**Sibling Games**

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Intro:

Brother and sister like to play a "Sleeping” game.  One or the other pretends they are asleep on the couch.  The other sibling tries to prove they aren't sleeping by touching them or doing something that makes them move or open their eyes.  When they start undressing the sleeper, things start getting interesting.

It all started when we were really young.  Beth and I were always trying to trick each other.  I think it was Beth who tried to pretend like she was asleep to get me to leave her alone.  I knew she wasn't sleeping, so I tried to prove it.

At first, I clapped my hands, tickled her and things like that, which ultimately won out, but I also got into trouble from Mom or Dad when she got angry.

Then I moved to more subtle efforts.  I tried touching her where I knew she was ticklish or blowing on her face to get her to open her eyes, but over time, she learned to not react.  It got harder and harder to get her to open her eyes or say something.

It wasn't long after she started "sleeping” on me that I did it to her in return.  We both got pretty adept at giving no reaction to the other's teasing, and it actually became a fun little game we'd play.

Things suddenly changed when I was 15 and Beth was 13.  We were in the den watching the TV, and our show had just ended.  I asked Beth what she wanted to do next, and she was "sleeping,” so I turned the TV off and proceeded to see if I could make her "wake up.”  Of course I knew she wasn't really sleeping, but this was the game.

I started off by doing the usual tricks.  I blew in her ear, then I blew up her nose.  Neither had any affect.  Then I lightly traced my finger on her skin along the edge of her shirt collar.  Still no affect.  She was wearing a button-down dress that was typical for around the house, and I decided to take it a step further.  I started unbuttoning the buttons down the front.  Again, no affect.

By the time I got down to her waist, I could see that she wasn't wearing a bra.  I didn't really expect her to be wearing one, but it was a realization I made.  Almost immediately after that, I considered the trouble I'd be in if Mom or Dad walked in.  I remembered that Dad was going out to the garage to work on his car, and Mom said she was going to do some sewing.  I was sure Beth would respond soon, so I continued.

As I neared her thighs, I heard Dad come in from the garage, so I quickly got up and went to the door.  "We better quit,” I said to Beth.  "I think Dad is coming.”  She didn't move.  I looked down at her, and I felt arousal as I saw her naked chest and stomach between the sides of her dress.  I couldn't believe she wasn't feeling any modesty by having me look at her like that.

I realized that she figured I was trying to make her move by pretending we were about to be caught.  She didn't know that I was serious.

Dad didn't come in to the den.  He walked by and mumbled something about having to go to the auto parts store to get something.  He called to Mom and said he'd be out for a while and then left.

I turned back to Beth, and my arousal quickly returned.  I still had three buttons to go before her dress would be completely open.  This was fun, I thought to myself.

As soon as I heard the door close as Dad left, I went back to unbuttoning her dress.  My hands were shaking as I did.  It was strange.  I didn't know why I was shaking, but I knew that my stiff erection pressing on my pants wanted me to strip her naked.  How far would she let me go before she "woke up?”

By the time I reached the last button, her dress had split apart enough for me to see her panties.  They were pretty, flowered cotton, and there was evidence that she needed to pee in the form of a wet spot just barely evident at the top of her thighs.

I released the last button, and the dress split apart, separating over her thighs.  It remained closed enough on her chest to cover her breasts, but her flat tummy, hips and panties were completely exposed.

Very slowly, I lifted one side of her dress right at her sternum and placed it carefully over her arm, uncovering her breast completely.  She had small breasts; just barely developing.  The areola looked puffy and shiny, and her nipple looked big and stiff.  I was surprised at how much bigger her nipple had become than mine, and the soft bulge of her breast tempted my curiosity.  I poked at it with my index finger, and found the pink areola was soft and spongy, while the rest of the small mound was quite firm.  I pinched her nipple gently, and I almost saw a reaction.

"Come on, I saw that,” I said as I rolled her nipple between my fingers.  "I know you're awake, so give it up.”

She still did not move.

My next step was to expose her other breast and touch it as I had the first.  Again I thought I saw movement, but she continued to pretend she was sleeping.

Using both hands, I cupped both her breasts and massaged them.  Still no reaction.

Okay, I was now struggling with ideas to make her admit to being awake.  My lust was driving me to distraction, and I continued to wonder just how far she was going to let me go.  I decided to take it another step further.

Looking at her completely displayed on the couch, I couldn't help but be highly sexually charged.  Beth had a fabulous body for a 13-year-old.  She was slender and fit, apparently from all the swimming she did.  Her breasts were bigger than any naked breasts I'd seen on a real girl, and I have to admit, her face and hair were gorgeous.  Friends of mine were always commenting on how cute she was and how they'd do her in a minute, but I had always thought they were just being gross.  Looking at her exposed the way she was, I had to admit I'd consider doing her, too.

My next step was to run my fingers along the upper seam of her panties, pushing it down slightly.  Each time I crossed her soft abdomen, I pushed the seam down a little further.  I got it down to where it exposed about a half-inch of her pubic hair, but I couldn't get it to go any further.  The way she was sitting on the couch kept her panties pretty much in place.

I ran my fingers through her pubic hair, allowing the tips to skim under her panties, and she still did not move.  Her pubic hair was quite soft and sparse, and my hard-on was about ready to explode.

It was now time to bring this whole charade to an end.  I left the room for a minute to go to the kitchen.  Taking the opportunity, I verified Mom was still doing her sewing and Dad wasn't home.  Then I got a pair of scissors out of the kitchen drawer and returned.

Beth was still "sleeping” on the couch, completely exposed to anyone that might enter.  She didn't even seem to notice that I'd left, and anyone could have come in and seen her like she was.

I opened and closed the scissors a few times loudly so she could hear what they were.  Still, no reaction.  I slid one blade of the scissors under her panties right by her hip.  She had to feel the cold metal as it slid down her warm skin, but she didn't move.  I started snipping, but the material didn't cut right away.  I had to work it a few times before it finally snipped her panties clear through.  As soon as I had snipped the material the full length of her hip, the elastic snapped it apart.  Very little was exposed except for her entire hip, so I focused on her other hip and started snipping it.

In a matter of seconds, I had cut both sides of her panties, and now just the material in the front covered her most treasured secret place.  To my complete surprise, she still did nothing to stop me.

Now, the final moment.  I raised the cotton panel covering her young pussy and laid it down between her thighs.  Her legs were slightly apart, but not enough for the material to pull away from her slit completely.  Her pussy lips and entire pubic area were on display.  I thought I was going to explode.

Moving in close, I inspected her pussy, and I noticed the "pee” on her panties had grown to a fairly large circle.  I was surprised that she didn't run off to the bathroom but chose to remain and let me strip her.  A strong musky odor emanated from her pussy, and I just presumed it was because that part of her body was so well protected, it didn't get enough air to keep it clean and dry.  My own genitals often had a slight odor after being confined in clothes the whole day.

Just as I used my index finger to feel the wetness around her pussy lips and was about to spread them, I heard Mom coming.

"Danny!  Where are you?” she called as she came out of the kitchen.

Immediately, I leaped up and went to the den door.

"I'm here, Mom.  What's the matter?” I said as I met her in the hallway.

"I thought I told you to clean up the kitchen before you watched any TV!”

"Uh, yeah, Mom, I'm sorry.  I got so excited about watching the Sarah Connor Chronicles that I forgot.  I'll do it right away,” I said.

Inside, I was panicking.  What would Mom say if she saw Beth exposed like she was, especially with me obviously coming out of the room.  I was sure my life was over.

I was startled when I heard Beth right behind me say, "Hey, Danny, I'll help you.”

I turned to look at her, and she looked a bit flushed, but her dress was completely buttoned, and there was no evidence of our little game.

We went to the kitchen and started to clean up.  Nothing was said for a long time until Beth broke the silence with, "You know this raises the bar on our little game, don't you?”

"Huh?”  At first I was surprised and not sure what she meant, but then it was clear as a bell.  "What do you mean?” I asked innocently.

"Oh, come on, Danny, you know what I mean.”

We were talking in hushed tones, just in case if Mom came back.

She continued, "You stripped me completely.  If Mom hadn't have come in, you'd probably have fucked me, too, you big pervert.”

"I would not!” I objected.  "I was just trying to get you to respond.  I knew you weren't sleeping.  I can't believe you let me go that far.”

"Well, I hope you got your jollies,” she said with a smirk.

"Hey, you're my kid sister.  It was no big deal,” I said confidently.

"Yeah, right,” she muttered.

"What do you think?  You think I get turned on looking at your little-girl body?  You've got to be kidding me,” I argued.

"So, what gave you that big old hard-on then?” she asked.  "Don't think I didn't see it.  Damn!  It was practically in my face when you were cutting my panties off... and, hey, you owe me for those panties!”

I was busted.  If she opened her eyes even a little, I know she got a good eye-full of my erection in my pants.  I needed to change the subject.  "You could have stopped me anytime,” I said.

"I wanted to see just how big a pervert you were,” she grinned.  "Now I know, and now I know how far I can go next time you pretend to be asleep.”

Part 2

It was the next weekend when the game was played against me.  This time, Mom and Dad had gone shopping for a few hours and had left us home alone.  Beth was doing homework when they left, and I was bored, so I lay down on a chaise lounge in the back yard and tried to take a nap.

Almost immediately after I lay down, Beth came tip-toeing outside to check on me.  At first I wasn't planning on playing the game, I just wanted her to go away and let me sleep, so I ignored her and pretended to be asleep.

"I know you're awake, Danny,” she said quietly, "but it's my turn to see just how far you're willing to go.”

This suddenly became interesting.

It was funny how she went straight to removing my clothes.  She didn't bother with blowing on me or tickling me; she just started by pulling my tee-shirt over my head.  I was impressed with her drive and determination as she had to practically lift me off the lounge to get my shirt off, but she finally succeeded.

Now bare from the waist up, she pulled my sneakers and socks off.  I didn't move.  I didn't help her nor interfere.  I just let her strip me.  This was actually fun, and I wondered if she'd go as far as I went with her.  Being in the back yard put an additional level of risk to the game even though none of the neighbors could see over our eight-foot fence.  Just the thought of her removing my jockey shorts and exposing my penis outside and to her had me hard as a rock.  In a few minutes, it would happen.

"Hmm, pretty impressive,” she said.  I almost opened my eyes to see at what she was referring, but then I realized that would be enough to prove I was really awake and keep her from continuing.  A moment later, I found out as I felt her hand press against my stiff erection.  With her palm, she stroked along the head and shaft through my jeans a couple of times before she continued undressing me.

After unbuckling my belt and popping the top button loose, she worked the zipper down.  Unfortunately for her, this didn't give her access to much at all.  She struggled with getting a peek at something, but all she could do was pull the top of my jockeys down enough to see most of my pubic hair.

Suddenly, she was gone.  All was quiet, and I just barely heard her walk away.  I figured she was going to get scissors or something, and I wondered if she'd try to cut my jeans off.  That would be a bit extreme, so I just waited.

I was just about asleep when Beth return.

"Okay, I need your help here,” she said.  "Don't worry, he's a deep sleeper.  He won't wake up, I promise.”

To my horror, I realized she had brought a friend with her.  I wondered who it was.  Was she going to strip me naked in front of this other person?  Was it a male or female?  This was turning crazy.

I felt two pairs of hands grab my jeans.  Both lifted and yanked until my pants were at my knees.  Then I heard her giggle.  It wasn't Beth, it was another girl.  Maybe it was her best friend, Delia.  She was a cute red-head with lots of freckles.  It could also be the blond next door.  Lisa was a little stuck-up, but really good looking.  I was sure it wasn't our cousin, Maggie.  Even though she lived across the street, I'm sure Beth wouldn't want to share our little game with her.

Each of the girls grabbed a leg of my jeans and pulled.  I was naked except for my jockeys, outside in the back yard and in front of my sister and her friend.

"Look,” the other girl whispered to Beth.  "He's hard.”

"I know.  Isn't it cool?”

"Aren't you afraid he's going to wake up?” the girl asked.

"Naw, I do this all the time,” Beth answered.  "He's always waking up naked and can't figure out what happened.  I've got him convinced that he sleep-walks.”

I felt one of the girls press their index finger against the tip of my erection, and it made me jump inside.  Which girl touched me?  I didn't dare look.  A moment later, I felt it again.  Was it the other girl?  Was it my sister?

"Okay, now watch this,” Beth said to her friend.

I felt scissors sliding up my left hip.  She was going to go all the way with this and with her friend there.  My cock actually jumped as I realized that not only was my sister going to see my hard-on, but so was another girl.

To my surprise, the scissors suddenly were on my other side.  Apparently, Beth had cut my underwear on the left hip and had handed the scissors over to the girl on the right.  Instead of cutting down my right hip, this girl decided to snip my underwear just below my balls.  She carefully pulled the material away from my perineum and started cutting.  I think Beth put her hand over my cock and balls to hold them in place while the girl with the scissors snipped away.

I was in agony.  My cock was within a stroke of cumming.  That would be so embarrassing, but what could I do to avoid it?

When the crotch was cut from my briefs, the scissors went for the material at my right hip.  The hands holding my cock and balls didn't move, except to squeeze a little.

The two girls were giggling softly as I felt the scissors cut through my briefs on the right side.  I felt the elastic band snap apart as the last snip separated the material.  Now I had just a triangular patch covering my genitals, and my cock was so hard, it would pop up and probably fling the material off to one side.

Squeezing my cock so that she got hold of the remaining patch of material, Beth pulled the last covering I had away.  Boing!  My cock popped straight up, and both girls giggled.

"Wow!  Look how hard he is,” the strange girl said.

I felt fingers run up and down its length.  Another set of fingers traced down my ball-sac.  Then I felt a hand wrap around the shaft.

"Wow!  It's really hot,” the strange girl said.  I guessed it was her hand squeezing my shaft.

The hand let go, and another hand took its place.

"You're right,” Beth agreed.

Beth let go, and all was quiet for a few minutes.  I felt a hand gently caress my cock and balls, feeling the veins that I could just imagine were bulging angrily, measuring the thickness, the length and the various bumps and ridges.  I was so close to cumming, it was all I could do to keep from moving.

Then I heard the scissors again.  Snip, snip, snip.  At first I couldn't tell what they were cutting, but then I realized they were cutting away my pubic hair.  I almost jumped up when I figured it out, but then I knew that it would blow my cover of being asleep.  Besides, Beth had told her friend that I never wake up, and this would really embarrass us both.

What could I do?  I was proud of my pubic hair.  It proved I was a man in the locker room.  All the guys had hair, and the ones that were especially dark and thick liked to brag that it was because they were more virile and macho.  I would be the laughing stock if I was hairless down there, but I didn't dare give away the fact that I was really awake.

The girls seemed to be taking turns with the scissors.  While one was snipping, the other held my cock out of the way or pulled the skin taught.  I felt so helpless.

"That must have really turned him on,” the unknown girl said.  "Feel how hard he is.”

She held the head of my hard-on with her finger tips, and I felt Beth wrap her hand around the shaft.

"Damn!  You're right.  I bet he's really close,” my sister said.  "Look at how big his balls are.  They look like they've got a lot of sperm just ready to come out.”

"Yeah, they look just like the balls on my dog,” the girl said, and they both giggled.  Then the girl added, "I've never seen a guy spurt before.”

"Well, let's see if we can make it happen,” Beth suggested.

I couldn't believe what she was saying!  She couldn't possibly be serious!

"Won't it wake him up?” the girl asked.  "I don't want to get in trouble.”

"Naw, it won't wake him up,” Beth said as she squeezed my cock firmly.  I knew she was giving me a signal.  I didn't dare react.  "Here,” she said to the girl.  "You hold him just like that, and I'll make him shoot.  This way, you can feel it as it comes out.”

"Cool!”

The girls exchanged places.  The stranger wrapped her hand firmly around my cock.  I almost exploded from that alone.  Then I felt Beth start fondling my balls.  As she did this, she started running her finger tips all over my cock head, which was exposed above the other girl's fist.

"Look at how tight his bag is,” Beth said, showing my balls to the girl.  "I swear there's barely room in there for his nuts.”

As she was showing my balls to the girl, my sister continued to stroke the head of my cock and was running her fingers over my balls.  I lost all control.  My muscles lurched involuntarily.  Beth's attention went to the underside of the tip of my cock while the other girl aimed it up my body.  It felt like my balls contracted violently, and a huge stream of sperm jettisoned from my cock.  A split second later, I felt the hot liquid land on my chest and stretch down over my stomach.

"Wow!  I can really feel it!” the girl said as she squeezed my cock gently.

Four more strong strings of cum sprayed out to accompany the first on my torso.  The two girls giggled and commenting on how upset I'd be when I realized what had happened as my balls emptied in front of them.  Beth continued to calm the other girl's fears that I'd wake up or know that they were involved as she continued to rub the underside of my cock-head with her finger tip.

When it was clear that the major fireworks were over, Beth stopped rubbing my cock-head, and the girl released me and let my cock splat into the puddle of cum that had formed on my abdomen.

"Eww,” the girl said, clearly disgusted by the semen that had dripped onto her hand.

"Rub it off on his leg,” Beth suggested, and I felt the girl wipe the sticky liquid on my thigh.

Things were quiet after that, and I think the girls went inside.  I slowly raised one eyelid to see if they were still around.  What I saw shocked me.

There was Beth and a girl I didn't know sitting in lawn chairs just a few feet away looking at me.  I slammed my eye shut, but I guess it was too late.

"That's okay,” Beth said.  "You can get up.  We know you're not sleeping.”

I slowly opened my eyes and looked at my little sister.

"We've known the whole time that you were just pretending,” the other girl said.

"And we've got it all on video tape,” Beth said confidently.

I sat up and looked for my clothes.  They weren't anywhere around.  I was completely naked, and my sister and some stranger were sitting there staring at me.

As I started to get up to run into the house, Beth stopped me.  "Don't bother to get dressed, Danny.  The house is locked except for the front door, and I've got the key.  Linda and I have seen everything already, so there's nothing to hide.”

I looked at her in shock.  She just smirked.  I sat forward and tried to hide myself by leaning on my knees and putting my legs together.  I was all sticky with cum, and I stupidly put my hand in it only to have to try and wipe it off on another part of my body.

"Hey, I can't see,” Linda complained.

"Danny, sit back and spread your legs,” Beth ordered.  "You don't have a choice.  Like I said, we've got the whole incident on tape, and I have no problems sending it to a few select people at school.”

"Are you serious?” I asked, wondering what got into my little sister.

"As a heart attack,” she replied.  "Don't forget, you started it by stripping me in the den.  Now you're going to do whatever either Linda or I ask, and you'll do it without hesitation, or I'll put the video on the Internet.  Come on, let us see you.”

As I processed what she just said, I leaned back and exposed myself to the girls.  It was embarrassing, especially because they both stared at my flaccid cock between my legs.

"Okay, here are the rules,” Beth continued.  "First of all, I don't plan on doing anything to hurt you in any way.  You're my brother, and you've always been good to me, so I have no vindictive intentions.  I will do things to embarrass you if you don't comply.”

"So, why are you doing this to me?” I asked.

"Because it's fun, and I hope that after a while, you'll just go with the flow and have fun, too,” she answered.  "I'm sure you enjoyed your little orgasm.”  I hesitantly nodded.  "I promise you're going to have a lot more.  I might even get you laid.  There are a few girls I know that claim they like to give blow-jobs, and I'm going to find out.  One of them is really cute, so you should enjoy it.”

At this point, Linda was getting restless.  "Make him get hard,” she told my sister.

"Hey, just tell him,” she replied back.  "He's under your command as much as mine.”  Then she turned to me and said, "Whatever either of us demand, you will do it.  Understand?”

"But I can't get hard just because you tell me to,” I argued.

"Oh, yes you can,” she snapped back.  "I'm sure you can get hard anytime you want.”

"But I need stimulation,” I said back.

"Then give yourself some,” she replied with a grin.  "Come on, I'm sure you've touched yourself before.  Show us how you do it.”

"Oh, come on, Beth.  Don't do this to me,” I whined.

"Come on, Linda,” she said without hesitation.  "I guess he doesn't want to play.  I know this great web site that all the kids at school use.  That video we made will attract a lot of attention.”

"Okay, okay,” I said quickly.

To be honest, there was something very erotic about this whole scene.  Both girls were fully dressed, though I have to admit, Linda was showing a lot of skin with her short skirt and midriff-baring tight top.  Even though Beth was in a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt, I knew what a little fox she was underneath it all.  Having them sit there staring at me and demand that I give myself a hard-on was pretty arousing.  My cock was already starting to rise, so giving myself a few seconds of jacking off got it hard as a rock.

"That's better,” Linda said as she sat back and stared.  "Now keep it hard until I leave.”

"From now on,” Beth continued, "you will strip whenever we tell you, get hard whenever we tell you, and cum whenever we tell you.  If I tell you to go over to that telephone pole and paint it with your sperm, you will do it.  If Linda asks you to unload on her back and rub it in, you will do it.”

"And if I tell you to masturbate in front of my little sister, you will do it,” Linda added.

"But she's only eleven!" I balked.

"So!  I know she'd love to see a naked boy jerk off," she said.

From this day forward, my life has been strange.  Not everything they told me to do was pleasant, but I did have more orgasms in the presence of others than I think I would have on my own.