviously very short, and seemed extremely thin. Some tank tops, and t-shirts, and some leggings, white, grey and pink. There was also one last skirt, it honestly looked like a tube top, it was white, and I swear it wouldn't cover anything. Instinctively my hand reached down and touched my pussy through my jeans, my head rolled back. I didn't know what was happening to me but I didn't want it to stop, it felt too good.  
  
The next bag I decided to open was the American Apparel bag. I didn't even know Steve went there while we were at the mall. I've seen their ads before and they are so sexy. There didn't seem to be that much inside unfortunately. I pulled out two pairs of thigh high socks. The ones that look like school socks. The first pair was white with black stripes and the second pair was black with white strips. Not the sexiest thing I've ever seen, but maybe Steve liked them I thought. What a weird thing for me to think!  
  
The third bag I opened was the Bikini Paradise bag. Yes I knew that my swimwear wasn't the best, but did I really need a new bikini? Well according to Steve I needed several! The first bikini I pulled out was bright pink, which I immediately liked. I took a closer look at it. The top was a tube top, a very small one at that, the bottoms were like booty shorts, but super small and I knew they would hug my ass. The second bikini was white, but was extremely small, I looked at the tag and it was from a company called Wicked Weasel. "Well that makes sense" I said to myself. The top was small, but would still somewhat cover my chest, but the bottoms were so tony, I really didn't think they would cover my pussy at all. The third "thing" in the bag, well I didn't really know what it was when I saw it. It just looked like a tangle of wires. I finally was able to lay it out on the bed and figure it out. Only then did I realize it was some kind of one piece bathing suit, but it had the smallest patch covering the chest and pussy, and then just strings connecting everything. On top of that it sparkled pink. I couldn't believe they even made such a thing, but more then that I couldn't believe Steve thought I would look good in it! "Mmmmm" I moaned. For some reason the thought of wearing this swim, thing, turned me on. My hand went back to my pussy. "God" I thought to myself, what is happening to me!  
  
I quickly threw all of the bikinis back and started on the Victoria Secret bag. I pretty much knew what would be in it based on what Steve has shown me at the store. I started going through the items. There were a couple of brightly coloured bras, some lace bralettes, and then tonnes of panties. Booty shorts, lace thongs, see thru g-strings. You name it, he bought it. I could feel my pussy getting wetter. I wasn't sure if it was the clothes, the thought of Steve buying them, or a little of both.  
  
The last bag was Nike. I opened it and pulled out some colourful ankle socks, a pink sports bra, and, the last thing was a pair of spandex Nike shorts. The same ones I tried on in the store, but bright pink instead. I was getting so turned on. My mind shot right back to me in the store with Steve, showing him my ass in the shorts. The way it made me feel, the shorts with no panties, Steve looking at me, saying my ass looked amazing.  
  
I threw the Nike stuff back in the bag, stripped down, threw on my bathrobe and went to have a shower down the hall. I had to cool off immediately before I couldn't handle it. I made sure the water was cold as it ran over my naked body. It wasn't really helping though. My mind just kept racing. The clothes. My brother. My hand started to reach down and touched my pussy. I started rubbing it, playing with my clit. Faster and faster. Hard and harder "mmmm" I moaned quiet enough to be drowned out by the sound of the running water. Why am I feeling like this? Why is this happening? Do I just like sexy clothes? Do I like the thought of Steve seeing me in them? Do I want other people to see me showing off? The more thoughts that rushed through my head the more turned on I got. I didn't know what was happening, but I wanted more. I cummed hard into my hand as my head fell back against the tile surround of the shower. My breathing heavy, sweating under the water. I waited until I calmed down before finishing my shower.

I got out of the shower, towelled off and went back into my room wearing my bathrobe. I looked around, seeing all the bags on the bed, and I immediately started to get turned on again."What's wrong with me!" I said quietly.I had to find something to wear to go back downstairs for lunch. My eyes scanned over the items on my bed trying to figure out what to wear.I decided to wear something Steve bought me. I knew it would be a little risky, but I was so turned on I didn't really care.I chose a pair of blue lace booty shorts from Victoria Secret, and the pair of sleep shorts from Forever 21. They were short and loose. I didn't really think those would cause an issue. And a t-shirt from the same place, a white baseball t-shirt with long pink arms. I decided not to wear a bra underneath. Not because I was trying to show off, but because I basically never did when I was home.I slipped the lace panties on, and then pulled the flower patterned sleep shorts on over them. It was then that I realized how short they were. They wouldn't show my panties, but the bottom of my ass did hang out a little. And secondly that they were slightly see thru. I don't think anyone would notice, but still, it made me a little nervous as I was going to be in front of my parents. I felt a little hesitant after finding those two things out, but I kept going anyway. I put the t-shirt on, and it was definitely tighter then what I would usually wear, and it fell just above the waistband of the shorts, once again, not something I would usually wear. I looked at myself in the mirror and liked what I saw... a little too much I think as I could feel my pussy moisten just slightly again. I smiled to myself while I starred. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. I slipped a small pair of green ankle socks over my feet before leaving my room.I walked down the stairs and into the kitchen where my parents and Steve were. My parents were in the middle of the kitchen working on making everyone lunch and didn't even notice me when I walked in. Steve on the other hand was standing and leaning against the island, his eyes locking on to mine as I walked in, then moving to look at my body up and down. I could feel the shorts riding up between my legs and my shirt struggling to stay in place and now sliding further up my midriff. I immediately blushed. He smiled and gave me a playful thumbs up."Looking good sis"I just stared back, not knowing what to say.He motioned for me to go and stand beside him, which I did.He leaned over to me and whispered in my ear "You look really hot, just wanted to let you know"My pussy immediately started twitching. Was it Steve? Or just the compliment?I smiled and said "Thanks"For some reason I moved a little closer. My mind was spinning. I really wasn't sure what was going on, but my instincts made me do it.Our shoulders rubbed up against each other.My parents were blabbing on about something, Steve and I were joining in whenever we had something to say. I thought that it was going to be a regular family lunch, nothing out of the ordinary. Time went by as we stood beside each other talking to our parents as anyone would. But then I felt it. Steve's hand touch my thigh, then move up my side, around to my ass, and he squeezed it.It felt amazing.I slapped Steve. "Stop it!""Steve! Stop bothering your sister!" My parents both said almost in unison while they continued to work away in the kitchen."Don't lie sis... you liked it" he whispered into my ear again.He was right. I did like it. I didn't know why, but I did. I wish I didn't tell him to stop, I wish I told him to keep going.His hand went back to my ass, and this time I didn't stop him. He went back and forth across my ass, squeezing and touching it. His hand creeped up he rubbed my lower back. It felt amazing. I didn't want him to stop. His hand slid down into my shorts. My pussy was so wet now. I wanted him to keep going. He kept going, feeling my lace panties, and squeezing my ass again. I did everything I could to not moan out loud in the kitchen."Lunch is ready!" my mom said while carrying plates over to the table.Steve's hand slipped out of my shorts before anyone noticed. I felt disappointment float over me.We looked at each other. I was so turned on. He looked turned on too. I gazed down at his shorts and noticed his cock was hard. We took out seats beside each other, my parents on the opposite side of the table.As we sat there eating I felt Steve reach over with his right hand and place it on my exposed thigh, his eyes still going between his plate and my parents as he carried on a conversation.My breathing quickened as his warm hand slowly moved up my thigh, touching the bottom hem of my shorts leg and continued under the fabric. I moved my ass up off the chair on that side instinctively and Steve's eyes came to meet mine. I was letting him do this, wanting him to do it. His hand kept going, slowly, gently until I felt his fingers reach the edge of my panties. My pussy is soaking wet. My blood is rushing. His fingers slide over, closer, little by little, towards my awaiting mound, I feel it, his touch, gently, over my pussy. It's taking all of my might to not moan out loud, not to yell and tell him to touch me more. My mind is on fire. Just as I'm about to loose control my mom gets up from the table and starts to grab out plates. I feel Steve's hand slide out from my shorts and pretend nothing happened. I was sweating, my heart beating fast, my pussy wet. I was in shock.Lunch ended and I stayed seated for a few minutes trying to regain my composure. My parents cleaned the kitchen while Steve had to go off to his summer job for the last time. When I felt I was ready I got up and headed up stairs. I saw Steve coming down the hall dressed for his job. We looked at each other. We got closer, and he grabbed me. He put his hands on my hips and then slid them around to my back and into my shorts. He massaged my ass and I loved it. I didn't care how wrong it was anymore. I just loved the feeling. I wanted it."Lets go for a swim when I get home" Steve said looking into my eyes."OK" I said, staring back.He leaned in and kissed me on the forehead. I almost melted. His hands slipped out of my shorts and he walked away down the stairs and off to work.As Steve left, I walked to my room. I got in and closed the door my hand went into my shorts and started rubbing my pussy over my panties. I was so turned on, so mesmerized by the feelings I was having. I didn't know what was happening anymore, but I knew I didn't want it to stop.I laid down on my bed and opened my laptop. I opened up Chrome and started searching for brother sister stories, info, videos, anything I could find. I read confessions of others and how they felt about their siblings. I watched fake videos of brothers and sisters having sex. I read stories about it too. The deeper I went the more I saw, more topics, more nastiness. Girls fucking each other, girls showing their bodies in public, huge toys and fists, piss and more. My eyes kept widening, my mind growing. It was like a whole new world. I had no idea what was out there until now. Everything was new, and I wanted it all. Being more nasty, more slutty, open to everything. I kept rubbing my pussy while I learned more and more, the thoughts in my head bringing me closer to orgasm. I couldn't resist it, the more dirty the better, I wanted to know everything.As I cummed with my fingers rubbing my pussy I knew this was the beginning of the end for me. There was no going back now. I passed out on my bed with nasty thoughts swimming through my head.

**Michelle's Awakening Pt. 03**

"Michelle!" I heard yelled from downstairs.  
  
I groggily woke up and opened my door  
  
"What!?" I yelled downstairs.  
  
"Your father and I are going out for a hike. We'll be back in a couple of hours" my mom said more softly now.  
  
"OK... have fun" I said, still not fully awake.  
  
I checked the time and realized that Steve would be home soon and my mind started racing. I could feel myself start to get excited immediately. The thought that my brother was making me feel like this was still a strange feeling. I remembered he wanted to go for a swim, so I started to look through my bikini's. At first I wanted to throw on one of the new ones that Steve bought me, but the thought of being dressed like that in public scared me. What if someone saw me? I decided to wear an older one, it was blue, and a little small. It wasn't anything like my new ones. I got changed and put on my robe as I walked through the empty house and out back to the pool. I pulled a lounge chair close to the water, took off the robe and laid down. Trying to keep my mind off of Steve, I opened a book and started to read.  
  
After reading for while I heard something behind me and turned to see the sliding doors opening and Steve walking through.  
  
"Well what do we have here?" Steve said from behind me.  
  
I turned in my chair and smiled at him. I could feel my heart start to beat faster.  
  
"I've been waiting for you to get home!" I said. It shocked me how excited I was.  
  
Steve smiled at me.  
  
"Why don't you get up and show me what you're wearing?" he smirked.  
  
I dropped my book on the ground and got up. I tried to be as sexy as I could, spinning around and running my hands down my hips.  
  
"Why aren't you wearing one of the ones I got you?"  
  
"Because we have neighbours!"  
  
Part of me knew we were playing a little bit of a game. Me coming out in an old bikini, saying I didn't want to be seen. I could feel myself, my body, wanting more of this and I knew that the delay was part of the whole experience.  
  
"The neighbours won't see anything! On the one side they're on vacation, and the other side they are old. Plus Mom and Dad aren't even home."  
  
"So you'd like to see me in one of the other ones?" I said coyly, smiling back at him.  
  
"Yes!" Steve replied smiling, and more excited. I looked down and noticed he was getting hard.  
  
"Well OK... just because it's you..." What am I saying?!  
  
I slowly walked past him and our eyes locked on to each others. I felt his hand grab my ass and I moaned softly to myself. My pussy was on fire and I couldn't wait to get back.  
  
"Hurry back!"  
  
I walked through the door and ran upstairs. I was so excited. I wanted this so badly now. All of a sudden, in just a few days, I feel like I've completely changed. My hand reached down and touched my pussy. My eyes closed as I thought about what might happen.  
  
I got to my room and looked at the three bikini's Steve bought me, deciding on the white Wicked Weasel. It wasn't the most revealing, but not the most conservative either. I put the top on and it barely covered my chest. My nipples were hard. I felt so slutty. The bottoms slid on and the thong slipped into my ass. The front of them barely covered my pussy. If I hadn't have shaved there would have been hair everywhere. I looked at myself in the mirror. I felt so hot, so slutty, so sexy. My mind was racing. I didn't want this feeling to stop.  
  
I threw on my bathrobe just in case my parents came home and walked downstairs and outside. Steve was already in the pool. He turned around and looked me up and down.  
  
"Well... are you going to show me what's underneath that robe?"  
  
I dropped the robe. My pussy was dripping. Here I was outside in this extremely small bikini, standing in front of my brother. I could feel the sun beating down on my skin.  
  
"Holy shit!" Steve yelled. "You look amazing!" He started to swim closer to the stairs in the pool.  
  
I smiled, I loved everything about this.  
  
"Come closer, I want to take a closer look"  
  
I walked to the edge of the pool and Steve looked up at me. My hands moved on to my sides and started to run up and down my body. I couldn't control myself. They slid upwards and over my breasts, I rubbed them. They moved down and towards my pussy and I rubbed my clit through the fabric. I turned around to show him how my ass. My hands reached around and caressed. Steve reached up and grabbed my ass, one hand on each cheek. He slipped one between my cheeks and continued forward to cup my pussy.  
  
"Mmmmm" I let out a soft moan, my eyes closed as I started to bend over further allowing Steve, my brother, easier access.  
  
"You like that don't you" Steve asked.  
  
"Yes..." is all I could say.  
  
"Why don't you get in the pool with me?"  
  
I stood up and walked over to the steps and slowly lowered myself into the water. It wasn't too cold, but not hot either. I could feel the water rise up my legs, over my pussy, my stomach and then my breasts. I slowly walked over to my brother. He put his hands on my hips. It felt amazing.  
  
"Steve... we shouldn't be doing this..." I said softly, knowing it was already too late to stop myself.  
  
"Do you not like the way it feels?" He replied honestly.  
  
"No, I love the way it feels... but it's so wrong" My eyes lowered.  
  
"It can't be wrong if it feels this good. Just let the guilt go and lets see what happens... We can have a lot of fun" He pulled me closer and spoke softly as his mouth got closer and closer.  
  
My mind took in what he said and tried to process it. I couldn't handle the words and the meaning, it was too much.  
  
"OK" I said hesitantly as our bodies touched.  
  
"You're so sexy Michelle, you look so amazing. This bikini couldn't look better on anyone else." Steve said looking into my eyes. "When I saw you in Florida, and then at the mall, in those gym shorts, I knew you were the sexiest girl I'd ever seen. And seeing the way you're starting to act, I know you are starting to feel sexy too"  
  
I smiled up at him. Happiness flowing over me. The compliments feeling amazing.  
  
"And the fact that you put this suit on and came out here shows me that you're really a little slutty, and that you want to feel slutty. Am I right?"  
  
I nodded my head "I love the way it feels". I couldn't help myself.  
  
"That's what I thought. I want to help you feel good, and I want to feel good too... we can feel good together... What do you think?"  
  
"Yes..." I hesitated, thinking through how wrong this was, but how good it was all feeling. "I want all of it... but... we have to go slow... "  
  
"Of course sis"  
  
He pulled me even closer and I moved in. Our lips met and we started kissing. It was amazing. My lips spread and our tongues met. I moved closer. His hands moved down my back and on to my ass. He pulled me tighter. I could feel his hard cock against my stomach. I was in heaven. My hands started to reach out for him, landing on his shoulders, feeling his strong arms, moving down and rubbed up and down his hard abs, and finally reaching further feeling his cock through his swim trunks. He broke our kiss and smiled at me. His hand moved around and landed on my pussy.  
  
"MMMMM!" I let out a loud moan.  
  
"Do you like this?" He asked smiling, our faces almost touching.  
  
"Oh god yes... I love it... keep rubbing my pussy"  
  
Steve looked shocked. I don't think he could believe I just said that. To be honest, I couldn't believe it either.  
  
His hand kept rubbing my pussy on top of my bikini. I was being taken over by lust. My hands moved and undid the tie strings on his suit, I pushed it down and his cock was free. My hands started stroking, up and down, slowly. His hand found its way into my bikini bottoms and his finger was sliding along my slit. The fire in my body was overpowering. I felt myself push my pussy against this finger, trying to get him to press back harder. His fingers kept moving up and down until I finally felt it, he slid one inside my pussy.  
  
"Oh god... yes!" I almost screamed, my head falling backwards.  
  
"Michelle! Quite!" Steve said a little worried, his head turning side to side looking at the neighbours fences.  
  
"Fuck" I said, a little quieter, but not much. "Keep going. Keep fingering my pussy"  
  
Steve's mouth was open in shock.  
  
"Ya, you like when your sister strokes your cock don't you?"  
  
I was so turned on, so horny. My mind looked back at the porn I had watched. How the girls acted, how turned on they were, how horny they were, and how they just let themselves go, how they did what they wanted, what they felt. The thoughts ran through me and everything I felt started to flow out of me.  
  
"Ya... keeping going big brother...keep finger fucking your sister"  
  
"Jesus Christ sis! What has gotten into you?" Steve was in shock, I could see him sweating.  
  
"I'm so horny Steve... I can't help it..."  
  
Steve kept fucking me harder and harder as I kept egging him on. My eyes started to roll back as I could feel an orgasm growing through my body. As I cummed hard on his hand I realized how hot I was feeling, and how more than anything I wanted more.  
  
I kept stroking his cock. Looking him in the eye. I wanted him to cum too.  
  
"Come on big brother... cum for your sister..."  
  
That was it. I think saying "sister" was too much for him. I felt him shake as he cummed in my hands.  
  
His breathing was heavy. "God Michelle... that was the best... What has gotten into you?"  
  
Our eyes met, I smiled, smirked and shrugged. I could feel the monster inside of me waking up.  
  
As we stood there we heard it, our eyes grew and panic swept over us. Our parents car was coming up the driveway.  
  
Steve quickly pulled up his trunks. I rushed out of the water and grabbed my robe and threw it on. We were both panicking. What if they saw? What if they knew?  
  
We calmed down a minute later as we realized there was no way they could. We were done by the time they came home, and they are still in the front. Steve and I looked at each other and laughed. Then the sliding door opened.  
  
"Hi kids. Did you have a nice swim?"  
  
"Ya... we did mom" I said with a smile. I walked past her and started upstairs to go and have a shower.  
  
"What's up with her?" my mom asked Steve.  
  
"Noooo idea" He said in reply, with a smirk.  
  
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My heart was still beating fast from the last 30mins, my time with Steve, my parents coming home. Luckily my shower helped a little in calming me down. I wrapped myself in my robe, and headed to my room. I laid down on my bed and grabbed my laptop. When I opened it, up popped one of my last search results, "brother sister sex". "I should really clear my browser history" I chuckled to myself.  
  
Just seeing that search turned me on again. I instinctively opened my legs letting the cool air rush under my robe and against my pussy. I remember how I felt walking outside in my super small bikini, how great it was, how slutty I felt. I search "small bikini's", "Micro bikini", "Wicked Weasel" and then on to other things like "Public micro bikini", "see thru bikini public", "nude in public", "exhibitionism", "public slut". Everything turned me on more and more. The pictures, the stories, the videos. My mind was racing. I don't even remember when, but at some point during this whole time I had brought my hand down to my pussy. I was soaking wet.  
  
The whole time I was searching and seeing what others did I kept thinking about me doing them, and how good it would feel. I was becoming a slut, I didn't know why, but I loved the feeling. Being in control, the butterflies, pushing the boundaries. I think a big part of it was the rush. Doing what I'm not supposed to, maybe getting caught. It just made me feel so good, so hot, so slutty, so horny... I LOVED it. I knew at that point that I wouldn't be the same going forward.  
  
Knock knock "honey, are you in there?" My mom said softly.  
  
I quickly closed my robe and threw my laptop on the ground.  
  
"Uh... ya? What is it?"  
  
My mom opened the door slowly and walked in. "Oh, there you are. OK, I just wanted to let you know that we're going to watch a movie downstairs if you want to join. Your brothers already down there."  
  
I wasn't going to go... but then I heard Steve was there so I changed my mind immediately.  
  
"OK, sure. I'll be down in a few minutes, I just need to get changed" I said now a little excited.  
  
My mom closed the door and I got up. "What to wear, what to wear" I said to myself. I wanted to wear something that was a little revealing for myself, and Steve, but my parents were downstairs so I couldn't go too far. It had to be our little secret. I decided on a pair of grey cotton boy shorts I've had a for a few years. They fit my ass perfectly. I threw on a night shirt that was probably 5 years old that I haven't worn in ages. When I used to wear it, it went down well past my knees, now I tried it on and it was half way up my thighs. I looked at myself in the mirror... I looked good. I didn't put any kind of a bra on... this was sleep wear, right?  
  
I headed downstairs and was happy to see Steve sitting on the larger couch by himself while my parents sat together on the love seat. Steve was wearing a pair of grey sweatpants and a black t-shirt. My mind started to think about our time in the pool again. How hot it was, how hot I was, his cock, his rock hard cock...  
  
"Hey sis!" he said as I walked downstairs and patted on the couch beside him.  
  
"What are we watching?" I asked as I went to sit beside Steve making sure to keep my distance.I couldn't really care less about the movie, I just wanted to snuggle with Steve.  
  
"I think we're going to watch Bridge of Spies" my mom, said.  
  
"OK!" I replied with a little smile.  
  
The movie started and we all were just sitting there. I started to get cold since the A/C was blasting. I could feel my nipples poking through the thin fabric of my night shirt. I reached over Steve to grab a blanket, I could feel my shirt ride up my back exposing my boy shorts as I was laying across Steve's lap. Instead of trying to pull the shirt back down, I lingered in that position so that Steve could see. This was a new Michelle. I never would have done that a couple of weeks ago, and now here I was wanting Steve, my brother, to look at my ass. I looked up at Steve and he had definitely noticed. His head was down staring at it and his hand moved and cupped it. I felt his fingers move over the fabric, slowly, gently, I felt one slide under the elastic as the bottom of my cheek, all while keeping one eye on my parents making sure we were not going to get caught. I smiled.  
  
I shifted back to my seat and threw the blanket over my lap. My parents were completely oblivious to what was going on as they were engrossed with the movie. Steve grabbed part of the blanket and threw it over his lap too. I moved closer to him so we were side by side, our shoulders touching. We watched the movie for a few minutes until I felt his hand on my knee. It was obvious at that point that there wouldn't be too much movie watching going on anymore. I let out a soft moan so he knew I approved. His hand slowly moved up my thigh. I knew where his hand was going, and I loved it. My pussy was getting wet in anticipation. His hand kept moving up slowly, careful that my parents didn't notice, he pushed the hem up on my shirt and kept moving up. Inch by inch he moved his hand. I felt his finger finally brushed against my mound and my head fell back, I instinctively pushed my pussy forward trying to feel more pressure. He started to slowly, and quietly rub me through my panties. I was completely soaked, I didn't care, I just needed more. I felt like a slut. Doing this with my brother, in our house, so close to my parents, so close to getting caught. There was nothing I wanted more.  
  
My hand reached under the blanket and went straight for Steve's crotch. I grabbed his cock. It was rock hard. I started thinking that he liked the risk of getting caught too. I started to stroke him through his sweatpants. We looked at each other, I licked my lips. I wanted my brothers cock in my pussy so badly. I slipped my hand into his sweatpants and started jerking him off, being as careful as I could to not get caught, but the rush was getting too much. He kept rubbing my pussy harder and harder. I was getting so close to cumming right there on the couch, but I knew we would get caught for sure, I had to do something. How do I stop this?!  
  
I got up off the couch and pulled my shirt down, covering my wet panties.  
  
"Anyone want a drink?" I asked, trying to regain my composure, looking at my parents.  
  
"Sure, I'll take a coffee" mom said. "I'll have one too" my dad joined in. "Do you want us to pause it?"  
  
"Nope, it's fine, I'll be back in a few mins" I said.  
  
I walked to the kitchen to get started on the drinks, my face flushed, my body shaking. I tried to steady myself.  
  
I turned the coffee machine on, grabbed a glass of water for myself and went to look in the fridge.  
  
Steve walked up behind me and grabbed me by the waist. He turned me around and lifted me up onto the counter. I felt him step up close to me between my legs so his cock was right against my wet panties. He leaned in and gave me a deep kiss, pushed his tongue into my mouth. I kissed him back as deep as I could. We wanted each other. He leaned back.  
  
"You're so fucking sexy" he said softly, still making sure my parents couldn't hear.  
  
"You like playing with your slutty sister, don't you?" I said back, I was becoming less and less shocked by what I said.  
  
"God yes" He leaned back in for a deep kiss.  
  
As we kissed I moved my hand down to my pussy. I pulled my boy shorts to the side and slid a finger in... and then a second. It was a little tight, but I loved the feeling I realized. I started to finger fuck myself while I kissed my brother. I moaned in our kiss and Steve noticed. He pulled away and looked down.  
  
"What a slut" He said a little louder now.  
  
The coffee was still brewing, we still had a couple of minutes.  
  
While I continued to finger my pussy faster and faster Steve pulled up my shirt exposing my tits. He leaned in and started sucking my nipples. My head fell back again, my breathing increased, I was in heaven. I leaned up to his ear and whispered...  
  
"I want you to make me cum, right here, right now"  
  
Steve didn't need to be told twice. He started kissing me lower, down my chest and stomach. On top of my panties, and then he got to my pussy. I pulled my fingers out and sucked them clean. His tongue started on my pussy, going crazy on my clit. My one old boyfriend went down on me once, but it was nothing like this. I started rocking back and forth on the counter and moaning.  
  
"Oh god.. It's so good...keep going.. Don't stop... lick your sisters pussy... make your slutty sister cum..." I said way too loudly... if it wasn't for a loud scene in the movie my parents would have heard.  
  
I kept rocking back and forth, back and forth, trying to get more of Steve's tongue into my pussy. I needed more, I wanted more. I didn't care who knew anymore. I was a slut for my brother and I loved it.  
  
"I love my sisters cunt" Steve said looking up at me and sticking a finger into my dripping pussy. That was what took me over the edge. The combination of the finger and him saying cunt. It was so hot. It was so dirty. I loved it. Cunt.  
  
I came hard, all over his face, he licked up as much as he could. Our mouths met again and we kissed deeply. I could taste myself, it was amazing. The coffee machine "dinged" and it was time to take the drinks back. I took a minute to catch my breath. I got up off the counter, pulling my panties back into place and my shirt down, I reached out and grabbed Steve's cock through his sweatpants.

"Don't worry... you're next" I said as I gave him a little smile.  
  
We worked together to get the cups and everything ready for the coffee and brought it out for our parents. Our parents thanked us and went back to the movie.  
  
I got on the couch and layed down with the blanket over me.  
  
"Steve, you can lay down too if you want" I said it loud enough so my parents heard it, trying to make it less surprising if they saw us.  
  
"Ummm OK" Steve said a little unsure.  
  
He laid down behind me. My brother and I were spooning on the couch only feet away from our parents. We both had the blanket over us, the room was dark, and I was already horny again.  
  
I reached behind me and found Steve's semi-hard cock. I heard him moan softly into my ear. I think even Steve was getting shocked at my boldness now. The more I stroked the harder he got. I pushed my ass up against his cock and he moaned louder into my ear. He started to thrust, just ever so slightly. I'd love for him to slide his cock into me, but I knew he couldn't.  
  
I reached down and started to slide my panties down.  
  
"Be careful" he said softly into my ear.  
  
I pushed his cock between my ass cheeks and started to rub harder. He started to thrust a little now. I was a little worried my parents would notice. My hand kept flowing up and down his cock, his thrusts kept pushing it between my cheeks. What we were doing was so risky, but it made it better somehow. Brother and sister having slutty fun near their parents. Steve's moaning got a little louder and I knew he was close. Stream after stream of hot cum started shooting on my back and falling on the couch. It was so nasty. Here I was, laying on the couch with my brother cumming on me and my parents are 5 feet away. It was so dirty, so slutty. I loved it and I didn't want it to stop. As Steve started to calm down again we tried to act normal. He slowly pulled up his sweatpants and I pulled up my panties. I was still horny but I also felt that we had pushed our luck enough for one night.  
  
We continued to watch the movie and Steve and I both passed out shortly after our little game ended. I woke up sometime in the morning and Steve was gone. My mind thought back to the night before. I got up and noticed a little stain on the couch "oops" I thought with a smile. I headed up to my room to pass out again.

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