**My Sis Exposed**

by Harry Perry

My little sister needs me to accompany her to the beach.  She will be wearing a tiny bikini so that she will be voted onto the cheerleading squad.

Later, we each have a friend stay the weekend, and she figures out ways that her friend and she can tease us.  It gets really hot.

It all started one weekend.  I was thinking about spending the afternoon at the beach, and my sister asked if she could join me.  I found this a bit odd because she really didn’t like hanging around me, especially at the beach.  I agreed readily, mostly because, in spite of what a creep she was, I always was there for her and protected her when I thought I should.

I don’t know how it is for other brother/sister couples, but I never thought of my sister as anything but my sister.  Even though I was seventeen and masturbating daily, I never once thought of my sister sexually.  I practically forgot she was a girl.  We both dressed conservatively all the time, so my picture of her was the same flat-chested little girl I knew from when we took baths and showers together, and nothing about her encouraged me to change my mind.

Angela was a year younger than I was and usually made a pest of herself.  She always wanted my attention, but I had other things I wanted to do rather than hang out with her.  As we grew older, I think she started imitating me and acted like she didn’t want to have anything to do with me.  At first this was just fine with me, but it soon bothered me.  After all, in reality, I loved my sister and would do anything for her.

"Would you wear your racing suit?” Angela asked right after breakfast.

"Uh... why?” I asked.  I had been on the swim team for two years, but I never wore my tight little red briefs outside of the school pool.  I wasn’t embarrassed of my body or anything, it just wasn’t what all the other guys wore to the beach.

"Well... Cindy bought me this new bikini and dared me to wear it to the beach today.  It’s pretty skimpy, and I’m a bit nervous.  I don’t want the whole world looking at me.  If you wear your racing suit, I’ll feel a whole lot more comfortable.  Also, I kinda promised Cindy that you’d be there.  She has gone to all your meets, and I think she has the hots for you.  She begged me to convince you to wear it.”

Cindy was a major cutie.  Even at sixteen, she was a bit arrogant, but she was always nice to me.  She was my favorite of Angela’s friends, though I didn’t feel she was always a good friend to my sister. Thinking back on it, I think she was using Angela to get to me.

"I don’t know,” I replied suspiciously.  Hell, I wasn’t about to wear those tiny briefs in public at the beach just because Angela wanted me to.  That skimpy suit was designed to reduce friction while swimming and thus was as small as it could be.  It barely covered my privates.  As a matter of fact, I needed to buy a new suit, as the one I had was pretty old, and I’d outgrown it.  The biggest reason I hadn’t bought a new one was because I was proud of the pattern my pubic hair made on the front of the suit.  It showed off the fact that I was a man.  I figured I’d be forced to buy a new suit pretty soon, as some of my pubic hair was starting to peek over the top of the suit.  If Mom or Dad ever saw it, I’d be chastised for sure.  I definitely had to get a new suit before the big swim meet to which they’d be coming.  I certainly didn’t feel comfortable wearing this to a public beach where all the other kids would be wearing trunks.

"Please!” Angela pleaded, giving me the look she knew always broke me down, but I still wouldn’t be comfortable on the beach wearing my old Speedos, so I shook my head.

"Okay... okay,” she broke down, "the real reason is I was finally invited to be a cheerleader.”

"That’s fantastic, sis!” I congratulated her with a hug.

"Well, they said I had to learn to be less modest and conservative, ‘cause our uniforms are pretty skimpy.” Yeah, I knew!  "I told them that it wasn’t a problem, but they don’t believe me. They think I’m going to lose it during a big game because I’ll be embarrassed in front of the crowd.  That’s why Cindy gave me the bikini.  They said that if I wear the bikini to the beach, they’ll know I’ll be okay in the cheerleading uniform.”

"Okay, I can sorta understand that,” I said, "but it doesn’t explain why I need to wear my Speedos.”

"Well... the girls all know you’re my brother.  I don’t think they were serious, but they said that another condition was you come with me.  They said if you showed up with anything else but your racing suit, I couldn’t join.  I’m really sorry, Dan.  If you don’t want to do it, I guess I won’t join the squad.”

If Angela knew just how much I loved her, she’d know I would do anything for her.  Sure, I might give her a lot of shit for it or make her think I wouldn’t, but that’s because I don’t want her to think she’s got me wrapped around her little finger like she actually does.

My sister looked down at her feet.  I knew she wasn’t faking her disappointment.  She pulled up her strength and looked me in the eye and said, "Hell, let’s go to the beach anyway.  I’ll wear the bikini, and if the girls won’t let me on the squad, fuck ‘em!”

Well, I decided to surprise Angela.  I put on my Speedos and pulled on a pair of trunks over them.  Then we grabbed our towels and suntan lotion and hopped on the bus to the beach.

When we got there, we spread out our towels, took our sneakers off and started to strip down to our suits.  Before I could take off my trunks to show Angela the surprise I had for her, I froze in disbelief.  My sister had whipped her clothes off and now stood in front of me practically naked.  I couldn’t believe it!  She was wearing the smallest bikini I’d ever seen in my life.  I’d seen Playboy bunnies in suits that covered more of their bodies than this one.  To my even greater surprise, she seemed quite comfortable in it.  No modesty, no hesitation, no effort to cover up.  She just went on with preparing her spot on which to lie down.

I discovered that Angela had a nice golden tan all over her body.  What surprised me, though, was I didn’t see any tan lines in areas that I thought were usually covered by her bathing suits.  She must have been getting a tan somewhere to hide them.  I later found out she had been going to a tanning salon.  The suit was a shocking bright white, which contrasted with her golden skin, but it was slightly see-through as well.

As I said before, I thought of my sister as the flat-chested little girl that I always knew.  She wasn’t anymore.  As a matter of fact, Angela had a gorgeous body.  Her well rounded breasts were held in place by two bulging cups that molded to the underside of her breasts and barely rose high enough to cover her areolas, which could be seen faintly through the thin, white material.  She had an amazingly flat stomach surrounded by her well defined rib cage and pelvic bones.  Her pubic area was barely covered under the tiny patch of bright white material, the clear camel toe proving her maturity and lack of fat. If it weren’t for her well developed body and mature muscle tone, I would have thought she wasn’t old enough for pubic hair as it would have had to show above the “V” created by the upper hem.  I could only guess that she had shaved it off for this event, but it was so cleanly shaved, there was no stubble or hint that she’d ever grown pubic hair.

When my sister turned to place her rolled up clothes on the towel for a pillow, I almost fell over staring at her amazingly round and bare ass cheeks.  There was just a hint of the white string running up between the cheeks, teasing the eye to imagine the pink sphincter that was covered by it.

I stood there, half bent over, staring at my sister.  My hands were still holding the tops of my trunks when she turned to look at me.

"What’s the matter, Dan?” she asked, facing me.

I stood back up, knowing I couldn’t remove my trunks now.  My cock had gotten suddenly erect staring at my own sister!  God!  What a pervert I was!

"Uh... nothing, sis,” I lied, rolling my tee-shirt up for a pillow but still unable to take my eyes off of her.  I noticed that her nipples became erect as I stared, and I knew it wasn’t because she was cold.  It was damn near 90 out already.

"But you looked like you were going to take your trunks off.”

"Uh... yeah, I was.  I wore my Speedos underneath.  I figured I’d surprise you.”

"Really!” Angela exclaimed with excitement.  She wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a big kiss on the cheek.  I couldn’t believe how her body felt pressed up against mine, and my cock only got that much harder.  "So, let’s see!”

"Well, I don’t think I should.”

"But why not?  Come on, are you embarrassed?”

"A little,” I admitted, though it wasn’t for the reason she thought.

"Oh, stop acting like a big wuss!  You’re here with me, your sister, and I've seen you dozens of times before in that suit.  You have nothing to be embarrassed of.  Besides, you don’t know anyone else here. Who cares what they think.  Come on, take your trunks off and show me.”

She didn’t wait for me to remove them.  Her hands dropped to my sides and started to slide my trunks off for me.  It was embarrassing having her do this, especially in public, so I pushed her away and dropped my trunks myself.

As I stood up, my hands instinctively covered my straining problem.

"Oh, I see,” she said sincerely.  Angela had stepped back and watched me drop my trunks.  When I looked back at her, she was staring at my hands with a shit-eating grin and a little blush.  I guess she could tell why I had my hands crossed in front of me.  "Here...” she bent over and picked up my trunks and pushed them into my hands. "You better cover that thing until it goes down,” my sister giggled.  She didn’t take her eyes off my groin until I had dropped down onto my stomach.

To my surprise, Angela lay down beside me, also on her stomach.  Considering her bare ass was now displayed to the world in all it’s glory, I had expected her to lie on her back.  She didn’t seem to be at all phased by her exposure.  I got the impression she would have been just as comfortable completely naked.

"Wow, that thing sure is obvious in that bathing suit,” she said with her head on her clothes looking at me.  "I can’t believe how big it is.  What made it get all hard like that?”

"Uh... sis... it’s not something guys talk about.”

"Why not?  Besides, I’m your sister.  It’s not like you’re talking to a stranger,” she pressed.

I’m sure I was blushing.  I really didn’t want to discuss my erection with my little sister, but she seemed fascinated in it and extremely motivated to talk about it.

"Can we talk about something else?” I asked.

"No!  Not till you explain what made it hard.  I know boys don’t just get hard spontaneously, and you've worn that plenty of times at school without any problems.  Did you see some babe or something?”

"Well... yeah, kinda,” I responded.

"Oh, really?  Who?” she asked, lifting her head up and looking around the beach.  She just wasn’t going to let this thing go.  "Where is she?  I want to check out what turns on my big brother.” She pushed herself up further and twisted and turned, looking in all directions.  Her beautiful blond hair flipped with her head.  Most of the people around us were older people with little kids.

I didn’t say a word.  I just closed my eyes and thought about algebra.

Suddenly, she fell silent.  The silence made me open my eyes and look up at her. God, she looked hot!  She was sitting on one cheek of her butt and leaning on one hand.  Her back was toward me, and I was looking at her beautiful, sexy back and back side.  It bothered me.  I shouldn’t have those feelings for my own sister.  She turned her head and stared at me with the sudden realization of what it was that had made my cock get hard.  She didn’t say anything.  She just lay back down as before with her face toward me.

She changed the subject to something going on at her school.  We sat and chatted for a few minutes, and eventually my cock went down.  I rolled over onto my back and relaxed.  I noticed my sister looked to see that things had quieted down in my bathing suit.  Angela finally quit talking and dozed off.

I guess I fell asleep, too.  Angela was shaking me by the shoulder trying to wake me.

As I became aware of my surroundings, I noticed my trunks had been placed over my crotch.  I didn’t remember putting them there.  Angela obviously sensed my confusion.  "I had to cover that thing up again,” she whispered.  "Everybody was staring at it.  You must have been having a good dream.”

I didn’t remember my dream, but I remembered it was sexy.  My cock was hard as a rock again.  It started to deflate as I came more and more to my senses.

"I woke you because Cindy and the girls are here.  They’re coming this way, and I wanted you to be awake,” Angela explained.

I looked toward the boardwalk and saw about five girls walking our way.  They were all dressed in bikinis, though none were as revealing as Angela’s. Of course all five were little foxes, turning heads all along the beach as they approached.

"Hi, Cindy!” Angela called out as they got within earshot.  She stood up and stepped off the towel to greet her friends.

"Hi, Angie.  Oh, you look fabulous!  Turn around and let’s have a look at you,” Cindy cheerfully instructed.

My little sister spun around, once quickly, once more slowly, lifting her arms so they could see everything.  Damn!  She looked so naked in that skimpy little bikini.  I was impressed with her complete lack of modesty out there in front of hundreds of people on the beach, not to mention her school mates.  One would have thought she was dressed in an evening dress about to go to a formal party.

I quickly surveyed the entourage while they checked out my little sister.  All were very pretty, though Cindy was probably the best looking, except maybe Angela, who was now right at the top of my list in looks.  It was interesting how all had similar looking bikinis, like they had all shopped at the same store together and just bought the same suit with different patterns and colors.  They were all quite small and exposed a lot of their skin.  Some of the girls stood there with their arms folded in front of them, others were talking animatedly and using their arms as they talked without any sign of modesty.

Angela had me stand up to introduced me around.  I knew a few of the girls, but some were just girls I’d seen in the halls at school.  All were fifteen or sixteen, but all were also showing fine, young, developing bodies.

Cindy was the boldest of the group, followed closely by my sister.  It was no wonder she was the captain of the cheerleading squad.  She also had the best looking body of all the girls.  Her stomach wasn't just flat and devoid of any fat, it was firm and muscular.  Her hip bones bulged out enough to push the top seam of her bikini out a good inch from her pelvic area, giving me the thought that I could peek down it and see her pussy, except that her mons bulged enough to fill the small triangle of material nicely.  She also showed a bit of a camel toe that was apparently intentional by how tightly pulled up the suit was.

The tits on Cindy were quite distracting.  They were considerably bigger than Angela's, and the bikini top didn't quite cover them.  Only her nipples and areolas were well covered; her breasts bulged out all around the small triangles.  The material was thin enough to clearly see her nipples growing hard as she inspected me.

Being the boldest, and since my attention was pretty much focused on her body, Cindy had no qualms about checking me out, but it surprised me when she said, "Nice boner, Danny boy!”

I was horribly embarrassed, and I immediately covered myself and sat down.  The whole entourage giggled when I did that, which helped to make me go soft quickly.

The girls all sat down on our towels, and we all chatted for a few minutes.  They seemed to be really impressed with my body and my bathing suit.  None said anything more about my erection, so I finally relaxed.  Angela expressed pride in being my sister, which really surprised me.

As the girls talked about who was dating whom, one would periodically compliment Angela or point out some aspect of her suit or body that had caught their eye.  One girl pointed out a cute little mole that my sister had on the inside of her left breast, another complimented her on how nice and firm her ass was, giving it a little squeeze.  Angela took it in stride, acting so nonchalant about the close inspection these girls seemed to be doing on her body.

At one point, Silvie said, "I can’t believe how sexy you look, Angie.  Look at you, girl!”

My sister beamed, spreading herself open for everyone’s inspection.  "You really think so?  I mean I really like this bikini.” She adjusted the cups under her breasts, then moved her attention to the small piece of material between her legs, pulling it up tighter and exaggerating the obvious cleft from her virgin pussy.  "I had to completely shave off my pubes so they wouldn’t show,” she volunteered.  Then she lightly ran her fingers along the soft, pubic skin exposed above the white material.  "It feels really weird down there now.”

I couldn’t believe she was talking so openly about this, especially with me sitting right next to her, not to mention the fact that she was touching herself right there on a public beach in front of hundreds of strangers.

I suddenly became aware that my Speedos were getting rather tight.  Whoops!  I was getting an erection again.  None of the girls made any overt indication that they noticed, but I did see a quick glance from each of them toward my crotch, usually followed by a hint of a smile.

When Angela noticed my growing predicament, she grabbed my hand and suddenly suggested we go for a swim.  I followed her into the cold ocean water, and my problem quickly shrank to normal.  I was surprised the other girls had followed us, and soon we were all splashing around together.

After a while, we went back to the towels.  All the girls looked pretty sexy wet. Their bikinis clung to their firm young bodies even more than before, and their nipples had gotten quite erect from the cold water.  None seemed to care that they looked pretty close to naked as they all acted quite confident of their good looks.

When I looked at my sister, my breath caught in my throat!  My God!  Her suit was now completely transparent, and only the seams were visible.  Angela didn't act like she knew, so I stepped in front of her, causing her to stop, and cleared my throat.

“What's the matter, Dan?” she asked.

“Take a look at yourself,” I suggested.  “Let me go get a towel for you before you get out of the water and cause a riot.”

My sister looked down at her completely exposed body and said, “Oh, don't be silly.  I'm okay.”

“Angela!  You're not okay!  You're completely naked!”

“No I'm not,” she argued.  “I've got a bikini on.”

“But it's completely see through,” I pointed out.

“So?”

“You don't care?”

“No, why should I?”

As she was discussing this with me, Angela pulled on her suit along various edges, which pulled the material tighter against her.  This only ensured her breasts were clearly visible and the bottoms displayed her vaginal slit clearly.  As with the other girls, her nipples were fully erect, making her look just too sexy to be my little sister.

"Well, I guess I'd expect you to be a bit more modest," I said.

"Hey, people see more than this on the Internet, and besides, I think I've got a nice body and nothing to be ashamed of," she argued.  I couldn't argue back, but it still made me curious that she didn't mind everyone, including her own brother, seeing her completely exposed body.  She had been such a shy person, and this was so out of character.

By this time, our little group of young girls had attracted quite a bit of attention; mostly from other kids our age.  A group of four boys came over and walked up to our group.

"Hey, Cindy," one of the boys said.  Cindy ignored him.

"Hi, Angela," one of the other boys said.

"Hi, Robby," Angela said, smiling up at him.

I couldn't believe that my little sister didn't mind that one of her school mates was checking her out with her suit as transparent as it was.  She didn't fold her arms in front of her or anything.  Angela was perfectly comfortable as the four boys just stared at her exposed breasts and pussy.

"Nice bikini," Robby said.

"Thanks." Angela looked down at herself and pulled her suit tight where the material had turned opaque, bringing it against her skin and causing it to become transparent again.

"I can't believe how hot you look, Angela," a third boy said.  He then looked over at the other girls and asked, "So how come the rest of you are being so modest?"

The other girls rolled their eyes and looked away.

I noticed all of the boys had pretty obvious tents forming in their trunks, and I caught the girls glancing at them as well.  The girls didn't seem to want anything to do with these guys, and I wondered why.  Then I found out.

"So, Angie, how about a blow-job?" Robby asked.

The other boys agreed that she should give them each one.  I started to object, but Angela gave me a look to sit down and let her handle it.

"Now, why would I want to do that?" she asked.  "What's in it for me?"

"It's not about what you get, it's what you give," the quiet boy said.

"Well, I'd be okay with giving someone a blow-job, but they'd have to meet certain conditions," my sister said.

The boys all asked her what conditions.

"First of all, I'd want the boy to drop his trunks right here in front of everyone," she said.

Already there was some hesitation.  These boys were suddenly embarrassed.

"What the matter?" Angela asked them.  "Are you chicken?  Are you going to let a *girl* be more brave than you?"

Wow!  This was getting wild.  In a way, I was proud of her in handling these boys, but in another way, I was shocked that my sister would talk like this.

"Since none of you are man enough to whip it out," Angela said, "I guess you're not gonna get any."  She turned away and started whispering to Cindy, and the two giggled.

"All right!  I'll do it!" said the second boy.

Right there in front of the girls and his three friends, the boy untied the front of his trunks and slid them off his hips.  His cock bounced out and stood proudly in front of him.

"So, suck it!" he said rudely.

The girls were all looking at the boy's stiff pecker and giggling.  I noticed some of our more mature neighbors were now looking our direction, and they didn't look happy.

Angela grinned broadly and said, "I said, conditions.  You know, plural.  Another condition that you have to meet is you've gotta have at least seven inches.  That thing there looks like it might be four inches at best!"

This brought a round of laughter from the girls.  The boy blushed a deep crimson, and he quickly pulled his trunks up.

"Come on, guys, this slut is a bitch!" the boy said, drawing his friends behind him as he walked away.

Angela was amazing as she then called out after him, "Hey, Dick-head!  Come back again when you grown up!"

Again the girls laughed, and the boy flipped my sister off.

"I can't believe you actually got him to show you his dick!" Cindy said through her laughter.

"What's even funnier is that his name is Richard," the little red-head explained to me.

That little episode gave us plenty to talk about for the next half hour or so.  Angela's bikini dried out and became fully opaque again, but my dick remained hard the entire time.  It was actually beginning to hurt, but the girls didn't seem to be aware of it anymore.

At this point, it was decided that we should go home.  On the bus, Angela wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.  She thanked me profusely for helping her get on the squad.  She was told she should meet them for their first practice on Monday evening after school.

I have to admit that I found it difficult to talk to her on the way home.  It wasn't that I was embarrassed of her or anything.  It was more the opposite. I was proud of her.  She looked really hot, and the way she stood up to that boy impressed me.  It's just that I couldn't think of anything to say that wouldn't give away my lust for her.  I knew it was wrong to feel that way, but I did.

"Damn!  That was exciting," she said.  "I can't believe I actually did it."

After a moment of silence, she added, "Did I turn you on, big brother?"

I gave her a sharp look, like it angered me that she even asked.

"Well, it turned *me* on," she went on, "and it looked like you were enjoying the show.  I really hoped you would.  You were so good to come out to the beach with me, and you even wore your racing suit.  I wanted so much to do something in return for you."

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It was early Saturday evening a week later.  Both Sis and I had been allowed to have friends over for a sleep-over.  Mom and Dad were pretty cool when we wanted to invite people over, leaving us pretty much alone.  They made sure we got fed and went to bed at a reasonable hour, but otherwise let us watch TV or whatever we wanted as long as we didn’t get too rambunctious.

Steve had the hots for my sister, and, I guess, Angela didn’t mind.  The whole evening, Steve and Angela were flirting and teasing each other.  It was irritating.  I wanted Steve to hang out with me, but all he did was find ways to be around my sister.  I think Sharon was just as frustrated, since she also was being ignored.

Steve was really impressed that my sister had tits.  The only girls that were showing already were the cheerleaders, of which Angela was now included.  He was also impressed with her firm round ass that her tight jeans showed off.  I have to admit, even I was attracted to her ever since that day on the beach.

It was interesting, I really liked the looks of Sharon, too.  She was a bit smaller than Angela, not quite as developed, but she had a really cute face.  She had medium length dark hair that had a reddish hue to it.  She was even more slender than my sister, still showing a little-girl figure.

At 10 PM, we were told to go to bed.  I was thankful to be separated from the girls.  Now Steve and I could talk and goof around together without the *girls*!

Our house was fairly big.  It was great.  Mom and Dad’s room was on one side of the second floor, Angela and mine was on the third floor, a finished attic with a bathroom that we shared.  This meant we could sit up for hours without disturbing our parents as long as we didn’t get too loud.

Steve started flipping through some of my comic books when Angela poked her head in the door and told us to stop peeking at her and Sharon.  Obviously, we hadn’t been, but she insisted that she saw us and wanted us to stop.  Whatever!  We agreed.

About ten minutes later, Angela knocked at the door again.  Again she demanded that we quit peeking at her and Sharon.  This time, she told us that Sharon had seen us.  We claimed innocence, but she didn’t believe us.  We finally promised, and she went back to her room.

After a few minutes, I pulled out a Playboy I had found, and Steve and I started flipping through the pictures.  One section was about sex in the movies over the last year.  Neither of us had ever seen an R-rated movie, so we were especially interested in this.  Damn, there were some hot movie actresses that we both fantasized about showing their tits.  One even had a full body shot, showing her nicely trimmed pubic hair.

Suddenly, Angela was at the door again.  She almost caught us with the Playboy. She was acting furious.  She claimed we were both still peeking at her and Sharon.  She just couldn’t understand why we were such perverts.  There didn’t seem to be anything we could say to convince her that we hadn’t left the room.

After she left, Steve and I started wondering together what it was she was doing that made her think we were peeking at her.  The Playboy had our imaginations going crazy with lust.  We imagined her and Sharon going at it with each other or doing some other nasty thing.  Why else would it be so important that we not peek at her?

In a matter of minutes, Steve and I were so curious about what my sister and her friend were doing, we decided to go peek.  We figured that if we were going to be accused of it, we might as well do it.

Being on the third floor has its advantages.  I had a dormer window with a small ledge, as did Angela.  We could sneak out of my window, cross about eight feet of roof, and peek at them from Angela’s ledge through her dormer window.  It was perfect because I knew that we wouldn’t be seen because of the dark outside, yet we’d have a full view of the girls in my sister’s room.

Steve and I crawled out and quietly took positions on either side of my sister’s window.  It was great!  The whole room was lit up, and it was absolutely dark outside.  Her shades were drawn open, since there was no concern of someone this high up seeing in her bedroom, and there was no way she would see us out there.

Inside, it appeared like the two girls were playing some board game on the floor.  It looked like it might be a Barbie game or something.  The board was all pink, and there were Barbie things lying all over the floor.  My sister was on the opposite side of the board, facing us, and Sharon was to the side, facing the door.  The girls were dressed in long tee-shirts and panties.  Sharon had one sock on and was about to throw the dice.  Steve and I couldn’t hear what was going on inside.  We heard noises, but it was very muffled, so we couldn’t tell what they were saying.  They were obviously having fun, though, because they were both giggling.

Sharon tossed the dice and moved her piece around the board.  When she stopped, she read the instructions on her spot, looked up and then sat back.  As if it was part of the game, she took off her lone sock and tossed it behind the bed.

Angela took the dice and threw them.  After stepping around to her new square, she moaned, rolled her eyes and fell back against the foot of the bed. The two of them giggled for a second, then Sharon demanded something, holding her hand out as if Angela was to hand it over.  Angela was acting like she refused to do whatever it was she had been instructed to do, but finally relented.  Knowing my sister, it was all an act; she was really enjoying the attention and would do whatever it was.

Finally, she stood up and whipped off her tee-shirt!  Holy shit, she looked good! She was now standing there wearing only her thin sheer panties in front of her friend and her concealed audience.  She was facing the window, giving Steve and me a full, unobstructed view of her magnificent body.  I was again overwhelmed by what a nice figure she had.  Even after her wanton display on the beach in that tiny bikini, seeing her bare breasts was breathtaking.  They were full and round, standing firm on her young chest.  Her areolas were a light brown and about the size of quarters with rigid little nipples in the center.

Steven took a deep breath as he took in the wonder of my sister in all her glory.  He seemed to be shifting around, adjusting his crotch.  I needed to, also, as things were starting to get tight down there.

Angela plopped down on her butt and threw the dice again.  I couldn’t figure out the rules, but for some reason it was still her turn.  She moved her piece around and groaned and rolled her eyes when she stopped. Sharon laughed and pointed at her, demanding something while Angela just shook her head.

After a few seconds of some back and forth discussion, my sister finally stood up and removed her panties.  Now she was completely naked in front of us, not to mention her friend.  Her pussy was still shaved bare as I remembered it from the beach.  My heart was pounding hard, and I imagine Steve’s was, too.

Sharon made some comment, pointing at Angela’s pussy, and Angela looked down at herself.  She carried on some discussion for a few seconds, clearly about her pussy, before finally dropping onto the floor again.

Steve was now rubbing his crotch, clearly turned on by the whole affair.  He seemed to have forgotten that I was there as he stared intently at my little sister.

Sharon now took the dice and threw them.  As she moved her piece around the board, I noticed that Angela was sitting Indian style facing us.  If she knew we were outside her window, I had to wonder if she would have been embarrassed at the fact that she was showing us everything.  Considering her display at the beach, maybe not.  As impressed with her tits as I was, her pussy fascinated me.  It looked slightly swollen and pink, and her inner lips were just barely peeking out.  I found my cock very uncomfortable in my briefs under my sweats.

When Sharon stopped moving her piece, she slapped her open hand over her mouth, and then the two girls giggled.  Sharon got up and started to remove her tee-shirt.  Before she got it up over her hips, Angela said something, and Sharon stopped.  They had some kind of discussion, then Sharon stepped over the board and turned to face us.  I could see a faint blush on her face as she continued to raise her shirt over he head.

Sharon definitely had a little-girl body still.  She was very skinny, all ribs and tight skin.  Her areolas were puffy cones and a light pink color.  The tiny floral panties she had on showed a clear camel toe. She stood for a moment, as if to give my sister time to look, and then quickly returned to her spot to the side of the game board.

Sharon was obviously not as comfortable showing off her body to her friend as Angela was.  My sister seemed to be almost flaunting herself to Sharon as she would lean back on her hands to make sure nothing obscured her view.

Sharon threw the dice, moved her piece around the board and visibly sighed in relief.

Angela took the dice and threw them.  When she stopped moving her piece, she took a card from a pile I hadn’t noticed before.  She read it to Sharon who giggled when she heard it.  Angela actually blushed.  I wondered what it said.

My sister then got up on her knees so she was sitting on her heels and spread her knees wide apart.  Then she started twisting her nipples with both hands as she talked to her friend.  Angela cupped her breasts and massaged them, pulling on her nipples as she pulled her hands away. All the while, my sister was telling Sharon something.  Angela was obviously getting herself really turned on as she continued to massage her breasts.

Sharon sat there watching intently.  I noticed her hands had dropped into her lap, but my view was obscured because her back was toward us.

After a few seconds, Angela moved her attention to her pussy.  She was still talking, apparently telling Sharon something, and Sharon was paying close attention, not only to what my sister was doing, but to what she was saying.  As my sister’s fingers reached her crotch, she spread her pussy lips and ran her index finger up and then down the inner lips.  I could see her shiver from her own touch.

About this time, I realized Angela was instructing Sharon on her erogenous zones.  She seemed to be explaining what and how to touch her to stimulate her sexually.  Sharon was being a good student and taking it all in.

Then Angela lifted the hood from her clitoris, exposing it to her friend.  Gently, she stuck her slender finger beside her rigid clit and drew a small circle around it, essentially tracing the root of her nub.  As she did this, her whole body shuddered, and I could see liquid dripping from her hole.

Suddenly, she cupped her entire hand over her pussy and rubbed it vigorously.  She dropped back onto her bare ass and told Sharon that it was her turn to move (or at least that’s what it seemed like she was saying, because Sharon picked up the dice).

I could clearly see a blush all over Angela’s face and neck.  For a while, I had thought nothing embarrassed her, but this seemed to be getting to her.  For my sister to play with herself in front of her friend had to be difficult, even for someone as open as she had become.

Steve was stroking himself hard through his pants.  I think he had completely forgotten I was there.  I couldn't see much except that his had was vigorously active between his legs.

About that time, Sharon had moved her piece and was reading her instructions.  I couldn’t believe it when she got up on her knees and leaned over the board toward my sister, presenting her young, puffy nipples to Angela.  My sister grinned and leaned in and took one of her friend’s nipples into her mouth.  She sucked on it for a few seconds, then moved her mouth to the other nipple.

By the time Angela was done, Sharon’s nipples were both hard, making extra little points on the ends of her pink puffy cones.  Angela’s saliva had made her tits shiny and a little pinker.

Angela then made her move.  Again she picked up a card and read it to her friend. Whatever it said clearly excited Sharon because she sat up straight and clapped.  Angela blushed a little, but seemed to accept the fate of the instructions.  My sister got back into position on her knees, spreading her legs.  Then she leaned back, as if to completely expose herself to her friend again.

Sharon got up and moved beside my sister, clearly excited by whatever was about to take place.

There was a moment after Sharon took her place beside my sister that I could swear she looked at the window where Steve and I were hiding, but she quickly looked away, then focused on Angela.

Sharon reached across Angela’s torso and started massaging her breasts, similar to the way Angela had done on her previous move.  We watched as Sharon rolled my sister’s nipples around and pulled on them, making them stiff as little rocks.

Angela was obviously enjoying the sensations.  She had her eyes closed and gently rolled her head from side to side.  We could actually hear her moans through the window.

Sharon spent a good five minutes massaging both of Angela’s breasts.  We could see Angela give her friend some instruction, and Sharon then moved her attention to Angela’s pussy.  Again she followed Angela’s previous instructions as she ran her finger up and down my sister’s inner pussy lips.  She then lifted the hood from around Angela’s clit and ran a finger around the rigid little nub.  Sharon moved her finger around the clit a few times and then up and down my sister’s swollen lips.

As we watched, I noticed Sharon seemed to be making sure that she didn’t cover Angela’s pussy from our view.  I thought more and more that this was a setup.  No longer did Angela leave her room to come tell us to stop peeking at her.  They must have known we were there, and Sharon was playing with my sister for us to watch.  I didn’t know for sure, but it was something that went through my mind.

Angela said something, and Sharon suddenly jammed two fingers into Angela’s pussy entrance.  Vigorously, Sharon pumped her fingers in and out of my sister, using her other hand to diddle Angela’s rigid clit. In a matter of seconds, Angela came to a powerful orgasm as her friend pumped away.  She must have had multiple orgasms or something, because Sharon continued to keep her at a high for a good five minutes or more straight.

Finally, Angela collapsed on the floor, pulling herself from her friend’s fingers.  Sharon held her fingers up, and we could see they were covered with Angela’s juices.  Sharon slipped the sloppy fingers into her mouth and sucked them clean.

Then, to Steven’s and my shock, both girls looked at us through the window.  I don’t think they could see us, and I don’t know if they knew we were watching.  They just stared at the window and said something to each other.  I just couldn’t believe that my sister was this much of an exhibitionist or that she would intentionally want us to watch her get masturbated by her friend.

Angela got up and walked to the window, and both Steve and I backed away, afraid that she might see us.  Then, still naked as a jaybird, she closed the blinds, hiding her room from our view.

Steve and I immediately made our way back to my room.  It was difficult, considering the erections we were trying to deal with, and we didn’t want to make any noise to give our peeping away.

I noticed when we got back into my room that Steve had a big wet stain on his sweats.  I figured he had rubbed himself to climax while watching my sister.  I had come damned close, but I didn’t dare give away my lust for my own sister.

"Man, your sister is hot!” Steve groaned as he pulled off his sweats.  "I can’t believe how good looking she is,” he added as he dropped his jockey shorts.  "Hey, do you think I can borrow a pair of underwear from you.  I kinda made a mess when Angela spread her legs the second time.”

I loaned Steve a pair of my underpants, and he put them on.  I was a bit surprised at how nonchalantly he had removed his wet clothes.  He didn’t seem to be at all embarrassed, and he had to stand in front of me for a good minute with a semi-erection while I got him a clean pair.

"I’m going to have dreams about this night for the rest of my life,” he went on as we climbed into bed.

"I am so embarrassed,” I said, though I was more turned on than embarrassed.  "I can’t believe Angela did that.  It’s bad enough that I saw it, but having you see it is even worse.”

"Aww, don’t worry about it,” Steve said.  "I’m not gonna tell anyone.  Hell, no one would believe me anyway.”

I tried to change the subject, but Steven was determined to talk about it some more.  I really was a little embarrassed of my sister’s wanton display.  I didn’t want her to get a reputation as a slut or anything.  I was a bit afraid that she was going to be labeled a lesbian, too, but Steve never even hinted that he thought that.

Steve mostly talked about how hot her body was.  He was really impressed with her tits, but didn’t even mention her pussy.  He went on and on about how big they looked and how he’d really like to play with her nipples.  Although I was more intrigued by her juicy slit, he just couldn’t stop talking about her boobs.

We finally went to sleep.  Steven had a wet dream during the night.  I just suffered from a painful erection.  I didn’t feel there was time for me to do something about it.  I certainly didn’t want to go to the bathroom and beat off with Steven there to know what I was doing.  I figured I’d take care of it after he left.

Breakfast was weird.  Mom made us all pancakes, and we all sat around in relative silence while we ate.  Angela and Sharon acted like nothing had happened the night before, whispering occasionally little things they giggled about.  Both were dressed in shorts and cutoff tee-shirts.

Steven and I were pretty stiff, in both respects.  Steve was staring at my sister the whole meal, especially at her tits.  I didn’t know what to say, and I couldn’t look at either of the girls.

For the next few weeks, things were strange with Angela.  We never spoke about the evening.  I had to pretend like I hadn’t peeked at her through her window.  I doubt she would ever admit to doing it, much less giving any indication she might know I was watching, which I still suspected.

There seemed to be a constant sexual tension going on between my sister and me.  I didn’t want to admit it because I was embarrassed to have the hots for my own flesh and blood.  She seemed to be playing me, as if she knew I was turned on, and trying to see how far she could go before I’d do or say something.

During those weeks, Angela seemed to be testing her limits.  It started fairly innocently.  She’d be stepping out of the bathroom after taking a shower and almost lose her towel.  I didn’t see anything, but maybe the side of her tit or her bare ass, but it seemed to happen a bit too frequently to be an accident.  It was almost every time she took a shower.

After a while, it graduated to coming out of the bathroom in a tee-shirt.  Sure, the tee-shirt went low enough to cover her privates, barely, but I don’t think she made any effort to dry off before putting on her shirt. She’d come out with her hair dripping wet and the tee-shirt sopped and clinging to her body.  She had a set of shirts that, when wet, were practically transparent.  She acted like she was completely dressed when I’d catch her like this, making no effort to cover herself in spite of the fact that I could see everything quite clearly, at least everything that the shirt clung to.  I chalked it up to the fact that I'd seen it all before on the beach, and she was not embarrassed, so she probably thought this was no different.

Then I noticed she stopped closing her door when she dressed or used the bathroom.  Initially, she was never in a state of undress when I saw her, but as time went on, I’d catch her in all kinds of situations.  I’d catch her putting on her bra, without panties looking through her panty drawer, sometimes even topless as she pulled on a blouse.  I never caught her completely naked except once.  She had just taken a shower and dried off.  Her bathroom door was wide open as I passed, as usual, but she had draped her towel over the sink and was inserting a tampon.  Her leg was on the toilet seat, and she was slightly bent over as she pushed the plastic tube inside herself.  I don’t think she saw me hesitate as she pushed the contents inside her, and I ducked into my room before she looked up.  I did notice that she still had her pussy shaved bald, though.

I also noticed that Angela wore much more revealing clothing around the house.  Mom and Dad would never allow her to wear anything like that out in public, but they didn’t say anything about her wandering around in a bra and panties for half a day.  Angela was even more risqué when Mom and Dad were out and left us at home alone.

One time, Angela and I were left home for about an hour while Mom and Dad went to do some Christmas shopping.  We were supposed to hang around the house until they returned because we were all going to go out for dinner.  Angela suggested we play a game of cards while we waited.  She ran off to get the cards, and I cleared off a place in front of the TV on the floor.

When Angela returned, she had changed her clothes.  Instead of the tee-shirt and shorts she had been wearing, she was now dressed in a half tee-shirt and panties.  The tee-shirt didn’t even completely cover her breasts, leaving about half of them hanging out underneath.  I didn’t even know that they made panties that revealing until that moment. Even though they were shaped like normal bikini panties, these had a very thin strip of material up the front that was completely see-through.  I could see her pussy lips clearly as she sat down and crossed her legs.  I thought I was going to lose it right then.

"You changed your clothes,” I stated stupidly.

"Yeah,” she said as if I was talking about baseball.  "I needed to change into something more appropriate for tonight, but my clothes haven’t dried yet.  I just slipped this on until the drier finishes.”

"Uh... Angela,” I stuttered, "don’t you think you should put some pants on or something?” I couldn’t believe she was being this blatant in front of me.

"Oh, I will,” she said as she dealt out the cards, "as soon as they’re dry.”

Well, her clothes didn’t get dry until Mom and Dad drove up in the driveway.  Rather convenient, huh?  I had to sit there for an hour and a half looking at her sexy body and her pussy slit.  It was pure torture, but she seemed to not care what she was doing to me.

At one point in the game, Angela accused me of cheating.  I hadn’t, of course. As the game continued, she found other trumped up evidence that I had cheated.  This went on, and she continued to act pissed that I would cheat my own sister.  For some reason, I didn’t feel that she was seriously upset.

She lost another hand and suddenly leaped on me, accusing me of cheating again.  She was convinced, so she said, that I had cards hidden somewhere in my clothes.  She crawled all over me, searching my pockets, inside my shirt, in my socks, everywhere.

In the process of her search, I fought her off, to some extent.  When my hand inadvertently went up inside her shirt and pressed against her bare boob, I backed off.  This didn’t phase her in the least as she continued to wrestle me.  One would have thought I pressed against her arm or something.  Because she didn’t stop, I went back to fighting her off.

We ended up wrestling like we had when we were real little.  The big difference was that I had a raging hard-on, and we were both copping feels, either inadvertently or intentionally, I don’t know.  I do know I grabbed her tits a couple of times on purpose, and I felt her take hold of my cock more than once.

At one point, Angela had knocked me on my back and quickly thrown her legs over my head.  She put her weight down on my forehead, holding me still while she tickled my ribs.  In this position, I had a lot of trouble fighting her off.  I was staring right at her barely covered crotch. Her pussy lips were less than an inch from my eyes, and I could definitely smell the musky odor emanating from her love canal.  Not far above that were her two fabulous tits.  Looking up like I was, they were completely bare.

She realized I had suddenly stopped fighting her back, and she stopped tickling me.  She just sat there looking down at me as if wondering what to do next.

"What’s the matter?” she asked.

"Uh... nothing,” I lied.

"Oooh, your thing is all hard again.  Are you some kind of a pervert?”

What was I supposed to say?  I was.  I lusted after my own sister.

Just at that moment, we heard Mom and Dad drive into the driveway.  Angela leaped up and ran to get her clothes out of the drier (or wherever they really were).  As she left, though, she taunted me with, "Danny is a pervert.  Danny is a pervert.”

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About a month later, we had another sleep-over.  I invited Steven again, and he accepted readily.  I think he had other plans, but he canceled them to spend the evening with me at my place.  I'm sure he was hoping for another display like we had received the last time.  I didn’t blame him as I was hoping for one, too.

Angela invited Cindy, the head cheerleader.  This girl was a major babe, and I thought she kinda liked me, but I wasn’t sure.

Steve arrived first.  He was anxious.  We hung out for a while reading comics and talking about stuff.  Angela was out with Mom, and they were supposed to pick up Cindy on their way home, so we were essentially alone. Steve kept asking where Angela was.  It was obvious he wasn’t there to see me.

They finally arrived.  The hour we had to wait seemed to take forever, but it was worth it.  Although Angela was dressed relatively conservatively, like she always dressed around Mom and Dad, Cindy was practically naked.  I couldn’t believe that her mother let her go out like that or that my Mom didn’t say anything.

Angela was wearing her cutoff jeans that fit her like a glove.  It really made her look hot because she had long sexy legs that made any guy desire the junction of those slender gams.  On top she had a bright orange cotton tube top that left her sexy bellybutton exposed.  She kicked off her sandals as soon as she entered the house and remained barefoot for the rest of the day.

Cindy, on the other hand, was a walking erection generator.  She had on a deep blue full body-stocking that looked like it had been painted on.  It had a wide "V” front open down to below her bellybutton.  Her breasts spread the opening wide apart, but it was held together right between her tits by a single piece of black thread, barely perceptible to the eye.  The only evidence of the thread was the stretched material on either side of the cavern between her breasts.

Since Cindy was only sixteen, her breasts were pretty well developed, and they were definitely larger than most of the sixteen-year-olds.  This was quite evident from the conspicuous valley between them, exposed and enhanced by the cut of the body stocking.

Around her waist, Cindy was wearing a four-inch heavy leather studded belt.  It was loosely hanging from her hips in a stylish crisscross, drawing attention to her amazingly flat lower abdomen and pelvis.  Just below the belt, her mons bulged and showed a clear camel-toe.  Her ass was obviously quite muscular as could be seen by the contours of her cheeks in the body suit.  The dark blue material wedged its way between her rounded globes, further giving the impression it was painted onto her body.

Mom didn’t say a word about her outfit, but I suppose it was because Cindy was a guest.  After all, what could she say?

After saying hello to us, the girls ran up to their room giggling.  Steven and I were most disappointed, hoping for some interaction later in the evening.  Cindy did say hello to me with a little flare, leading me to believe she wanted to see me later.

The girls were gone for only a short while before we all went out to dinner.  Mom took us to Harvest Buffet so we could all have whatever we wanted.  I swear Cindy got up twenty times to get more or something different.  I couldn’t keep my eyes off of her sexy body as she pranced around the buffet tables.  From the stares of the people around us, I wasn't the only one distracted by her.

Steve was still infatuated with my sister.  She had smaller tits than Cindy, but I think his focus was brought on by memories of watching her climax from the touch of another girl.

When we got home, Steve and I were having trouble controlling our hard-ons.  The girls again ran giggling to Angela’s room and closed the door.  Steve and I went to my room and prepared to peek in on my sister.  This time, we both took off our pants and underwear and put on only our sweats, just in case if we had an accident.

We were thrilled to find out that Cindy had cracked the window open a little so we could hear what they were saying this time.

"... we played this game I got, and I won.  It was so sexy, I couldn’t believe it.  Sharon was so cool, too, because she didn’t get all embarrassed or anything.  I know you’d like it,” my sister was saying.

"Hey, cool,” Cindy said enthusiastically.  "So, get it out.  Let’s play it!”

"Okay!” Angela said as she pulled a game box out from under her bed.  "You’ve got to promise, though, that you won’t quit in the middle, okay?”

"Don’t worry, girl!  There’s no way I’ll quit.  I promise.”

The two girls opened the box and pulled out the various pieces.  I found it interesting that they set up the board so they were both facing the window.  They shuffled the cards and picked a piece to move around the board.

"So, how do we play?” Cindy asked.

"Well, you move your piece around the board and do what the squares say.  Notice how most of them tell you to remove clothing.  Well, once you run out of clothes to take off, you have to take a card from this pile instead.  They’re commands that you have to do after you’re naked,” my sister explained.

"Wow!  Cool!” Cindy exclaimed.  Cindy started reading the commands on the various squares and started giggling.  "Holy shit!  These are sexy!  You did this with Sharon?”

"Yeah, and it was a lot of fun,” Angela said excitedly.

"I'm surprised she was willing to go through with some of these,” Cindy commented.  "We may have to consider her for the cheerleading squad.  Maybe she's the right material after all.”

"I think she'd be a great cheerleader,” Angela said, "but you know she has no tits.  They're just starting to show, so maybe later this year.”

"I can’t believe this!” Cindy grinned as she started flipping through the deck of cards.  "Look at these commands!  This one says, ‘Show the other players how you masturbate and describe everything that you do!’”

"I know!” Angela giggled.  "That was one of the cards I picked, and I had to give Sharon a full demonstration.  She was a good student, too.  She watched everything I did carefully.  God!  I almost came while showing her.”

"So, what's the goal of the game?” Cindy asked.

"The first one to have an orgasm wins!” Angela announced excitedly.

"Oh, God!  What a cool game!”

Just as they were about to start, Angela said, "Wait just a second.  I’ve gotta go tease the guys!”

Uh, oh!  One of us had to get back to my room so she wouldn’t think we were peeping.  I told Steve to stay and tell me what happened while I was gone.

I quickly snuck back to my room.  Fortunately I’d put a chair against the door, or Angela would have walked in and found us missing.  She was pounding on the door, so I cracked it open and peeked at her.

"What do you want?” I asked.

"Hey, I don’t want you peeping at us like you did last time,” she demanded.

"We weren’t peeking at you last time,” I stated.

"Yeah, right!” she responded.  "Well, Cindy and I want to play this game, and we don’t want to be interrupted.  Okay?”

"Okay, okay!”

I closed the door and put the chair under the doorknob again.  Then I crawled out onto the roof and joined Steve.

"Nothing happened,” Steve whispered to me, "except she was rubbing her breasts as she read the various commands on the board.  That’s about it.”

Well, the two started playing.  Their first move landed each of them on a square to remove one item of clothing.  Cindy removed her belt while Angela peeled her top off.  I think both Steve and I popped a boner in an instant as Angela casually bared her breasts to her friend.

"Wow, nice tits, Angy,” Cindy exclaimed, staring at my sister’s breasts.

"Thanks.  I like ‘em, too.”

On the next move, Cindy had to describe her favorite sexual thing to do.  She told Angela that she just loved giving guys blow-jobs.  That was great news to Steve and me.  We wondered how we could get her to give us each one.

Angela giggled and said, "Wow!  I’ve never given a guy a blow-job before. It sounds like fun!”

"Oh, it is, honey!  You gotta try it sometime.”

Angela’s next move required her to suck Cindy's nipples.  Cindy giggled and leaned forward, presenting her breasts still covered by her body suit.  Angela massaged one with one hand while she sucked on the other through the dark blue material.  She repeated the process on the other breast while Cindy moaned.

On Cindy’s next move, she had to remove two items of clothing.

"But I’ve only got one thing left,” Cindy exclaimed.

"Well, then you have to take a card for the second one,” Angela explained.

I sat in amazement as I watched Cindy strip off her body suit.  God!  She had one hell of a body.  I couldn’t believe she was only 16 and so willing to strip naked in front of my sister like that, but she did.

A few seconds later, Cindy was standing in front of Angela completely naked.  The only things that had been left to the imagination by her outfit were her nipples and her pussy.  She hadn’t been wearing a bra or panties.  Her areolas were huge.  They were light brown, about the same as Angela’s, but they were about as big around as silver dollars.  They dwarfed her tiny nipples, which were almost the same size as mine.  Below, her pussy had a nicely trimmed tuft of pubic hair.  Although Cindy had dirty blond hair, her pubes were dark brown. She had trimmed them so they looked like the letter "V,” leaving her lips completely bare of hair.  Her artwork had the effect of drawing one’s attention to the point of the "V” like an arrow pointing to her vagina.

"Wow, nice puss, Cindy,” Angela remarked on seeing her friend’s crotch.

"You like it?” Cindy grinned, pressing her hips toward my sister to give her a better look.

"Yeah, I like it a lot.” Angela reached out and outlined the "V” with the tip of her finger.  "Wow, it’s really soft, too.”

"Ooh, that tickles,” Cindy giggled as she pulled her hips back and sat down.

"Okay, girl, now pick a card,” Angela reminded her.

Cindy reached for a card and read the instructions.  "‘Kiss another player all over, but only where skin is exposed!’ it says.” So, Cindy did just that.  She kissed every exposed part of Angela’s body.  It was really erotic.  From the stiffness of Angela’s nipples, my sister obviously enjoyed it, too.

Angela’s turn had her massage one of the other female player’s breasts.  Cindy got all giggly and pushed her chest out for Angela.  Steve and I were both agape as we watched Angela go at it on Cindy’s nicely developing tits.  She rubbed them and pulled on her friend’s nipples.  She rolled the pink little nubs between her thumb and index finger, then pinched them, causing Cindy to squeal.

By the time Angela quit, Cindy was panting and flushed all over her face and upper chest.  It was such a bright pink, I thought that maybe she had a sudden rash or something or maybe she’d eaten something that caused some kind of hives.

Cindy’s next turn had her turn over a card.

"It says I’m supposed to carry my cell phone around the room twice, but I’m not allowed to use my hands or my mouth,” Cindy announced.  She reached into her purse and pulled out her cell.  She pushed a few buttons on it, presumably to turn it off or disable the keypad.  Then she stood up and pressed the phone between her ass cheeks.  Walking stiff-legged to hold the phone tightly with her butt, she walked around the room twice.

Angela giggled and made cat-calls to her friend as Cindy waddled around the room.  She teased her about having a stick up her ass, being stuck up and various other silly remarks.

Cindy actually looked really sexy, I thought.  The effort of squeezing her cheeks together forced her butt muscles to really show.  It also forced her to walk with her hips pushed forward a little, thrusting her mons out in front of her.  Oh, how I wanted to run my hands over that part of her body.

Angela’s next turn required the removal of another article of clothing.  Quickly, my sister unbuttoned her denim shorts and slid them off her hips.  To my surprise, she wasn’t wearing any panties, either. Now both girls were stark naked.

Cindy didn’t seem surprised at the fact that Angela wasn’t wearing underwear, but she was quite taken by her shaved pussy.

"Wow, Angy, that is so... sexy,” Cindy said.  "Here, let me look at it.”

Without hesitation, Angela stepped closer to her friend, allowing her friend to get within an inch of her shaved pussy.  Angela just stood there while Cindy ran her fingers over her cleanly shaven pubic area and even pulled her lips apart.

"I can’t believe how cool that feels,” Cindy went on.  "It’s getting me all wet just touching it.”

Angela just smiled and then returned to her seat.

Cindy rolled her dice and moved her piece.  When she read the card, her hand went to her mouth, and she gasped.  With a big grin, she read the instructions.  "French kiss the most private exposed part of the person to your left.”

"Ooh, goody!” Angela squealed.  Turning herself a little to allow Cindy access without climbing over the game board, Angela spread her legs open to her friend.

Cindy giggled a little, then lowered herself to Angela’s crotch.  Steve and I couldn’t see very well, but from the reactions of Angela, Cindy was doing more than just kissing Angela’s pussy.

It looked like Angela was just about to have an orgasm when Cindy pulled her head up.  Angela asked her why she had stopped, and Cindy said, "It’s not time, yet.”

"Oh, you are so cruel, Cindy!” Angela whined.

Angela then threw the dice while Cindy moved back to her place on the floor.  She landed on a space that required her to take a card.  On reading it, she rolled her eyes and said, "Damn!  You win!  And I was so horny!”

"Oh, really?” Cindy said excitedly.  "So what happens now?”

"The card says, ‘Bring the person to your right to an orgasm without using your hands,’” Angela read.

Cindy’s eyes got really wide.  "You mean you’re going to eat me out ‘till I cum?”

"Yep, that’s what I’m supposed to do.  Are you ready?”

Cindy quickly spread herself out as Angela had done just moments before.  My sister got up and positioned herself between her friend’s knees. Brushing her hair out of the way, Angela lowered herself into the pussy of her friend.

As soon as Angela placed her lips on Cindy’s cunt, Cindy started to squirm.  Her hips jerked spasmodically as my sister sucked and licked her friend’s vaginal lips.

It didn’t take long before Angela had the slender girl cumming.  Cindy had to put her own hand over her mouth as she screamed.  My sister rode the girl’s mons like a bucking bronco.  I lost it at this point and came in my sweats.

Cindy lay exhausted on the floor while Angela cleaned up all the cum and pussy juice that leaked out of her friend’s pussy.  One would have thought she was dead the way she just lay there.

"Damn!  Now I’m never gonna get off,” Angela moaned as she sat up. "Come on,” she said, jabbing Cindy on the side, "get up and do me.”

"Oh, I’m too tired,” Cindy groaned.

Angela plopped down beside her friend and pouted.  Her fingers slid down to her slit and started gently massaging it.  My sister sat there sulking for a few minutes, slowly running her fingers over her swollen lips.  Then her face lit up.

"Hey, Cindy, tell me about how to give a blow-job,” Angela said to her friend.  "What’s it like?  How do you do it?  Who have you given a blow-job to?”

Cindy rolled onto her side and lazily raised her head onto her hand.  "Oh, it is so cool!” she said.  "I did it to Joey and David... and Tim... oh, yeah, I’ve done George and Brian, too.  I want to do all the boys... well, except for Kevin.  He’s such a jerk.”

"So, tell me how to do it,” my sister pressed.

"Well, you take their thing and suck on it like a Popsicle, you know.  You don’t want to scrape your teeth on it, ‘cause I guess that hurts some guys.  I just love the feel of a cock in my mouth.  I love looking at them when they’re all hard, and I like to see just how hard I can make them and keep them there for as long as I can.  I like stroking them and playing with the veins and stuff.  You just gotta try it.”

"Wow!  That sounds like fun,” Angela was getting really excited.  She had been stroking herself gently while Cindy talked.

"Hey!  I’ve got an idea,” Cindy bolted upright, sliding up close to Angela and putting her arms around her.  It was sexy looking at Cindy’s sexy slender arms wrapped around my naked sister.  "Let’s go check on your brother and Steve.  If they’re still up, maybe I can show you how to give one.  I wouldn’t mind giving Dan a blow-job.  I bet he’s got a nice cock.  I wonder how much he spurts.”

"What do you mean, ‘spurts?’” Angela asked.

"Oh, shit!  You don’t know about a guy’s thing spurting?” Cindy teased.  "That’s the best part!  When a guy gets real excited, his cock spurts this white stuff, and the guy goes into fits.  It is so cool!  When he does, you’ve got total control over him.  His whole body goes into convulsions while his dick spurts and spurts.  I love getting it all over myself.  I like aiming it at my face and tits, but I just love getting it in my mouth.  It tastes kinda funky, but it’s just so nasty it gets me all hot.  Guys really like it if you swallow it while he’s spurting.  I don’t mind doing that sometimes, but I really prefer watching his dick spurt it all over the place.”

"Wow!  I’ve gotta see that!” Angela said, her eyes all big and wide.

"Well, come on, let’s go to your brother’s room, and I’ll show you!” Cindy pressed.  Then she leaped up and headed for the door.

"Wait!” Angela stopped her.  "You aren’t going to go like that, are you?”

"What?  You mean naked?” Cindy quizzed.  "Of course!  Hell, we want to give them blow-jobs, so why not?”

"Well... I don’t know,” Angela hesitated.  "What if Mom and Dad catch us or something?”

Cindy rolled her eyes and flopped her arms to her sides.

Then Angela brightened up and suggested, "I know!  Let’s sneak out onto the roof and peek in Danny’s room.  We can see what they’re doing before we go in.”

"Okay, that sounds cool!” Cindy agreed, looking for her tee-shirt.

"No, let’s do it naked,” Angela said conspiratorially.  "It’s so dark out, no one will see us, and I”m so horny, I don’t want to put any clothes on.”

"Shit!” Steve whispered to me.  Quickly, the two of us crept back to my window and into my room.  Both of us had cum stains on our sweats, so we had to change.  We didn’t want to be seen by the girls in our jockey shorts, so we put on a clean pair of sweats.

We pulled out a deck of cards and dealt them out, pretending we’d been playing all along.

Just at that moment, I heard a fairly audible squeak outside my window.  I knew it had to be the girls, but Steve and I didn’t look up because we didn’t want the girls to know we knew.  I found out later that Cindy had stuck her fingers into Angela’s pussy as they crawled across the roof.  She said the temptation was just too great with it waving there in her face.

"Hey, I’ve got an idea,” I whispered to Steve.  I tried to talk without moving my lips so the girls didn’t see.  Then I said, in a louder voice, "I’ve gotta go take a leak.  I’ll be right back.”

I went out into the hallway and quickly slipped into Angela’s bedroom.  Her window was cracked open, but not for long.  I very quietly closed it tight and turned the latch so it was locked.  Then I returned to my room.

"So, did everything come out all right?” Steve asked.

"Yep.” Then, in a hushed tone I said, "I locked their window so they can’t get back in.  Now they have to come through my window, or they’re stuck out there all night.”

"Oh, cool!” Steve yelped.  I hushed him, but he didn’t care. "What does it matter?  We’ve got them right where we want them.”

I thought for a second and then smiled.  I picked up the cards and put them away. Moving around to sit on the floor next to Steve, I leaned against the bed and looked out my window where I knew the girls were peeking in. Steve got the hint and leaned against the bed next to me.

We could just barely make out the shadows of my sister and Cindy in the dark.  We couldn’t make out that they were naked, but we could see them moving.

They saw us looking at them and immediately squealed.  We could see them pushing and scrambling to get back to Angela’s window.  I caught Angela’s bare butt as it passed the window, but that was about it.

Steve and I just sat there and laughed, knowing they were going to find the window locked.  Steve jumped up and locked my window and then sat down next to me again.

"Why’d you do that?” I asked.

"So they have to beg us to let them in,” he grinned.

It took about five minutes, but that’s what they finally did.  It turned out that they waited a long time to try and figure out what to do.  Angela must have been thinking of other ways to get in but couldn’t come up with one.  They finally decided they would have to knock on our window and get us to let them in.

Steve and I just waited, getting each other excited about what was about to take place.  We couldn’t believe how many guys Cindy had given blow-jobs to.  We had obviously asked the wrong girls out.  I couldn’t get over the fact that my sister was curious about it and wanted Cindy to teach her how to give them.  We wondered if Cindy and Angela were going to suck us off that night.

"Your sister is so hot!” Steven said.  "I can’t believe what a body she has.  I’d sure like to do her.”

"Come on, Steve!” I groaned, rolling my eyes.  "She’s my little sister, man!  You can’t be talking that way about my little sister!” He didn’t know that I felt the same way, and I didn’t want him to know.

"Yeah, you’re right.  I’m sorry, but I can’t help it.  You’ve got to admit she’s got one hell of a body.”

"I know, but I just can’t think about it.  You know?” I tried to explain.

"Yeah, man.  I guess it would be kinda weird to do your own sister.”

Just then there was a real light tap on the window.  Steve and I looked at each other but decided to make them work for it.

A few seconds later, the tap repeated, a little louder.

After four times, there was a nice loud rap on the window, and I got up to open it.  I had Steve position himself at the door so the girls couldn’t just dash through the room and out without us having a little fun with them.

Cindy was the first to enter the room.  God!  It was so sexy seeing her naked body close up.  She tried to cover herself from my view, but she couldn’t. My cock instantly got hard, and I think she saw it.  She stepped in and stood in front of Steve, covering her breasts with her arm and her crotch with her other hand.  She stood there, lifting one leg a little and bending it in the hopes of covering herself a bit more while she waited for my sister to come in.

Angela followed Cindy directly.  For some reason, Angela wasn’t quite as modest as Cindy.  As she entered, she did it boldly, as if she were completely dressed.

When she was in, Angela didn’t make any attempt to cover herself.  She stood there in full view of Steve and me, unabashed, arms at her sides.  She actually put her fists on her hips, much like Zena the Warrior Princess, and gave us her most angry look.

"Okay, very funny, ass hole!” she said to me.  "What’s with locking my window.  What’s the matter, are you two perverts so hard up you gotta do something like this to get your jollies?”

Steve and I were laughing at their dilemma, not to mention taking full advantage of the opportunity to check them out close up.

"Hey, what are you talking about?” I asked Angela, as soon as I could speak.  "What are you two doing out on the roof naked?  Seems to me that you’re the perverts.”

"We just wanted to see what you guys were up to,” Angela said with a huff.  "Not like we were doing anything gross or anything.”

"Yeah, right!” Steve said.  "So how come your both naked.”

The two girls looked at each other bewildered.  Finally, Cindy said, "Well... we were playing this game that Ang...”

"...that I found...” Angela interrupted.

"Yeah, that Angela found.  Anyway... it’s sort of like strip poker... and...” At this point, Cindy had been using her hands to talk and she’d forgotten she was standing in front of us naked.

"...and after you get stripped, it makes you do these silly things,” Angela interrupted.  "One of them was that we had to go outside naked.”

"Uh, huh,” was all we both said, knowing this wasn’t the truth.

"So, how do you win this game?” I asked Cindy.

"Uh... well... as soon as one of the players has an or...”

"...as soon as one of the players chickens out and won’t do what it says to do,” Angela interrupted again.

"Yeah, right,” I said with sarcasm.

"So, do you think you’ve had a good enough look?” Angela demanded with her fists still pressed against her hips.  "I think it’s time we went back to my room.”

I was about to tell Steve to let them leave when Cindy said, "Wait a minute!  What about showing you how to give a blow-job?”

Both Steve and I looked at her in shock.  Of course we knew what they were talking about it, but we didn’t think it would actually happen.  We were fairly sure it wouldn’t.  In any case, we didn’t expect them to be so forthright about it.

This time Angela was also in shock.  She didn’t know what to say.

"One of the reasons we came over here,” Cindy explained, "is so I could show Angela how to give a blow-job.  So, which one will it be?” She looked at me, but I didn’t have the balls to respond.

Steve, though, was quick to act.  He stepped toward her and said, "How about me?”

"Okay, drop ‘em,” she demanded as she dropped to her knees in front of him.

I couldn’t believe it.  Both Angela and I were just staring as Steve dropped his sweats to the floor and presented his hard pecker to Cindy.

She wasted no time and sucked his cock all the way into her mouth.  She grabbed his ass cheeks in both hands and started bobbing her head up and down. Steve was only about 5 inches long, so she easily took his whole shaft into her mouth.

My cock was aching in my sweats, but I didn’t dare touch it in front of Angela.  She, on the other hand, was naked, and her fingers on one hand slowly found her pussy and started caressing it lightly.

It didn’t take Steve long.  In a matter of a couple of minutes, he started grunting and jerking his hips into Cindy’s face.  I found it fascinating to watch another guy cum.  Steve was less vocal than I am, just grunting as his sperm shot into Cindy’s mouth, but he must have dumped three or four good loads down her throat.

When he was all done, his face was bright red.  He flopped back onto the bed and just lay there as his hard cock withered to nothing.

"Slee,” Cindy said, opening her mouth and showing the two of us Steve’s cum.  Her mouth was literally full of the white cream, and she used her tongue to lift it so we could see it all.  Then she closed her mouth and swallowed hard, twice.  "That was so much fun!” she said as she stood and faced Angela.  "Now you try it.”

"God!  That looked so hot!” Angela gasped.  "What does it taste like?”

"Oh, it’s not bad.  It really doesn’t have much flavor, just a bit salty, like sweat,” Cindy answered.  "Come on, now you try.”

"I really want to,” Angela said, "but it looks like Steve is finished.”

We all looked at Steve on the bed, and he was breathing deep and slow.  It looked like he’d fallen asleep.  God!  What a light weight!

"Well, do Danny!” Cindy suggested.  "From the looks of his sweats, he’s ready!”

Angela looked down at my groin and saw the tent my six-incher was making.  Cindy was staring at it, too, and I thought I was going to blow right there.

"He looks like he’s got a pretty good sized one, too,” Cindy commented.

"Come on, Cindy!  I can’t do my own brother!” Angela groaned.

"Why not?  It’s just a blow-job.  It’s not like you’re having sex with him or anything,” Cindy encouraged.

"Yeah, but he’s my brother.”

"Aw, come on, Angy.  Just do it for practice.  I don’t think he minds, and besides, he’s seen you completely naked, now.  I think it’s only fair that we get to see what he’s got.” Cindy was a naughty little thing, and her talk was certainly driving me crazy.

"But it’s my brother.”

"I’ll tell you what,” Cindy said angrily, "if you’re not going to do him, then I will!”

Cindy stepped up to me and dropped to her knees in front of my bulging sweats.  Just as she put her hands on either side of my hips to pull them down, Angela stopped her.

"Okay, okay!  I’ll do it, but I want to pull his sweats down, okay?” Angela said.

"Yeah, sure.  Just do it!” Cindy ordered as she got up and stepped aside.

I felt like I was just a piece of meat standing there.  The two girls acted like I wasn’t alive and able to respond to them.

My gorgeous sister dropped to her knees in front of me and, staring at the rounded knob in front of her, dropped my sweats.  My cock bounced out and bobbed in front of her.  The two girls squealed, and Angela started to giggle.

"Okay, just suck it into your mouth,” Cindy instructed.

Angela did as she was told, using suction to inhale the full length of my cock.  I could feel the head bang against the back of her throat, and she gagged for a second and pulled her face away.

Then, grabbing my cock shaft with one hand, she pulled herself away and said, "God!  It almost choked me.”

"Oh, you gotta get over that,” Cindy said.  "It takes a lot of self control, but when he shoots, the head will get bigger, and he might slam it deep into your throat.  You’ve got to be ready for that and just enjoy it.  It’s really cool when his cum blasts against your throat and right down into your stomach.  It feels really weird.”

Well, Angela continued sucking and driving my cock all the way to the back of her throat.  She gagged on it a few times but kept doing it, trying to overcome her gag reflex.

I was so ready, it didn’t take a full minute before I lost it.  Blam!  My cum exploded from the head of my cock.  It happened just as Angela was holding her nose against my pubic hair and trying to get used to the feeling of my cock-head in the back of her throat.  It startled her, and she quickly yanked her head away.

My first two loads landed in her throat and then her mouth.  The next six or seven shots blew into the air right in front of her face and blasted across the bridge of her nose, in her hair and across her cheeks.  One went across her upper lip, like a mustache.  Cum was dripping all over her.

Cindy started laughing as she watched me blow my load all over my sister’s face.  This woke Steve up, and he looked to see what was so funny. Then he started laughing, too.

"Okay, that’s it!” Angela practically shouted.  "It’s time you guys do something for us!”

I couldn’t stop laughing.  My sister looked so funny with all that cum splattered all over her face.

"What do you want us to do?” Steve asked, still laughing.

"Well, let’s see if you can get that thing hard again,” Angela said, looking at my friend.  She reached over and grabbed his dick like it was an arm and pulled on it.

"Hey!  Careful!  It’s not a toy!”

"Oh yeah it is!” Cindy said as she jumped on Steve and helped Angela play with his dick.

Steve was hard in an instant.  Having two gorgeous naked girls pulling on his dick would get any guy hard.

"Okay, Cindy, outa the way!” Angela suddenly demanded.

Cindy pulled away, and Angela jumped up onto the bed and straddled Steven.  She lowered herself so her bald little pussy was rubbing the underside of Steven’s cock, which lay flat on his stomach.

"Oh, God!  I’m so horny,” Angela moaned.

She ground her crotch hard against Steve’s member.  Then she started rocking her hips, causing Steve’s cock to slide back and forth between them, straddled by Angela’s vaginal lips.  She was rubbing it hard as my friend's cock slid between her lips, it's head popping out each time my sister rocked back.  Steve was going nuts.  I thought he’d blow his wad in a few seconds, but I think he was lasting a while because he’d already shot his wad twice that night.

Suddenly, on a backward thrust of her hips, Steve’s cock didn’t pop out from between her lips like it had each time before.  Angela’s eyes popped wide open, as did Steve’s.  My sister’s hips jerked, and she grimaced.

"Oh, my God!” Angela groaned.

Then she started rocking her hips again.  She moaned and rocked her hips harder.  I could tell Steve’s cock was inside her because it wasn’t popping out anymore.

"Are you all right?” I asked Angela, seriously concerned about her.

"Oh, yeah!” she moaned.  "Oh, God, yes!  Yes... oh... yes... yes, yes, yes!” Then her head flopped down onto her chest, and she started to growl.  Then she rolled her head back and stiffened, jerking her hips hard against Steve.

"Oh, shit!” Steve cried as his hips jerked up, pushing Angela up a few inches.  She didn’t seem to notice.

Then Steve’s hips started jerking spasmodically, and Angela rolled forward, dropping onto Steve’s chest.  He continued to jerk for a few seconds while Angela just lay on him unmoving.

"Wow!” Cindy finally said as Steve’s hips stopped moving.  "What a pair of orgasms!  I can’t believe how sexy that was!”

I have to admit, I thought it looked pretty sexy, too, and my cock was standing straight up as proof.  After two mind-blowing orgasms, I couldn’t believe I was hard again.

"So, you've finally been fucked," Cindy said to my sister.

Angela was comatose on Steven's chest, and she didn't respond.

"I'm guessing you've had sex already?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, about thirty or forty times, and I’m gonna do it one more time before the night is over.”

I looked at her, wondering what she was talking about.  I was still processing the thought of this little 16 year old getting fucked so many times already.

"Come on, buster,” she said, grabbing my cock and pulling me to the bed next to Steve and my sister.  "I want you on top!”

She lay on the bed and spread her legs.  I crawled up on top of her, and she guided my cock to her slit.  It felt so good as it slid easily between her lips.  She was well lubricated, and I was in her to the hilt in a second.

I couldn’t believe how good it felt having my cock inside Cindy’s warm pussy.  It was so much better than my hand.  I couldn’t help but start rocking my hips so my cock slid in and out of her.  In a few seconds, I was pounding my cock in Cindy’s pussy with gusto.

"That’s a boy,” Cindy said in between grunts as my pelvis slammed against her.  "A few more strokes, and I’m gonna cum,” she added.

Well, a few more strokes, and I was spewing cum into her cunt.  Cindy must have been real close, because when my first spurt hit her, she started cumming, too.  The two of us moaned and grunted as our mutual orgasm overtook us.

When we were done and just lying there, Angela decided to unplug Steve from her vagina.  Their mutual love juices had started to harden, and it wasn’t a pretty sight.

Cindy saw Angela getting up and pushed me off of her.  Without a goodbye or anything, the two of them snuck out the door and returned to Angela’s room.  Steve and I just fell asleep like that, lying on the bed with our sweats around our ankles.

The next morning, I woke up in the same position.  I had a powerful morning hard-on that was sticking straight up.  After the experience from the night before, I wanted to use that hard-on with my sis... er... Cindy.  Yes, a Freudian Slip.  I couldn’t believe I woke up thinking about Angela.  What was wrong with me?

I looked over at Steve, and he also was in the same position.  I noticed he had a raging hard-on, too.  I could only imagine he was thinking about my sister, too.

Then I heard some noises from downstairs, so I pulled up my sweats and wandered down.  Mom and Dad were up and making breakfast for us.  Cindy was already there chatting away with my parents.  I couldn’t believe how she was dressed, and I couldn’t believe Mom and Dad didn’t make her go put something on.  She was just wearing a half tee-shirt and her pink, lace panties.  Her titties weren’t even completely covered as they dipped below the bottom of the shirt when she moved.

"Hi, Danny!” Cindy announced as I walked into the kitchen.

I pulled up a stool next to her at the counter and sat down before anyone noticed my tent pole.  Cindy noticed it, though.  She leaned into me to give me a peck on the cheek and grabbed my crotch in the process.  She gave my cock-head a good squeeze before sitting back up and continuing her conversation with Mom.  For a moment, I wondered if Mom and Dad knew how she was dressed, considering they were on the other side of the counter and unable to see below her chest.

Mom served us each a waffle and a glass of orange juice.  Cindy had been telling them about her volleyball team.  She was really good, thus explaining why she was in such good shape.

As we were eating, Angela strolled in.  She was wearing an over-sized tee-shirt, and I guessed nothing else.  Well, she probably had panties on, but I couldn’t tell.  She had obviously taken a shower, her hair was all wet.  She wasn’t completely dry when she put her tee-shirt on, and it clung to her sexy tits.  It wasn’t wet enough to be transparent, but her nipples showed as hard little bumps on the shirt.

"Go put something on, Angela,” Dad ordered.  "You’ve got company.”

"But...” Angela started, looking at Cindy.

"No back talk, miss,” Mom glared.  "Just do as your father told you.”

Angela turned on her heel and went back upstairs.

Steve showed up a few moments later.  He had obviously taken a shower and had his clothes on.  He sat down beside Cindy and greeted us all.  Mom put a glass of orange juice in front of him and soon followed that with a waffle.

I found it odd that Cindy didn’t give him a kiss.  I wondered if my parents had noticed.

A few minutes later, Angela joined us.  She was wearing her denim shorts and a tee-shirt.  She sat down next to me and immediately started flirting with Steve.

All through breakfast, Steve and Angela were making eyes at each other and saying little things that only the four of us knew meant something else.  We all would giggle, but Mom and Dad just thought we were being silly.

While we were eating, Cindy kept reaching over to my crotch and feeling my hard-on.  At first she did it very secretively, making sure that no one would notice.  Then she got bolder and bolder.  A couple of times when Mom and Dad weren’t looking, she lifted her half tee-shirt and showed me her bare boob.

At one point, she actually wormed her hand into my sweats and started stroking me.  She did it so that no one would know what she was doing by keeping her hand underneath the counter and only moving her arm from the elbow down.  She even continued to talk to my mom and dad while she squeezed the head of my cock and tickled right behind the glans.  I thought I was going to blow right there at breakfast, but the thought of cumming in front of my mother kept me from going over the edge.

Angela looked down from her waffle one time and noticed movement in my sweats.  She twisted her head to see better so obviously that I thought Dad was going to say something.  Cindy didn’t miss a stroke, though.  She just smiled at Angela when my sister figured out what she was doing. Angela just rolled her eyes.

Cindy kept her teasing going all the way through breakfast.  She didn’t pull her hands out of my sweats until she was ready to leave.  She made sure to give my cock an extra set of quick strokes, like she wanted to see if she could get me off before she left, but I was determined not to go over the edge in front of my parents.

When she stood up, she made a point of turning to face me so I could see her panty-covered crotch.  I then realized she was wearing very sheer pink panties, and they were soaking wet in the crotch.  I could see her pubic "V” clearly through the sheer material, not to mention her pussy lips and, when she turned to walk away, her ass.  I couldn’t believe she wore that down in front of Mom and Dad!  Of course it was interesting how she conveniently got up and left when Mom and Dad had stepped out of the kitchen for a moment.

Steve and Angela followed Cindy as she headed upstairs, leaving me stuck at the counter with a raging hard-on.  The girls giggled as they walked out, both enjoying my predicament.

Mom and Dad started to suspect something since I just sat there while all the other kids took off.  I kept having to make up things to talk about while my erection subsided.  I still had a little bit of a hard-on when I left, but I caught a moment when Mom and Dad had their backs toward me.

The rest of the morning, the four of us fooled around, though we didn’t do anything sexual except teasing.  Mom and Dad were too close, and we didn’t want to get caught.

At about three in the afternoon, Dad took Steve and Cindy home.  Angela and I rode along, but we played it straight the whole way.

When we got back home, Angela immediately grabbed my hand and dragged me up to her room.  She obviously had something she wanted to talk to me about.

As soon as we got into her room, she started talking.  "Danny, I’ve gotta talk to you about something.” She plopped down onto her bed, pulling me with her.  We sat on the edge and faced each other.  "Er... I’ve got a confession to make.” She hesitated, so I felt I needed to encourage her.

"Okay... what?”

"Well... er... I don’t want you to think that I’m some kind of freak or pervert or something.  I don’t know what’s wrong with me, but last night... you know... when I sucked you off... well... it kinda turned me on....”

I just looked at her.  I didn’t know what to say.

Angela looked real uncomfortable, like she’d just divulged some secret that she now wished she hadn’t said.  "So... were you like... er... totally grossed out?”

"No!” I said, still feeling a bit weird.  "As a matter of fact, it was the best I’d ever had.”

"You mean you’ve been blown before?” she asked with a quizzical look.

"Uh... no, never!” I stumbled.  "I mean, it was the best orgasm I’ve ever had.  You were really good!  Of course I have no one to compare you with, but I’ve never cum that hard, ever!”

"Well... I feel so weird, I don’t know what to do,” she continued.  "I don’t know how to say this...”

"Just spit it out, sis!” I told her.

"Well, I can’t,” she said on the verge of tears.  "Okay, so here goes!  Uh... last night, after I sucked you off, I was so horny I couldn’t stand it.  That’s why I jumped Steve, but he didn’t satisfy me.”

"It sure looked like you were satisfied,” I grinned.

"Well... yeah... I got off and all, but I wasn’t satisfied, you know, in here,” she pushed her palm against her chest between her breasts.  "Then, when you were fucking Cindy, I got this really weird feeling.  I was... you know... jealous.... There, I’ve said it.  I was jealous.”

"Jealous of what?” I asked.  "You had just been fucked.  What could you be jealous of?”

"I was jealous of Cindy!  I wanted to fuck you!  Okay?  I didn’t like Cindy fucking you.  And it pissed me off when she was stroking you this morning.  You’re MY brother, not hers.  I didn’t want her playing with you.  Do you understand?”

Yeah, I did understand, because that’s how I felt about her being fucked by Steve.  She had a body that wouldn’t quit, and she looked like she was a total nympho.  I think she would be a complete exhibitionist if it weren’t for Mom and Dad being so strict, and to top it off, she was really nice.  As big a pest as she had always been, she had never been mean.  She was a fabulous sister and had always been true to me, often covering for me when I screwed up.

"Danny!” she almost yelled, looking at me sternly.  "I can’t believe what a jerk you are!”

"What?” I shot back.

"I just shared something really hard with you, and you just sit there like an ass hole.”

"What do you want?” I asked.

"Well, I want to know what you think about what I just said!”

"Angela,” I said very seriously, "I know exactly how you feel.  For the last few years, whenever I do myself, do you know who I think of?  It isn’t Cindy, though she is pretty hot, but you make her look like a toad.  When you were fucking Steve last night, I was so jealous I almost pushed you off of him, but you looked so hot, and you looked like you were so happy and enjoying yourself so much, I just couldn’t do something that would ruin it for you.  Hell, why do you think I came in a matter of seconds after you put your mouth on me.  I had already cum just a few minutes before.  It should have taken me a good 20 minutes or more to get off a second time.”

Angela was grinning, and I could see tears welling up in her eyes.  With a crack in her voice, she said, "I thought you tasted kinda funny.  That was cum on your dick from before, huh?”

"Yeah, it was,” I admitted.

"God!  That makes me so hot!” she grinned widely.  "I was sucking your sticky old cum off your dick.  I can’t believe it!”

She put her hand in my lap and felt around my inner thigh.  She didn’t have to search for long, I had been hard for quite a while.

As soon as she finally found my cock, she started to gently stroke the head through my sweats with the palm of her hand.  Using her finger tips, she outlined it, feeling the shaft and the head carefully.

Then, suddenly, she pulled away and looked at me.  "I just realized what you said,” she said warily.  "Were you and Steven having a circle-jerk or something?  What were you doing that gave you an orgasm before Cindy and I got to your room?”

"We were spying on you,” I admitted calmly.

"I know you were spying on us,” she said.  "We wanted you to spy on us.  That's why I knock on your door and tell you to leave us alone.  I expect your curiosity to make you come over to find out why we want privacy, but that doesn't explain why you had a cum.”

"Yeah, it does,” I said back.  "Watching you and Cindy checking each other's bodies out and touching each other is so hot!  Both of us had an orgasm watching you.”

"Wow!  I didn't realize you were so easily turned on.  Wanna fuck?” she asked.

I didn’t answer.  I just pulled off my shirt and kicked off my shoes.  By the time I was naked, so was Angela.  We had forgotten all about Mom and Dad downstairs.  She lay back on the bed and spread her legs.  I climbed on top and aimed my cock.  My sister wrapped her arms around my neck and lifted her hips for me.

Just as my cock head entered her hot, wet vagina, there was a knock at the door.

"Angela, honey, have you seen Danny?” Mom asked as she opened the door.

I rolled onto the floor on the other side of the bed and behind the door while Angela leaped up to greet Mom at the door.  Neither of us had the time to put our clothes on.

"Oh, sorry, honey,” Mom said as she saw Angela’s nudity.  "I didn’t mean to barge in on you while you were dressing.”

"That’s okay, Mom,” Angela said, standing in front of Mom in all her glory without showing any modesty.  "I think I saw Danny take off.  I think he said something about needing to run next door to get a book from Kyle.  He should be right back.”

"Oh, okay.  Thanks, honey,” Mom said as she turned to go.  "Uh... Angela, dear... you really need to freshen up a bit before you get dressed.  You’re... uh... in need of a douche or something.”

"Yeah, I know,” Angela said.  "That’s why I was going to go take another shower, Mom.”

"That’s a good girl.” Mom closed the door behind her.

"Oh, my God!” Angela whispered to me.  "That was so close!”

"Yeah, I know!  We gotta do this when they’re out.”

After a few seconds, Angela said, "I’ve got an idea!  Meet me out back in twenty minutes.  Okay?”

Angela walked across the hall and took a shower.  She didn’t bother to put a robe on or anything, she just went.

I was so horny, I could hardly stand it.  When I pulled my clothes on, I had to fight with my cock to get it into my pants.

We met in the back yard, and Angela took me by the hand as we headed through the neighborhood yards.  Her hand felt small and fragile in my hand, even though she held me tight.

As soon as we were out of sight from home, Angela started talking.  "Oh, Danny, you have no idea how excited I am.  I’ve been wanting you for so long.  You don’t know.  Let’s go to that new house over on Maple.”

"Oh, great idea!” I said.  The house wasn’t finished, but I knew no one would be working on Sunday.  It would be a great place to fuck and not be interrupted.  Angela had her backpack with her, she always carried it everywhere she went, but it looked especially full.

"You know I knew you were watching that night,” she said as we walked.

"What night?” I asked, acting innocent.

"The night Sharon came and spent the night.  Hell, we set that whole thing up. Sharon and I choreographed the entire thing, except she changed it in the middle.”

"Oh, really?” I was curious now.

"Yeah,” she said, swinging my hand in big arcs as we walked.  "We must have spent two hours figuring out how the scene was to go down.  The plan was, I was supposed to get you two to come spy on us.  I can’t believe I had to accuse you three times before you finally got the hint.

"It was mostly my idea, but Sharon really liked it.  It was her idea to masturbate me for the grand finale.

"At first, she was too shy to get naked, so the plan was that we would pretend we were playing this game, and I would end up losing all the turns and getting naked while she didn’t.  That’s why she had that sock on.  She was going to lose twice, and I was going to lose three times.  She would take off her sock and panties, but stay covered by her shirt so you wouldn’t see anything but maybe a bit of her butt or something.

"Well, she was getting really turned on.  Each time I went to try and get you guys to spy on us, I think she was fingering herself, ‘cause she seemed to get hotter and hotter.  All she could talk about was how she really wanted to do me right.  She seemed really afraid that I wouldn’t get off on her fingering me, so I told her that I’d show her.  We decided to make that one of my penalties so I’d show her while you two were watching.

"I guess she got so turned on by the whole thing, she wanted a little bit of the attention, too.  All through the first part of the game, all she talked about was how hot she was getting thinking about masturbating me in front of you two.

"To my surprise, when she was supposed to remove her panties, she decided to remove her shirt instead.  I told her that if she was going to do that, she at least had to make a show of it and face you guys.  She was a little nervous, ‘cause she doesn’t have any tits yet, but she did it.

"Did you see how hot she got watching me masturbate?  God, it was so exciting doing that.  I almost came masturbating in front of her like that and knowing you two were outside watching.

"Sharon decided that on her next move, she wanted me to lick her nipples.  I thought that was pretty hot, too.  I think she had an orgasm.  She was really turned on, you know.

"I don’t think I’ve ever cum so fast in all my life,” she went on.  "When Sharon touched my clit, I started.  It was one huge climax, getting stronger and stronger.  It is so much better when someone else does it, you know, but knowing you two were watching made it even more powerful.”

"Well, it was pretty hot for us, too,” I admitted as we entered the empty house.  Actually, it wasn’t completely empty.  The windows hadn’t been installed, yet, there were just holes in the walls waiting for the glass and frames.  Most of the walls were unfinished, being just studs and electrical.  Only the outer walls were up.

In the middle of the living room was a pile of plaster-board.  Another pile was found upstairs in the master bedroom.  This is where Angela took off her backpack and pulled out a blanket.  I helped her spread it across the boards, then she stripped off her clothes.  She wasn’t wearing much.  Just a summer dress and her sandals.

Before I had my shoes off, she was spread on the blanket completely naked, playing with her pussy.

As I took the rest of my clothes off, Angela went on.  "The thing with Cindy last night wasn’t at all expected.  I knew she was a real horn-dog, but I didn’t know just how much.  I think she has the hots for you, too.”

"Well, it looked like you’ve got the hots for Steve,” I pointed out.

"Yeah, he’s cute.  He’s a lot of fun to flirt with, too, but he’s not you,” she responded.

"I think he likes your tits,” I told her, as if she didn’t know.

"Yeah, I know.  I don’t mind.  I like showing them to him.”

"Cindy really got into that game with you, didn’t she?” I said, as I climbed on top of her.  She helped me insert my cock, and we started fucking, slowly.

"Yeah, she sure did.  I couldn’t believe how horny she is.  It was fun playing the game with her, though.  Maybe we should get Steve and Cindy together some time and play all together,” my sister suggested.

"That would be hot!” I groaned as I got into fucking my sister.

"Oh, Danny, this feels so good!  How can it be wrong when it feels this good?” my sister mumbled.

Well, we ended up fucking and sucking each other for the rest of the afternoon.  I must have had four or five orgasms before we went home.  Angela seemed to be on one continuous cum until we finally collapsed.  It was hell getting up and getting home before dinner, but we did.  I’m sure we smelled of sex, but Mom and Dad didn’t say anything.

o o o o

For the next three years, Angela and I fuck at least once a day.  Even when we dated others, we’d get together at least once.  I usually did some other girl at least once a week, but I never missed doing my own sister.  It ended when I left for college.