My Teasing Sister

This erotic sex story was submitted by - Distant Lover

One summer afternoon, when I was sixteen years old, I worked out with my barbell set and took a shower.Because I knew that my parents were going to be away until late in the evening, and because I thought my sister was visiting a friend, I did not bother to wrap a towel around myself, but walked naked to my bedroom.My sister surprised me, standing in the hall.“I’m sorry,” I said quickly, wondering if I should run back to the bathroom, “I thought you were at a friend’s house.”

“She wasn’t home, so I came back. I’m not sorry.I haven’t seen you this way since we were children.” I did not know what to do.My sister stood in the middle of the hallway, so I couldn’t get past her. She continued looking at the part of me I wished I had covered with a towel.“It’s gotten bigger,” she said with a sly smile.This was embarrassing.It became more so when I got an erection.I felt my face blush to reveal such physical evidence of the fact that my sister was arousing me sexually.

She was also enjoying my predicament.“Look at that,” she said bringing her hand to her mouth. “You don’t need to blush just because you’re naked,” she teased.Then she instructed, “I’m your sister, so everything’s all right.A boy should not be embarrassed to be seen naked by his sister, even if his penis is pointing to her face.”She giggled.“Besides, I think you’re enjoying this as much as I am.A boy’s penis gets like that when he’s excited.”

“Did you learn that from another boy?”

“None of your business,” she pouted.Then she implored, “May I touch it?”

“You better not tell anyone about this.”

“I won’t tell. I promise.Please let me touch it.”

I have to admit that I was beginning to enjoy the situation.I reasoned that I had not planned this, and that my sister was taking the initiative.Therefore, I was not guilty of sexual abuse.(If she was guilty, I didn’t mind, really.)Moreover, she was my sister.I did love her.I did not like to displease her.As the baby of the family she was somewhat spoiled.I feared her bad moods. I also feared that if I did not grant her request, she might ask another boy.Finally, and most obviously, I could not hide my desire for her. “You can touch if you don’t tell.”

“Oh goody!”My sister began gingerly to touch and squeeze my penis with her fingertips.“It’s so hard,” she said with a wondering tone of voice, “and so big.”Without asking for my permission, she began to rub my penis.When I did not pull away she rubbed harder.I had never been like this with a girl before, but I had masturbated.This was better.My sister’s hand felt soft, warm, slightly moist, and completely delicious.As I felt my climax coming, I closed my eyes.When it came, I experienced the longest, most intense, and most pleasurable orgasm that I had ever enjoyed.My sister squealed with delight.

When I opened my eyes I saw that my seminal fluid was on my penis, my sister’s hand, and her dress.“A drop of that can get you pregnant,” I warned.You should wash your hands before you touch your vagina.”

“I know,” my sister said, looking at her hand, and smelling it.She took my hand with her other hand, and said, “Come with me.I’ll wash you too.”She led me to the bathroom.After washing her hands thoroughly, she took my washcloth, got it nice and sudsy, and began to scrub my genitals.“It’s all squishy now,” she said.

“After a boy has an orgasm, and that’s what I had when I squirted semen on you, it usually takes awhile before he can get an erection again,” I told my sister.“Otherwise, I’d certainly have one.”

“I see,” she replied thoughtfully, as she scrubbed with enthusiasm.“Well, if you have another orgasm I will just start washing you all over again.I hope you’re enjoying this.I sure am.”

“It’s kind of embarrassing,” I admitted.“And it feels strange to be doing this with my sister, but yes, I’m enjoying it.That’s why I got an erection and ejaculated.”

“That’s right,” my sister said.Then she proceeded to rinse and dry me.She took much more time with each task than she really needed to.After folding my towel, and returning it to its rack, she playfully tugged at my pubic hairs.“You didn’t used to have all this hair.”

I turned to leave, but my sister said, “No, we’re not finished yet.”She sat down on the toilet lid for a closer look, put her hands on my hips, and positioned me to stand right in front of her.“This is truly amazing,” she said.“Boys’ bodies are so strange.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

She began to feel one of my testicles.“This is where you make sperm cells and testosteron-e,” she said pronouncing the last “e” as a syllable.

“It’s testosterone,” I corrected.

“I’ll remember that.” My sister began to giggle.“My big brother is helping me with my sex ed homework.”

“Better me than another boy.”

“You sure are jealous, aren’t you?”

“With a sister as beautiful as you I need to be jealous, and vigilant.”

“No you don’t, but thanks anyway,” my beautiful sister said while affectionately squeezing and pulling on my now “squishy” penis.Then she rubbed my stomach.“You have such a nice washboard stomach.Every boy has genitals, but you have a strong and beautiful body.”

“Thanks.I’ve worked for it.”

“That’s for sure.”My sister stood up, put her hands on her hips, and said, “Well.You’re nice and clean now.You may go to your room.I need to wash my dress before Mom and Dad come home.”As I walked to my bedroom, my sister told me, “You look good from behind, too.You’ve got a nice, sexy butt.”

When I returned to my room, I closed the door, and quickly got into blue jeans and a short-sleeved shirt.Then I walked to my sister’s door and knocked. “Yes?” she asked.

“May I come in?”

“Sure.” When I entered my sister’s bedroom, she had removed her dress, but she had not put another one on yet.She was wearing a bra, panties, and sandals.Although my sister was only fifteen, her breasts were well developed, and showed delicious cleavage above her bra.Her hips were beautifully rounded and full, although her waist was small.

“You’ve seen me naked.” I said.“May I see you that way?”

“That’s fair, but before we do it, I better put my dress in the washer.”After a few minutes, my sister returned, closed and locked the door, and stood there, waiting.If she had agreed to show herself, I had expected her to take her clothes off, and show herself, front and rear.Then I planned to leave.Instead, she seemed to expect me to do the undressing.I took the chair from her desk, and sat in it.Without being asked to she sat on my lap.She began to feel my arms, which were fairly muscular from two years of weight training. “You have such strong and beautiful arms.Everyone at school knows that I have a strong and brave brother to protect me.”

“And I will,” I said, removing her sandals.I slowly ran my fingers over the parts of my sister’s body not covered by her bra and panties, and said, “Your skin is as smooth and white as polished ivory.Your flesh is soft and warm.You are unbelievably wonderful to touch.”

“You are unbelievably good at touching.”

My sister kissed my lips, making a small suction sound.“When you kiss, don’t suck in,” I explained. “Just press your lips.Like this,” I said, kissing her again.The second time she got it right.I kissed her lips, her cheek, her neck, and the tops of her breasts.She pulled my mouth back up to hers, and kissed me again.

When I tried to remove my sister’s bra I had trouble unfastening it, because I had never taken off a girl’s bra before.“I’ll show you how to do it,” my sister said.And she did.My sister shyly looked down.Her bra loosely draped her magnificent bosom.My sister waited for me to remove her bra.When I did, my hands trembled with emotion.I sighed with appreciation when I saw her lovely breasts with the delicious pink nipples that made me think of rose buds. “You’ve gotten bigger, too.”

“Thanks.” I gently ran my hand over her breasts, and began to feel one of my sister’s nipples with my fingers.It became hard and erect under my touch.“When a girl gets excited her nipples get hard like that,” my sister explained.“It is like when you get an erection.”

I ran my tongue around my sister’s nipple, and sucked in air right above it by inhaling with my mouth.I had read somewhere that that gives a girl pleasure.“Does this feel good,” I asked?

“You know it does.”

I motioned for her to stand in front of me.She put her hands on my shoulders.I slowly pulled my sister’s lacy, blue panties down to her delicious thighs.The inside of her panties was wet with lubrication.Although my sister had the full figure of a woman, her vulva did not have very much pubic hair on it.The hairs were thin, and light, matching the long blond hair that flowed down my sister’s softly rounded shoulders.I could clearly see her slit.Stroking her flaxen field with my fingers I said, “You have hair too.”I put my index finger into her slit.The inside was warm and very wet.Also, I was relieved to discover that I could not enter her vagina.Because of my sister’s surprising cheekiness, I had feared that she was sexually experienced.“I am glad that you are a virgin,” I said keeping my finger in her slit, and feeling her maidenhead.

“Me too,” my virgin sister said, “I enjoyed tormenting your jealousy, but I am proud that you found out.”

“As your brother I am proud too.”I removed my finger, and pulled my sister’s panties down past her knees and her perfectly formed calves, and down to her feet, which she raised one by one, so I could take away her panties.I put them on her desk with her bra.Then I motioned for her to sit on my lap again.I slowly ran the fingers of my left hand up and down the spine of my naked sister, from the back of her neck, to her beautiful bare bottom.“Do you enjoy this?”

“I love everything that you do.”

I fondled my sister’s breasts, and slowly ran my hand down her side, past her hips, and down to her left knee.Then I kissed her again, and asked, “Can we go to your bed?”

“We can’t have sex.”

“Of course we can’t.You are my sister.I want you to be a virgin when you get married.”

“So do I.”

“You saw me close up, I want to see what you look like inside.”

“O.K.” She lay herself on her bed and spread her thighs.I opened the lips of my sister’s vulva and labia with the fingers of my left hand.Inside everything was swimming in lubrication.“The moisture is to make it easy for a man to put his penis in.” I told her.“But that will have to wait for your husband.”

“Yes it will.”

My sister’s vaginal opening was small, and her maidenhead had not been tampered with.I touched it with my finger.When I tried to put my finger through the tiny hole, it did not fit easily, so I stopped, because I did not want to do anything that might stretch or damage her maidenhead in any way.“Your maidenhead is thick,” I told her.The first time you have sex will be painful for you.”

“I know.That’s one of the reasons I want to wait for my wedding night.I want everything to be perfect.”

“I want everything to be perfect for you.” I kissed my sister’s maidenhead out of appreciation that it existed, and licked it with my tongue.Then I began blowing on it gently.Each time I blew out as long as I could.Then I inhaled quickly, and blew out. I did this again and again.When I looked at my sister’s face, it wore an expression of rapturous delight.

I moistened my thumb and first two fingers with my sister’s lubrication, and began to rub her clitoris very gently.“That’s it.That’s it,” she said with a small, child’s voice.As I continued to give her clitoral stimulation, her body stiffened.Her hips bridged upward.Her hands grabbed the bed spread, clutching it in her palms, and making fists.When I looked at my sister’s face, she looked like she was in pain.Alarmed, I stopped rubbing and asked, “Is this hurting you?”

“No.Keep doing it.Keep doing it,” she said, pulling my hand back to her clitoris.When she finally had her clitoral orgasm, her body trembled.Then she relaxed, and took my hand in hers.“That’s enough,” she said softly,“Thank you.Thank you so much.”I lay next to my beautiful, naked, virgin sister.Putting my left arm beneath her head, and cradling her body with my other arm, I wondered again at her delicious smoothness, her softness, and her warmth.“This has been beautiful and precious,” she said.“We must keep this as our secret.We will remember this day forever.”

“Hopefully, we will have more of these events to remember,” I said, “I want to do this again.”

She kissed me.“I hoped you would say that.I want to stay a virgin, but I love this.I had no idea how wonderful it can be.The girls I know who’ve had sex with guys say it was disappointing.A boy at school might tell his friends.He might date rape me.As long as I do this with you and we do not have sex, it feels innocent.”

“It will not feel that way to other people,” I warned.“We must be very careful that no one finds out.We must be sure that no one suspects anything.In public our behavior must be exactly as it was before.We should even argue sometimes.”

“We’ll argue when you tell me what to do, like you’re always doing.”

“Agreed,” I said, “but as long as we don’t have sex, it won’t be incest.”

“If we do this now and then, I will not want to have sex with another boy.If one pressures me to have sex with him, I will stop dating him.”

“If he makes an issue of it, tell me, and I’ll fight him.”

“I will.”

“Every time we do this I’ll be able to make sure that you are still a virgin,” I told her.

“It’s a deal.”My sister was looking at me with an expression of indescribable tenderness.We both knew that our love as siblings had developed a new, and wonderful, although dangerous dimension.

After my first sexual experience with my sister, which was unplanned by either of us, enjoyed by both, and stopped short of actual incest, I would lie in my bed at night and think about her.Did I want to make love to her?Well, yes, but I knew that it would be evil of me to do that.Morality is tested by temptation, and cannot really be said to exist without it.I did not earn an A from my test with the beautiful temptation of my teasing sister.Fortunately, I did not fail.My sister emerged from our agreeable encounter with her maidenhead intact, with the mutual desire that it should stay that way until she got married, and with the understanding that I would occasionally verify that quality in ways that would be enjoyable for both of us, although serious in intent.

Thus, I continued to worship at the altar of my sister’s virginity.She responded kindly to my devotions.Her hand gave me nearly as much pleasure as her vagina could have with much less of the guilt, and no danger of pregnancy.Because I did not go into my sister’s vagina, I made sure no one else did.When a boy came over to take her out on a date, I made a point of talking to him while my sister got ready.I was polite.I was friendly.I was also clear that I expected him to treat my sister with respect, and that I expected him to bring her home at a respectable hour.

At school the word got around that I was protective toward my sister.Most people respected me for it.No one complained to my face.I got into a few fights with the usual high school vermin.I never fought over my sister’s honor.I never needed to.

The only time when something bad almost happened to my sister was when she was invited to the party of one of the most popular girls in the school we went to.Because this girl’s parents were going to be away that weekend, and because there would be alcohol, I told my sister she should not go.She told me she would go anyway.My sister was like that.Although I was her older brother, I had no authority over her whatsoever.I thought about asking our parents to keep her from going to the party.I realized that that would make my sister really angry with me.As mentioned, I feared her bad moods.

Nevertheless, just to be on the safe side, I canceled plans to see a movie with a friend, and stayed around the house.The phone rang about eight o’clock.As I half expected, my sister was on the other end.In a distraught tone of voice, she said, “Come and get me right away.”

Instead of wasting time asking what had happened, I told my sister I would be there, borrowed the keys of the car from Dad, and drove over as fast as I could without breaking any traffic regulations.I did not want to spend a lot of time talking to a police officer.I knew how to find the house, because I had driven my sister over there earlier in the evening.She did not have a driver’s license, because she was still only fifteen.

The house where the party was held was in one of the more expensive parts of town for our school district.I did not even have time to park in front of the house when my sister and another girl, who was actually rather pretty, came running out of the house.They jumped into the back seat of the car, and locked both doors.My sister said, “Let’s get out of here!” As soon as both girls were safely in the back seat, the other girl began sobbing uncontrollably. My sister held her and tried to comfort her.As we drove to the other girl’s house, my sister told me what had happened.

For the first two hours of the party everything was nice.There was some dancing.People were talking and laughing.Then three boys who were close friends had too much to drink, and began flirting with the girl who was in the back seat with my sister.However beautiful, that girl was painfully shy, and had been sitting by herself without talking to anyone.When they flirted with her she tried to respond, but had difficulty thinking of what to say.

Two of the boys talked to each other in private.Then one said to the girl, “I think I can cure your shyness.”He grabbed both of her hands in his, and pulled her out of her chair.The other boy went behind her, unzipped her dress, and unfastened her bra.The girl put up a vigorous struggle, but she was no match for the three boys, and she was soon naked except for her panties.Breasts that must have been as beautiful as my sister’s were on view for everyone.

The other girls, except for my sister, giggled nervously.Each was glad that this was not happening to her.The two other boys at the party were also nervous.They must have known that they should stop this, but they realized that a fight would be two against three.They also realized that they were excited by what was happening.

One of the three boys held the girl’s hands behind her back, and another pulled her panties off.Now she was completely naked.“Please stop,” she pleaded.

The three boys laughed.“She’s finally beginning to talk,” one of them said.

“If you stop now I won’t tell anyone!” the girl pleaded. “I promise.Please stop.”

“We’re too excited to stop now,” one of the boys said.“This is just the beginning.”He began to inspect her vagina.“She’s got a cherry, guys,” he told his friends.“Let’s back off.”Then to prove that he was still a stud, he gathered up her clothes, ran outside, and put them next to the sidewalk in front of the house.The house was next to a major thoroughfare with two lanes going in each direction.There was constant traffic.If the girl ran out to get her clothes, scores of people would have seen her nakedness. If she did not someone might stop his car, and steal the clothes.

As soon as the boy holding the girl’s arms let her go, she ran into a bedroom, and locked the door.At this point, my sister ran outside to the clothes, grabbed them, ran back inside the house, knocked on the bedroom door where the girl was, and said, “Let me in, I have your clothes.”When the terrified girl opened the door, my sister rushed in, locked the door again, and gave the girl her clothes.As she put them back on, my sister looked around for a telephone to call home.

Because there was no phone in the room, my sister had to go back outside to find one.When she was in the hall again, one of the boys grabbed her arm, and said, “Whoa, little lady, don’t think you can do that and escape punishment.”

“Let go of me, you trash!” my sister hissed at him.

One of the other boys grabbed his hand away, and said, “Are you crazy?Her brother will kill you.”He let go of my sister.She found a telephone, and called me.

When my sister told me that story, I was so angry, I wanted to drive back and beat those three boys up.I knew I couldn’t.Because of two years of weight training I was probably, one of the strongest boys in the school, including boys on the football and wrestling teams.I was not one of the best fighters.I knew I could take one of those boys, maybe two.If I fought all three I would lose.I would have liked to be able to count on the assistance of the other two boys. They were not my friends.I could not predict their response.

I wished that I had invited the friend I had intended to see the movie with to spend the evening at my house.I had not thought of that when I should have.If the three boys had taken my sister’s clothes off I would have borrowed a gun from a friend of mine who had one.They had left her alone.The other girl had been frightened and humiliated, but she had not been physically hurt.The three boys had respected her virginity. They did not tear her clothes when they took them off.I kept telling myself that I would be of no use to these two girls if I were lying unconscious on the floor of that house.Prudence conquered anger that night, making me feel like a coward.

I kept driving.No one said anything for about ten minutes.Finally, my sister broke the silence.“I thought you were going to see a movie with your friend.”

“We’re going to see it tomorrow.”

“When are you going to say, ‘I told you so’?’

“If you hadn’t gone to that party it would have been a lot worse for your friend,” I replied.“I do have some advice.First, don’t go back to that house unless you know the girl’s parents are home, and unless they apologize to both of you for what happened.Second, I don’t think either of you girls should accept dates with those creeps.”

“That’s for sure!”

Years later, after my sister got married, her husband, who had become my best friend, and I went to see a play.After the play we went to a restaurant and bar to discuss the play.It was a cold, January night.Snow was falling.The restaurant and bar had once been a nineteenth century mansion, and was a cozy place to be in a snowstorm. It contained many rooms for drinking and dining.Some rooms had a hearth.Because of the storm, business was slow.My brother in law and I had a room to ourselves with a fire in the fireplace.

Over drinks and steaks we discussed the play for about a half an hour.As the alcohol began to have an effect, the conversation segued to a discussion of the woman both of us loved.“You know, I never had the occasion to say this,” he began, looking at his drink. He took a long swallow.“But I have always wanted to thank you for the fact that my bride was a virgin.That hardly ever happens any more.A woman as beautiful as your sister had to say, ‘No,’ to quite a few men.You must have been protective with her.”

“I was.”

That exchange assuaged part of the guilt I felt about the unusual relationship that my sister and I maintained until she began to date the man she married.We were discreet.We were never suspected.What we did together gave both of us much pleasure and happiness.But it was guilt provoking, and properly so. There was the fear of discovery.

What my sister’s husband told me enabled me to conclude (or at least to rationalize) that if my sister’s friend had been home that summer afternoon when I was sixteen years old, her husband would have had nothing to thank me for.

THE END