**Sharing My Room With Sis**

by HardandSoft

I woke up to a large rumble of thunder just in time to hear a gentle knocking on the door. I looked over at the clock. It was still the middle of the night, and there was a heavy storm outside. As I pulled myself awake, I saw my sister Abby come into my room carrying a sleeping bag. She was wearing an old pair of pajamas, a blue long-sleeved shirt with yellow dogs printed on it that buttoned up the middle and matching pants.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, still confused from being half asleep.

"Mom said I could stay in hear tonight," she answered.

"Why can't you sleep on the couch?"

"The dogs." Our two German Shepherds had made the couch their bed years ago, and we didn't have the will to train them better or the heart to throw them outside.

I stared blankly at her for a second, seeing her in the light coming off my computer monitor, which I had left on. I wondered why she was in pajamas she hadn't worn since last year. They were old cotton worn fairly thin, and obviously too small. The top was too tight across her chest, and spread open slightly between the buttons, showing her skin.

"The storm broke the window in my room and the rain's pouring in there."

Waking up more now, I became aware from her voice how close to tears she was. Finally having my wits, I got out of bed. "Of course, sis, come on in. How bad is it?"

She sat down on my bed. "I didn't even hear the glass break in the storm, but the rain woke me up. It was pouring in on my bed and dresser and getting everywhere. It looks like everything is going to be soaked. Mom said we'd have to wait until morning to take care of it." I could tell she was exhausted as well as near crying.

"Lets try to get some sleep," I said. She got up and started rolling out the sleeping bag. "Why don't you take the bed tonight, Abby? You need it more than I do."

"I don't want to kick you out of your bed."

"I'm fine, really. After getting soaked you should get a good nights sleep. Tomorrow's likely to be hard too, with school and taking care of your room."

"Thanks." She climbed into the bed and was asleep almost immediately.

As I laid out the sleeping bag, I glanced up at my computer and was mortified. My room has always been my sanctuary, with Mom and Abby rarely if ever coming, and I tended to forget I lived with anyone else when I was in there. I had been looking at porn online before I went to bed, and hadn't bothered to close it when I was done. On the screen was a picture of girl giving a blowjob. My desk is right next to my bed where I was talking to her, she couldn't have missed seeing it. I walked over to it, closed the browser. Before I turned off the monitor, I peaked down at Abby to make sure she was asleep. Then I crawled into the sleeping bag and tried to forget my embarrassment.

The next morning Mom woke us up early and we went into Abby's room. The broken window would be easy enough to replace, but there was a lot of water damage. The carpet and the bed wear both soaked. Abby tended to leave her dresser drawers open, and water had gotten into most of her clothes there. Only the stuff in her closet off the floor was still dry. We taped up the window and put the wet clothes in bags. Mom said she'd have a laundry service take care of them. Then it was time to go to school.

Abby and I are a year apart and go to the same high school, where I'm a sophomore and she's a freshman. I drive us to school and home every day. It’s a big school, and being in different grades we rarely see each other during the day. After school that day we met at the car to go home, and she was clearly upset. In the car I asked her what was wrong.

"I tried to eat lunch with Madison and Cindy today." The three of them had been inseparable in middle school, but once they reached high school, the other two had dumped my shy sister to join a more popular clique of girls. It'd only been a couple of months, and Abby was having a hard time making new friends. "Mady and her new boyfriend made fun of me, and Cindy asked me to sit somewhere else."

"I'm sorry sis." Being shy myself I knew how lonely she must feel, but knew there wasn't anything I could do to help except be sympathetic. As I turned the wheel, I groaned bit.

Abby looked up at me. "What is it," she asked, concerned.

"Nothing. I'm just a little sore from sleeping on the floor last night."

"I'm sorry. You should take the bed tonight."

"No, I can't have you sleeping on the floor after a hard day. Its not too bad, I just slept in the wrong position."

After we got home, I helped Abby move some of her hanging clothes into my closet. Neither of us was a fashion freak, and we were able to cram it all in.

My closet stuffed to the brim, I sat in my computer chair. "Its sweet of you to share your room with me until Mom can get mine fixed up again. I know it's always been your personal space, and I hate to impose on your privacy." She glanced at my blank computer screen for a second, and I remembered what I'd had up there the night before. Realizing my embarrassment, she shyly glanced away and changed the subject. "I'm going to go downstairs and get a snack. Want something?"

I composed myself. "No thanks, I think I'm going to take a shower. And it's no trouble sharing my room, it'll just take a bit of adjustment. I know how hard it must be to have so much of your stuff ruined. Just make yourself at home and try to be comfortable."

She left and I got into the shower. Abby and I share a bathroom, which connects to both rooms directly. Usually when one of us is in there, we lock the other's door. As I stood in the shower, I tried to relax and not worry about my sister's problems or my own embarrassment from last night, and focused on letting the water relax my sore muscles. Still preoccupied, I got out of the shower, toweled off, and headed into my room to get dressed as I'd done a thousand times before.

I walked into my room and took a few steps before I froze. Standing in my closet with the door wide open was my sister, naked with her back turned to me through my underwear on a shelf in the closet. She was only a little shorter then me, with long, straight red hair and soft, pale skin. Her figure was still maturing, but she already had a modest hourglass figure, with a round, nicely shaped ass. As I froze, she turned around and saw me standing there, and for a moment we both just stood and stared at each other.

It was the first time I'd seen her naked since we were little, and the first time I'd seen a woman naked in person. She had round, firm breasts, a b-cup, with large nipples that seemed to be pointing at me. Though I could have stared at the soft curves of her tits all day, my eyes were drawn down past her soft, flat tummy. Her pubic hair was as red as braids, and was both neatly kept and wild at the same time. The way she was standing, I could just see a profile of the lips of her pussy, spread apart just slightly.

As I stared at her, I became aware that she was also staring at me, and following her eyes I remembered I'd come in naked from a shower, and my dick was in full view, growing larger and stiffer.

She looked up at me and our eyes locked for a moment. Like the night before, she tried to sidestep the embarrassing moment.

"Sorry, I was just getting changed and was looking for a pair of underwear I could wear. All my panties were in the stuff that was taken to be cleaned." I realized she was holding a pair of my boxer briefs. She quickly slipped them on and pulled on one of her shirts as I stood there blankly, too overwhelmed to think of covering myself or retreating to the bathroom. "These are a little loose, but should fit okay." She put on some jeans and turned to leave the closet, paused a moment, then slid past my naked body and left the room.

I got dressed and sat awkwardly on the couch with her during dinner, not saying anything. After Mom went into the kitchen to clean up, I turned to her and said, "Sis, about earlier upstairs-"

"Don't worry about it." She was staring at the floor with a neutral look on her face. "We're living together, now more than before, and like you said, we're having to make a bit of an adjustment." She looked up at me and gave me a sweet smile. "And I don't think it’s a big deal if a brother and sister see each naked."

We watched TV for a while until after Mom went to bed, then left the couch for the dogs and headed up to my room to get ready for bed. I went to the bathroom first to get ready, and made sure I gave Abby enough time to put on her pajamas before I went back in there.

"Your turn," I said as I came out. As Abby headed for the bathroom, I again looked at the spaces between the buttons on her pajama tops, stretched open from the shirt being too small. The openings to her soft skin underneath seemed larger than last night, but were still maddeningly small. I could just see where her chest curved softly into the side of her breast, and imagined the sight of her firm tits and big nipples again. As she walked past, I looked at her round ass, seeing the darker color of my own boxer-briefs through the worn-thin cotton of her pants. I imagined my own underwear rubbing against the fuzzy lips of her pussy. A moment later, the bathroom door closed.

It was clear that our earlier encounter had gotten me hornier that I realized. Normally when I was horny at night, I'd sit at my computer and visit some of my favorite websites, but with only a few minutes until Abby returned, I decided it wasn't an option tonight. I stripped down to a t-shirt and my boxer-briefs, slipped into the sleeping bag and tried to clear my head.

Abby came back in and saw me already on the floor. She turned out the light, leaving only the faint glow of my monitor, and climbed into the bed, wrapping the blanket around her tightly like a cocoon. "It sure is cold in here tonight," she said. She was right.

"Must be your broken window letting all the cold air into here through the bathroom." I got out of the sleeping bag and crammed a towel under the bathroom door.

Abby watched me as I did it. "You really shouldn't be sleeping on that cold hard floor, especially if you're already sore."

"And what kind of brother would I be if I let you sleep there?"

Abby looked at me a moment and hesitated. "We could, um, you know, share the bed, just for tonight. There's enough room for us both."

I hesitated at the idea, too. I still couldn't get the image of Abby's naked body out of my head, sharing a bed might be a bad idea. On the other hand, the floor was cold and hard and my shoulder did ache. "Alright, just for tonight." She was laying near the edge of the bed to talk to me, still wrapped up. I just climbed over her to take the side against the wall, lying on my side facing her. Abby unwrapped part way and extended the blanket over me. She was facing away from me, with just a slight separation between us. I could feel the heat coming from her body, but tried to put her out of my head.

"Goodnight, sis," I said.

"Goodnight."

I had almost started to doze off when Abby said, "I'm still kind of cold." She reached back and grabbed my arm and pulled it over herself and nuzzled up right against me, pulling me against her back and resting her ass against my groin. I felt her warm body through our cotton shirts. With her hand over mine, she pulled it and nestled my palm against her ribs. I realized that my fingers had fallen in the gap between the buttons of her shirt and were touching her soft skin. For what seemed like a long time I just held them there, not daring to move, feeling her creamy skin just inches away from her breasts. Everything else had fallen away from existence except the sensation at the end of my fingers. I didn't even breathe for fear of loosing the moment.

Then I felt something else. My dick had begun to rapidly swell. With Abby's butt pressed gently against it, it was impossible to hide. As it grew, it pressed harder against her. Beneath my hand I felt Abby's breathing quicken, her heart race and her body tense. I sat motionless, terrified of what was happening but more terrified of loosing this feeling.

Abby began to shift, and I felt a brief moment of panic thinking all was lost. Surely she'll move away from me. Instead, she rocked her ass back and forth, pressing herself more against my hard dick. At the same time, she pulled my hand farther into the opening in her shirt. She must have had one button undone, because both our hands slid in and up her ribs until my finger pressed against the bottom of her breast. I could feel every part of her, from her hand to her legs, were even tenser than before. Though her heart was racing, she lay motionless.

She'd already taken another step herself; perhaps she was waiting to see if I'd take it a step further. I very slowly began moving my finger against the side of her breast, waiting for any sign of rejection. Sensing none, I grew bolder and moved my hand. Using just my fingertips, I caressed around the very edge of her breast, scared at any moment she'd pull away from me.

As my fingers circled her breast, I began to cup it gently in my palm. My fingers spiraled inward, and I softly went all around her areola before bringing my forefinger and thumb to her nipple.

I had never felt more stimulated in my entire life. My dick had started jump slightly in excitement against Abby's ass, and as I cupped her breast and touched her nipple, she breathed out slowly and began rubbing up and down against my dick and body, slowly at first, but then more firmly when I pushed back. Despite our clothes, my dick nestled nicely between her ass cheeks and I thrust gently against her.

I reached my other hand around under her head and unbuttoned her top buttons, and grabbed her breast with it. My other hand free, I finished the lower buttons and pulled her shirt open. Again my fingers caressed her, this time the soft skin of her side just above her waistband. After a few rounds I began pressing one finger under the edge of her pants on her side, then another, then another. I felt the skin of her hip under my own boxer-briefs as she continued to rock against my dick, and slowly moved my hand down toward her belly, keeping my fingers just inside her pants.

I held my hand for a second, then, more slowly then anything else I'd done, began moving my fingers farther in. I first came to her pubes, and I remembered how fiery red they had been. I split my fingers apart and ran then through her hair, my palm now pressed into her.

As I continued lower, I felt the biggest rush of adrenaline yet as reached the soft skin of her pussy. Using only two fingers, I softly and gently traced one along each of the lips of her pussy. She gasped slightly and stopped moving her ass. I had another moment of terror that she might pull away and I paused, but there was no way I could stop then. With only one finger I circled around her hole, feeling the fuzz and soft skin of her pussy lips. She reached one arm over her head and behind her, ran her fingers through my hair to my scalp and gripped the top of my head. Her other hand slipped quickly in her underwear over mine, she grabbed a hold of my hand, and pressed it against her pussy. She began rubbing against my groin again, and my dick just seemed to be enveloped

by the flesh of her cheeks.

I grabbed her breast tighter with one hand and took my finger and touched right in the middle of her pussy, feeling it to be wetter and softer than I had ever imagined. Her hand pressed mine harder, and I plunged my finger deep into her. She exhaled and inhaled sharply and with the hand on my head pressed me harder against her back. I pushed my finger in and out of her, rubbing the tip against what felt like the ribbed inside of her cunt. My other fingers at first brushed against the outside, but then with her hand she pressed me harder against her, pushing my thumb hard against the area at the top of her pussy. Unable to pull my finger out, I more and more quickly bent my finger in a 'come hither' gesture inside her, rubbing my fingertip against her as fast and hard as I could. She moved her hips up and down to meet every move of my finger and she pressed against me with all her warmth and strength, her breath quick and shallow.

As we continued my hand started to get tired, but I dared not stop, and she continued to move against me harder and faster. Finally, she exploded in my arms, her body jerking and pressing against my hands, chest and dick. I held her more tightly, one hand almost squishing her tit into her chest. I could feel her pussy squeezing hard against my finger over and over again as I kept pushing it inside her. Her orgasm seemed to last forever.

When she jerking finally weakened and stopped, she gently pulled my finger out of her pussy and up to her stomach. She wiggled her ass against my dick again, and I felt her whole body relax in my arms. Within minutes she was deep asleep. I fell asleep holding her, and wishing she'd get to share my room with me forever.