**One Summer Afternoon**

By Loving Brother

 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 when 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 more time with each task than she 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 my sister's breasts, and began to

feel one of her 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. "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."

 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. 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. "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, 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 had no idea how

wonderful this 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."

 "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.

 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. It was a cozy place to be in a snowstorm, and 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 not have been able to thank

me.

 THE END