**My Sister and I**

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**Introduction**  
I was fourteen when the accident happened. My Mom and Dad were driving home from a dinner party on a rainy evening. My Dad, who tended to drink a little too much, was behind the wheel when he ran a red light. An SUV hit their car on my mother's side... she didn't make it to the hospital. My Dad, who was severely injured, recovered from his physical injuries, but never recovered from the emotional trauma of causing the death of my mother. Over time, his occasional drinking became constant. Finally, four years later (I was eighteen years old), the grief and booze took him. His death left my older sister, Cindy, who was twenty-two at the time and just out of college, and me, on our own.   
  
Cindy and I grew closer after my mom died. She became very protective of me. Still, it was a burden for her to attend college and act like a mother to me. (Fortunately she received an academic scholarship to a local university before my father died.) She never complained about taking care of her little brother though. After college she found a job paying a good salary. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to keep the house when my father died. He had only enough insurance to bury him. Upon graduation from high school, I took a cashier's job in a small supermarket and attended college at night. My grades were not good enough to obtain a college scholarship and sports were out because I injured my knee playing high school football. Since the supermarket job didn't pay enough for me to have my own place, I moved in with Cindy. While she never said anything, I knew it was difficult for her to have me under her feet in the tiny apartment.  
  
Cindy is a gorgeous girl with light brown hair and hazel eyes. She is built very well, with large breasts and very narrow waist. However, where I am 6' 2" with broad shoulders, she is on the small size at 5' 4". When we were kids, there was always teasing around the house about how she could boss me around. She is a type "A" personality and has always been highly motivated. She generally knows what she wants and how to get it. While I am rather imposing in size, I am far less aggressive and even shy. My shyness kept me from dating very often. In fact, I was a virgin until I was almost nineteen. This story is about losing my virginity to my loving sister...

**Chapter 1**  
I suppose it was when Cindy and I moved in together that I first started to notice her as a woman. When my dad was alive, she handled many of the chores that our mother had done previously. Before that she was on her own most of the time at home... often locked up in her room, on the telephone. To be sure, I noticed that she was a girl and had done my share of peeking at her. But I never really saw her as a sexual person. When I masturbated, I would visualize girls at school or a friend... but not Cindy. That began to change when I was around her all the time though. The first indication was when I would often be cross with her after she had been out on a date. It took me awhile to realize I was jealous. Up to that time I denied that it was anything more than protectiveness. None of the guys she dated were good enough for my big sister... they were all jerks.   
  
One evening, not long after I moved into her apartment, she came home late with a date. Until then she had never allowed a date to come home with her. I suppose she went to their place... I never really thought much about it. I was still awake when she came in. I started to get up and say hello when I heard her whispering and knew that she had someone with her. I went to the door of my room and listened. She was giggling; indicating that she had been drinking... she often gets giggly when she drinks. I heard a male voice and knew that it was the jerk she had been dating. He was a real Don Juan: driving a sports car and flashing money around like it grew on trees. I didn't like him from the start and thought there was something strange about him.  
  
"Shhhhh," I heard Cindy whisper and then giggle. "My bbbrother issss asleeeppp."  
  
Then I heard her moan and the distinct sound of kissing. Suddenly my heart started to pound in my chest. I wanted desperately to open the door. I flipped off my light switch, twisted the knob as gently as I could, and eased the door opened just a crack. The living room was dark and it took a moment for my eyes to adjust. When they did, I almost gasped. My sister was in her date's arms and she was naked from the waist up. I could see her large breasts pressed to his chest as they kissed passionately. Then as I watched, I saw his hands slip down to her skirt and begin to pull it upward. I felt incredibly guilty for watching, but not enough to stop. The guy continued to pull her skirt up until I saw her panties. They were powder blue and clung to her ass cheeks like a second skin. I watched as he hooked his fingers into the elastic around her cheeks and pulled the panties upward until they slipped between her crack, baring both of her ass cheeks. His hands covered her soft flesh as he pulled her tight to him. After caressing and kneading her ass for some time, he slipped the tiny panties down her legs until they lay in at her feet.   
  
In spite of my jealously, my cock was throbbing in my underwear by that time. I couldn't resist. I pulled it out and stroked myself as I continued to watch. Now my sister was almost totally naked with her skirt bunched around her waist.  
  
"Mmmmmm, Dexter, let's goooo tooo my rooooommmm," Cindy hissed.  
  
"Suck me first," he said excitedly.  
  
I watched in total shock as my sister began to slide down his body until she was on her knees. With trembling hands she unbuckled his belt and unsnapped his pants before pulling his zipper down. Then her hand disappeared into his pants. A moan escaped her lips as she pulled his hard cock out. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she wrapped her lips around it and began to suck. The noise of her lips echoed in my ears as I continued to stroke my cock. I couldn't believe that my sister was sucking this guy. I wasn't exactly naive, but I didn't think my sister would do something like that. I watched mesmerized as she moved her mouth up and down on his shaft... the skin now shining with her saliva. I looked down at my cock and then at his... mine was quite a bit longer. Somehow that made me feel better, but I wasn't sure why.   
  
"That's it... that's it, suck me," Dexter said as he grabbed my sister's head and directed it up and down on his cock. "Yes... that's it baby, suck me. Keep it up and I'm going to cum."  
  
I heard my sister moan and assumed that she was going to pull away. Then I watched in total disbelief as she began to pump his shaft quickly, keeping the head inside her mouth. He began to move his hips back and forth, his fingers twisted in her hair.   
  
"Ohhhhh yes!!!" he gasped and pushed his cock deep into her mouth. His entire cock disappeared. When he pulled it back out, it was slick with her saliva. She pumped her fist faster as his hips began to move back and forth. He moaned louder and threw his head back.   
  
A sound, almost a growl, escaped Cindy's throat. I watched as they both froze, her hand and throat the only things moving. She swallowed over and over. It was obvious that he was climaxing... squirting his juice down her willing throat. My sister continued to pump his cock and swallow until the shaft began to shrink. Then she smacked her lips as she pulled his cock out. She kissed the head before standing up again. It obviously was not the first time she had done that.  
  
As they turned around toward the bedrooms, I quickly closed the door. I heard them make their way to my sister's room, which was next to mine. Still feeling guilty, but nonetheless excited, I moved over to the wall between my sister's room and mine. I pressed my ear to the wall. I could hear movement in the room and then the bedsprings squeak. A few minutes later I heard the squeaking become rhythmic. He was fucking her... fucking my sister just a few feet from where I stood. I listened as she moaned quietly. I was sure she was trying to be quiet so I wouldn't hear, but the sound of her whines still reached my ears and was forever burned into my brain. My eyes closed and I pumped my shaft rapidly.  
  
"Yes, fuck me... fuck me," Cindy whispered. "I'm going to cummmmm."  
  
With those words, I felt my balls bubble over. Unable to stop my climax, I turned to the wall a second before my cock began to squirt; stream after stream shot out of the pulsing head, the sperm hitting the wall with a splat. I gasped as I emptied my balls against the cold, hard wall.   
  
Before the last squirt was out of me, I began to feel guilty again. It was bad enough that I had spied on my sister, but I had jerked off while listening to her having sex. I wasn't sure how I was going to face her in the morning.  
  
I quickly cleaned up and slipped into bed. They were still going at it. I didn't fall asleep until their room grew quiet. When I finally did, my sleep was anything but restful. I had dreams of sex... sex with my sister. Several times I forced myself to wake up. Each time I did, I heard the unmistakable sound of sex in my sister's room.

**Chapter 2**  
The morning sunlight was coming into my window when I awoke. I rubbed my eyes and sat up in bed. Suddenly I remembered what had happened last night and guilt washed over me. Still, remembering the sound of my sister's moans and the image of her sucking her boyfriend's cock sent a chill though me. All kinds of emotions ran through me. It was very confusing.   
  
When I finally pulled myself out of bed, I quietly walked over, opened my door gently, and looked into the living room. I'm not sure what I was looking for. Surely they wouldn't have been in the living room. I stepped out, half expecting to see Cindy's boyfriend. However, the first thing I saw was my sister's blouse on the floor... then her bra and panties. Looking quickly at her door, I hurried over to where the powder blue panties lay on the floor. I stood frozen as I stared down at them. Then with a shaking hand I picked them up. The soft and silky material under my fingers sent a tremor of excitement through me. Without thinking I brought them to my nose and inhaled. The scent of her caused an immediate electric shock to rush down my body, making my cock twitch and begin to grow. Suddenly I heard movement in my sister's room. I almost ran to the kitchen. Not knowing what to do with the panties, I stuffed them down the front of my underwear. That made my already twitching cock stiffen. I hastily grabbed a bowl and poured myself some cereal, quickly sitting at the table.   
  
A moment later my sister walked in and I glanced up. She had on a white terrycloth robe tied around her waist. Her hair was messed up and her eyes showed the results of her late night activity. I looked back down at my cereal.  
  
Cindy paused at the door like she wanted to say something. Then she went over to put a coffeepot on and then fixed herself some toast. When it was ready she sat down at the table across from me. I was silent, pretending to read the cereal box. Unfortunately, the silky panties in my underwear continued to make my cock throb.  
  
Finally, Cindy spoke. "Robbie, I... I... want to... to apologize for last night," she stuttered.  
  
I didn't look up.  
  
"I had a little too much to... to drink. I should have never brought Dexter here."  
  
"He's a jerk," I said without looking up.  
  
Cindy let that pass. She knew I didn't like him and was used to my reaction. "Regardless, I'm sorry," she whispered and I heard her voice crack.  
  
When I looked up finally she was looking down at her coffee and there were tears in her eyes. My anger disappeared immediately. "Sis, you don't owe me an apology. It's your apartment... you pay the rent. What I make barely covers my school and food. I shouldn't even be living here."  
  
Cindy looked at me as tears rolled down her cheek. "No, that's not true. You're my brother and I love you. I don't want you to leave."  
  
"I love you to Sis. But I feel like I'm in your way. You have done everything for me. Ever since mom... ever since mom died. I promise I'll pay you back someday." Now I had tears in my eyes. Without thinking I stood up. The panties fell out of the leg of my shorts and fortunately dropped under the table. My cock had lost most of its hardness as I stepped close to her and pulled her to my hip warmly. When I bent over to kiss her cheek I paused. I saw that her robe had opened to the point where I could see the swell of one large breast. As she turned to me, the robe opened further. Suddenly I was staring at her pink nipple. It wasn't the first time in my life that I had seen her naked breast, but it was by far the most exciting. I stared and my cock began to grow.   
  
When I didn't kiss her, Cindy glanced down and saw that I was looking down her robe. She giggled nervously and said, "Opps," and pulled her robe closed.   
  
I quickly kissed her cheek. Then she stood up and turned in my arms. She snuggled into me, pressing her breasts to my chest. "Please don't leave me... you're all I have," she whispered as she placed her head against my chest.  
  
"I don't want to be a burden to you anymore Sis."  
  
"You're not a burden to me Robbie. You've never been," she answered and squeezed me tighter.  
  
We held each other for a few minutes, the feeling of her warmth seeping through her robe. Then the inevitable happened and I began to get excited again. I knew that she could feel it, but yet she didn't pull away. There was nothing I could do so I remained in her embrace, my face turning red with embarrassment. When we finally moved apart, I could have sworn that she glanced down at the bulge in my boxer shorts.   
  
"Well, I have to get ready for work," she said.  
  
I sat back down at the table quickly to hide my state of excitement.   
  
Cindy picked up a piece of toast and took a couple of bites and then a sip of her coffee. "Gotta run," she said and smiled.   
  
I looked at her face and then glanced down to her neck. There was a large purple suck mark on her otherwise smooth white skin.  
  
She saw my eyes and pulled her robe closed. Then she hurried out of the kitchen.  
  
A while later, I was dressed and sitting in the living room pretending to read a school book when Cindy came out, ready for work. "You clean up nice," I said and smiled. She had on a short and tight pink skirt with a white blouse. Around her neck was a pink scarf that matched her skirt. She obviously had to cover up the suck mark.   
  
"Thank you," she said. She walked over and picked up her blouse and bra from last night. Then she glanced around the floor.   
  
I knew what she was looking for... the panties were in my room now.  
  
Finally she shrugged her shoulders and looked at me with embarrassment before taking the clothes to the bathroom hamper. When she came back she stopped in front of me and bent over, resting her arms on my shoulders and looking into my eyes. "Since you don't have school tonight, why don't you get us a movie tonight and we can have an evening together."   
  
I could smell a slight whiff of her perfume and there was a hint of toothpaste on her breath. I shivered. "Okay, how about a Rambo movie?" I said flippantly to cover myself.  
  
"Let me think about that... no," she said immediately. "I had something a little less violent in mind."  
  
"Alright."  
  
"See you tonight." She leaned closer and kissed my lips. I opened my eyes in shock. She never kissed me on the lips... always on the cheek. It was only a peck though.   
  
"Uh... yeah... see you," I stammered. I watched as she turned to leave. I could see the outline of her panties under the tight skirt and felt my cock stir. She had a great ass, even if she was my sister. As soon as she was out the door, I got up and hurried to the bedroom. Quickly I stripped off my clothes, picked up the panties and lay down on the bed. With a moan I brought them to my nose again and took in her sweet smell. Then, with a trembling hand I moved the panties down to my already hard cock. The cool and silky material felt good against my cock as I began to masturbate. I tried desperately to see someone else in my fantasy, but no matter how hard I tried Cindy's face and body kept appearing. I finally gave up and let my imagination run wild. Cindy was sucking my cock... then she was fucking me... sitting on my cock and taking it all the way into her body. It took only a few strokes before I was shooting my cum into the air. It landed on my chest, almost hitting me in the chin. When the last drop had squirted out of me, I took the panties and cleaned my chest. Then I threw them into her clothes hamper, moving around other garments to hide the sodden panties.

**Chapter 3**  
I was in the kitchen when Cindy came home that evening. I wasn't much of a cook, but I had fixed some spaghetti, warmed up some Italian bread, and opened a bottle of her favorite wine. I put a white tablecloth on the kitchen table (we didn't have a dining room) and lit a candle in the middle.   
  
"Robbie, I'm home," she called as she came into the apartment.  
  
"In the kitchen Sis."  
  
"My, my, what a treat this is," she said when she saw what I had done. The house did smell good.   
  
I smiled at her and said, "It's the least I can do. I guess I should fix dinner every night."  
  
"Uh... that's okay," Cindy said with a worried look. When she realized that I was kidding she smiled broadly. "Some things are better left to me."  
  
"Are you criticizing my cooking?" I said, trying to look hurt.  
  
"Well, no. But I do remember the time you tried to cook a roast," she said with a big smile.  
  
"It only took a week to get the burnt smell out of the house," I returned.  
  
"Two weeks."  
  
"Alright, two weeks. But I CAN cook spaghetti."  
  
"We'll see... but you get an 'A' for effort regardless."   
  
"Go get changed, it's almost ready. Here," I added and handed her a glass of wine.  
  
"This is so sweet Robbie," she said sincerely. "It couldn't have come at a better time. I've been on my feet all day."  
  
"Well, get a shower and change, then we'll have dinner. Before the movie I'll give you one of my famous foot massages." She loved it when I massaged her feet.  
  
"Wow, it gets better and better."  
  
"Get!" I said and waved her out of the kitchen.  
  
Later Cindy returned wearing a purple silk kimono housedress that hugged her bust and came down to the middle of her thighs. Her hair was freshly washed and hung in wet curls to her shoulders.  
  
We sat down to eat a few minutes later. Dinner was a success. The spaghetti was passable and the store bought Italian bread was good.   
  
"This was wonderful Robbie," Cindy said sincerely as she sipped her third glass of wine.  
  
"Thank you. It's the least I can do."  
  
Cindy surprised me when she got up and sat on my lap. I wasn't sure what to do so I wrapped my arms around her waist and let her lean against my chest. The smell of lavender soap and her hair shampoo sent a chill through me.   
  
"I'm so glad I have you Robbie. I don't know what I would do without you," she said, snuggling into my chest. Her hips squirmed on my lap.  
  
I didn't answer. I was trying desperately not to get an erection. However, her soft ass on my crotch was too much. I could feel my face turning red with every hardening pulse of my cock. It was uncomfortably trapped in my shorts. "Uh... Sis," I said with embarrassment and lifted her up.  
  
As she stood, I saw her look down at my crotch. A smile came to her face and she whispered, "Sorry."  
  
There was a look in her eyes that I had never seen before. My cock, which was trapped down the leg of my short's throbbed, lifting the material.   
  
"Better fix that before you cut off circulation," she said nodding toward my lap with a smile.  
  
My face turned three shades of red. I jumped up, sliding the chair back quickly. "I uh... I had... I had better get the dishes done," I stuttered.

"No, I'll do the dishes and you get the video set up," Cindy said with her eyes sparkling naughtily. "You might want to take care of that first," she said, referring to my erection. She was obviously enjoying my discomfort immensely.  
  
"Cindddddyyyy," I said with mortification.   
  
I rushed out of the room like an adolescent that had been scolded by his mother. Safe in my room, l leaned against the door and took several deep breaths. My cock still throbbed in my shorts. It took me a few minutes to compose myself. I retrieved the video and then found a bottle of massage oil and a towel. The bathroom was a mess as it was most of the time after Cindy was there. There were makeup articles strewn across the counter and clothes and towels on the floor. I sighed and started to straighten up. I moved her makeup into a neat pile on the side of the counter and wiped it down. When I picked up the towels, a pair of panties dropped to the floor. As I started to reach for them, I realized that my hand was trembling. This is ridiculous, I thought as I picked up the silky underwear.   
  
I walked over to put the panties in the hamper. However, before I could, I found my hand bringing them to my face. It was as if I couldn't control it. I inhaled her sweet fragrance and felt my cock throb so hard that I feared I would cum in my shorts. My head began to spin and I swayed on my feet. Finally, with great effort, I dragged the panties from my face and threw them into the hamper. I slammed the lid with anger. I was still chastising myself as I set up the video.  
  
Cindy finished the dishes and came into the living room carrying another glass of wine. She sat down on the sofa next to me and said, "All ready for me?"  
  
"Uh... sure." After the bathroom incident, I wasn't sure I was ready for her.   
  
We had done this before. She turned on the sofa and placed her feet on my lap. I lifted them and put a towel underneath so as not to get oil on my shorts. Cindy sighed and laid her head on the arm of the sofa as I poured oil onto one foot. She moaned contentedly as I began to gently massage the soft skin on the top of her foot and then down to the arch. When most of her foot was covered in oil, I slipped my fingers between her toes. I heard another moan and glanced up. Her head was back and eyes were closed. There was a serene look on her face. With her eyes closed, I felt safe to look down her body. I saw her breasts move gently up and down under the silky housedress. They formed two soft mounds that stretched the silky bodice. My eyes moved down to see that the hem had ridden up her legs until much of her thighs were exposed. She had great legs. They were smooth and tanned with just the right amount of muscle. Her calves were strong and well shaped, tapering to narrow ankles. I held her gorgeous feet, with red painted toenails, in my hands.  
  
As I continued the massage, I gently moved one leg away from the other. I knew that it was wrong, but I couldn't help myself. I moved very slowly, hoping that she wouldn't notice. When they were a good foot apart, I dared to look between her legs. My heart almost stopped. Her crotch was totally exposed and the light of the lamp beside me gave me a perfect view. She had on a pair of pink gauzy panties that did little to hide her pussy. I could see the outline of her outer lips and the wrinkled and pink inner lips flattened against the gusset. My heart was now thumping rapidly in my chest. In my excitement, my fingers had stopped moving. When Cindy moaned and wiggled her foot, I quickly looked away and began to rub again.  
  
I tried not to look between her legs again, but it was impossible. When I did, several minutes later, I drew in my breath. There was a dark spot on her panties that had not been there before. I didn't know much about female anatomy at the time, so I didn't comprehend that my sister was excited. I continued to stare as I took the other foot in my hand. I made sure her legs stayed open... it seemed easy to do, as I received no resistance from her.   
  
An hour later, I had almost rubbed my sister's feet raw... staring at her pussy the entire time.   
  
Cindy finally came out of her daze and sat up. "God, that was wonderful," she whispered with a dreamy look. "My feet and legs are tingling all over. Maybe you should become a masseur," she teased. Then she suggested that we put the movie on and went to get another glass of wine.   
  
That gave me the opportunity to get up without her seeing my erection. I quickly put the movie in the VCR and sat down. The video had just come on when Cindy came back. She sat close to me, with our hips touching. She laid her head on my shoulder and curled her legs under her.  
  
I bought "Sleepless in Seattle." It was a used rental and only cost ten dollars. I knew it was one of Cindy's favorite movies. However, when I looked at the screen, the usual credits didn't appear. There was nothing but gray static on the screen. I was about to get up when the video finally began to play. It took a couple of seconds to realize that this wasn't "Sleepless in Seattle". It appeared to be a movie made with a home video camera. On the screen was an empty bedroom with a large bed in the center. The covers were turned down neatly. "What's thi..."? I started to say and stopped. A woman walked into the room, followed by a man. When they got to the bed, they turned and faced each other. The woman was wearing a see-through negligee and the guy had a towel wrapped around his waist.  
  
Cindy sat up and stared at the screen. "Oh my God, that... that looks like Mrs. Fields from down the block."  
  
We both fell silent as the woman stepped into the man's arms and kissed him passionately. They were obviously very excited.  
  
"It is Mrs. Fields!" Cindy exclaimed.   
  
"Holy shit!" I yelled. "I think there's been a big mistake here."  
  
We watched as the woman pulled her negligee over her head. With a flick of his fingers the man opened the towel and let it drop to the floor. He already had a huge erection.  
  
Mrs. Fields was in her early forties, but had a great body with very large breasts. The guy, who we didn't recognize, was much younger and very muscular. He definitely wasn't her husband. When Mrs. Fields went to her knees in front of the man, I jumped up to retrieve the remote.  
  
"Wait," Cindy said as she grabbed my arm and pulled me back down. "Let's see what's going to happen."  
  
I sat back down nervously. We watched as the older woman grasped the man's cock and pulled it to her red painted lips. I closed my eyes. My face turned red with embarrassment. I couldn't believe that I was watching a porn video with my sister. I looked at her quickly and saw her staring at the screen. She was biting her lip between her teeth and was sitting forward with her eyes opened wide. When I looked back at the screen, I saw the woman pumping the man's shaft as she sucked him. It reminded me of what I had seen Cindy do with her lover not ten feet from where we were sitting. My cock, which had never really gone completely soft, was as hard as a rock again.   
  
"Cindy, we shouldn't be watching this," I whispered, without conviction. Of course I wanted to watch it, but not with my sister sitting next to me.   
  
"Shhhh," she said and reached over and placed her hand on my bare leg.  
  
Suddenly I was paralyzed. Her hand felt like it was going to burn my thigh. On the screen, the man was moaning and bucking his hips into the woman's mouth. When he yelled that he was climaxing, I felt Cindy's fingernails dig into my skin. The woman drank the man's sperm like Cindy had done with her lover. When she was done sucking the man, she let his cock slip from her lips. She smiled, scooped up some sperm that had dripped to her chin, and sucked it from her fingers.   
  
I started to get the remote again, but Cindy squeezed my thigh and whispered, "Wait." There was obvious excitement in her voice.  
  
The scene faded out for a few seconds and then came back on. On the screen the two were lying on the bed kissing. A moment later the woman turned onto her back. Now she was lying with her leg's spread. Her lover crawled between. He bent down and kissed her. He was hard again. From the camera angle, we had a clear view of the man's ball's and cock with Mrs. Field's open pussy waiting below.  
  
I was now mesmerized as I waited for him to fuck her. It wasn't the first porn video I had seen, but it was the first time I had seen someone that I knew in one. I felt something and looked down. Cindy's hand had begun to move on my thigh. At first it was barely noticeable. I held my breath, my eyes opened wide. I couldn't believe what was happening. I sat frozen as her fingers moved onto my shorts and then higher. When the tips of her fingers reached the tent in my shorts, I almost climaxed. Suddenly she grabbed me... grabbed my hard cock in her fist. I moaned and heard her whimper in response. I stared at her hand, afraid to look at her. When I looked at the screen, the man was fucking Mrs. Fields, his cock moving in and out of her pussy rapidly.  
  
Cindy's fingers began to move up and down at the same tempo as the couple fucking on the screen. I was gasping for breath now. I wanted to grab her hand to stop her, but I couldn't move. Instead I sat frozen with only my chest moving. Soon I felt my balls begin to churn. I heard the man on the screen moan that he was ready to cum. I saw him thrust his cock deeply into her and he froze. Suddenly my hips began to move in time with my sister's pumping hand. It took a few more strokes before I felt my climax coming on. There was no way to delay it. I closed my eyes as I shot my sperm into my shorts.   
  
It was obvious that Cindy knew that I had climaxed. The pumping of her hand continued for a few moments. Then it slowed until it was barely moving. However, her fingers continued to squeeze me for a few seconds. Suddenly, she took her hand away and stood up. Without a word she left me sitting on the sofa and disappeared into her bedroom, closing the door behind her.  
  
I sat in stunned silence. I couldn't believe what had just happened. Had my sister just jerked me off? I wondered. It couldn't be. Yet, I could still feel her hand on my now soft cock and cum was soaking though the front of my shorts, leaving a wet patch. I turned off the TV and went to my room in a daze.

**Chapter 4**  
Breakfast conversation was very tense the following morning... at least for me. I hadn't slept very well. Cindy, on the other hand, seemed her normal self. She tried in vain to engage me in conversation, but only received grunts in reply. I was sulking and didn't even know why. I hadn't really done anything wrong and I certainly wasn't mad at her. It wasn't anger. I felt guilty... like I had taken advantage of my sister. It was irrational I know, but I was confused.  
  
"Well little brother, I have to get to work," she said and got up. "You have a wonderful day."  
  
"Uh... yeah, sure."  
  
"Oh and by the way, don't take the video back. I want to see the rest."   
  
"I bought it," I responded. It was an "as is" final sale. I couldn't take it back if I wanted... especially not without explaining what was really on the tape.  
  
She smiled and said, "Good, then we can watch it as much as we want." With that she was gone, leaving me as perplexed as I had been last night.  
  
I went to work in a mental fog. I rang up people's grocery orders wrong, didn't hear questions customers asked, and generally screwed up everything I touched. I even made a wrong turn on the expressway on the way home after nigh school and had to drive five miles out of my way. I finally resolved to not let it bother me. After all, Cindy was the one that initiated everything. Why not enjoy it and let her dictate how far the exploration went? I thought.  
  
When I walked into the apartment, Cindy was sitting on the sofa painting her toenails. She was wearing a short blue silk robe with one foot up on the coffee table. She looked up and smiled. "Hi Robbie, you're late tonight."  
  
"Sorry, heavy traffic on the freeway," I lied.   
  
"I've been waiting for you so we can watch 'our movie'."  
  
I wondered when it had become "our movie". "Let me get changed and showered. I won't take long."  
  
"Okay," she said without looking up and continued to paint her toenails.  
  
I found myself glancing at her legs. The robe had fallen off one leg, exposing much of her thigh. I could see silky flesh almost all the way to her ass. I forced myself to turn away.   
  
A few minutes later I came out of the bathroom wearing a pair of cut off sweat pants and no shirt. I had boldly left my underwear off. "I'll get a soda. Want a glass of wine?"  
  
"Already had three," she giggled, "but I'll take another."  
  
I placed the bottle of wine on the coffee table front of Cindy and I sat close to her, making sure my hip touched hers. "Ready?" I asked as calmly as possible. However, I was anything but calm inside. My heart was pounding in my chest.  
  
"Yes, I've been excited all day," she whispered as if someone could hear her.   
  
It did feel sneaky watching someone's intimate home movie.  
  
When the video came on, the scene had Mrs. Fields lying on the bed with her legs spread. It appeared to be a continuation of the other scene. The camera zoomed in until it was on her pussy. It was swollen and leaking sperm. Suddenly another man appeared. My eyes opened wide. It was Mr. Fields. I looked at Cindy to see that her eyes were just as wide as mine were. We watched as he crawled onto the bed and between her legs. A second later he was fucking her like her lover had a few minutes before.   
  
It didn't take him long to climax.   
  
When the screen went blank, both Cindy and I let out our breath and relaxed. Before we took our second breath, the screen came to life again. Like the first time, Mrs. Fields came into the room followed by a man. It was a different man this time.   
  
Cindy and I looked at each other and raised our eyebrows. Mrs. Fields was quite a slut. We watched as the pretty older woman went wild with her lover again. As we watched, the camera zoomed in.  
  
I looked at Cindy... we shrugged our shoulders... someone was operating the camera.  
  
The two on the bed fucked in every conceivable position, including her siting on his huge cock and riding him like she was in a rodeo. He climaxed inside her and she fell to the bed. However, they were not done. Within a few minutes, Mrs. Fields was sucking on her lover's cock. The camera zoomed in for a close up. She winked at the screen. When she had the stranger hard, she got onto her knees. He climbed behind her.  
  
"Fuck my ass," she cried.  
  
Cindy and I gasped. Then we watched as the stranger moved the head of his cock to her tight asshole. The head looked far too large to penetrate the tiny hole. Slowly the stranger pressed forward. The sphincter resisted before if finally gave way. Mrs. Fields bellowed in excitement. The stranger began to fuck her hard. Over and over his long cock went deep into her ass until he screamed in climax.   
  
By the time they were done, Cindy and I were very excited. My cut off sweat pants had a huge tent in them and there was a wet circle when the head had leaked juice. However, I didn't try to hide it this time. I had seen Cindy look over at my crotch several times.  
  
Like it happened the first time, after the stranger was done, Mr. Fields took his place.  
  
When that scene ended, I used the remote to flip off the VCR and TV. Cindy and I sat staring at the dark television for a while without speaking. Finally she turned and looked at me. Then her eyes scanned down my chest until they reached my still tented shorts. I intentionally made my cock twitch, moving the material of my sweat pants up and down.  
  
Cindy looked back up at me and whispered, "I want to see it."  
  
I knew what she meant, but I said, "What?"  
  
"I want to see your cock," she whispered excitedly.   
  
When I didn't move, she reached over. I noticed her hand trembling as she stuck her fingers under the waistband of my shorts. She lifted the elastic until she could see the swollen head of my cock. I moaned and threw my head back, closing my eyes.   
  
"Oh my goodness," she gasped. "It's huge."  
  
I could feel her eyes on my cock as I sat frozen with my hands at my sides.   
  
"Wait a minute," Cindy said, letting the elastic snap back in place. She stood up.  
  
I opened my eyes in time to see her sway a bit on her feet. Then I watched her go into the bathroom. A second later she came back with a towel and bottle of massage oil.   
  
"Let me give you a massage."  
  
"Huh?" I said, thinking she wanted to massage my feet.  
  
Then she knelt at my feet, placing the towel and massage oil on the coffee table. Next she reached for the waistband of my shorts. "Lift up," she said.  
  
"Cindy... we... what..." I stammered.  
  
"Just shut up and lift up," she ordered.  
  
When I raised my hips, she quickly pulled my shorts to my ankles. Suddenly I was sitting in front of my sister totally naked with a giant erection. My face turned red with embarrassment. But that did nothing to reduce my excitement. My cock throbbed and juice poured from the slit. A long strand of clear liquid connected my stomach to my cock head.   
  
Cindy stared at my shaft with a look of amazement on her face. I knew that my cock was larger than some men's were. But I hadn't had any experience with women to know how much larger. Apparently she thought it was pretty big.  
  
"God Robbie, it's beautiful... and big."  
  
I blushed.  
  
Cindy reached for the towel and had me lift up so she could put it on the sofa under me. Then she picked up the bottle of oil. She wrapped her fingers around the shaft.  
  
I moaned, lifting my hips excitedly. I couldn't believe how soft and cool her hand felt on my burning cock.  
  
She held my erection and poured a stream of oil over the head. The silvery oil mixed with my juice and ran down the shaft and over her fingers. She put the bottle down, placing her other hand on my cock, one above the other, and began to slide her hands up and down. Her mouth was open as she took gasps of breath... her eyes stared at my cock... her hands slipping sensuously up and down the shaft.  
  
Bolts of pleasure washed over my body as I watched my sister masturbate me. She squeezed me firmly, yet gently, as she twisted and turned her fists. Up and down the shaft she moved. When a hand would reach the head, she would circle her fingers around it and squeeze, moving it in a twisting motion.  
  
I wasn't sure how much I could take. My balls were churning in their sacks and my cock was pulsing, drooling a steady stream of pre-cum juice. However, when I felt like I couldn't take any more, she would squeeze the base of the shaft tightly until the crisis passed. Then with a lustful smile she would start again.  
  
Within a few minutes I was moaning constantly. I had never felt anything so good in my life. My hips moved on the sofa in time with the pumping of her hands.   
  
"God Sis, you're... driving... me crazy," I hissed.  
  
She giggled.   
  
"I've got to cum," I said. But it was a plea and not an order.  
  
"Alright," Cindy said breathlessly. With that she began to move her hands faster.   
  
"Oh God!" I gasped.  
  
Cindy's eyes were fixed on my cock as she pumped her hands up and down rapidly now. The room filled with a sloppy sucking sound and our combined gasps for breath.  
  
"Oh Goddddddd, I'm going to cummmmmm!!!!" I screamed. I lifted my hips from the sofa.  
  
Cindy pulled the skin of my cock downward toward my balls and held it tight.  
  
"Ahhhhhh," I moaned. Suddenly a blast of juice spit from the head, arching high into the air. It appeared to be moving in slow motion... a white streak of juice reaching its peak high above our heads before falling to my chest with a splat. I heard Cindy squealing in delight. Her voice seemed to come from somewhere far away. Blast after blast of juice shot out of my cock, covering my chest and stomach.

"My God!" Cindy exclaimed as it kept coming. She kept pumping until there was only a trickle of juice dribbling from the head. Then she sat back. "Wow, little brother, or should I say 'big' brother, I've never seen so much cum in my life."  
  
I blushed and looked down to see the cream covering my chest and stomach. Cindy's hands, which were on my thighs now, were also covered in sperm.  
  
She stood up. "Did you like that?" she asked rhetorically.  
  
I looked up and nodded weakly.   
  
"Well, I have to get to bed... got an early meeting at work tomorrow." With that she leaned over me and placed her lips on mine.   
  
I was surprised when I felt her tongue pushing on my lips. I moaned and opened my mouth, letting her in. Suddenly we were kissing like lovers. She pressed her mouth hard to mine, twirling her tongue around. I hadn't kissed many girls, but I am a quick learner. My tongue pushed hers back into her mouth. She moaned and sucked on mine. When she finally pulled away, my mouth was open and I was gasping for breath again. My sleeping cock began to twitch.   
  
"See you in the morning," she whispered. She touched my face gently before she disappeared into the bedroom.  
  
I sat on the sofa in silence for a time. Nothing had prepared me for what my sister had just done. My head was still spinning. I couldn't think straight. I pulled myself up and staggered to my room. I flopped onto the bed. Suddenly I heard what I thought was crying coming from Cindy's room. I went over to the wall and listened. What I heard was definitely not crying. There were little whimpers followed by moans. I would have thought Dexter was with her had I not known that she was alone. It was obvious that my sister was masturbating. A little chill ran through me when I realized that she was doing it with cum covered fingers. My cock came back to life immediately. A few minutes later I was shooting another load, into my hand this time, as I listened to my sister's orgasmic cries.  
  
As I lay awake long after our mutual pleasure, I realized that I was desperately in love with my sister.

**Chapter 5**  
The following morning, as I passed the sofa, my mind rushed back to what had happened on that very spot last night... my own sister had jerked me off. I shook my head and forced myself to go into the kitchen.  
  
Cindy was already up. She was sitting at the table with her cup of coffee, reading the morning paper. When I walked in she looked up and smiled sweetly. "Good morning Robbie," she said. From her facial expression, one would never know what she had done to me last night.  
  
I boldly walked over and kissed her on the lips, pushing my tongue into her mouth. Her mouth was sweet with the taste of mouthwash and a hint of coffee. When she didn't resist me, I put my hand behind her head as I explored her open mouth with my tongue. We were both breathless when I finally pulled away.  
  
I saw her surprised look. "Good morning to you Sis," I said. I sat down at the table with a cup of coffee and a wide grin. "Hey Sis, would you like me to get another movie for Friday night? Or watch "our" movie," I smiled lustfully.   
  
"Oh, I'm sorry sweetie, but I have a date with Dexter."  
  
I could feel the blood drain from my face. It seemed as if she had stuck a pin in my balloon. Amazingly, I had forgotten all about Dexter in the last several days. The jerk, I thought and felt my anger building. "What about Saturday night?" I asked, trying to keep the irritation from my voice.  
  
Cindy got a sad look on her face. "Sorry sweetie, but Dexter doesn't have many weekends free and he said he wanted to spend this one with me."   
  
I couldn't hold it back anymore. "What do you see in that jerk? He flashes money around like he's some big shot. He's just a spoiled little rich boy with a giant ego. And, a total asshole to boot," I blurted. As soon as the words were out of my mouth I regretted them.   
  
I saw fire in Cindy's eyes. "Don't talk to me like that!" she almost screamed. "You don't know anything about him. Besides, who I date is my business and not yours." Her face was red with anger.  
  
The room suddenly fell silent. Both of us were steaming. I figured a quick exit was called for. I stormed out of the kitchen, quickly dressed and went to work.  
  
I felt bad all morning about what I had said to Cindy. I debated calling her to apologize. Unfortunately, the store was busy all day, so I never had the chance.   
  
My mind was working overtime though. Dexter was a big problem. He had always been an issue, but now he was coming between my sister and I. There had to be some way to get him out of the picture. I was daydreaming, ringing up a customer's order, when a plan suddenly came to me. I knew just what to do. If my theory was correct, Dexter was history.  
  
Normally I am not a devious person. I tend to take people at their word and believe what they say. However, I had always been suspicious of Dexter. Something about him didn't sit well with me. I thought I knew the reason why.   
  
When I left work that afternoon, I drove downtown to Dexter's office, parking in the lot near his sports car. It was about six thirty when he came out of the office building. He was whistling like he didn't have a care in the world. When he pulled off the lot, I was a safe distance behind him. He stopped at the cleaners to pick up some laundry before getting onto the expressway. I knew he had an apartment in town... so I wondered why he was taking the expressway.   
  
I followed him for over an hour... my old Jeep straining to keep up with his powerful sports car. When we exited the expressway and the traffic thinned, I backed off to make sure he didn't see me. Finally he turned into a long driveway to what appeared to be an estate that had a large iron security gate. There was a brick wall surrounding the property. I quickly parked on the street and found a spot where I could scale the wall. Hoping that they didn't have guard dogs, I stumbled my way through the woods until I could see the house. I waited with my camera.  
  
The sun was just going down and my hopes were dimming when I saw Dexter come out of the house. Behind him was a pretty woman followed by two small children. Got him! I thought. They climbed into an SUV as I snapped photos.  
  
I drove home with a smile on my face. I stayed in my room that evening and put together an envelope with a note. I wrote a message that said, "Here are some photos I took of you and your family. If you don't leave Cindy Matthews alone, the photos will be sent to her." I also included a photo of Dexter and Cindy kissing that I stole from Cindy's room. "The photo of Cindy and you will go to your wife. Have a nice day."  
  
I didn't really know if the woman Dexter was with was his wife or even that the children were his. However, I had pretty good circumstantial evidence that they were. It explained why he didn't have many weekends free. I was assuming that Cindy didn't know that he was married. I was fairly sure that she wouldn't be involved with a married man. Besides, I figured I had nothing to lose by exposing him. Even if he knew that I was doing this (the photo of Cindy and him kissing could give me away), it didn't matter. What was he going to do anyway?   
  
The following evening was Friday night. Cindy was to meet Dexter at a restaurant downtown, as they often did. She and I had not talked since the blowup. However, it was obvious that we both wanted to. When she came out of her room that night she was wearing a pretty blue pleated skirt, white blouse with high heels. The skirt came to mid-thigh, exposing her well-shaped legs. She also had on silk nylons. I wondered if the nylons were pantyhose or thigh-high. I guessed thigh-high. It was a little chilly out so she had a jacket that matched her skirt. She looked very sexy.  
  
I was sitting on the sofa when she walked past. I caught a whiff of her sweet perfume and felt a pain in my heart. "You look pretty," I said as she passed.   
  
She stopped and looked at me as if she was trying to figure out if I were serious.   
  
I smiled and said, "Really."  
  
Her serious face changed to a smile immediately. "Thank you Robbie."  
  
"Sis..."   
  
"Robbie..." we said at the same time. Then we laughed.  
  
"I'm sorry for the things I said," I said sincerely.  
  
"I'm sorry about my reaction too," she answered.   
  
I stood up. "Listen, I was out of line. You obviously can date anyone you want. I had no right to say those things about Dexter. He might be a great guy."  
  
"Thank you again Robbie. He is a good guy... you'll see."  
  
Yeah, I'll see, I thought. "If you like him, I'll try to like him as well," I lied.   
  
A little tear showed in Cindy's eye. She wiped it away and stepped toward me.  
  
I put my arms around her for a hug. I drew in the scent of her hair and sweet perfume. When we pulled away, I looked into her eyes. "Have fun tonight."  
  
"I will," she said as we continued to hold each other.   
  
Then she leaned forward to touch her lips to mine. I suppressed a moan and responded. Her mouth opened when my tongue touched her lips. A moan escaped her throat as our tongues dueled. I felt her tremble.   
  
She pushed me away, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I've got to go," she sighed. With that she pecked my lips again then rubbed lipstick from my lips.  
  
Now all I had to do was wait.  
  
I heard the keys in the lock as I sat on the sofa. It was just past ten. I felt excitement and worry at the same time. A million questions rushed through my mind. Did Dexter show up tonight? If so, did they have a fight? Did he deny everything? Was I wrong about him?  
  
As soon as I saw Cindy I had some of the answers. Her eye makeup was smeared, indicating that she had been crying. I jumped up and hurried over to her. "What's wrong?" I asked, grabbing her shoulders and looking into her eyes. I could smell alcohol on her breath. She swayed a bid and I put my arm around her.  
  
"I was stood-up. Dexter didn't show," she hissed angrily. Then she added, "I tried to call his cell phone ten times and there was no answer."  
  
I wanted to leap for joy. However, I caught myself and said, "Well, maybe he just got hung up in traffic."  
  
"Yeah, right," she said with a slight slur to her voice. "He can walk to the bar from his office. I sat at the bar and drank by myself all night... fending off twenty guys trying to pick me up."  
  
"I'm so sorry Sis," I said as sincerely as I could muster. I fought to keep a smile from my face. While I knew what I had done was devious, I had convinced myself that it was the best thing for Cindy. "Come over to the sofa and sit down. Do you want some coffee or something?"  
  
"No coffee. Get me a glass of wine please."  
  
I hurried into the kitchen and poured her a glass of wine. When I came out, she was sitting on the sofa with her head back. I sat next to her, handing her the glass. She turned it up and drank it down.   
  
"Wow," I said, taking the empty glass from her. I put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close.   
  
I heard her sniffle. "You're the best man in my life Robbie. You've always been here for me." She began to sob.  
  
I turned her face up to me and looked into her tear filled eyes. My heart went out to her. "You're the good one Sis. I'm really sorry about Dexter," I said... sincere this time. Our lips were drawn together. It was the sweetest kiss we had ever shared. Her mouth opened wide for me, and my tongue found hers. My hand, which was lying on her waist, slowly moved upward. My heart was thumping in my chest as the back of my hand touched her breast. When I felt the warmth of her flesh through the thin material of her blouse, I realized that she didn't have a bra on. With a bold move I opened my hand and caressed her breast.  
  
"Mmmm," Cindy moaned into my mouth.  
  
I wasn't sure if it was in protest or not. However, she made no move to stop me. I caressed her soft breast for several minutes as we continued to kiss. Then my fingers searched for the buttons of her blouse. Waiting for her to stop me, I slowly opened one button at a time until I reached the waist of her skirt. With a moan I slipped my hand under the material of her blouse and cupped her bare breast. I trembled with excitement at the feel of her warm flesh under my palm.   
  
"Ohhhhhh... mmmmmm," she gasped into my mouth.  
  
When she still didn't push me away, my fingers found an already hard nipple. I tweaked the large nub and then squeezed it hard.  
  
Cindy gasped again and pulled her lips from mine. I feared that she was going to stop me. Instead she threw her head back on the sofa and closed her eyes. I took that as an okay to proceed. I brazenly pulled her blouse from her skirt and opened the last buttons. Then I spread the silky material open until both of her breasts were exposed. I had never seen anything so beautiful. Her breasts were large fleshy mounds of unblemished skin. They sat high on her chest with no sag. The nipples were pinkish brown and the areolas were large, covering a third of her breasts. I squeezed one and then the other and heard her moan with excitement. Then my lips were drawn to them.   
  
"Oh Robbie," Cindy hissed and grasped the back of my head, pulling my mouth to her. Her back arched up, forcing my face into her soft tit.   
  
My head was spinning as I sucked and licked her nipple. With great effort, I pulled away and found the other. Soon both of her nipples were wet with my saliva. I stared at them for a minute, using my fingers to tweak them. Then I kissed her passionately again. She responded by pressing her breasts to my chest and opening her mouth wide. I could feel her hips squirming in excitement  
  
I moved off the sofa and onto the floor at her knees.   
  
Cindy opened her eyes and looked at me dreamily.   
  
I looked down at her legs. Cindy's legs were open and her skirt had pulled up almost to her crotch. My eyes traveled up her legs slowly until they reached the tops of her thigh high nylons. I could see the soft flesh of her upper thighs. It bulged slightly from the compression of the nylon. I held my eyes there for a moment longer, enjoying the view while denying myself the pleasure of looking at her crotch. When I did, I gasped... no panties! I had a clear and unobstructed view of her swollen pussy. She didn't have a speck of hair. The inner lips were protruding through the smooth outer lips and were slick with her juice. There was a bubble of clear pussy juice coming from the hole. As I stared, Cindy opened her legs wider. My eyes grew large at her bold move. I watched the bubble of juice grow until it trickled out and then down between the cheeks of her ass. When I looked up, Cindy was staring back at me. I wasn't sure what she wanted.  
  
"Kiss me," she gasped.  
  
I started to move up and kiss her lips. However, she reached for my shoulders and pushed me down. Suddenly, I realized that she wanted me to kiss her pussy. I almost fainted at the thought of what she was asking. Of course I had seen it done in movies, but I had never actually done it myself. I could hear a roar that sounded like the ocean in my ears. From somewhere far away I heard Cindy's voice again.   
  
"Eat me Robbie. Oh God, eat my cunt." Then she grabbed my head in her hands.  
  
I swallowed hard and took a deep breath. Cindy led my head downward. As I approached her pussy, I could smell her sweet scent. I recognized it from her panties. My cock throbbed in my shorts and I worried that I was going to climax. A second later, my lips touched her smooth and swollen sex lips. I was lost. Her pussy opened, spreading across my lips like a wet, juicy peach. Her slick juices coated my lips and dribbled down my chin. My tongue came out instinctively, sliding between her fat inner lips. When my tongue was back in my mouth, I tasted her sweet juices for the first time. My cock throbbed and squirted a gob of my juice into my underwear. I went back for more, plunging my tongue into her as deeply as it would go.  
  
"Oh Robbbbbbiiiieeee!!!" Cindy screamed.   
  
She screamed so loud that I feared the neighbors would hear. It spurred me on. I pressed my mouth to her pussy and began to suck. Her hips were squirming under my mouth so much that it was difficult to hold my position. I pushed her legs higher until her knees touched the back of the sofa. She slumped down until she was almost doubled over. I began to suck again.   
  
"Robbie, I'm cummmmmiiinnnngggg!!!" she screamed and lifted her hips. Her legs flew up and wrapped around my head, imprisoning me between her strong thighs. I was trapped, but loving every minute. All of my senses were focused on her taste, smell, and the feel of her climaxing pussy. It went on for a long time. When I felt her thighs relax, I began to suck harder.   
  
"Robbiiiiieee, what are you doinnnnnngggg?" she gasped. Still, she didn't push me away. Instead, she pulled my hair, forcing my face deeper between her pussy lips. Seconds later she screamed, "Ahhhhheeeee!!!" and juice flooded my mouth again.  
  
I heard the clock in the background strike 11 P.M. when Cindy's legs finally released me from between her legs. I was surprised that I had been between her legs for almost an hour. I sat back with juice dripping from my chin and a silly look on my face. It was my first time eating pussy, but I knew that it wouldn't be my last.  
  
Cindy smiled weakly before motioning me to join her on the sofa again. When I did, I pulled her into my arms and kissed her tenderly. I held her to me, rocking her gently, for a long time.

**Chapter 6**  
"God Robbie, where did you learn to eat pussy like that?" Cindy said when she had finally gathered enough strength. "I've never climaxed so many times in my life."  
  
I smiled but didn't answer. For some reason, male pride or ego, I didn't want her to know that I had never eaten pussy before.  
  
Cindy finally sat up. She looked at me and whispered, "It's my turn." With that she slipped off the sofa and crawled between my legs.   
  
My cock wasn't as hard, but it was still a formidable bulge in my shorts. I watched excitedly as she reached for my belt. She opened my shorts and quickly stripped them off of me. My cock sprung to attention.   
  
Cindy stared at my weapon and said, "Wow, it looks even bigger than before." She wrapped her hand around the pulsing shaft, holding it up as if inspecting it. Her hand moved up and down the long tube, squeezing juice from the swollen head. Then she used her index finger to capture some of the juice and brought it to her mouth. Her eyes closed in pleasure.  
  
I figured she was going to give me a hand job like she had done the other night. However, it became obvious that she had other ideas. A gasp escaped my lips when she straightened up and pulled my cock down until the head was an inch from her still hard nipple. She pumped the shaft again, causing a large bubble of juice to form at the tip. It hung there for a moment then, as if in slow motion, dropped to her nipple. She rubbed it around the areola until it was shining. Then she moved to the other tit and did the same thing.   
  
I watched with half closed eyes as she tweaked her nipples, making them hard. Then she moved closer until she could place the slit of my cock at one nipple. I moaned as I felt the rough nub of her nipple slip up and down the slit. She smiled up at me and pulled her nipple away.  
  
"Did you like that?" she asked rhetorically.   
  
I answered by moving my hips upward. With a giggle she began again.   
  
Finally, she moved closer and wrapped her soft breasts around my hard cock. She began to move her breasts up and down both sides of my cock.  
  
"Oh God Cindy," I moaned in warning.  
  
She giggled and pulled back again, letting my cock flip back up and slap my stomach. Then she leaned over and brought her mouth close to my throbbing erection. Looking up at me she whispered, "I want to suck it. Do you want that?"  
  
"Yesssss!" I answered. I lifted my hips pushing my dripping cock head toward her mouth. She pulled back teasingly. Then her tongue came out and she lapped the slit, cleaning the accumulated juice from the tip. With a groan deep in her throat she opened her mouth and took the head of my cock inside. However, she only sucked it for a second or two. She pulled away, making a pop with her lips as my cock slipped out. Her tongue came out and she ran it down the shaft and over my balls.

"I love to suck balls," she said. She opened her mouth and sucked one in.  
  
My breath was coming in gasps now.  
  
When one ball was wet with her saliva she moved to the other. Finally she licked back up my cock and hovered over the head. With drooling lips she moved down, taking the head inside again. I gasped as she took me deeper and deeper. Through half closed eyes, I saw her lips reach my pubic hair. I couldn't believe that she had taken all of my cock in her mouth. I could actually feel her throat muscles working on the buried head. Then she pulled all the way back, freeing my entire cock. It pulsed in the air, dripping gobs of saliva.  
  
Cindy gasped for breath with her mouth open. Her eyes were filled with excitement.  
  
I reached for her head and pulled her back. She opened her mouth wide. I pushed her down until I heard her gag. Still, she took most of my cock without a problem. Soon we began a rhythm. My hips pushed upward with each of her downward moves.  
  
I was fucking my sister's mouth. The reality of that was too much for me. "Cindy," I screamed.  
  
She pulled back and grabbed the base of my cock, like she had done when she masturbated me, and cut off my climax.  
  
My mouth was open as I gasped to suck air into my lungs.  
  
Cindy waited a few seconds before she began to suck me again. Over and over she brought me close to my peak and then would stop.  
  
Finally, I couldn't take anymore. "Please..." I begged.  
  
"Please what?" she asked with a smile.  
  
"Please make me cum," I hissed.  
  
"Alright, since you were such a good boy." With that she wrapped her hand around my shaft and placed her mouth over the swollen head. Her hand began to pump up and down as her mouth sucked the head. Within a few seconds I was ready to cum.  
  
"Ohhhhhh!!!" I cried and lifted my hips. My eyes were closed tight.  
  
Cindy held her mouth on the head and pumped my cock with her fist.  
  
"Ahhhhhh!!!" I screamed as my balls unleashed a huge load of sperm. I heard Cindy gag, but she didn't stop sucking. Then she was moaning and swallowing as she pumped me. It felt like my balls were exploding as they pumped their contents into her sucking mouth.  
  
When I finally opened my eyes, Cindy was still sucking the head of my cock. She had been unable to drink all of my juice and some of it had run down the shaft to pool in my pubic hair. I watched as she licked it up.  
  
Cindy looked up at me with a smile and said, "Yum, you taste good little brother." Her tongue came out and she licked a gob of cum from the corner of her mouth.  
  
The sizzling bacon and perking coffee filled the kitchen with the smell of breakfast. I hurried around to get everything ready at the same time. Normally on Saturday mornings Cindy was up early and I was the late riser. However, today, I wanted to fix her breakfast. It was about ready when she came in.  
  
She came into the kitchen wearing her white terrycloth robe. She stretched and yawned, rubbing sleep from her eyes.  
  
"What are you doing up so early?" she asked with a sleepy smile.  
  
"Just wanted to fix breakfast for my sister."  
  
"That's so sweet of you," she returned sincerely.  
  
"Sit down. The paper and coffee is on the table. Everything will be ready in a minute."  
  
Cindy sat down but she didn't pick up the paper. I could feel her eyes on me as I moved around the kitchen. When I turned around, I saw a strange look on her face. "What's the matter?" I asked.  
  
"Robbie, we need to talk."  
  
Uh oh, I thought, here it comes. We went too far last night and now she is having regrets.  
  
"Uh... sure Sis, let me finish getting breakfast ready." I put the food on the table and sat down across from her.  
  
"We'll eat first," she said.  
  
Suddenly I didn't have much of an appetite.  
  
When breakfast was over Cindy reached over and held my hand. I didn't say anything, waiting for what I knew was to come.  
  
"Robbie, we went pretty far last night."  
  
"Sis... I..." I started to say something, I wasn't sure what, but she interrupted me.  
  
"Let me talk please," she said and squeezed my hand. She paused for a moment and began again. "I guess it was because Dexter stood me up and I drank too much. However, I would be lying to you if I said I didn't enjoy it. I think you could tell that anyway. But, we are brother and sister and it was wrong." Cindy paused again.  
  
I still didn't say anything and waited for her to continue.  
  
"We have always been close and I love you... but... not entirely like a brother."  
  
My heart began to beat a little faster.  
  
"While I know that I should say that it can never happen again, deep down inside I don't believe that. We live together and are too close for me to say that."  
  
I was all ears. This was sounding much better than I had hoped.  
  
"But, it can't go any further than it already has... I mean... I mean... we can't actually fuc... well, you know what I mean. There have to be some rules." I saw her face flush for the first time. It was obvious that she was nervous.  
  
"Sure Sis, whatever you say," I blurted in excitement. I was ready to agree to anything as long as it meant that we could still have fun together.  
  
"Don't get too excited," Cindy said and finally smiled. "We have to control ourselves... we can't be suc... uh... doing things every day."  
  
"I understand," I said as seriously as I could. Inside my heart was leaping for joy.  
  
Cindy looked at the clock and said, "I have to get moving. I told Nancy that I would meet her at ten to go shopping. We can continue this conversation when I get home."  
  
"I'm going to play golf with Randy and then we are going to the ballgame tonight," I said, suddenly wishing that I were going to be home with Cindy tonight. "Uh Cindy, what are you going to do about Dexter?" I asked.  
  
Cindy's frowned. "I'm going to wait for him to contact me. If he does, he has some explaining to do. If he doesn't... well, it's all for the best. It will prove that you were right about him. He's a jerk."  
  
I almost said something negative but caught myself. "I am sorry." And, I was.  
  
"I know," she answered and squeezed my hand.  
  
I was walking on air for the rest of the day. I played golf terribly and lost a few bucks, but I didn't care. The ball game was exciting and went extra innings, but I hardly paid attention. My mind was constantly on Cindy. I knew that I had it bad for her. I also knew that I had to go slow and let her take the lead.  
  
It was after 11:30 P.M. when I got home. Cindy had already gone to bed. I saw a note on the coffee table and picked it up. "Robbie, I wanted to wait up for you but I got really sleepy. Shopping for six hours can tire a girl out. lol Goodnight and have sweet dreams," Cindy.  
  
For a moment I thought about waking her up and saying goodnight. Since I knew that she was tired, I decided to go to bed. I folded the note up and put it in my pocket. I was humming to myself as I went to bed.  
  
I wasn't sure what time it was when I awakened for some reason. When I opened my eyes, I saw my sister standing next to the bed looking down at me. She had on a long nightshirt with a picture of Mickey Mouse on the front. Before my eyes could adjust, she climbed onto the bed and straddled my waist.  
  
"I've been thinking about you all night," she whispered with excitement in her voice. "Especially how your mouth felt on my pussy. I was hoping that you would come into my room when you got home."  
  
I shook my head... "Sis, what..." I started to say, but stopped when she reached down and pulled her nightshirt over her head. Suddenly my words caught in my throat as I stared at her now naked body.  
  
"I need you to eat me again," she said and scooted up my chest until her pussy was inches from my chin.  
  
Suddenly my cock sprang to full erection. In spite of the dark, I could see that her pussy lips were swollen and very wet.  
  
"I've been playing with myself," she said. Then she lifted up and moved forward.  
  
I moaned excitedly as she held her pussy over my mouth. My tongue came out to gently lick her swollen lips.  
  
"Oh yes Robbie, lick me."  
  
I did. My tongue slipped between the lips and licked upward to her clit. Her juices were streaming from her hole and onto my chin. I opened my mouth wide and sucked both her inner and out lips inside.  
  
"Ohhhhh Goddddd Robbie," Cindy screamed. Her hips pressed down, forcing my head into the pillow. I had to gently lift her hips upward in order to breathe. I began to eat her wildly. I sucked and licked as her hips worked up and down and back and forth on my willing face. Her thighs pressed against my ears, muting her screams of pleasure. I barely knew when she started climaxing. However, I think it was soon after my mouth touched her pussy. It continued the entire time I ate her.  
  
Cindy's body trembled and shook as wave after wave of pleasure rushed through her. It was one sided, but I was only too happy to accommodate her. When she finally climbed off of my face, I closed my eyes and gasped for breath. When I opened my eyes, she was gone. I sat up in bed. Was it a dream? I thought. Did my sister just come into my room and sit on my face? I was still wondering as I dozed off to sleep again. However, I didn't sleep much the rest of the night.  
  
In the morning, I got up early to take a shower. I was letting the refreshing water pour over my head when I thought I heard the bathroom door open. A moment later the frosted glass door of the shower opened. Cindy was standing there with a smile on her face.  
  
"Need some company 'little' brother?" she said and looked down at my soft cock.  
  
The shower stall was very small, but I wasn't about to refuse her. She had on the same Mickey Mouse nightshirt. I smiled. It hadn't been a dream. I watched as she pulled her shirt off and stepped into the tight confines of the shower stall. The steaming water was cascading over my shoulders and rolling down my chest. She pressed her body to mine and said, "Don't I get a good morning kiss?"  
  
Our lips went together immediately. My limp cock began to grow immediately. I pushed my sister back and let it grow between us.  
  
Cindy was smiling as she looked down and watched it grow. Then she took it in her hand. "I owe you one," she whispered... obviously referring to her visit to my room. With that she slid down my wet body to kneel at my feet. She grasped my now fully hard cock with her other hand and I heard her whisper to herself, "Amazing."  
  
"Mmmmm," I moaned as she opened her mouth to suck the head inside.  
  
I leaned against the shower wall, letting the jets of water flow over my shoulder and land on her. I reached for her head, my fingers twisting in her now wet hair. "Oh God Sis," I gasped and closed my eyes as her mouth began to work on me. She sucked me for a long time, licking the swollen head and pumping the shaft with both fists. She smiled up at me and then licked down the shaft to my balls. I watched as she sucked one and then the other. Then she pushed on my hips. "What?" I asked.  
  
"Turn around."  
  
I hesitated for a second and then shrugged my shoulders. I turned around until my ass cheeks were facing her. I hear her giggle and then felt her hands on my cheeks. "Cindy!" I cried when she opened my cheeks. Quickly, before I could protest, her lips moved to my asshole. I felt her tongue tickle my tiny hole. My hips squirmed in a futile attempt to get away. She followed. My breath caught in my throat when her tongue pushed on the opening. It resisted.  
  
"Relax," Cindy said and playfully slapped my ass cheek.  
  
It was difficult, but eventually I willed myself to relax. A moan escaped my lips when her tongue slipped inside. Then she worked in and out of me like I had done to her pussy. After a few minutes, it began to feel good. When she finally pulled away, my hole felt empty. However, I shouldn't have worried. A second later, I felt a soapy finger on the hole. "Cindy no..."  
  
It was too late. Her finger slipped into my relaxed hole. I grunted and gasped. I had never had anything up my ass before. I couldn't believe my sister was doing it. It was embarrassing but yet it didn't feel bad. Slowly my sphincter adjusted and allowed her to pump her finger in and out with ease. I sighed and bent my legs a bit to push my hips toward her.  
  
Cindy giggled again and worked her finger faster. She worked it in and out rapidly.  
  
Suddenly, I felt a strange feeling deep inside. I knew nothing about the prostate... but Cindy obviously did.  
  
"Turn around," she said again.  
  
I was in a daze now and didn't protest.  
  
Cindy let her finger slip out for a moment. However, as soon as I was facing her, she slipped her hand between my legs and found my hole again.  
  
I closed my eyes and moaned.  
  
She took my cock inside her mouth again.  
  
"Cindy," I cried as the feeling inside me built until I was ready to explode. My balls churned in preparation. Suddenly, almost without warning my sperm began to shoot into her mouth. It came out of me in great gobs, hurtling along the shaft and pouring into my sister's mouth in a flood. She swallowed quickly, taking it down her throat. My cock pulsed over and over; squirting everything I had inside my balls into her willing mouth. Long after I should have stopped climaxing, juice was still pouring out of me.  
  
Finally I was drained. My legs couldn't hold me up. I slid down the wall until I was sitting on the tile floor. When I opened my eyes I saw my sister staring at me with a broad grin.  
  
"Was that good?" she asked.  
  
"Oh God," I gasped and pulled her to me. We kissed long and hard.

**Chapter 7**  
I was walking on air after that evening. However, I also felt incredibly guilty. Not about having sex with my sister, but about what I had done to make it happen... what I had done to her boyfriend. I kept telling myself that it was for her own good. Still, I knew it was wrong. I finally decided to tell her.  
  
When I did, she blew up and called me names, screaming at me, "How could you do this to me? What kind of brother are you? And so on. She said she would never speak to me again. I hadn't expected that kind of reaction. I figured she would get mad, but realize that I had done it for her and forgive me right away. However, after a week of not talking, of me bringing her flowers, offering to massage her feet, and anything else she wanted, I was at a loss for what to do.  
  
I went to a friend's house one night and he had some booze. I wasn't used to drinking and had half a bottle of liquor. I told him I was okay and decided to walk home. Well, I passed out in an alley, where I slept the entire night. When I finally got home, my sister was frantic. When she scolded me for staying out all night, I said, "What difference did it make to you. You hate me anyway."  
  
Cindy got a shocked look on her face. She started to cry and said, "I do care about you Robbie. You're my brother and I love you."  
  
"So ignore and refuse to talk to someone you love? Fuck it!" I said and stormed into my room.  
  
A little while later, I heard a tapping on the door. I didn't answer it right away. However, when she didn't go away, I finally gave in. Cindy was at my door with her eyes all red. My heart started to melt. I took her in my arms and we both cried.  
  
After that, we had a long talk. I promised never to medal in her affairs again. She said that she knew I did it because I loved her. So, we finally made up. However, I was afraid to try anything sexual with her for a while.  
  
The next evening, Cindy asked me if we wanted to watch "our" movie. I was so excited that I almost tripped over the coffee table to get the video. We sat on the sofa and watched the rest of the movie. Mrs. Fields took on several other men, with her husband always being the last one to fuck her. I ate Cindy to multiple climaxes and she sucked me off again. After that evening we no longer pretended that we could deny what we felt for each other. Over the next several months, I brought her pleasure with my mouth on a daily basis. I loved eating her. However, she didn't always return the favor. I figured out that it was intentional on her part. She would often tease me unmercifully. Sometimes she would come out of the bathroom naked or accidentally let her towel slip. We would neck on the sofa until I was crazy for her. She would giggle and slap my hands away from her breasts. It kept me at a sexual peak and always wanting her. She used that sexual energy to get me to help around the apartment more than I ever had before. I didn't mind... just being around her was wonderful for me.  
  
We also got along very well. The fact that Dexter was out of the picture and that she wasn't dating anyone helped. I had no reason to be jealous anymore.  
  
Several weeks later Cindy received an E-mail from Dexter. It was short and rude, saying that he was sorry but he had found someone else. Although she was prepared for that, it still hurt. I consoled her that night. I made her climax with my mouth several times before I carried to her bed, exhausted.  
  
As time went on, our relationship heated up. We did almost everything but fuck. On occasion we got very close. One time she was straddling me on a kitchen chair. Her skirt was pulled to her waist and she didn't have panties on. I was in my underwear, my cock sticking through the opening. As we kissed, she lifted up and let my cock slip behind her until it was rubbing between her ass cheeks. I was close to climaxing already. When she realized that, she lifted up again and let my cock head slipped between the lips of her pussy. I heard her whimper. Her hips jerked like she was starting to climax. When the slick and swollen lips wrapped around the head of my cock, I couldn't control myself. I shot off like a cannon, my sperm squirting just inside her lips and running back down my cock. She began to climax with me.  
  
It was a Saturday night when the inevitable happened. I had taken Cindy out to a nice dinner for her birthday... spending almost a week's pay. She had on a tight black dress with pearls around her neck and four inch high-heeled shoes. She looked incredibly sexy and classy at the same time. When we arrived home, we began to kiss, like we often did. Before we went too far, she told me to wait and she went into the bedroom. I figured she was trying to cool us down. However, when she didn't come out I became worried. I knocked gently on her door. I very rarely went into her room. It was one of those unspoken rules. When she didn't answer, I pushed the door open. What I saw took my breath away.  
  
On the bed was my gorgeous sister. Several candles lit the otherwise dark room. Cindy was lying on pink silk sheets. She had on a black corset with a matching black garter belt and nylons. On her feet was the same pair of black high-heels. The corset exposed her breasts, with the metal under-wire pushing them up seductively. The white flesh of her breasts contrasted wonderfully with the black of the corset. One leg was crooked with her shoe on the bed. She didn't have panties on.  
  
My heart was in my throat as I slowly walked over to her. "My God Sis," I whispered.  
  
She looked up at me with lust in her eyes. "I want you Robbie."  
  
"Huh?" I answered stupidly.  
  
"I want you. I want you to... to fuck me."  
  
For a second the words didn't register. When they did, my eyes opened wide. I had a pretty good idea of what to do, but since I had never had intercourse with a girl, I was scared. "Uh... Sis... I uh... I never..." I stuttered.  
  
She got a funny look on her face. "You're never what?" Before I could answer, she got it. "You never fucked a girl?"  
  
My face turned red. "Uh... no," I said with embarrassment.  
  
"Oh my God sweetheart."  
  
"I'm sorry," I said.  
  
"No... no, that's wonderful... that's perfect. Oh God, my brother, my first virgin."  
  
I was totally embarrassed at that point.  
  
"Come here," Cindy said and opened her arms wide.

When our lips drew apart, Cindy said, "God Robbie, you don't know how special this is to me. If I had known you were a virgin... well, we would have probably done this a long time ago."  
  
Somehow I found my voice. "Are you sure this is what you want?" I asked. "I mean... you said..."  
  
"Shhhhh," Cindy said, pressing her fingers to my lips. "Yes, I'm sure. As sure as I have ever been about anything in my life. I don't care if you are my brother Robbie... I love you... I love you with all my heart."  
  
"Oh God Sis. I think I have loved you forever. Every woman I have ever looked at paled compared to you."  
  
"Oh sweetheart," Cindy said and pulled my lips to hers again. Her mouth opened wide and she sucked my tongue inside. We kissed until our lips hurt. When she drew away this time she whispered into my ear, "Fuck me Robbie. Fuck your big sister. I want that cock in me so bad."  
  
I lifted up with my hands on either side of Cindy's shoulders. My eyes gazed down her body. "You are so beautiful," I whispered. My cock was hovering over her pussy. A silvery strand of juice dripped from the head and landed on her pussy lips. "Do you want me to eat you first?" I asked.  
  
"No... I just want your cock... now. I want you to fuck me hard and cum deep inside me. We have waited far too long for this." With that Cindy wrapped her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck.  
  
I reached between us with a trembling hand and positioned my cock on her pussy lips. I stared into her eyes, my cock pulsing, waiting at her gate. "Are you ready?"  
  
"Yessssss!!!" she hissed.  
  
I pushed my hips down and felt the head penetrate the inner lips. I paused and gasped as her sphincter snapped around the crown of my cock. It was tighter than I expected.   
  
"Oh Robbie," Cindy gasped. Her fingers dug into my back and her legs pulled on my waist.  
  
I resisted, enjoying the feeling of her warm hole around me. I moved back and forth ever so gently, letting her swollen lips caress the stretched skin of my cock head. It was excruciatingly pleasurable for both of us.   
  
"Please Robbie," Cindy moaned.  
  
Eventually I gave in and lowered my hips. Inch by inch my cock slipped into my sister's pussy. I could feel every inch of her warm and wet cavern. Finally, I heard Cindy grunt and felt the head hit bottom. I was all the way inside her. I could go no further. My balls were lying on her outer lips.   
  
Cindy was making little whimpering noises now. Her hips twitched and her body trembled.   
  
"I'm going to fuck you now Sis," I whispered.  
  
"Yes, yes, yes," she answered.   
  
I pulled out slowly and heard her moan. Then I pushed back in hard.   
  
"Ahhhhheeeeee!!!" she screamed. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"   
  
I groaned and began to move in and out with powerful strokes. My hips jerked up and down, lifting her off the bed. The bed springs squeaked loudly... louder then they did that first night I heard her making love. I buried my face in her shoulder and sucked the soft skin into my mouth. I knew that she would have a large bruise there tomorrow. I felt my sister tense and knew that she was close. "Yes, yes, cum for me Sis... cum on my cock," I whispered excitedly.   
  
Cindy began to climax.  
  
Soon the room was filled with our gasps of pleasure. Over and over I pushed into her, my cock becoming a blur. Juice ran from her pussy, lubricating my shaft and spilling onto my balls. I fought to control my own climax. I wanted it to last... I never wanted it to end. Still, my sister's wet and warm pussy was milking me. The tight walls grasped my cock like a warm glove. Her climaxing pussy was sucking the cum from my balls.  
  
Suddenly I bellowed, "I'm cummming!!!" I pushed in deeply and froze, the head of my cock resting against the back wall of her pussy.  
  
"Yesssss, cummmmm innnnn meeee," Cindy screamed as her climax continued.  
  
I felt my sperm rushing up the shaft. It flew from the swollen head with great force, splashing against the walls and flying back onto my cock. I could feel her pussy filling with my hot juice. When there was no room inside her, my sperm began to seep from her tight lips, dripping onto the sheets below.  
  
When my balls were empty, I collapsed onto my sister, gasping for breath. Cindy's chest heaved against mine as she sucked in precious air. We didn't speak as I rolled to the side, pulling her with me, leaving my slightly shrinking cock inside her. We kissed and looked into each other's eyes. No words were necessary.   
  
I fucked my sister three more times that night and then once in the morning. It was the most glorious night of my life and one I will never forget as long as I live. It was the night I lost my virginity... to my wonderful and loving sister.  
  
Epilog  
  
It has been seven years since that night. Cindy and I are still together today and very much in love. In fact, we have been talking about having babies. I've been doing research and if the risk is low enough, we will have them together. If not, we are going to use a donor. I hope the babies can be mine though.   
  
I know what we have done is not for everyone. Many would condemn it. However, who is to say where you find true love. There are people in this world that live their entire lives and never find what we have. We were thrown together by faith and it seems that it was meant to be.   
  
The End

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