My Private Camwhore by AnonyMPC

\*\*\*\* Chapter 1

I never intended to become a blackmailer. I was only trying to protect

my sister at first. I always thought of myself as a good person. But I

couldn't resist temptation when it came down to it. It happened at kind of a lonely time in my life. I never had many friends at school, and lately

my best friend Kirk had been blowing me off with stupid excuses about stuff he had to do, so I was feeling down and spent most evenings at home.

Almost every day I would lock myself in my room and go on the nternet.

There, I could get on camwhore sites and look at girls my age and talk to

them without them having to see me, which always made me nervous. It got to be addictive. You never know what you'll see there. At least once a week, and sometimes once a day, I would see some hot girl's boobs. If I was lucky, I'd see vag or one of the girls would be convinced to bate on

cam. These days were epic, and I fapped along.

I felt a little bad for those girls. Many of them ended up getting

recorded, and the videos spread all over the place. Some were even

blackmailed into doing more than they wanted. I didn't like that part of

it, but I wanted to see boobies and so became one of the faceless crowd of people in those rooms asking for them to show us tummy or bra in hopes of more.

That all changed in a heartbeat. I always kept a watch out for the new

users, since they were the ones most likely to be talked into something. I

checked out a new user's room several times an hour. One time, I entered a room and was rewarded with the image of a girl's flat tummy. That was always a good sign, and my dick started to harden in anticipation. Then, as I looked closer, I realized I recognized the room. When she stopped showing her tummy and sat back down in front of the computer, my suspicions were confirmed. It was my sister. She was only down the hall from me, in her room, and I was watching her on webcam.

My sister Erin is only twelve, three years younger than me. She's got

long dark brown hair and is super cute, with a smile and a bubbly look, and faint freckles that you can only see when you get close. When she laughs she reminds me of one of those cartoon faeries, except with tiny braces. She usually dressed a little boyishly, preferring jeans over skirts and not yet into makeup, and her hair often looked a little bit messy. Erin was also a cool kid, by my judgment. She was sweet and really smart for her age, and into a lot of the same geeky stuff as I was. Sure she bugged me a lot, too, but I loved her, and would do anything for her. Our dad died when we were young so I was more protective of her than most older brothers.

And I'd just been hard at seeing her flashing her tummy. The other

people in the chat room were asking to see it again, and some were asking her to flash bra or panties. I sat there, dumbfounded, and watched as she flashed her tummy again. Then, with an embarrassed smile, she answered the demands of those in the chat room and pulled her shirt up higher, over her training bra.

I knew what would happen if I didn't act. She was like a lot of girls,

in love with the sudden attention she was getting and willing to go a

little farther each time. It was trouble. I had to put a stop to it. You

might be willing to let that happen to some stranger, but if you see

trouble coming at your sister, you do whatever it takes to protect her. So

I did the first thing I could think of ... I messaged her, a private

message. "I know who you are," I typed, and then added her name. "Unless you want everyone you know to know what you've done, you'll do as I say."

My heart broke a little as I saw her panicked expression while she read

my message. But it was all I could think of ... put a scare in her big

enough that would convince her never to try something again. I told her to make the room private and kick everybody but me out. It took a few

minutes, but she did. I was alone with her in the chat room, just like I

was in the house.

She asked who I was. "I'm not going to tell you," I typed. "But I know

who you are." I didn't know what to type next. I just knew I had to make

it look good so she'd be scared enough. "Do what I say or it'll be big

trouble for you. From now on you're not going to be going on webcam with anybody else." Neither of us typed with proper capitalizations or grammar, but that was the essence of what was said.

"What do you want me to show you?" she asked.

That did it. I realized I could get her to show me something she hadn't

showed yet. My penis jumped up and saluted that idea. I told myself that if I got her actually doing something, she'd be even more scared and not want to try something like this again. "Show me your bare bum," I typed, telling myself that was innocent. I'd seen that before years ago when she was getting spanked for being bratty. Brothers saw that all the time.

On the screen, she pulled down her pants and I saw her little panties

with monkeys on them. Her perfect little butt turned towards me and she

peeled them down, revealing her bare ass. It was so cute. And looked so

hot. I rubbed myself through my pants, ashamed of myself but unable to

stop. What I was doing hit home suddenly and I freaked out. "Okay, that's enough," I typed.

"It is?" she responded, looking dubious.

"For now. But if I find out you've been showing yourself on camera to

anybody else, I'll be very mad." I was going to leave it there, I swear ...

but then fear crept into me. She could report me to the site's admin, or

our parents, and if an investigation were launched, it might lead back to

me. So I had to scare her even more. "Get on this time tomorrow and

invite only me." That would give me time to think. "And remember, I know who you are but you don't know who I am. I'll be watching. If I find out you've told anybody about this, or gone to the police, I can hurt you and your family before they could find me." I told her she could go, and she logged off.

I realized that I had saved a capture of our video chat. I didn't even

remember starting it. But I saved it anyway, and watched it again, fapping to my sister for the first time, and coming up with a plan.

That night at dinner after Mom came home I noticed Erin looked glum,

like she was crying, and I felt like a piece of dirt. Dinner was

uncharacteristically quiet, and Mom asked if anything was wrong, but to my relief, Erin just shook her head and said she had a lot of homework.

I couldn't get the image of my sister's little butt out of my mind. It

was so wrong, but it made my heart flutter thinking about it. I knew I had to do two things the next day. I had to make sure I could keep an eye on the situation. I had to try to ease some of her fears while keeping her too scared to tell anybody. And I had to see more. It was difficult, but I had an idea.

I came home from school at lunch instead of staying at school like

usual, and snuck into my sister's room, putting a program on her computer that I'd found the night before. I knew her passwords so it was easy to break in and give me the administrator access I needed. The program was a special type of spyware. I could watch her webcam at any time, even if she didn't want me to, and without the camera light turning on. It also let me monitor her IMs and almost anything else I wanted. It was hidden carefully in a subfolder of one of her games. I went back to school, proud of myself, at least technically speaking.

When the appointed time came, I was sitting in my room, pants unzipped so my cock could be easily freed. She showed up only a few minutes late and I started a private chat. "What do you want from me?" she asked.

I had been thinking of what to say to her all through school and decided

on a mix of fear and flattery. "You're a beautiful girl, Erin. And you

could be very sexy. I know you want to be sexy, that's why you were

showing everybody else. I just want you to be sexy for me, and only me, on the camera. I promise you if you do what I say I will never touch you or try to meet you and I will only try to make you feel good. If you don't or try on tell on me, I'll make everybody you know think you're a slut, and I might even hurt your family. I don't want to, but if you don't obey me I have no choice. Do you understand?"

She nodded and wiped a tear away. "Good," I typed. "First I want you

to download this file and run it." I gave her a link. The file was

nothing, a dummy file I thought up just so that she would think that was

what was causing my special powers. I used my program to make sure she downloaded and ran it, and then told her that it let me watch her whenever I wanted and send messages directly, instead of going through the chat site. If she tried to get rid of it, I would know and I would take action.

"I won't," Erin said. She still sounded sad. It tugged at my

heartstrings. I wished I could change it. Maybe in time. But another

part of me needed tugging right then.

I told her I wanted to see her in just bra and panties. She quickly

stripped down, and looked just perfect in a pair of tight red panties with

stars on them. The training bra was white. I asked her to pose like a

model, and she got into a variety of poses while I lightly stroked my cock.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore.

I typed, "Take your bra off." She hesitated, so I told her again. She

undid the strap, and stood in front of the camera, topless. Her chest was

almost flat, with just the hint of bumps the shape of tits, each tipped

with a nipple that was barely darker than the rest of the skin. I wanted

to see them in person, but I couldn't do that. This was the best I could

get. I told her to rub her nipples with her fingers, and she did. I came

close to coming, so I held off and stopped touching myself. I wanted

something else to cum to.

"Take off your panties now." She was quicker this time, but turned her

back to me, showing her ass again, and looking at the screen over her

shoulder. I told her to do a set of poses for me, and watched as my naked little sister posed like my private nude model. I told her how hot she was, how sexy she looked, even told her she could be a model. I thought I saw a smile at that.

But the camera's resolution wasn't good, and her little pussy was hard

to see from far away, just the hint of a slit. I asked her for a close up.

It was beautiful close up. Smooth, bare, just a tucked in little

package with an opening at the bottom. She didn't seem to have any hair. I began to rub my cock again, and asked her to spread the lips apart.

I couldn't resist any longer and, staring at her fingers splaying her

little pussy and the pinkness inside, I began pumping up and down my shaft I came imagining myself deep inside that hole, inside my sister's pussy.

\*\*\*\* Chapter 2

When I was done, the guilt returned. I told Erin she could stop the

close-up and get dressed if she wanted, and started asking questions.

Whether she had a boyfriend, had she ever kissed, and so on.

What I found out was a bit of a shock. The girl I thought was my

innocent little sister had done more with the opposite sex than I had. I'd

kissed a few girls, but hadn't even made it to second base. My sister told

me she'd not only had a boyfriend who she kissed, but had also touched his penis and gave him a hand job, although she called it "rubbing his

thingie". She didn't have a boyfriend now, though ... when she didn't want to put his "thingie" in her mouth, he found another girlfriend. My

brotherly instincts flared up and I wanted to kick the jerk's teeth in, but

at the same time I was glad she hadn't done more.

Next I asked her if she masturbated. She claimed she hadn't. My cock

was back, semi-hard once again and it was hard to resist its demands ... I asked her to do it for me. She said she didn't know how, so I taught her.

I told her to take off her panties and rub her finger up her slit, over

and over again. I pointed out what her clit was (I think) and told her to

rub that too. I know it was sick, but it was so incredibly stimulating

watching a little 12 year old masturbate, and all the more so because it

was her, my sister. She didn't seem to be as into it as the girls in porn

videos were, but she looked spectacular doing it, and when I asked, she

said it felt funny, but kind of good. But she seemed to be getting bored

with it, so after I came for the second time that night, watching her run

her fingers in and out of her tight pussy hole, I told her that was enough

for that night.

I had taped it all, of course, and would watch it right before bed and

jack off once more to the video, but I didn't want to take up all of her

time and make her feel like a slave. At least I didn't think I did.

Over the next few days, in small pieces, I got to see every inch of my

sister's body, in every position imaginable. I had her masturbate a few

times, often while she was watching porn videos that I'd found and made her watch. Although I didn't see her orgasm, I thought I might have come close once when I got her to stick her electric toothbrush in her vagina and turn it on. After a few minutes feeling the vibrations in her hole she began breathing very heavily and forced and there were a few seconds of that video where she just smiled in pure pleasure that I watched over and over again, most than the more hardcore parts.

I tried to view myself more as a teacher, even a friend, than just a

blackmailer. I was cumming buckets myself but I wanted to make her happy.

I spent a lot of time just talking to her about her day as the blackmailer

without wanting anything sexual, and when it did involve sex, I tried to

teach her about what guys like and would make her feel good. I got her to simulate a blowjob on a banana from the fridge, showing her how to do it right, when I learned the reason she lost her boyfriend was for fear that

she'd do it wrong. I knew I was getting more out of it than she was, but

telling myself I was helping her too was important to me.

But as much as I got, I always wanted more, and I still felt guilty. To

make up for the bad things I was doing, when I was really with my sister,

instead of being on the other end of the computer, I treated her better,

even treated her to ice cream after school. That lead to an awkward moment as she began to suck on the ice cream in a way that reminded me of her blowjob lessons, and I got an uncomfortable erection, that I was only able to hide by not getting up from the booth until it had gone away.

That began to be a continuing problem. Now when I was with her, I was almost a hair trigger for erections. How could I not be? I'd seen what a tight body was under those plain clothes, I often knew what panties she'd be wearing and could picture them hugging her body and her peeling them off. I was worried that I'd go too far and she'd notice and maybe everything would be unraveled. Or, worse, that I'd forget myself and give into my desires and try and grab her, touch her.

The solution came to me in a dream. It was so simple. It was also

despicable, but so was everything I'd already done. I could back off and

not do it, but it was a perfect way to move into what I really wanted and

not have her hate me for it.

I already had some tricks set up to help disguise my identity. I could

set a timer so that a message from The Blackmailer would show up a

predetermined time after I sent it, so I, as her brother, could be doing

something else like making noise in the kitchen or running to the bathroom when it appeared. I could make use of this trick in a way that hadn't occurred to me until the night I dreamed I was talking to her both as her brother while the Blackmailer told her to do things to me. I couldn't do that, but what I could do was close enough.

While she was doing her homework, I, as the Blackmailer, was talking to her about her day like she normally was. She was dressed, but wasn't

wearing her bra under her shirt because I'd asked her not to, so she could

flash me when I wanted. I set a message on a delay, to take off her shirt

and flash her boobs. I then went to walk down the hall and opened her door without knocking to ask her if she knew where my PSP was. I hadn't timed it correctly ... when I opened it, she was just about to raise her shirt but hadn't done more than hold onto the bottom in preparation. Her hands dropped as soon as I started speaking.

When she realized it was me, she freaked out and began to cover the

screen with one hand, trying to close the windows with her other. "Andrew!

Don't you knock?" she yelled.

"Sorry," I said. "I just thought you might have borrowed it and I want

to play with it, I'm bored."

"I don't have it."

I grinned a little. "What are you doing anyway? Talking to a

boyfriend?"

"No," she said simply with a sad look on her face. "Just a ... friend.

But it's private."

"Okay," I said. "Whatever. Let me know if you see my PSP."

I left, and returned to my room. There, I quickly typed "So I'm a

friend, am I?" Even though she usually typed her answers to me, her camera had a mike in it so I could hear anything that went on. I usually listened to it with earphones.

"No," she typed. "But I couldn't tell the truth, could I?" Her mouth

was a tiny little line, not happy at all. I was sorry about that, but it

gave me the opportunity I wanted.

"That's too bad. But to show I'm not completely heartless ... do you

want a chance to get rid of me?"

She furrowed her brow and typed "How?"

My heart began beating fast as I laid it out for her. It could be a

make or break moment. "I want you to call Andrew into your room and offer to give him a blowjob."

Her mouth made a little o-shape in surprise. "I can't do that," she

typed. "He's my brother!"

"So?"

"He'll think I'm sick!"

I smiled to myself. "I'm betting he won't. And if he refuses, I

promise I'll go away and never bother you again. You can tell him it was

just a dare, or whatever you want to tell him. But if he says yes, then

you have to give him one and swallow his cum, and tell him you'll give him one whenever he wants." Getting bold, I added, "In fact, anything sexual he wants you to do you have to let him. But you have to do it on camera, or the deal's off, and of course you can't tell him, or you know what will happen..."

She bit on her lip in the cute way she did when she was thinking

something over, and I crossed my fingers in anticipation. Then she

adjusted the camera view so it was focused more on the bed and I knew my dreams were about to come true. I started to record the stream coming from her cam, just as I heard her yell out my name.

"Just a second," I yelled, typed as the Blackmailer to say that I'll

just watch, then took a deep breath and tried to think of unsexy things so

that I wouldn't have a boner when I entered her room. It took almost a

minute to get it to go away, and then I went into my sister's room.

"What, did you find my PSP?" I asked.

She was already seated on the bed, looking nervous. She shook her head at my question. "I need to talk to you," she said. "Come in." She patted the covers beside her.

I went and sat down. "Sure," I said. "What do you want to talk about?"

This close, I could tell she was blushing. She didn't speak right away,

and when she did, there was a little bit of a stutter in her voice. "Do

... do you know what a b ... blowjob is?"

I tried my best to act surprised at the question. My dick rose up,

making a dent in my pants, but her eyes were down at the floor. "Yes..." I said. "Why?"

"Do you want one?" she asked, and then looked up into my eyes. "From me, I mean?"

"Really?" I asked. "You'd do that?" She nodded. "Yeah, I would love

one."

"You would?" she asked, and seemed more surprised than unhappy, which relieved me, because if she looked like she hated it I might have backed out.

"Any guy would," I said. "If you want to..."

She reached out her trembling fingers towards my jeans and undid the

button, then slowly pulled the zipper down. My dick was already hard and

throbbing, but at least now I had a proper excuse for it.

"Wow," Erin said as she pulled it free from my underwear. "It's bigger

than I thought it would be." What guy wouldn't want to hear that? And in

her delicate little hands, my cock looked that much bigger than it did in

my own. She held onto it carefully, and then looked up at me as though

asking for my permission again. I smiled.

She took it into her mouth, and as her lips flowed over my the head, the warm wetness enveloping my dick was like some kind of heaven. Her tongue moved over the head of my penis and felt like nothing I'd felt before.

I might have cum right then if I hadn't taken a precaution. When I came home from school that day, the first thing I did was take a shower. If my plan had gone off, I wanted to be as clean as possible. While I was in the shower, I also masturbated, to relieve the pressure that had been building all day as I thought about what might happen. So when it finally happened, I could last longer and enjoy the sensations.

Erin stopped focusing on the head and began to bob her head up and down the shaft, just like I taught her with the banana. I put my hand on her head to direct her slightly and also just to feel her, to prove to myself

this wasn't a delusion, I was actually feeling her silky hair as she sucked

me off. This was better than my imagination. It was more than a dream

come true.

It was my first blowjob, so I didn't know then that she still wasn't

very good, still nervous, but aside from an accidental light scrape with

her teeth, it felt fantastic to me, and that it was my own sister giving

her first real blowjob too made it something special that could never be

repeated. She couldn't go down all the way comfortably, and coughed,

pulling back entirely when she tried, but to her credit, she went right

back down. I said encouraging things as she continued to suck on me,

telling her it was amazing, that it felt so good.

In only a few minutes I felt the waves of pleasure start to build, and a

tingling rising up my shaft. I knew it was coming, and I didn't want to

surprise her. I patted her on her back. "Oh, god, okay, Erin, I'm about

to cum..." I knew she knew what that meant, and she slowed, drawing her mouth back up to the head, teasing me with her tongue. I exploded, and it felt like gallons of cum spurted out of me, and though my natural instinct was to close my eyes, I wanted to watch. It was such a beautiful sight to see my sister swallowing eagerly as jet after jet of my semen spurted down her throat.

My prick slowly softened in her mouth, and finally she let me out of her

mouth and sat up straight on her bed beside me, as I exhaled sharply,

coming down from the high and letting out all the breaths I didn't know I

was holding.

She looked up at me, eyes glistening. There was a drop of my cum on the corner of her lips. She'd never looked lovelier. "So did I do it good?"

she asked innocently.

"Are you kidding?" I answered. "That was fucking fantastic." She

giggled a little. "Thank you," I added belatedly. "So much."

"Any time," she said.

I looked into her eyes, knowing she was supposed to say this, but trying to read her true feelings. "You mean that?" She nodded, bobbing her head in what seemed like eagerness.

Even if she was only acting, I was overcome. I reached around her and

pulled her close to me and hugged her. "Wow," I said and kissed her on the forehead. "You just became the best little sister ever."

She giggled some more in response, and I thought there was real pleasure in that, but how could I be sure? Since I'd taken on this double life I learned that Erin was good at keeping her true feelings hidden. She let me hug her for a bit and then pushed away. "I've still got homework to do," she said.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Me too." I stooped up and made for the door.

"Thanks again."

I returned to my room, walking swiftly so I could step back into the

role of the Blackmailer. I opened up a message window. "He looked like he enjoyed that. How was it?"

"It was okay," she said. "A bit weird. And his gunk tasted funny."

"I'm sure you'll get used to the taste." I felt guilty as soon as I said

it, even as I savored the victory. It wasn't going to be a onetime thing.

It would happen again. I couldn't give that up once I had it.

"I guess."

"I'm going to make some dinner now, and then I need to do some other

things," I told her, wanting to release her. "I'll be back when it's time

for you to go to bed to watch you rub yourself." It was a nightly habit,

watching her rub herself. I wanted to see her have her first orgasm. She

came close, but never quite came. Usually she got bored and asked if she

could stop, and by this time I'd already cum so I was feeling too guilty to

try and force her.

I quickly reviewed the video I'd made of that first blowjob. It wasn't

the best view, her body was in the way of the real action, and nothing beat the view I had while she was giving it, but it was a special moment, so I saved it in my greatest hits directory.

\*\*\*\* Chapter 3

I didn't want to ask Erin for a blowjob too often, and when Mom was home I couldn't anyway, but there were a few hours after school that I was usually alone with her and I had a habit of going into her room and asking for a blowjob there, one a day. She got better at it, and she did it in different positions, sometimes with me lying on her bed, sometimes I stood and she knelt at my feet. It was always good, and I always hugged her afterwards, liking to feel close to her. It was crazy, especially how this whole thing started, but I thought I was quickly falling in love with my own sister.

On a Saturday afternoon, about four or five days after that first

blowjob, Mom had gone out to play cards with one of the neighbors, and I

knew she'd be gone for hours at least. I waited until my sister went into

the kitchen for a drink, and then as she passed my door, I called her in.

She had a smirk on her face. "I know what you want," she said. "You

want me to suck your thing again."

"No," I said, and then smiled. "Okay, yes. But I was thinking, you've

been so great to me, doing this for me ... I thought I should return the

favor."

She was taking a sip of cola when she said this and almost spit it up in

surprise. "What?"

"You've made me feel so good, I thought I could do the same for you.

Girls can get head too, you know."

"You want to lick me ... down there?" She acted like it was some idea

nobody'd ever thought of, like she hadn't been doing the same for me the

last few days, hadn't been shown videos of girls being eaten out by the

blackmailer.

"If you want me to. It's supposed to feel really good."

"Oh..." Her face flushed. "Okay. I guess."

I asked her in my room instead of hers because I was curious about

whether she'd follow the Blackmailer's instructions and try to get me in

front of her webcam to do it, or keep it private. I honestly didn't care

which, either way was like a victory for one side of me, but I wanted to

know.

She sat down on my bed, and my spirits soared as she undid her jeans and slipped them off, leaving her in her underwear. She hadn't tried to do it in front of the webcam. Did that mean she did it just because she wanted to?

"Cute panties," I said. They were. Sponge Bob was on them, and they

were very cute.

"You think so?" She stood, pulled her shirt up a little, and posed in

them, turning around.

I'd seen the sight before, even those panties, but it was better in

person. "Very cute ... but that might be what's inside them." She

grinned, and slowly peeled them down, revealing her pussy. That was also familiar to me, but now there was no pixilation or blurriness, and I wasn't at the mercy of a fixed view, I could move around and see it from different angles. I got out of my chair and knelt in for a closer look. "Wow," I said.

I reached out my hand and gently ran my fingers along her slit. Erin

sucked in her breath and she shuddered. "Is it okay?" I asked, suddenly

worried.

"I've just never had someone else touch there before," she said. "I

wasn't expecting it ... But it feels good."

I nodded. She was leaning back, propped up by her elbows on my bed.

But she was still wearing her top. "Can you take off your shirt?"

"Why?"

"So I can see you. Your body."

The corners of her lips turned down, and her eyes dropped. "I don't

have a body," she said shyly.

"Are you kidding?" I asked. "Of course you do. I've seen it." I had to

cover quickly. "I mean, I've seen you in a tight shirt ... even in

swimsuits. You're hot."

"I am not."

"Sure you are. Trust me. I wouldn't lie to you. Please?"

She took a breath, sat up straight, and pulled her shirt up over her

head. But she still had her little training bra on. "See, you look hot,"

I said. "But I wanna see your boobs, too."

"I don't have boobs," she said, face red, and a little sad. I couldn't

understand it. She didn't seem anywhere this shy with a stranger. "Can't

you tell?"

"Of course you have them. Don't listen to all the dorks your age in

school. Boobs don't have to be big to be beautiful." I meant it. I'd seen

thousands of boobs on the internet at least, and hers were better than any, even if they were small. "Let me be the judge."

She removed it quickly, but shyly, as though she were expecting me to

laugh or make fun of her suddenly. But I couldn't do that. She was

practically naked in front of me. "I told you," I said. "They're perfect.

You've got the perfect little body," I said. "You're incredibly sexy." I

stood, and unzipped my pants to show her my hard-on. "See? I can't be

lying; guys don't get hard unless they're turned on."

"You don't think they're too small?"

"No." I reached forward, and then stopped, deciding I should ask. "Can

I touch them?" She bit her lip and nodded. I cupped the little buds in my

hand, feeling the shape of them, rolling my thumb around the nipple. Some

guys said more than a handful was a waste, well, there certainly wasn't any waste on her.

I let go and lowered down back towards her pussy. "I guess I should get started. This is my first time so let me know if I'm not doing it right,

okay?" She nodded.

She spread her legs slightly to give me room to get right back in

between, and I stared at her pussy up close, close enough to taste if I

just extended my tongue. It had a strange smell, a little sweaty but sweet too, and intoxicating. It was also wet in a way that it didn't seem to look on camera, whether because of the resolution or because she was more excited, I couldn't say. I drank in the sight, and then began licking.

I tried to imitate the porn videos as close as I could, alternating

between licks and sucks, sometimes burying my face in her tight little

snatch and sticking my tongue inside. Erin began breathing heavily very

soon into it, and I could feel her grind her pussy into my face, which

might have been subconscious. But that wasn't the only non-passive act; I felt her hands on my head once, pushing me slightly in one direction or

another. Her breathing became heavier and sharper, until it resembled

something of a squeak, or a squeal. I put a renewed effort on her clit,

teasing my tongue around it and sucking directly, and running one finger in and out of her pussy hole.

She let out an extended, high pitch "Oh god" and tensed up, then relaxed with a deep sigh. I almost came in my pants. I'd never heard anything like that from her when she rubbed herself. Either she was suddenly an expert at faking, or she'd really had an orgasm. I kissed her pussy, and then, slowly rising, let that be the first in a trail of kissed up her mound, belly, to one of her nipples, and up her neck. When I was at her neck, she grabbed me and pulled me into a deep hot kiss on her lips, mouth spread. Her arms enveloped me, holding me to her. The embrace lasted a few seconds, and then she broke away and said, "Wow. Is that what an orgasm feels like?"

"I hope so," I said. "Cause if it feels as good as when I do, then

that's the least you deserve."

"It was incredible."

"Any time," I said. "It was fun."

She rolled on her side and said, "I guess it's your turn now."

I was already nearly ready to blow, and Erin was more enthusiastic than she'd ever been before, so I didn't last long. Afterwards, we just lied

down on my bed together, both at least half naked, me holding her close,

until I pointed out that we should probably get dressed before Mom came

home and found us like that.

She never told me the Blackmailer what she had done with me the brother.

It was ridiculous, but I felt a little annoyed at that, too. Sometimes

this double life got out of hand. It was as though there were two sides to

me, the brother who loved her and wanted her to enjoy doing sexual things with me, and the evil Blackmailer who's on the inside, hiding out, wanting to control her and collect epic videos. I was also disappointed that I got her to have an orgasm and I missed getting a video of it. As the blackmailer I made her finger herself for much longer than usual that night trying to recreate it, before I gave up and let her go to bed.

That day did change a lot though. Before she would usually blow me in

her room, and waited for me to come to her. After I ate her out the first

time, she began coming on to me, and I noticed she was directing me away from her room and into mine. We couldn't do anything serious together the next day because my Mom was home, but she flashed me her titties once while she was out of the room.

On Monday, we tried out a sixty-nine after school, I ate her out while

she gave me a blowjob in my room, and then watched TV together. Tuesday she came home too late from a friend's house, but her jeans were baggy that day and I was able to slip my finger into her pussy a few times and give it a wiggle.

Wednesday was great. She got home before me, and asked me if I wanted to fool around. I told her I had to shower first, since my last class was gym, and I'd meet her in her room. I just wanted to do it in her room, but she had an idea that won me over. "How about we shower together?"

We practically raced to the bathroom. She turned on the water first to

let it warm up, and then we stripped down. We were comfortable enough with seeing each other's bodies now that there wasn't any real embarrassment, but it was still the first time we were completely naked together, socks and all, and it felt somehow more intimate.

Even more intimate was the shower area itself. We'd gone for the

closest, the downstairs bathroom, where the shower was just a stall instead of a full bath. There was room for both of us, but we'd be close ... butthen, we wanted to be.

Erin stepped in first, and I watched her as the water rained down on

her, draping her body. Her back was to me, but she looked over her

shoulder at me with a smile as she wiggled her butt. I followed her inside

and closed the door, and put my arms around her. My cock pressed up

against her back, the base of it running along the crack of her ass. I

squeezed her little boobs and then one hand went to rub her pussy, as I

bent slightly to kiss her neck.

She turned at that, facing me, and met my lips with hers. Pretty soon

we were fully making out, our mouths joined, tongues dancing. I pushed her against one wall of the shower stall and lifted her up so the difference in our heights was no longer a problem, and Erin helped by holding me with her legs.

It was hard not to be conscious of the fact that my dick was so close to

her hole, it even rubbed and bumped up against her pussy repeatedly as we made out. It would have only taken a small motion to plunge it inside and be in heaven, and at that moment I wanted nothing more ... but my

brotherly instincts fought back, I didn't want to force it on her. I

wanted her to be ready, to ask me.

I loved her. Brotherly love, sexual love, and romantic love, it all

blended together that time in the shower. I'm sure it sounds sappy to you, but at that moment, I knew what I was meant to do with my life, and it

involved being with Erin. I also knew the blackmail had to end. I had to

kill that part of me for her sake. Maybe not right away, but soon.

The passionate making out could only go so long before a release was

needed, but I wanted her to get off first. I let her down and began to

lower, dropping one hand to her pussy and sliding my fingers in and out of her slick hole while I kissed her perfect breasts, teased the nipple with

my mouth. Then I knelt on the floor and my tongue joined my finger

exploring her privates, licking her clit the way she liked most. I could

feel her buck against me and squeal in delight. I was getting better at

making her cum, or she was already pretty hot, as it didn't take very long

for her to cum.

In return she took my cock in her hand, and rubbed it up and down, but I was already almost ready to blow. She pulled lightly on it and I imagined her pulling me to her snatch instead of her mouth, and that thought alone made me start to spurt. Glob after glob of it landed on her belly.

"I didn't even get a chance to suck on it," she said in wonder.

"Sorry, sis," I said. "You're just too hot."

I was shielding her from much of the spray from the shower, so she

rubbed the fingers of her right hand on my spunk, fascinated. "Looks like

now we really need to wash up," she said.

"Well, we're in the right place for it," I joked. I grabbed the bottle

of body wash from the little ledge under the showerhead, and squirted some on my hands, and rubbed her body over to clean her up. I cleaned her stomach and then she turned around and let me "clean" her boobs. Really I was playing with them. Either she enjoyed it or I hadn't satisfied her as much as I thought for I noticed her rubbing her own pussy while I did this. I tried to help one of my fingers joining hers as it dipped between her lips, but she quickly retreated and let me finger her alone. She didn't

orgasm again, and we soon moved back to the cleaning, which was sensual but not especially erotic.

After we were thoroughly clean, we got out, dried off, dressed, and she

made me a snack as we watched TV together in the living room, cuddling only a little more than siblings should. We split only when we heard Mom

jingling her keys at the door. By the time she entered, Erin had reseated

herself on the other side of the couch. Mom asked us about our day and we gave the usual answers that didn't say anything. Erin left for her room first, and, since I knew she was expecting the blackmailer, I made up an excuse to leave soon after so I wouldn't disappoint her.

\*\*\*\* Chapter 4

Of course, once I was back in the role of blackmailer, the resolution I

made in the shower faltered a little. I still wanted to end it, but as I

had her doing a sexy strip-tease for me, the sense of power made me think twice. I wasn't sure I could give that up. That wasn't the only thing. The only reason Erin and I became so close was because of my secret identity as the Blackmailer. Without me forcing her to, she wouldn't have given me that blowjob, after all.

In the role of the Blackmailer, I'd asked her if her brother had done

anything more, and she said no, except touching her sometimes. I worried that, even though she'd been hiding things, that it was just to keep the Blackmailer from ordering her to do more, and that if I released her from her orders, she'd want to go back to being a normal brother and sister. Or even if she still would give me blowjobs, she might not be willing to go that last step, to let her own brother fuck her, unless the blackmailer pushed her into it by making it an order. I didn't want to miss out on that opportunity. I wanted to do the right thing for my sister, but I certainly didn't want to go back to just being a lonely loser masturbating at home alone.

I spent a few days mulling it over, and going back and forth in my

feelings. When I was with her I only wanted to make her happy, when there was a computer screen between us, I didn't want to risk giving anything up. Erin, so far, didn't seem to want to move things beyond the stage they were at, at least not on her own, although we enjoyed what we were doing. As the blackmailer, I tried to get her prepared more to sex, making her watch more porn as she masturbated for me, and directing her to insert more and more into her pussy. She had a hairbrush that had a long handle that was only a little shorter and thinner than my dick, and on my instructions she fucked herself with it, grunting in pleasure but never getting off like I wanted.

The turning point in my decision came with a quiet moment of sweetness, with Erin and I just hanging out, and not doing anything sexual at all. We were watching one of her shows, iCarly or Hannah Montana or something. She was lying up against me, arm around me. Without any prompting at all, during a commercial break, she looked up at me and said, "I love you." She looked at me with an expression of vulnerability, like she was afraid I might say the wrong thing.

What else could I say? "I love you too." I said it looking into her

eyes, trying to make sure she felt the truth of it. We'd said the words

before, many times, and there was nothing unusual about a brother and

sister giving that exchange ... but somehow I think both of us knew that

this time there was more to it. It wasn't said in a moment of passion, nor

was it the acknowledgement of the family bond. I was sure it had meaning on its own, even though we didn't make a big deal about it. We just went back to watching TV.

That night, watching her masturbate with her hairbrush, I decided to

move. I mentioned that she seemed to be down and not very into it that

night. She shrugged and asked if she could stop.

"Yes," I typed. "You don't like me, do you?"

"Why should I?"

"You're right. But I'd hoped you'd come to enjoy our relationship. If

you're not, I'm willing to give you another chance to end it."

That got her attention. Her face animated with excitement first, then

that faded. "What do I have to do? Another bet?"

"No bet. This one's a choice. I'll go away and never bother you again

... but I enjoy having my own private camgirl ... so you'll have to help

me get a replacement." I came up with the solution a few days before. It

was convincing in a way that a sudden disappearance wouldn't be ... and it would let me have something to fall back on just in case.

"How?"

"I know you have friends. Choose one with a computer and a webcam.

I'll give you a program like the one I put on yours. You put it on a USB

key, and run it on a friend's computer to give me access. When I have

enough on her to blackmail her, I'll leave you."

She read over my request, it looked like twice, before she answered. "I

can't do that! They'll hate me."

"If you do it secretly, they won't know it was you. I'll say I hacked

in. Choose a dumb friend if you want. Or it doesn't even have to be a

friend. But she does have to be cute."

"How will I know you're not lying?"

"I haven't lied to you yet," I told her, which was a lie. But she

hadn't caught me in a lie. "If I get what I need and don't let you go,

you'll never trust me again, right?"

She pointed out a flaw in that I hadn't thought of. "But you could just

tell me you haven't gotten anything..."

"I wouldn't do that. But you could convince her to do something naughty in her room while I'm watching. Then I couldn't lie."

She bit her lip, and started pacing back in forth in her room, before

returning to type, "Okay, I'll do it."

"Good. I'll need to approve who you choose." I didn't want her giving

me one of her ugly friends. "Do you have somebody in mind?"

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, she said a name. It was one I

recognized. Jenny used to be her best friend, but they'd stopped talking

to each other almost two months ago. I didn't know why, but Erin was very depressed about it for a while.

I knew well what she looked like. She looked a little older than Erin,

taller with more pronounced breasts and a nice butt even in clothes, but

still fairly slender in appearance. She had straight blonde hair, often in

a ponytail and blue eyes. Her face looked a little like Dakota Fanning

only without the creepy eyes. She was way more conventionally girly than Erin, being far more obsessed with clothes and makeup and having her hair perfect. She was even a cheerleader for the junior high football team.

Long ago she always wore glasses but switched to contacts some time ago and, I assumed, got a lot more popular. She was certainly very cute, even though I thought Erin was cuter. Jenny would do for a replacement, though.

Because the Blackmailer did not have to release Erin until I had Jenny

as my private camwhore, I took advantage of my last few days by pushing her farther and farther, getting my fill of sexy dances and bate videos of my sister while I still could. I finally got her cumming on camera, but only by going into her room with her and eating her out, pretending to ignore her suggestions that we do it in my room.

That Friday, Erin told me she was going to a sleepover as a friend's

house. I pretended that I was disappointed because I'd miss her, but I

wasn't too bothered because I knew what was going to happen. I had given her the spy program and instructions on what to do at Jenny's house. So while she was there, I'd be in my room waiting for an alert that my system had detected a new person running the program. Then I could watch at my leisure.

It came live shortly after 9. I called up the stream and saw Jenny's

room, with Erin in it waving. She seemed to be alone, which meant she'd

been able to put the program in without Erin seeing. That was good ...

I'd have rather abandoned Jenny entirely than risk her being found out as

the source.

Jenny's room was pink and the wall opposite the computer had posters of the Jonas Brothers and Twilight. Her bed, full of stuffed animals, was

also in view right away, which was good. If her computer faced towards a

wall like mine did it would have been difficult to get any good shots.

Jenny herself entered within minutes. She was dressed in pajama bottoms and a tank top which made her breasts look great. Erin wore a similar pair of pajama bottoms and what I recognized as one of my t-shirts. I didn't even know she had it. It was a little too big on her to show her figure, but despite that I really liked seeing her in it anyway.

They began talking, and I won't relay that because it would only bore

you as much as it did me. Girls talking among themselves, contrary to my previous fantasies, were not all that exciting. Jenny's mother came in

with some snacks, and they struggled a few times putting Jenny's big dog or bratty younger sister out of the room. Finally, after Jenny discussed her hair for what seemed like the 12th time, Erin suggested the game of Truth or Dare. Jenny agreed that it sounded like fun, but, since it was her

house, insisted that Erin go first.

Erin chose Truth. Her question was "Are you still mad at me? About ...

you know?"

She shrugged at the question. "Some. But I don't really care about him anymore. He's a loser anyway."

Jenny gasped in mock outrage. "That's my boyfriend you're talking

about." Everything clicked into place. That was why Erin and Jenny had

that falling out. Probably Jenny was dating the same guy my sister

wouldn't suck off, and since she liked him first, they stopped being

friends. No wonder Erin chose Jenny to give to the Blackmailer. Clearly

the girl could hold a grudge.

Erin didn't seem to be holding a grudge right now, but maybe Erin

thought her little act of revenge made them even. She just said, "Your

loss. And your turn." Jenny chose Truth as well. "Are you a virgin?"

Jenny smiled impishly, and shook her head. "No, not for three weeks.

We've done it a lot since then. We did it in his dad's car the first time,

in his garage it was so romantic."

"What's it like?" Erin asked.

"It sort of hurts the first time, and it was over really quick. But

it's better after. It's like you're connected, you know?" She took a sip

of cola. "Truth or dare."

"Truth."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah," Erin said. "Sort of. We never actually said it yet, but we do

lots of stuff. It's complicated."

"Who?" Jenny asked eagerly.

"I'm not telling. He's older." I hoped she meant me. She could have

met somebody at school, but it sounded like me.

"Oh yeah? Just wait till next time you get truth. You'll have to tell

me."

Jenny chose truth next and Erin asked if she had ever gotten drunk. She had, lots of times, but didn't give specifics.

The dares started then ... I think Erin wanted to avoid answering the

boyfriend question. If it was me, I'd have just lied, but I guess girls

take Truth or Dare seriously. Her first dare was to text somebody named

Leslie and call him or her a fatty. Jenny chose dare next too, and I sat

straight up in my seat, waiting to see what my sister would come up with.

"Do a cheer routine totally naked." Getting her naked on camera was one sure way to get the Blackmailer off her back, and it looked like Erin

didn't want to waste time. Jenny only hesitated a moment, but went on with taking off her clothes without any worries. Of course, she didn't know her camera was on and recording.

Naked, Jenny looked like an adult woman, just in miniature. Her breasts were full and topped with perky pink nipples. Her pussy looked more open with lips hanging out, and also sat a little higher up than Erin's ... it was bare of any hair, but I had a hunch she shaved it rather than being naturally that way.

The cheer she did was simple, because she didn't have anybody to do

anything complicated with, and it didn't take too long, but I had what I

needed and started stroking myself. I could use that video to blackmail

her if I still wanted to. She was naked and her breasts bounced about as

she moved, not to mention that she was doing a cheer. That could probably get her kicked off the squad. A girl in my school once got kicked off for a picture of her flashing her bra in a cheerleading uniform.

After the cheer was done, Jenny began dressing again. "Your turn.

Truth or dare." Erin chose dare again, and Jenny had quite a comeback. "I dare you to lick my vajayjay for a minute." I was softening again with the return of Jenny's clothes, but that dare made me rock hard instantly.

Erin made a face, crinkling up her nose. "What? I'm not gay."

"You sure? Cause you're the one who wanted to see me naked, remember?"

"Only cause I thought it'd embarrass you. I don't want to do this.

Maybe we should just quit."

"Same here. I'm not gay either. It's just a dare. And you know the

rules, you can't quit when it's your turn. If you back out you have to

suffer the consequences..."

I didn't know what "the consequences" were, I didn't know how girls

played the game, or whether this was some private set of rules Erin and

Jenny had. And with a sick glee, I realized that I wouldn't have to find

out, not then, for Erin gave out an agitated "fine".

After double-checking that I was still recording the video feed, I got

my cock in hand and began rubbing as I watched Jenny take down her pajama bottoms and panties again. Erin approached it cautiously, and then put her face between Jenny's legs. The angle wasn't very good, because Jenny's leg blocked most of the action, but I knew my little sister was licking her friend's pussy, and was able to vividly imagine the scene, and by the time Erin's minute long dare was up, I'd already ejaculated. When she was done, Erin scrunched her face up again and said "Gross".

The game fizzled out after that, as Erin still wanted to quit rather

than face more extreme dares or questions she didn't want to answer. I

watched them for a while, but they were back to talking about things I

didn't care about and people I didn't know, and since I'd already gotten

off, I soon lost interest. I checked back regularly in case anything

happened, and eventually I went to bed. I had enough to blackmail Jenny and, more importantly, the excuse to let Erin go.

\*\*\*\* Chapter 5

The next day I went to hang out with my frequently-absent friend Kirk,

playing a few video games over at his house like we used to, and when I

returned that afternoon, Erin was already home. We snuck a brief

open-mouth kiss while Mom was cooking dinner, but couldn't risk any more.

"How was the sleepover?" I asked.

"It was okay," she said.

"You and Jenny patched things up?"

She made a face. "I guess. She's still kind of a bitch I guess I'll

have to see if it was worth it." Although I knew what she meant I had to

play dumb and ask, but Erin didn't want to elaborate.

After a good family dinner, Mom wanted us to watch a movie she rented with her. The movie wasn't very good, and it was awkward for me because I kept wanting to put my arm around Erin. I spent the time mentally composing the goodbyes that I knew were coming.

As the Blackmailer, I usually contacted Erin just before she went to

bed, and decided to do the same this time. I opened a message window and said, "Hello Erin. I see you had a good time at the sleepover."

She wasn't in the mood for small talk. "Did you get what you needed?"

she asked anxiously. I gave her almost a minute to worry before I decided to let her off the hook.

"Yes, I think I did."

"So you're going away then?"

"I'm a man of my word. I'm just about to delete the program I used to

hack in. After tonight, you'll be free of me. As long as you don't tell

anyone about me or try to find me, I won't do anything to you."

She smiled widely, but there were tears in her eyes. I felt horrible.

Especially when she said, "Thank you."

"You probably won't believe this," I said, "But I am sorry. I didn't

want this to be a bad experience for you."

"It wasn't all bad," she said. "I liked some of it, especially at first. If you hadn't threatened me I might have liked it more."

"I didn't want to, but I couldn't risk it." I didn't want to drag it out

any longer. "Goodbye. Forever." I shut down the message window. I could have gotten away with leaving me the ability to watch her, but I kept the Blackmailer's promise and deleted the spyware program entirely from her system. Even if I liked the result, I was still ashamed at what I'd done to my own sister, and I was determined to be as good to her as possible from then on. I'd do right by her.

It felt good. Once I finished the deletion, I felt like a weight had

been lifted off my shoulders, and just this intense sense of relief. The

Blackmailer within wasn't dead, but at least he'd no longer hurt the people I loved.

The next morning, I could see Erin was in an even better mood than I

was. Anybody could see it, really, even Mom commented on it at breakfast. Erin just said she slept really well that night. It was good to see her so relaxed and happy again, and made me realize even more how awful I'd been. I became more determined than ever to make it up to her.

I was listening to music in my room, lying on my bed, later that day,

when Erin came into my room. I didn't notice her right away because I had my earphones on, and was looking at the ceiling, and when I did spot her, she was close enough to pounce. I let out a quiet yelp in surprise as she jumped on top of me, and then shifted herself so that she was straddling me at my groin.

I pulled off my earphones and gave her a silly grin. "Wow, you really

ARE in a good mood," I said.

"Yup." She pinned my arms down and moved in to kiss me, thrusting her tongue in my mouth. I grabbed onto her ass and squeezed softly. We both had pants on, but she must have been able to feel my erection poking right between her legs. If she didn't, I wanted her to. I slowly began to grind toward her.

"Where's Mom?" I asked in a whisper, suddenly worried, although I knew if Erin asked right then to fuck me, I would have risked it.

"Downstairs," she said. "We can't really do anything, but I wanted to

kiss you. Is that weird?"

"Not to me," I told her. "Hey, do you want to do something together?

We could maybe go out to a movie this afternoon..." We couldn't exactly

date openly, but a brother and sister could go out to see a movie together, couldn't they?

She let out a little groan. "I can't. I'm going shopping with Mom in a

few minutes ... and I'll have lots of homework I still have to do once I

get back."

"Okay," I said. "We can go another time."

She kissed me again. "I'll hold you to that." From downstairs, we heard

Mom calling Erin's name. She swung one leg over so she was beside me

instead of on top of me. "Guess I have to go. Love you."

"Love you too. Have fun."

Before she got up, she ran her hand along my crotch, feeling the length

of my penis through my jeans. "Hey, Andrew," she said. "Tomorrow, come straight home after school, okay?" I just nodded. Why wouldn't I, when I had her waiting for me?

She left ... I was still horny and all alone, so I thought I'd indulge

my inner Blackmailer, and check in on what Jenny was doing. I hadn't

contacted her yet to start the blackmail process, but was just enjoying the voyeuristic thrill of watching while she was clueless. So far, earlier

that day, I'd seen her trying on different clothes, getting down to just

bra and panties in between outfits, but nothing that came close to as

exciting as the slumber party ... until now.

This time, when I accessed her webcam feed, I saw she was in her room, and she wasn't alone. She was making out with her boyfriend, the same guy who made my sister give him a hand job and then dumped her for not doing more. And you'll never guess who it was.

It was Kirk, my best friend. What a fucking perv, going after girls

that young. I suppose I didn't have any right to point fingers, but it

still made me angry. He'd broke my sister's heart, and I owed him a punch in the face ... but I couldn't give him one without revealing how I knew.

But I could watch, and record.

In between kisses, he was listening to Jenny talk, and I could tell from

his face that he was getting bored. You'd have been bored too. She was

relating some conversation she had with somebody about designer jeans or something. "Yeah, that's great," Kirk said, cutting her off. "But you

know, your family isn't going to be at your grandma's place..."

"They're at my grandDAD's place, Kirk..." Jenny corrected.

"Whatever. They're not going to be there forever, and you're really

making my dick hard just looking so cute in your skirt there. You can tell

me your stories on MSN any time, but we can't make love very often..."

Jenny spread her legs and said, "Oh, okay." She began to undress,

pulling off her top and the bra underneath. Kirk removed his shirt in one

quick motion then began to take off his pants. Soon, they were both

completely naked.

Kirk had a kind of dumb look to him, and although he was tall he was

pretty skinny, and was a bit of a joke among girls in our class. I now

wondered if it was because of his dick size. I'd never seen it except in

the shower, shrunken, and when he was erect, it wasn't that impressive. I was bigger than him. But I guess to a twelve year old, he was pretty big.

Jenny lay spread-eagle on her bed and raised her legs in the air, but

Kirk shook his head. "On your hands and knees, babe." She sighed, and

assumed the doggy style position, which was good for me because it meant I got a good shot of her face in that position. This would make a much better blackmail threat; I wouldn't even have to involve Erin.

Kirk got behind her and grabbed her by the waist while he stuck his dick in and began pounding. I almost cracked up at his ridiculous sex faces that looked like an exaggerated porn film, but I wanted to masturbate so I stopped looking at him and watched Jenny instead, focusing on her tits swinging with every thrust and the soft moans she made. Kirk only lasted a minute he was ready to cum, and then he pulled out and squirted on her ass.

I didn't even get to cum, so I was sure Jenny was left unsatisfied.

Blackmailing her would practically be a mercy, since if she didn't already

know how to masturbate, she was missing out on a lot of orgasms.

When he was done, after wiping up his cum with a Kleenex by her bed,

Kirk started putting on his clothes right away. "That was great, babe."

"Yeah," she said. She sounded disappointed, and started dressing too,

though much more slowly.

Kirk gave her a kiss on the mouth. "I love you, babe. Listen, I've got

to get moving."

"You do?" she said.

"Yeah, I promised my Uncle I'd help him move some stuff into his place.

He's got a lot of new furniture."

"Oh," she said. "That sounds like a lot of lifting."

"It is. But it's all in a day's work for Ultraman." He crouched down

and flexed what passed for muscles. It got a laugh from Jenny. It might

have got one from me, too, but I'd put up with his joking about being a

muscle man for years. "You can IM me later."

It comforting to learn my friend wasn't just a douchebag to me lately,

he was just a douchebag. I actually felt sorry for her. He obviously was

only using her for sex and just wanted to get away from her as quickly as

he could. Jenny struck me as being too dumb or naive to catch on to that

obvious fact.

I saw Kirk in school the next day. He was always friendly to me in

school, it was only after school he always ditched me, and now I knew why. That didn't bother me ... we're guys, I would have totally understood if he was getting pussy and so didn't want to spend time with me. What I hated was that he touched my sister and broke her heart and, to a lesser extent, that he made up stupid excuses not to hang out instead of just telling me he had a girl. I couldn't give him the punch in the face I wanted, so I had to settle for the cold shoulder, not joking around, and not explaining why I wasn't talking to him. It was satisfying. Let him wonder.

Before long, his girlfriend would be masturbating at my whim, and I'd

get her used to something phallic in her pussy that was bigger than her

boyfriend.

\*\*\*\* Chapter 6

School let out early that day for a staff meeting, and I was eager to

rush home to my sister. Erin also had one at her school, except for some

reason they had a half day off instead of only an hour, so she was home

before me. She wasn't downstairs, so I called her name. I heard her

answer from upstairs. She was in her room, the door was closed.

I knocked. "Just a second..." she said. Then, a minute later, she told

me I could come in. Inside, she looked so different.

She was dressed up, not in the usual jeans and t-shirt I saw her leaving

in, but like she was going out somewhere fancy. She had a skirt on that

showed off her slender legs, and a pretty blouse. I'd never seen her wear

these clothes before. She rarely wore anything even like them. They must have been deep in her closet, or she bought them while shopping yesterday.

Her hair was also neatly brushed and I thought she might have been wearing lipstick.

"What's this?" I asked.

She faltered like I'd just insulted her. Maybe I did, by not

complimenting her, but I was too surprised by the dramatic shift. "I just

wanted to look beautiful for you."

"You are beautiful," I told her. "No matter what you're wearing. You

could be all Goth and scary, or like a scene girl, or anything, and you'd

be beautiful." She smiled widely, recovered from the imagined insult. "I

do like this. It's a nice change. But it's not the clothes that make you

beautiful. You're beautiful without any clothes at all." I took her hands.

"But since you're all dressed up, do you want to go to that movie?"

She shook her head. "I need to ask you something," she said, her voice shaking. "How do you feel about me?"

"I've told you, I love you."

"I know, but ... brothers are supposed to love sisters. If we weren't

brother and sister..."

I didn't even let her finish. "I'd love you then too. We've gone

beyond what brothers and sisters are supposed to do..."

She nodded. "So you'd want to be boyfriend and girlfriend?" she asked.

"If we weren't related?"

"I do anyway." I blurted it out, hoping I judged what she wanted

correctly. "It's just we couldn't tell anybody, nobody would understand."

"But we could be ... boyfriend and girlfriend, just secret?"

I took her hand and placed it to my heart. "In here, we already are."

She pulled mine to hers. "In here too," she said happily. I could see

her eyes glistening with tears, but they were tears of joy. She swallowed,

and then asked, "Do you want to have sex with me? Real sex?"

"Yes," I said, but hastened to add, "But only when you're ready. I

won't push."

"I'm ready," she said. "I've been dreaming of this for months." I was

shocked. If she wasn't exaggerating, that meant she'd been thinking of me for longer than we'd been doing anything, for longer than I'd been

blackmailing her.

I asked if she was sure, and when she said she was, I helped her

undress, quickly, pulling off her clothes in a fraction of the time she

must have taken putting them together. Mine were shucked off almost as

fast.

I didn't try to go into her right away. I was worried I might hurt her,

so when she lay back on her bed and spread her legs, I kissed her along the thighs and down to her pussy, and began to eat her out. Between gasps of pleasure, she said, "I said real sex..."

I took a break to speak and replaced my tongue with my finger. "I know, but they say the first time hurts. It'll go easier if I get you wet

first." I knew she'd broken her hymen because I'd blackmailed her into

doing it, but I couldn't tell her I knew and she didn't tell me, just lay

back and let me eat her out. She was wet even before I started, but I

wanted to make sure she could stretch without pain.

She was soon at the point of heavy breathing and squealing. If I kept

going, she might have cum, but she wouldn't let me. "Andrew," she said.

"I want you inside me. Please ... now."

That's a request you don't turn down. I stood up, and sat down beside

her. "You should be on top," I said. I'd read up on the internet. She'd

have the most control, and could take it at her speed. She didn't

complain, quickly straddling my legs like a nude re-enactment of where we were the previous day. My cock stood straight up against her body, she only had to move up and forward and back down again.

Erin rose up on her knees, and the head of my cock rested in the groove of her pussy lips. She spread the lips with her fingers, and it slid

inside, just the head. I was intently trying not to cum, when I came to my senses about what that would mean. "Oh, fuck," I said. "We need condoms."

I was too wrapped up into the moment, but no matter what, I couldn't risk getting her pregnant.

"It's okay," she said. She slid a little down on my dick, sinking

inside her. "I'm on the pill," she confessed.

How did I not know that? I guess I never asked, and didn't think it

possible. She still seemed too young to be on them. Had Mom put her on it just out of an abundance of caution? Or had she acquired them on her own? I didn't know. Right then, I didn't really care. "Okay."

She slid down another inch, slowly. What was already inside her was

being squeezed; it was so warm, wet, and tight inside, that the rest was

jealous. I was about to abandon my concern and just pull her to me but

then, with a grunt and one more quick motion, she slid all the way down on her own. I was inside my little sister, down to the balls. There was no

going back now, we were officially fucking.

I held her by the ass and she rode me up and down. I honestly couldn't

say whether I was lifting her or she was doing it on her own, it was like

we were one being. One of my hands rubbed at her clit and we moaned and groaned together. She squealed and her cunt began squeezing me tighter and tighter, like I was being milked, and I couldn't hold out any more. The pressure rose up my shaft and soon I was squirting. By the amount, it felt like I had probably coated her entire womb with my cum, so I hoped she wasn't lying about the pill. Erin fell against me and we kissed, and just lay there until the waves of pleasure subsided.

It was my first time, my first time with my sister. I'm not sure if it

was the best day of my life, but that was the start of the best week.

We fucked one more time that day, before Mom came home, and then every day after that, after school. It was like we were addicted to each other's bodies. It wasn't the only thing we did together those days, but it was always part of it, either the first thing we did because we'd been apart a whole day, or a frantic effort to fuck just before Mom came home and we'd lose our chance for another day. Sometimes both.

I was worried Mom would suspect something, but whenever she was home we retreated to our own rooms. I know for my part, it was hard to be in the same room together when Mom was home because I just wanted to hold her, and Erin said it was the same for her. Friday night, after Mom had gone to sleep, I awoke to found Erin had snuck into my room, and into my bed, wearing only a long t-shirt. Mom always slept in late Saturday mornings, and Erin wanted to spend the night. I was paranoid we'd be caught, but I let her, and we fucked that night, desperately holding in our moans of pleasure, but we did it, and then slept in each other's arms. I woke up the next morning to Erin giving me a blowjob, one last safe bit of intimacy before she tiptoed back into her room.

Later that day we finally went out to that movie. I'd thought perhaps

we could hold hands or kiss in the darkness of the theatre, but there were

a lot of people and we were too nervous to touch, even in the dark, for

fear of being seen by someone we knew. Our legs grazed each other

throughout the whole film, one thin thread of contact.

Sunday was hard, the first day where we didn't fuck. Mom woke up early Sundays so Erin and I couldn't risk sleeping together, and she was home all day. There was nowhere we could safely sneak off to in order to be together. Erin went out with some friends and that afternoon I began

blackmailing Jenny.

It was extremely easy. I just had to threaten to expose the video of

her and Kirk fucking, and point out that it would not only make her a slut

in the eyes of her school, but also send him to jail. She was masturbating

for me within an hour. It wasn't the same as Erin, but having a girl do

whatever you want is still hot whether you're in love with her or not. I

decided that I would keep it up, like a hobby.

I felt like I was unstoppable that week. If I wanted to, I'm sure I

could have gotten up the courage to ask out the most popular girl in

school, and because of my confidence, I might have been able to get her to accept. But I didn't want to. The best girl in the world didn't go to my

school yet, and I already had her.

Like I said, it was the best week of my life. It was like living in

heaven on Earth. Little did I know that hell on Earth was only a few days

away...

\*\*\*\* Chapter 7

That next week, I had to stay a little later at school to work on a

group project, for presentation to the class. This meant Erin and I didn't

have as much time together as we would have liked, but we could still

squeeze in a quickie before Mom got home, and she would always be home before me. I was antsy with my partners, unable to contribute much to the group because I knew what was waiting for me. I'd be antsy the longer we went on, and as soon as we broke up I practically ran to the bus stop.

Wednesday, when I returned home and called out Erin's name, she didn't answer. I thought maybe she'd gone somewhere, that she'd gone to see a friend or something, so went to my room, disappointed.

She was there ... sitting in my computer chair, staring at me as I

opened the door, her eyes red. She was mad. From the doorframe, I

couldn't see what was on the screen. I had to walk around the desk. It

felt like my stomach was writhing, I was so nervous as I approached. I

asked what was wrong before I had a chance to see for myself, and when she wouldn't answer, I had a feeling it was going to be really, really bad.

Sure enough, on the screen was one of the videos I'd taken as the

Blackmailer. It shouldn't have happened. I usually kept my porn videos in a hidden, encrypted directory, but must have left it unencrypted the night before while jacking off to a memory, and Erin had found it. She'd

uncovered my secret identity.

She was pissed. I could tell she'd been crying, but at that moment she

was mad. I couldn't blame her. How would you feel, when you unlock a

mystery about who was responsible for some of the most embarrassing parts of your life, only to find it's the person you love? "How could you?" she cried, and I died a little inside.

I went down on my knees and tried to explain, babbling. I tried to tell

her how I started only trying to scare her, to protect her, but that she

was so beautiful, I couldn't resist, and then that I'd fallen in love and

couldn't stop. She just stared at me. I could see a turmoil of different

emotions crossing her face, but she wouldn't say one word, not even when I asked her if she understood.

When I was done, silence stretched between us for what seemed like a

lifetime, and then she got up from the chair. I instinctively stood up and

tried to get in her way before she could leave. I wanted to try again,

start explaining from the beginning, as though that would make a

difference. When she couldn't get past, she pushed me ... I was much

stronger than her, but she put a lot of force in it. "Just don't tell

Mom," I begged, and feeling stupid the moment I said it.

That got her to turn around and speak to me at last. "Or what? You'll

send the videos to my friends?"

I shook my head, feeling like dirt, because I thought of using just that

threat. I decided that I couldn't. How could I claim I loved her if I

would do that? It was time to man up, even if I'd already lost her. "No.

I'm sorry. You're right. Tell Mom. Tell the police. I'm scum, I deserve

to go to jail. I won't stop you. I deserve whatever you decide to do to

me..." I took a deep breath and added, "But I didn't lie about how I feel

about you. I love you. Even if you send me to jail, I love you."

She laughed, a bitter laugh full of pain and covered in sarcasm. "You

do THAT to someone you love?"

"There's a part of me that's a monster, I know. I hate that part of me.

I never wanted to hurt you but I convinced myself I could get what I

wanted, even though it was wrong, and not hurt you. I know I was lying to myself. I'm weak. But I also know that when I fell in love with you, I

set you free."

She shook her head, crying, and ran out of the room. I didn't follow. I

thought about sending her an e-mail filled with all my justifications,

started writing it a dozen times, and erased it each time. Finally I just

sent "I'm so sorry. I love you."

Erin ate dinner in her room. Mom was worried at her sudden depression, but Erin didn't seem to tell her anything about why, because she didn't look at me like I was a freak, which I was. I thought Erin must have still been thinking over whether she should turn me in, or just never talk to me again. It felt like I was already on death row, just waiting to see if it would be commuted to life in prison. Neither outcome seemed like a win. No matter what, I'd lost the one thing that made my life worth living.

That night, and for the next few, I had nightmares that she told, that I

was dragged off to prison, to be raped by big burly black men. I thought

if she did tell, I'd have to kill myself. I thought of doing it anyway,

just because I'd hurt her so much, then worried that it might make her

blame herself. I didn't want her to blame herself for something I knew it

was my fault.

I didn't see much of her. She stayed in her room most of the time and

wouldn't talk to me. She left school early and came back late, only after

Mom came home. I tried to stay out later, walking around aimlessly, so she could be home without having to deal with me. When I was home, I spent most of the time in my own personal Hell, full of self-hatred and anxiety. I was miserable, worried sick, I couldn't even masturbate. I blew that group assignment in school and probably failed a test or two. I didn't

care. I was obsessed with finding some magic collection of words to

convince her to forgive me. Even though I knew they didn't exist, I

couldn't help trying to find them.

One day I came home, late but not too late, intending to drown my pain

by listening to some music. To my surprise, I found Erin in my room again. She was at my computer, clicking on things. I braced myself for a fresh onslaught of pain. I hadn't deleted the videos of her yet. It would

probably only make her madder if she found out they were still there, but I couldn't bear to part with those last fragments of my perfect relationship. It was all I had left.

She looked at me, then back to the screen. She didn't seem mad like she had before. Maybe her anger had run into cold hate. "How do you get it to spy on Jenny's webcam?" she asked in a neutral tone. Numb at the unexpected question, I went to the mouse, and called up the program, hidden in an innocuous directory.

Jenny appeared on the screen, lying on her bed, talking on the phone and extending first one leg, and then the other, towards the ceiling for some reason. "Are you already blackmailing her?" Erin asked.

"Yes. I started, that is. But I haven't done anything since you found

those videos. I'll delete the program..." I said. Assuming she wanted to

protect her friend, I moved the pointer to close the window.

She grabbed my hand on the mouse. "No, don't." We stared at the screen for a while together, before she looked at me. "You know Jenny has a dog."

"Yeah?" I said. I didn't really having a clue why she would bring that

up. I was too astonished that she was even talking to me in a civil tone

to be thinking too closely about her motives.

She turned to look at me and gave a sudden, wicked smile. "Do you think we could make her fuck her dog?"

My cock sprang into action, both at the unexpectedly filthy request, but

also because she said "we" instead of "you". "What?"

"I really want to see her fuck her dog," Erin said, and her eyes

dropped. "Do you think we could get her to do that?" Her voice had dropped into a whisper, as though she suddenly feared being judged.

"You want that?" I asked. She nodded, biting her lip. "I guess we

could ... it might take some time to convince her to do it. But why?"

She was blushing at this point. "I guess there's part of me that's a

monster too," she admitted. She reached out one hand to put it on where my cock was visible through my jeans. "There's lots of things I've wanted to do that I never thought I could. I always thought I was sick ... maybe

I'm as much as a freak as you. I've just had to hide it. I'm still mad at

you, but I guess I understand. And I still love you." She took a deep

breath and asked. "I thought maybe we could be part monsters together?"

I was stunned. Despite everything, I still thought of her as my

innocent little sister. I never would have suspected there was anything

dirty underneath. Had she always been like this? Or had I corrupted her?

Or maybe she was just pretending, to find an excuse to remain close to me after what I did? It didn't really matter. Whichever was the case, one

fact was true, and always would be. "I love you too ... and anything you

want me to be, I'm your man."

She smiled and took my hand as she stood up and began towards the bed. "Then fuck me, big brother, we don't have much time before Mom gets home. Then later we'll work on getting that bitch Jenny to do her dog."

The End (for now, but sequels are planned) \*\*\*\*

The preceeding story was fantasy and I do not recommend or endorse any of the acts described within. Quite the opposite, really.