**My Brother’s Plan**

It all started when he went off to college. Thats when I noticed it

anyways. My brother's behavior changed so dramatically. He used to be

rather shy. It started with a weekend visit. He had learned about,

acquired, and utilized an operating system for his computer that I had

never heard of. Linux. It was the first time I had ever heard that word.

Consequently I had been given the old family computer. It had soaked up

enough viruses and malware to be nearly useless. For my brother this was a

great testing ground. He came into my room and installed this new

operating system. The whole time he was talking and laughing with me. It

was the first time I have ever sat and giggled with my brother like he was

one of my best friends.

Although Linux revitalized my computer I still wasn't too interested in

it. I could use it to type up papers for school and play a little

solitaire when I felt the urge. I just wasn't a big computer person. On

the other hand my brother had become very computer centric.

Part of his enthusiasm for computers led him to take a chemistry

classes. This is when I began to notice huge differences in my brother. He

had gone from a very shy and easy to read person to a very mysterious

person. He would come into my room and ask me odd questions about

hypochlorites, di-hydrogen monoxide, and my feelings about chloroform. It

was the chloroform question that put me over the edge. I wanted to know

what he was up to and I wanted to know quickly.

I knew he must have had some interesting clues hidden away on his hard

drive. My biggest concern was how to get on his computer without him

knowing. I knew I would have to sort through porn and other various

nefarious pieces of data, but somewhere in there was the answer to his

rather oddball behavior.

This is when I suddenly became very interested in the old computer

sitting on my desk running Linux. I knew there had to be a way to connect

them and browse through his files without arousing suspicion. So I got

involved. I got very involved. I signed up for some Linux forums and

started asking questions. It didn't take much but I was completely

overwhelmed with options. No matter. I needed to access his computer to

see what he was doing.

I learned about the Internet Chat Relay (IRC) and how it was really the

granddaddy of instant messaging. I learned about samba; which is an

implementation of windows file sharing. I learned about other protocols

that could connect the two computers together. But by far the most

compelling application was called secure shell, SSH for short.

I tried IRC and quickly found that if I were so somehow chance upon my

brother being there it would be easy to spot me. IP addresses are so easy

to see on IRC. I looked at samba. I knew windows could share files and if

samba was the windows way of sharing files I could get it to work. I spent

hours upon hours reading samba how-to articles. In the end Samba didn't

work out for me. It left too many clues behind that files were being

shared.

It was when I started looking into SSH that I found a solution that

could work. I just needed a short amount of physical access to his

computer to make it happen. All I had to do was generate an encryption key

and add it to his SSH configuration file. Then I could log in to his

computer nearly undetected, unless he monitored his computer logs.

I began to bide my time. I waited for summer to come around. During

which time I endured some really awkward moments with my brother. Perhaps

the time I found him on my computer was the most awkward. I had come home

from a friends house and there he was. Just another random weekend visit.

He pulled a usb thumb drive out of my computer and did his best to hide it.

For some reason he didn't want me to know that he had it in my USB port.

The awkward moment ended with him apologizing and saying he just wanted

to use a computer for a minute while he walked out my door. I scoured

through everything but couldn't find any change in any of my files. I was

still rather ignorant about computers at the time so I found nothing about

the usb drive. The only thing I found was a few porn sites had shown up in

my browser history. I concluded that must have been all he did was l

Time passed by and my brother finally moved back home for the summer.

When I saw him toting his computer into his bedroom I knew I soon had a

chance. I just needed him to leave for a little while so I could add my

encryption key to his SSH configuration file.

I thought it through. I went over it in my head. I planned it like it

was a secret covert operation for the government that no one must ever find

out about. I went over my plan over and over. I knew I wouldn't be able

to get into his room for the first few days while he was settling in. So I

practiced adding my encryption key over and over to make sure I did it

quickly and efficiently.

I practiced on my computer connecting to his. This is when I found a

most startling piece of evidence. My computer connected to his without my

encryption key. No password needed and my encryption key was not used. I

was completely baffled by this. Scared, I closed the connection and turned

off my computer.

After a few hours I turned it back on and logged onto the Linux forums

which had given me so much direction to begin with. I started asking

questions. The conversation went pretty simply and it didn't take long for

a smart Linux wiz to pinpoint what had happened. He suggested that someone

else had put an encryption key on both computers. The best bet would be to

check the log files and see who has been logging in.

Over the last few days my brother had logged into my computer quite a

number of times. This is when it dawned on me what the usb key was all

about a few months earlier when we had that super awkward moment together.

All this time I thought it was about a few boobies but to my surprise it

was about him spying on me. I felt violated and upset. But it passed

quickly as I realized that was my intentions too.

With that I got up the guts and logged onto my brother's computer. It

didn't take me long to find his porn collection. It was gigantic. I was

so completely amazed at how many naked pictures he had amassed during his

first year at college. I wasn't too interested in porn so I backed up and

started looking elsewhere.

I browsed his music collection, which also grew immensely. I browsed

through the pictures of him and his new college friends. I found some fun

pictures but nothing that would make my mother cringe. I browsed through

his documents folder. After reading some of the stuff he turned in for

English 101 I was a bit ashamed to be his sister. His grammatical errors

were atrocious. I would have proofread all of it for him and corrected it

but I didn't want him to know I was browsing around.

Hidden among the myriad of files I finally found what I was looking for.

It shocked me. I was in complete awe. I was disgusted and amazed at his

intentions. I found a file called "The-Plan.txt" It was a journal of his

thoughts. His thoughts about me.

It started out very basic. A quick explanation of it's purpose. He had

apparently kept a physical copy when he was younger but decided to

transcribe it to his computer and destroy the physical copy so it couldn't

be found. It was all written there. Like a preface to a book, how it came

to be.

The entries were simple. A date followed by a quick update or thought

which included me in some way. At first it was just a few sentences about

how I had been growing up and had developed into a pretty woman. At first

it seemed very innocent to me, like a young crush. As I read through the

entries in the journal I began to recognize that my brother had become more

and more obsessed with me.

It wasn't until the entries right before college and right as he got his

computer that he began writing more erotically detailed entries. My

brother's intentions were spelled out in front of me; he wanted to have sex

with his own sister. I was so grossed out at the thought that I

immediately turned off my computer. It was time to get out. I left on a

long walk.

As I walked I pondered over my brother's journal. His quest for a

sexual relationship had completely caught me off guard but it did explain a

few awkward moments we had before he went to college. It also explained a

lot of what happened after. The more I thought about it the more intrigued

I became. I wanted to know more. I wanted to know what he was up to. It

was in my best interest to know what point his plan had culminated to.

I finally arrived back home and scurried into my bedroom. I booted up

and logged on. I quickly navigated to my brother's file of conspiracy.

This time instead of just reading it I copied it to a USB thumb drive.

This way I could read it at my own convenience and not just when his

computer was on. From this time forward it was a waiting game. I knew

that I needed to read this while he slept. My best bet for that would be

in the morning. He hadn't gotten out of bed before 10:00 AM since he had

been back home. It didn't take long for me to settle in for a restless

nights sleep. I needed to read it all but also needed to do so when I knew

I was alone.

I awoke early the next morning, just as the sun was beginning to crest

over the nearby mountain top. My curiosity urged me to quickly get up. It

wasn't long before I was browsing through my brother's plan. To me it had

become the plan of deception. As I read his thoughts I experienced

feelings of guilt, passion, lust, and eroticism all topped off with

disgust. I felt disgusted at what my brother described he would like to do

to me. Perhaps it was this post that struck my disgusting nerve:

"I watched her today. I think she may masturbate. The way she carries

herself makes me think that she knows what it's like to feel pleasure. The

way she walks makes me believe she has never been with a man. I plan on

watching her tonight while she sleeps."

I wanted to kick him in the nuts. What a dick! So what if I

masturbated? That was my own damn business! I had never felt so violated

in all my life but I couldn't put the feeling of passion past me. I had

never known a guy to want me so badly. I had never known such a deeply

curious secret admirer. It was the next entry which chased away my

feelings of disgust and brought me right to thoughts of passion and love:

"I masturbated thinking about her today. I thought about sitting with

my legs spread apart and my back against my headboard. I thought about her

hovering over me and slowly moving down towards my cock. Our eyes meet and we connect emotionally through our gaze as she connects with me physically.

I want her so badly."

After I read this I could feel my body begin to heat up. I had

considered my brother sexually before this but it wasn't desirable. It was

this entry in his journal of deceit that first gave me the desire. I

considered the erotic situation with me coming down on his cock. I thought

about gazing into his eyes just as he described. I felt my pussy become

wet in an instant. I became so horny so quickly that it knocked me out of

my own thoughts. What the hell was I thinking? I almost fantasized about

the guy who has kept a sexual journal about me. The feeling of guilt was

nearly overwhelming. Tears came to my eyes as I continued reading.

I started running into posts that actually had thoughts of action

instead of those of desire. My brother began writing how he would ensnare

me in a sexual situation of which I could not escape. He detailed thoughts

of blackmail by finding out personal secrets and using them against me. He

portrayed thoughts of outright forceful rape, but decided against them at

the end of those entries. He wrote of exposing himself to me so he could

gauge my reaction. He even described ways he could go about capturing

images of me for his self-pleasuring purposes.

I finally read an entry which showed his true feelings. He talked about

his real desires. He wanted me sexually but loved me too much to hurt me.

He also described how it would be to have his first time with his sister.

After all that I had read and all that he described in such perfect detail

I could hardly believe that he was still a virgin. He had spent so much

time lusting after me that he never got around to dating any other girls. I

wonder if he even looked at other girls with sexual desires in the same way

he looked at me.

I felt it all; Eroticism to deceit. I felt love and betrayal. My

brother had captured my attention while still keeping me completely grossed

out by his thoughts. I wasn't sure if I were to feel angry towards him or

lovingly towards him. What I did know as I finished reading his journal of

deceit was that I needed to keep an eye on it. For my own good I needed to

know what he was up to. I needed to be one step ahead.

I followed his journal. His entries became rather erotic and loving.

Describing me laying on my bed while inviting him in. One particular entry

described him taking me out to dinner and a movie. Followed up with a

drive up into the foothills so we could cuddle and gaze at the stars. I

was so fucking confused. Did he want to fuck me or love me?

The days passed and the days turned into a week and then two weeks. It

seemed as if he went through periods of sexual desire and then periods of a

loving and caring brother. It was one of his outrageous sexual desire

entries which prompted me to act. I knew that I needed to do something

about it. If I didn't I would be in trouble without anywhere to turn. His

journal entry scared the shit out of me:

"I've watched her since I got home this summer. I have tried to get

closer to her emotionally with hopes of seduction. These last few weeks

she has been growing further and further away from me. She hardly looks at

me. I feel as if I have suddenly become ugly to her. She won't go out and

do anything with me and completely avoids me when I walk into the room. I

have decided that if I want to be with her I must do so without her

knowing. Chloroform is the way for this to happen. All that studying for

chemistry will pay off this summer. I plan on making chloroform myself.

Acetone, bleach, and large amounts of ice to cool the reaction. I know

this is dangerous. I know I need to be careful. There are warnings all

over the internet to not ever do this or try it. I don't want to hurt her,

I just want to experience her. I will make it and try it out on myself

before I do anything to her. I have found out that my parents are leaving

for the weekend. I guess there is a wedding a nice drive away that they

want to attend. They have told me to take care of her this weekend. I

need her to take care of me."

Holy fucking shit. I was floored by this. He had planned on making

chloroform? What the fuck? Do I go buy a door lock and avoid him like the

plague? Do I call up all my friends and see if I could spend the night

elsewhere? Do I just leave and not tell him where I'm going? I considered

all of these options. But as I pondered on how these would turn out it

dawned on me that I was only putting off the inevitable. One day this

summer my brother would do it when I was least expecting him to. One day I

would wake up a woman without knowing or experiencing the event. If I told

my parents he would be out on his ass and I would be grounded for invading

his privacy. I really did love him and did not want to see anything happen

that could negatively affect his life or school. I finally decided to

write my own entry in his journal.

"Don't do this. Please don't do this. I love you and always have. I'm

shocked and disgusted that you would betray my trust like this. I'm

worried that you will hurt yourself and me with this crazy chloroform

scheme. You don't need to force me. You don't need to do this."

It was then that I wrote the last two lines that I would come to both

regret and love:

"I'll do it with you. But we do it by my rules."

I looked at the last two lines and quickly saved the file before I had a

chance to change my mind. I hit the power button on my computer and left

quickly. I knew what I had done and would beat myself up over it for the

next few hours. I stayed away for most of the day, hanging out with

friends and endlessly walking circles around the mall. I couldn't put off

going home forever. It was a slow and leisurely walk back to the front

door of my house. I stood there on the porch thinking about what could be

on the other side.

I opened the door to find a surprising calm. My mother was finishing up

dinner and my father was sitting in his recliner watching the news. I

walked towards my bedroom and saw my brother standing along my pathway.

His eyes pierced me to the core. As I passed by I could see a slight grin

on his face. He was smirking as if he had just secretly scored a goal at

the world cup. He had read it.

Nervously I turned on my computer and logged into his. Locating the

file I allowed myself to stare at the filename for quite some time before

opening it. I zipped right to the bottom and began to read his response to

my entry.

"I'm sorry. I should have never considered making you do it against

your will. After reading your words I feel terrible. I will never treat

you that way again. Neither in thought or in real life. I really don't

know if I should be happier that you are willing to be with me or that you

figured out how to use SSH. I'm exited about both of them. You name the

rules which you want me to abide by and I'll do it. If only for a chance

to be with you once."

It seemed to be a kick in the head for him. I seemed to have woke him

right the hell up. He still desired me. He still wanted me but I felt as

If he wanted me for love and not overwhelming lust. So I began to type up

the rules which I had thought about all day long.

"You must keep your mouth shut. No one hears about this. Not your

buddies at college, not your friends from high school, not your

girlfriends, not our parents, not anybody. Don't even fucking talk about

it to anyone online.

You will wear a condom and you will provide them. If you want in my wet

womanhood than you had better come prepared.

We do it in my room. Its comfortable and cute and doesn't smell like a

teenage boy. And my bed is softer.

You spend the night with me cuddling afterwards. No fucking and

running.

I will not give you a blow job. But you will go down on me when I tell

you to.

This is a one time only thing. I will give you Friday night when our

parents leave to when they come home. No more and never ask for it again.

You will take me out to a nice dinner. You will treat me like the queen

of your world doing all that I ask of you. You will not get to be with me

until I feel sufficiently enticed.

You will do all of my chores for the rest of the summer. I'm not mowing

the lawn again. You will do all the dishes when I am assigned to them.

You will make my bed every morning when you get up and you will vacuum my

room.

You will let me hold the remote control for the rest of the summer. I

watch what I want and not your testosterone filled shows.

You will provide me with a video of you. In this video you must explain

your sexual desires for me and what you have thought about doing in order

to achieve them. Afterwards you will masturbate on video while moaning my

name. You will give me the original video prior to our night together.

This is my insurance in case you decide to break any of the previous rules.

I won't hesitate to let everyone know what I found in the cubby hole under

the stairs.

These are non-negotiable. You will not try to change any of these

rules. If you agree then I expect a video in my possession by this Friday.

I want you to understand that you are taking my virginity. It is you who

will make me a woman and I expect it to be the most amazing experience of

my life. I was saving myself for marriage. But after careful

consideration I would rather give my virginity to you than to loose it to

some asshole later on."

My demands were a bit outrageous. But dammit this was going to be my

weekend. I wanted the love and emotional brother who described the erotic

events in his journal. I wanted to stay far away from the rather scary

side of him who was driven more by lust. I saved the file and left my room

just in time for dinner. I gave him a look to signify that I had again

posted in his journal.

The next few days leading up to the weekend were tense to say the least.

I wondered if I had made the right decision. Two weeks ago I would have

never considered it but after reading my brother's most intimate thoughts

about me I had a desire to be with him. The days slowed to a near halt.

The hours became unbearably long. The minutes were passed by snails and

old ladies with handicap passes hanging from their rear view mirrors. The

weekend crept closer and closer.

Thursday afternoon I arrived back home after a long pondering walk. I

had gotten good at those. And to my surprise I found a video tape on my

bed. There it was. My evidence. My insurance. I went upstairs and

looked around. Nobody seemed to be home. I popped it in the VCR and did a

quick scan. He had done it. My brother had video taped his desires and

his masturbation. It was hot watching him jerk off while moaning my name.

It got me so wet and horny that I had to do something. I secured the video

tape and headed to my room.

I thought about the weekend and the sex I would experience. I wasn't

too scared of sex really. Through my teenage years I had become quite fond

of a wood handled hairbrush. I had used it for self-pleasure countless

number of times. The handle, although flat seemed large enough to be

comparable to a man. This time, for the first time in my life, my thoughts

turned to my brother as my hairbrush brought me to a very intense orgasm.

I spent the evening in my room with the images of my brothers cock being

pulled to and fro. The scene of his cum shooting across the room kept

replaying over and over in my mind. It was then that I decided I wanted to

document my first time. This was a once in a lifetime moment and I wanted

to be able to watch it later. I prepared a spot on my desk and retrieved

the camera. I piled towels on top to hide it and made sure to cover the

red blinking light. After a few test runs I found a good location for the

most optimal camera coverage. Then I sat back and waited.

The next day was the longest of all. I did everything I could to help

my parents get out the door. I helped my mom pack up the van and helped

her prepare for the trip in general. They couldn't leave until my dad had

gotten off work. Fortunately he was able to squeeze out of work an hour

early to beat the five o' clock rush. After a few last minute preparations

my parents were finally out the door.

We watched as our parents pulled out of the garage and drove off up the

road. My brother looked over at me, "I've done all that you wanted me to."

Nervously staring at the ground while kicking at the grass with my foot

i answered, "Yeah."

"Do you have a nice formal dress?"

I nodded in the affirmative to his request.

"Good. Go take a shower, put it on, and pull your hair up." He leaned

in towards me and fiddled with my hair.

I walked away, no words exchanged and no eye contact made. It had

become very clear to me that this was going to happen. I glanced at him

out of the corner of my eye as I walked into the house. I could feel his

eyes staring into my soul, and looking at my ass as I walked away.

I shut the door to my room behind me as I walked in. I opened my closet

and looked around. I had a formal dress from Prom last year. I had a real

ugly bridesmaid dress from my friend's sister's wedding. The style wasn't

real ugly but the color was sure horrid. As I reached into my closet I

caught a whiff of myself. I needed a shower; especially since I was going

to have an intimate evening.

I made quick work of my shower. I scrubbed down every smelly part of my

body I could think of I had heard stories of smelly pussies and I didn't

plan on having one of those. I made sure I cleaned out every nook and

cranny so my brother would enjoy it. After drying off I wrapped my towel

around me. I looked at myself in the mirror. I knew what I wanted to do.

It would drive my brother crazy seeing me in nothing but a towel just out

of the shower.

I tightened up my towel and walked towards his bedroom. Opening his

door I saw him standing there tightening up a necktie. "Really? A suit

and tie? You tell me to put on a formal and you've got on a suit and tie?

I'm not wearing a formal if you aren't wearing a tux."

"Don't you have a nice dress?"

"Of course I do. Would you like something with a nice design? Perhaps

something thats just a solid color?" I kept watching my brothers eyes as

they were moving up and down my body. Like most men he tended to slow down and stop in the chest area. Talking to him in a towel was more fun than I

had expected.

"Uh, I don't care. You decide. Just wear a dress."

I smiled and walked towards my room. It felt nice having the one with

the power. I could tell that he was wrapped around my finger. Not only in

the way he looked at me but also in the way he talked. He seemed to calm

and so fascinated all at the same time.

Back in my room I looked in my closet again. I had a few beautiful

solid color dresses. I considered the maroon dress and the dark blue

dress. They were pretty but I wanted something that looked a bit innocent.

Thats when I saw it. My summer dress that my mom had bought be a few

months ago. It was rather cute. A nice soft yellow background with

flowery patterns. It didn't come out and say that I was preparing to get

stuffed like the Thanksgiving turkey. Yes, thats what I wanted, the sweet

innocent look.

I looked at myself in the mirror and dropped my towel. I looked myself

over and wondered if my brother would really enjoy looking at my naked

body. I had always felt really self-conscious about my body. With all the

perfect women out there in magazines it was hard not to. But they are all

edited pictures anyways, right?

I put on my dress and looked back at myself in the mirror. I had to do

something with my hair. I couldn't put it all up with an innocent looking

summer dress on. So I did the best I could. I grabbed the largest brett

and put it in the back. It gave the top half of my hair a slight lift and

giving me that sweet church girl look.

I pushed my breasts together and lifted them up. They fell right back

to where they normally sat. I wasn't sure why I did that but I had seen it

so many times in the movies. It just seemed like something to do. I took

one last look at myself in the mirror and one last deep breath. Here goes

nothing.

My brother started things out right. He opened the door for me on the

way out. He even opened the passenger door to our dad's truck and gave me

his hand to help me up inside. I was rather impressed. The personal

thoughts that I read in my brother's journal was far from the way he was

treating me.

He drove me to a nice italian restaurant. I've heard that Italian is a

terrible idea for a first date. On the other hand how often does your own

brother take you out on a date? We had a nice time and he seemed to open

up to me. We talked about everything except sex. We talked about school

and what he learned his first year of college. We talked about friends and

music. It was rather nice.

Following dinner he brought me out to a movie. We watched a chick flick

which must have been a hard thing for him to do. He had always made fun of

me every time I watched them at home. The most awkward thing happened

during the movie. My brother reached over and held my hand as if I were

his girlfriend. I wasn't sure what to think of it.

When the movie ended I figured that was it. I figured I would be on my

way back home to be giving my brother his night of a lifetime. Much to my

surprise my brother didn't drive towards our house. He drove up into the

foothills. I didn't say a word. I just looked at him with that

what-are-we-doing stare. He drove up to an empty location and drove off

the road a ways. After parking the truck he jumped out. I was so confused

about what was happening. Being gentlemanly he came and opened my door for me again and also a hand to help me out.

"What are we doing?" I finally asked. There was no way in hell we were

doing it for the first time up here.

"I thought you might like to come up here and look at the stars with

me." My brother's response caught me off guard.

"What the hell have you done with my brother? Are you from a far off

planet? You abducted him and plan on taking over the world?" My brother

stared at me with the most awkward look.

"Just shut up and get in the back of the truck."

He helped me up and jumped up after me. He immediately laid down and

put his hands up behind his head. This gave me a perfect location in which

to cuddle up to him. I laid my head on his arm and squeezed in close. I

had never imagined my brother to be the romantic type. This particular

evening he had been laying it on thick. I didn't mind. I really liked it.

We lay there in silence for quite some time just looking up to the sky. To

me it was perfect. We were comfortable enough with each other that we

didn't need to talk to be together.

My brother finally broke the silence. He was ready to go and I was

about ready myself. He again helped me out of the back of the truck,

opened my door, and helped me into the cab. During this action I had the

most wicked thought. I needed to tease him more. So directly after

shutting the door I began to act fast. I lifted up my butt and pulled my

panties off. I was able to get them over my feet and sit back up before he

opened his door.

I waited for him to jump in and get the truck going. He was about to

shift it into drive when I surprised him with my panties. "Hey, I have

something for you." I let my panties hang from my index finger.

"Where did those come from?" My brother's gullible question made me

laugh.

"I took them off for you." I bit my lower lip and lowered my chin

slightly.

My brother simply smiled, "Thanks." With his response I tossed them onto

his lap. He picked them up and held onto them as he drove us back down the

hill.

We pulled in the driveway and I waited for my brother to open my door

for me again. He had been so nice to me all night. It was far from the

way he used to treat me. We stopped at the door and he looked me over once

more.

"Do you want me to carry you inside?" This was an interesting proposal

coming from him.

"Yeah. I would like that."

He put his arm behind my back and I leaned into it. With one swoop I

was no longer standing on the ground but completely in my brother's arms.

He somehow got the door open and walked me inside. He carried me all the

way to my bedroom door while I longingly stared into his eyes.

"Oh, wait a minute. Could you just give me a quick second?" My request

seemed to come across as a bit odd to him. "I'll be quick."

He put me down and I went into my room and shut the door. I quickly ran

over and started the previously set up camera. I ran back to the door and

swung it open.

"OK. I'm ready. You can come in now."

My brother stepped in and that was it. At this point we were no longer

just brother and sister. At this moment we became lovers. I put my arms

around his neck and pulled him in. Our first kiss was deep and passionate.

And thats how it began. We moved to my bed still kissing along the way.

We made out for what seemed like an eternity. He would just keep kissing

me without making the next move.

I finally made the move myself and loosened his tie. I started at the

top and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Ripping it open I stopped and looked

down at his chest. I rubbed my hands across him and pushed my pelvis into

his. He took his shirt off and came back down for more kissing. I was

really enjoying it but after such a long buildup I was ready to get all of

this over. I started on his belt and then on his zipper. I eased his

pants downwards and reached for a handful of his ass.

I squeezed his ass and felt his cock press into my hot pussy. By this

time the only thing separating our love was the thin piece of cloth on my

dress that my brother had not bothered to move. I wiggled downwards a bit

and reached as far as I could. This time I grabbed his ass from the bottom

and squeezed again. The feel of his hard cock pressing into my cunt was

the best stimulation it had ever had.

My brother finally stopped kissing me and rested his forehead against

mine. "Shit. I forgot to grab the condoms."

Dammit. I was pissed. "You mean you forgot to get some?"

"No, I got them. They are in my room."

"Well go get one. You aren't having sex with me unless you have one

on."

My brother stood up with his pants hanging from his thighs. This was

the first time I got a good look at his cock. There it hung in all it's

glory. I had seen larger cocks on the internet. One thing was for

certain, when it pressed into my pussy it felt like a damn truck. Even

though his cock wasn't as large as others he sure had a nice set of balls

hanging off of them. A couple of big nuts swinging in their sack.

He pulled his pants off, "I'll be right back." I watched his ass as it

ran out of my room.

It wasn't long before he was back holding the biggest box of condoms I

have ever seen. "Do you really think I'm going to let you stick your cock

in me that many times?"

My brother looked at me with a bit of embarrassment. "I just figured I

should be prepared."

"Just pull one out and get it on." I lay there in my pretty flowered

summer dress. My hair was disheveled from our erotic make out session and

my pussy was dripping its moisture to the back side my dress. My brother

was naked as can be while I was still covered. "Are you sure you want to

have sex with your own sister?"

"Don't you want to do it anymore?"

"Of course I'll do it with you. But you have to take my clothes off

first. And I want you to do it gently and lustfully."

My brother smiled. He had gotten his condom wrapped around his cock.

It was unfortunate really. I wanted to feel his cock in me without any

barriers. But I was more concerned about pregnancy that I was about the

feel of his cock. He reached his hand down and grabbed my arm. He pulled

me upwards to a sitting position. He kissed me passionately and reached

behind me. His kisses were so erotic. I would have sworn that there was

an electrical charge between our lips.

He finally got around to unzipping my dress and his hands caressed my

back. I never felt this way about anyone. His touch nearly brought me

over the edge. One of his hands wandered up and grasped the back of my

neck. His other hand rubbed it's way down. For the first time my brother

finally grabbed my ass. He squeezed firmly with his strong hand.

He released his firm grip on my body and reached to the dress still

resting on my shoulders. His hands lifted it gently and then let it drop,

exposing my still bra covered chest. He caressed my chest between my neck

and cleavage coming ever so close to my breasts and then pulling away. His

teasing had begun to get on my nerves. I just wanted it. I grabbed his

hands and placed them on my breasts. He responded with a gentle squeeze.

He finally reached around and tried opening my bra. He fumbled with it

for some time. He lost hold of it at one point and it snapped back into

me. I let out a scream of pain and looked at him a bit menacingly. I

reached behind my back. No words needed to be exchanged as I unclasped my

bra.

In the same way he let my dress fall he now did with my bra. I let my

arms down to let my bra slide off. His hands finally made contact with my

breasts. I could feel an electric pulse of energy go from the tips of my

nipples down to my panty-less crotch. My pussy was suddenly bombarded by

wetness.

My brother stopped kissing my lips. He finally moved on. He moved to

my neck where he coerced my first moans. He kissed down to my chest,

lingering just above my breasts. I knew that I would have to make all the

first moves. I was frustrated and so horny. I reached down and cupped my

left breast. I grabbed the back of his head with my other hand and

forcefully suggested that he should suckle me.

When his lips finally touched my nipple I moaned with delight. A squeal

emerged from somewhere deep within me. Hearing my moaning he became even more lustful towards my breasts. His passion began to be overwhelming and I could see my brother going from the caring and understanding man who

brought me out on a fantastic date to the guy in his journal. I placed my

hands on his head and I could feel him relax. I felt like I had so much

power over my brother. I felt as if I were the one with the upper hand.

My brother finally made a move. This whole time I was the one moving

things along but it was this time that he finally moved forward. he kissed

down my stomach to my belly button. Once there he ran out of room, my

dress still resting on my hips. He pulled downwards on it while I lifted

my ass up. My dress was was pulled down off my legs. After all this time

I was finally naked. I lay there on my bed allowing my brother's eyes see

me in my most natural state.

He leaned back in towards me. This time instead of coming in to kiss my

lips he gently slid his hand in between my legs. Me moved his face towards

my pussy. I spread open my legs for him allowing his eyes to view my never

before penetrated flower. I heard his nose bring in a healthy amount of

air. My scent was welcoming him like an old friend. His hands fumbled

around my pussy lips. He was obviously unaware of what to do first. His

lips touched me. His tongue protruded into my labia.

I had never felt anything like it. All the self pleasure in the world

would have never prepared me for the feel of a tongue on my most sensual

spot. My moans became deep and much more obstreperous than I had ever

expected. His tongue lapped at my pussy over and over. It took a bit

after the initial shock before I began feeling what I enjoyed more. I

loved feeling his tongue as it passed over my vaginal opening. As he

wandered away from there I wished for his return. I reached down and

interrupted him. I touched the tip of his tongue with my finger and rubbed

around my pussy's hole. He got the hint and returned.

He licked at my vagina and I could feel my juices flowing into his

mouth. He focused his intensity deeply while trying to penetrate me with

his tongue. I reached down and began rubbing my clit but it didn't take

long for him to take over for me. He inserted his finger into my cunt and

began to focus on my clit with his tongue. My moans intensified and I

started fucking his face.

"Fuck Me! Fuck Me NOW!" My words penetrated the thick musty smell of my

pussy juice. My brother moved himself upwards and rested his body on mine.

He kissed me and my taste landed upon my lips. I could feel his cock

knocking at my door. He was there sitting on my steps ready to storm my

castle. I reached down grabbing his ass and pushed him. My pussy was so

wet, his cock so hard, that he slid right into my wanton love hole.

There was one thing for sure, my brothers cock was more filling that my

old hairbrush. I felt my pussy stretch open to make room for him. We were

physically connected as one. He looked into my eyes and we became

emotionally connected. Never before had I felt this way.

My brothers cock began to move. I slid in and out gently caressing my

pussy's inner walls. I moved my hips in tandem with his. The rhythm of

our love was like that of Beethoven's fifth, but it was us writing one more

movement. My brother's cock was the baton of our orchestra.

Unfortunately it didn't take long for his cock to begin throbbing. I

could feel his orgasm beginning to pulse through his body. I did what I

could to tighten my muscles. I did it to tighten my pussy around his cock.

His orgasm subsided and his cock slid out.

I watched him as he sat up on his knees. His cock had softened just

slightly. He pulled on the condom, removing it from his now virgin-less

cock. I felt proud knowing that I his virginity was now mine. It was like

a gift we had given to each other of endless worth.

He looked down at me with what seemed like a never ending respect. "I

haven't orgasmed." My voice quivered as I shared my thoughts.

He smiled at me and move back towards my body. His face once again met

with my pussy. He ravished my cunt with his tongue. This time he went

right for my clit but I was more than ready. The flicker of his tongue

across my love brought be quickly to orgasm. My moans of ecstasy filled

the air.

My brother moved up beside me. He collapsed down next to me. My little

single day bed didn't leave us any choice but to cuddle. I snuggled up

under his arm as I had done in the back of the truck. His warmth embraced

me. In that position we both fell asleep with the smell of our sex

lingering in the air.

The morning seemed to come quickly for me. I was so tired from the

night before that I slept like a baby. I was still laying next to my

brother although it looked as if he had shifted a bit during the night. I

looked over at the clock. I had not slept this late in a long time. On

the other hand my brother had a few more hours before his regular time to

get up.

I turned and stared at him. How did I let myself get to this point? I

really enjoyed myself but still had reservations about him being my

brother. I would have never considered this at the beginning of the summer.

It had never dawned on me that I would be laying naked next to my own

sibling. He certainly wasn't on my list for most likely to take my

virginity. I had that idealistic attitude that my virginity would be had

on my wedding night.

I didn't stare at him too long before my curiosity got the best of me.

Last night I had seen his cock erect in all it's glory. I saw his balls

hanging like delicious fruit from a man tree. During all that had happened

the night before I didn't get to touch it. i didn't get to feel his little

man throbbing in my hand. I gently lifted the blankets, careful not to

wake him, and took a long gander at his manhood.

It lay there against his leg as limp as a wet noodle. Last night I had

seen it hard as a steel rod. His nuts hung like they were relaxing in a

hammock on the beach. They looked like they needed to be touched. The way

his cock was hanging gave me the impression that it needed to be caressed.

I wiggled my way under the blanket until I was nearly face to face with his

cock and balls.

This was the first time in my life that I had seen a cock up close. I

was so fascinated by the shape. I was fascinated that men could have that

much between their legs and still walk around. My naivety was quickly

being crushed. I ran my fingers up and down his penis watching as it came

alive. It was if I had awoken it from a deep sleep while its master still

slumbered. I wrapped my hand around his ever hardening cock.

Feeling his cock in my hands was amazing. The softness of it's skin yet

the hardness of its erection. I was instantly hooked. I reached down and

cupped his balls in my hand. I gently moved them around getting a feel for

their construction. They felt like little footballs hooked to a myriad of

wiring. This whole time I had imagined them to be round as a circle.

I had told him that he would not be getting a blow job from me. Sitting

down there with it in my hands and right in front of me I began to have a

desire to experience his taste. It was his scent that really convinced me.

I moved into position and stuck out my tongue. With a little licking of

his shaft I received a taste of his manhood.

I had tasted his bitter sweet fruit of desire and I wanted more. I

moved slightly to a better position and grasped his hard cock. His rounded

mushroom head fit easily into my wide mouth. After that I wasn't sure what

I was supposed to do. I just sucked on his cock head while I jerked his

shaft with my hand. It wasn't long before I started feeling his hips begin

their fucking motion.

His cock started fucking my mouth. It was a bit more vibrant than I had

expected. It didn't take me long to adjust myself to take his cock in

further. I heard him begin to moan. I had given him a blow job to wake up

to. I could feel the intensity rising as I continued to suck his cock and

became more vigorous in my jerking. It wasn't long before I could feel his

cock begin to tighten. I had never imagined taking a man's cum into my

mouth but at that moment I knew I had to.

His cock began it's throbbing and I could feel his sperm rushing into my

mouth. the taste was salty and bitter all at the same time. I swallowed

it down and felt his little men swimming the whole way. Last night his cum

was caught by a naughty little prophylactic but this morning it was

swimming inside me.

I slid back up from underneath the blankets. "I thought you weren't

going to give me a blow job?" My brother seemed pleasantly surprised.

"I wasn't. Don't think it will ever happen again." My brother just

smiled up at me. I leaned in and kissed him, "Why don't you go back to

sleep? Its still a bit early for you." My brother smiled and lay his head

back down on my pillow.

I threw on some loose gym shorts and quietly exited my room. I felt

more sensual than I ever had before. with nothing but some gym shorts on I

wandered through the house. I sat in the recliner and brought my knees up

to my chest. I nibbled a little on the end of my thumb and giggled out

loud. I couldn't get passed it. I was a woman now. A full fledged fucked

woman.

I wanted to do something nice for my first lover. He was in my bedroom

sleeping in my bed. I felt my tummy grumble and I knew exactly what would

do it. I headed into the kitchen and looked around. A few eggs, some

cubed ham, a little pepper jack cheese, some onions and green peppers.

Everything I needed to make a fantastic omelette. The preparation of which

took much longer than I anticipated with all the slicing and dicing.

Once it started cooking it didn't take long for the omelette to come

together. Its scent filled the kitchen. I had become much more sensitive

to smells since my love session. I dished the omelette up and placed it on

a plate. I was still rather exited. In a state of perpetual wetness. So

I reached in and used my finger to gather a little of my wetness. I ran my

finger along the top of his omelette. Now it had my taste as well.

A quick glance at the clock let me know how much time I had taken to

make breakfast for my brother. It was still earlier than he normally got

up but not by too much. I quietly opened my door. My brother was still

sleeping quietly. I placed the plate on my nightstand and laid down next

to him. He was still naked as can be as he lay in my bed. I placed my

hand on his cheek and leaned in for a kiss.

His eyes opened after my supple lips left his. "Hi," I said.

"Hey. How are you?"

"Good. I made you breakfast, an omlette."

"It smells good. You didn't have to..." I cut of my brother in mid

sentence.

"But I wanted to. You were so good to me yesterday."

"Yeah, but in return you had sex with me."

"And now I've made you breakfast," I replied as I reached for the plate.

I handed the omlette to my brother and watched him as he took the first

bite. I got so horny watching him eat the omlette that I made and topped

off with my juice. With every bite I imagined him licking my wet cunt

again.

"This is really good sis." My brother's words snapped me out of my

thoughts.

"Thanks, I topped it off with my special sauce."

"I don't know what sauce that is but its great." He looked up at me and

smiled. Then he reached over and grabbed my exposed breast and gave it a

little squeeze.

"Just finish it and then I'll give you dessert."

I watched as my brother took the last bite. "Dessert for breakfast?"

"Yeah, its covered with my special sauce."

"What is it?"

I stood up and tried my best to slide my shorts off in a sexy manner.

"Next you get to eat my pussy for breakfast." I put one leg up on my bed

spreading as far as I could. He leaned in and gave my pussy a little

taste. "Oh, so thats where your special sauce came from." My brother's

density sometimes suprised me. "Let me go use the bathroom and I'll be

back in to eat you out."

He climbed out of my bed and left my room. I watched his ass as it ran

away. Oh my, it was so cute! I lay down where he was. His scent was

still lingering in the air. I smelled my sheets and could smell his cock.

"Hey sis, what are you doing?"

Startled, I rolled over onto my back. "Just smelling where you slept."

By the time he had returned from using the bathroom his cock had once again

become erect. His cock head pointed to the ceiling as if saluting me. His

balls hung from his majestic pole like service medals on a uniform. "Do

you want to eat my pussy for breakfast?"

My brother moved between my legs and got to work. He suprisingly

remembered what I liked the night before and started in on my vaginal

opening. He licked circles around my love hole and started penetrating me

with his tongue. He worked my hole over and over and finally gave my pussy

a lick upwards. Eroticism encompassed my body as my brother started in on

my clit. His warm and soft tongue worked my clit over and over. He sucked

it gently while penetrating me with his finger. I could feel my body

beginning to climax. I moaned more loudly as an orgasm ripped through my

body. He continued to work my pussy as I came on his face.

"Fuck that was good!" My exclamation brought a smile to my brother's

face.

"You did give me an unexpected blow job this morning."

The thought of my brothers cock penetrating me overcame my thoughts.

"It looks like your cock is ready to fuck me again."

"Are you sure that you want to keep doing it with me? You did give me

the impression that I would be stuck with a mostly full box of condoms."

"Yeah, its better than I expected."

I watched his cock swing about as he got up to get another condom. I

stood up and led him back to my bed With no words exchanged I suggested

that he sit at the head of my bed. I watched him as he fumbled to get the

condom onto his cock. I moved onto the end of my bed and began to crawl

towards him.

I kissed his legs all the way up. I nibbled on his nut sack and

teasingly bypassed his cock. I kissed through his pubic hair and up to his

belly button. I tongue fucked his belly button before moving on. I

reached his nipples and gave them both a good tongue lashing. I reached

his neck and ravished him like a wild beast.

I stood up on my bed with my pussy in his face. He grabbed my ass and

pulled me in. I could feel his tongue reaching in for my love. I pulled

back on his hair and made eye contact with him. I slowly lowered myself

down keeping his eyes locked with mine. I gazed deep into his soul. We

connected emotionally as brother and sister. But most importantly we

connected emotionally as lovers. I kissed him on the lips as his prick

made contact with my pussy.

Being as horny and wet as I was earlier, his cock slid right into my

love tunnel. I bounced vigorously on his hardness while gently giving him

lusful kisses. He began to moan. "I can feel your pussy juice running

down my balls."

His words drove me crazy! I started bucking back and forth as fast as I

could. He tightly grabbed my ass. I could feel his body beginning to

tense up. His cock began throbbing inside me. He moaned loudly and I

could feel his body shake. I didn't have an orgasm that time but I felt a

little jolt through my body as his cock trobbed inside me.

I stayed on his cock as long as I could until it softened sufficiently

enough to fall from my grace. I moved off my brother to allow him room for

condom removal. Once he had set his used condom on my nightstand I moved

back over him. I gave him a kiss.

"I think I'm in love with you." Although the words came from my mouth I

was still shocked to hear them. "Not just love you because your my

brother, but I think I've fallen in love with you."

"I love you too sis."

"Really? Do you? Have you fallen in love with me?"

"I love you more than I ever have. I'm not sure if I have fallen in

love with you."

I felt a bit dissapointed. I wanted him to love all of me. I wanted

our hearts to connect and become one as we had during sex. "Well, I'm

going to take a shower then. Could you take your used condoms out to the

trash?"

"Yeah. I'll do that."

I left my room heading for the shower. The hot water rushed down on me.

What the fuck had I done? I had fucked my own brother then I told him I

loved him. I wished I could take back some of the things I had said. I

began washing my hair when I heard the bathroom door open. I felt a rush

of cold air mix with my hot steamy shower.

"Can I get in with you?" I heard what my brother had said. I was

dissapointed in myself and took a moment to respond.

"If you want to."

His head poked into the shower and paused. He looked at me and smiled.

I responded with a half smile. His body soon followed his head as he

stepped in. I turned away from him to allow the water to cascade down my

chest. I kept scubbing my head and soon felt his hands begin to help. I

let him wash my hair. He made sure that each strand had been scrubbed

before tugging on my shoulder.

I turned around and looked at him. He picked up the soap and lathered

it in his hands. He started up top and washed my body. His soapy hands

caressed my neck. They moved down to my arms. He kissed my arms downward and then scrubbed his kisses off. I lifted my arms for him and he washed my armpits. His hands moved onto my chest. He lingered there for some time. My breasts had to be cleaner than they ever had been. He turned me sideways and moved behind me. He washed my stomach paying careful

attention to by belly button. He finally reached my pussy where he made

sure to clean between my lips and labia. He rubbed it with his soapy

hands. The feelings coming from my pussy were reminiscent of his oral sex.

He turned me back around and got on his knees. His hands rubbed my thighs

down to my feet. He lathered his hands one last time and lifted my feet. I

could feel his kisses right before he washed them off.

He stood up and turned me around. he rinsed off my body with his hands.

I turned back around and rinsed off my hair as he caressed my breasts. He

suggested I move back around placing his hands on my back. Leaning in he

kissed me on my neck. "I'm in love with you. But I can't be. I can't be

in love with my sister."

I turned back towards him. I put my arms around his neck. "The sex was

your fantasy. Love is mine. I love you and you can love me back. Its

ok."

Our lips met in an embrace. He moved my ass up against the side of the

shower. I could feel his cock moving in between my legs. The angle was

too far off for penetration. He began sliding his cock in and out anyways.

I could feel him moving between my lips. I moved my hips in unison with

his. I moaned with ecstacy as his cock was stimulating my clit. The

humping became faster and faster until I felt my orgasm grip my body. My

brother gave me one last hump and I thought I felt his cock throbbing

again.

My orgasm finally subsided. "Did you cum too?"

"Yeah. I couldn't stop it. You may want to wash my sperm off of your

pussy."

I could feel it's warmth between my legs. "You dick. You aren't

supposed to cum on my pussy." I started washing myself off.

"If you loved me you would let me cum on it." My brothers comment came

across as rather sarcastic.

"Fuck you. If you loved me you would have licked it off instead of

telling me to wash it off."

My brother kissed me one last time before we traded spots placing him

underneath the cascading water. I returned the favor washing his body as

he had done mine.

Our weekend continued on with sex happening as often as was needed. We

were so horny we could barely be bothered to leave the house for dinner.

We ordered in a pizza and ran around the house all day.

The summer turned into a fun one. My brother fucked me everywhere

possible. He fucked me in the kitchen, the hallway, on the staircase, on

the couch, and even in our parents bedroom. After some time my borther and

I had discovered that our parents were completely clueless to our actions,

leaving open the option for us to sleep in the same bed at night.

Our sex did not stay indoors either. He fucked me in our backyard and

in our garage. We even went camping one weekend and fucked all over a

public campsite. The nearby stream also saw some action. With each love

making session I fell for my brother that much more. Needless to say my

savings began dwindling slightly as our demand for condoms rose.

Unfortunately the summer began to come to an end. It wasn't long before

he was buying up books for his next semester. I didn't want him to go. I

wanted him to stay with me and give me the love I needed. But I understood

the need for his education.

Our last night together was bitter sweet. We made love like it was our

first time. But that time we did something we had never done before. That

time I took the condoms out of my brother's hand and set it aside. That

time he came in me with every orgasm. It was the last thing I could give

my brother. It was the only thing I hadn't competely given to my brother

all summer.

I'll never forget the last words he said to be before he left. It

wasn't the words as much as it was the way he said it. As he looked deep

into my soul he said, "I love you." And that was it. He was gone. I left

my junior year of high school a girl. I was returning my senior year as a

woman.

Right before Thanksgiving came around I heard from my mother that he had

met a girl. He planned on bringing her home to Thanksgiving dinner. It

was heartwrenching watching that bitch sit across the talbe from me. I was

so jealous of her. How the hell could she swoop in and take my brother

away from me like that? My heart was broken.

During the Thanksgiving break I logged onto my brother's computer one

last time. I sifted through his new data collected over the summer. I

found pictures of his girlfriend naked on his dorm room bed. It hurt

seeing her there. I wanted to be in her place. I ran across a video of

them together. Tears poured from my eyes as I watched him make love to

her. Every thrust of his cock into her body felt like a stab in my heart.

Near the end of the video I felt a hand on my shoulder. I knew who it

was but I was crying too hard to face him. "I'm sorry. I know you really

loved me. I was in love with you too. I still am. We can't marry each

other. You know that." His hands lifted my chin. He wiped the tears from

my eyes. "She is a great girl. I know that once you get to know her you

will like her." He leaned in and gave me one last kiss.

My brother got married and I attended the wedding. I was jealous the

whole time. My heart was full of hateful thoughts. My passionate feelings

towards my brother caused me to cry for weeks afterwards.

Its been four years since then. I've got a few years left of college

and still no knight in shining armor. Admittedly I have been cautious

about the men I date. To this day my brother is the only man to whom I

have given my whole self.

I have only recently begun mending my relationship with him. We have

talked openly about our past and our future. There is no doubt that what

once was will never be again. He is madly in love with his wife who has

given him a beautiful son. He was right about her. She is a really

wonderful woman. I'm just glad to see that he is happy.