**Sister's Surprise**

by [maybeallorpartlytrue](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1139241&page=submissions)©

I learned about my exhibitionist interests quite by accident, courtesy of my sister, Karen. Before this, I would have guessed I was a nudist, but didn't know if I was or not, since I was always alone when nude.

Our parents had bought a house that had been owned by a family that included three girls. When the home was built, the entire second floor was the girls' bedroom. The room was totally open, so when you got to the top of the stairs and turned, you could see everything in the room. When my family bought the place, naturally Karen and I claimed the room, but our parents decided that I would get it and Karen would have to settle for the traditional small room on the main floor. The room got furnished with two twin beds, because the trade off was that I was expected to share my bedroom with my father whenever he or Mom couldn't sleep, or if we had a male relative overnight guest. If it was a female guest, I was expected to give up my room and sleep on the downstairs couch.

Our parents also weren't much for changing around a room, and they definately were not plant people. If Karen or I wanted to hang a poster or put up a picture in our room, it had to be framed and we better decide where to put it permanently so there weren't the nail holes that would need to be patched when the picture was moved. Plants took up valuable table space, and to put a hook in the ceiling you would have thought you needed an act of Congress.

In high school Karen got a volunteer job at the local hospital working with kids and nursing became her college major. She had craft books to entertain the kids and found a design for a "Christmas Star" made out of drinking straws. She always did the project before taking it to the kids so she could judge the difficulty and time requirements. She made this star, which our parents naturaly gushed over, and decided to hang it as a Christmas decoration. Because of the no hooks thing, the star was hung from a string taped to the ceiling. Naturally, about every other day the tape pulled loose and the star had to be re-hung. Karen is only five feet tall, and standing on her toes on a dining room chair, she could just get her fingertps on the ceiling. I was eight inches taller and could stand flat footed on the chair and put my palm on the ceiling, so it was always my job to re-hang the star.

I was about 14 when I started to routinely sleep in the nude. This made for the occasional uncomfortable or embarrassing morning when I would wake up and find my father in the other bed. When I went to college, I would sleep in my underwear, unless my roommate was going to be gone.

When I really learned about my exhibitionist interests, Karen and I were both home on our college Christmas break and our parents had gone out to a party. I had gone to my room to watch TV. I got undressed, not sure if I was going to also call it a night or not. I dropped my clothes between the beds as I undressed, so naturally my underwear was right on top of the pile. I was watching a movie and didn't even realize Karen was coming upstairs until she came around the corner. Naturally, she was able to see me in bed, but before she did she said "Guess what?". When she saw me she said "You're in bed."

"I know", I answered.

Karen came halfway into the room before she stopped. I asked what she wanted. She told me that the star had fallen again and then walked all the way to the foot of the beds, where she saw my clothes in a pile on the floor. She then asked me if I was undressed or not.

"Yes, I am. You see my clothes there, right? What do you want?" I asked.

"The star fell again."

"It's been known to do that. What am I supposed to do about it?"

Karen smiled and said "Get out of bed and go down and hang it up again."

I know she never expected me to actually do it, but for some reason I decided to go for the shock factor and threw back the bed covers. I got out of bed and Karen stood there with her mouth open and a look of total shock on her face. I was already feeling self conscious, but it was too late for modesty. I just pointed at her and told her she needed to step back unless she wanted me to crawl over the bed. She took a step back and I got around the end of the bed. I could almost feel her looking at my ass and it was all I could do to keep from running to the open door of my walk in closet where my robe was hanging. I gave an audible sigh of relief as a stepped behind the door and grabbed the robe. Feeling bold again, I put it on, holding it open like a flasher, pulling it shut as I stepped back out into the room. Karen seemed to be a little disappointed and I told her that I was wearing the robe just for modesty's sake while I was downstairs, in case the curtains were open or Mom and Dad should suddenly come home much earlier than expected. I also told her I'd take off the robe as soon as I got back to the room. I fully expected her to follow me downstairs.

I used fresh tape on the string and re-hung the star. I was also surprised and a little nervous that Karen was still in my room. I called up, telling her that I was going to have a Coke and asking if she wanted one too. She did, so I filled two glasses with ice, grabbed some Cokes and napkins, and went back upstairs. Karen was sitting on the end of the nearer bed when I put the Cokes on my desk. I was nervous but had mixed feelings about possibly ending up naked again. Part of me wanted to stay dressed in the robe, but I also knew that I would do what Karen wanted. As I poured one of the Cokes into the glass, I looked over my shoulder at Karen.

"Off or on?" I asked.

"Off or on what?"

"The robe. Do you want me to take it off or leave it on?" I think I was actually mostly hoping she would tell me to keep it on. I knew I didn't have to give her a choice and could have refused to take off the robe, but I also wanted to tease her and kind of put my fate in her hands.

Karen looked at me for several seconds and finally gave her answer.

"Off."

Damn! I looked at her and asked if she was sure. She asked me if I was afraid or didn't want to.

"No, it's OK. I just don't want you to be uncomfortable or anything." In truth, I was honestly hoping that she would change her mind.

"I'm OK. You're the one who would be naked. I just don't want you to feel like you have to do something if you don't want to."

"If that's what you want, I'm OK with it. If I wasn't, I'd have never got out of bed, much less asked you if I should keep my robe on or not." Clearly, we were each trying to put the responsibility for my nakedness on each other.

"OK, then. Take off your robe. I want to see you again."

Although I was nervous, and would have been happy to keep the robe on, I was also happy to be told that Karen wanted me naked. I made it a point to face her as I slowly untied the sash and pulled my robe open and slipped it off. Then, fighting the urge to to cover up, I made sure to hold the robe to my side as I went to the closet, hung up the robe, and closed the door.

"OK. I'm naked. Now what?"

"Just let me look at you. I've never seen a naked guy before. Pictures, yeah, but not live."

I was shocked. My big sister was still a virgin! She asked if we could talk. We spent the next hour talking about our bodies, sex, relationships, and other things. Our talking led to touching, with Karen learning how a male erection looked and felt, while I was limited to feeling her breasts through her shirt and bra. She stayed fully dressed. Meanwhile, I realized that even though this was my sister, I was an exhibitionist and enjoyed the CFNM experience, although I wasn't aware at the time that such a thing even existed. Eventually, we did become lovers for a short time, although those times were basically practice sessions to avoid embarrassment with our other lovers.

**Sister's Surprise Ch. 02**

This is what happened after Karen's and my Christmas experience.

Karen and I had returned to our respective colleges shortly after the New Year. Five months later we were both back home for the Summer.

Karen and I had always been close and we could talk about anything, anytime. I don't think we had any secrets about anything from each other.

Both of our parents worked and Karen and I were expected to basically run the house when we were home. That included cutting the grass, raking leaves, or shoveling snow, depending on the season. We were also expected to plan and prepare dinner, as well as doing all of the cleaning. They told us it was good preparation for when we moved out and lived alone or with someone and had "real" responsibilities. Beyond that, we had no obligations, and neither of us had a job that Summer, so we had a lot of free time to do whatever.

One morning shortly after our parents had left for work Karen asked if she could talk to me. A lot of times we will beat around the bush before getting down to the main subject. This time Karen got straight to the point.

"Remember back at Christmas when you got out of bed to hang the star?"

How could I ever forget? I had run that experience through my mind probably 50 times since then, and had jacked off to the memory more than once.

"Yeah. What about it?" I was aware of my dick making an involuntary twitch.

"Well, I've been thinking about it. I told you it was the first time I had seen a live, naked guy. That was true. Anyway, you know I was seeing a guy at school. I liked him a lot, and I had been thinking about maybe having sex for the first time. A couple of months ago we did it."

"OK. Good for you. What does that have to do with me?"

"If you will wait a minute I'll tell you."

"OK. I'm listening."

"As it turned out, it was Bill's first time, too. We were nervous and maybe a little scared, but I think we both wanted it. Now I'm sorry we did it."

"Why is that?"

"I think he was just interestred in getting laid. I mean, with you I was nervous, but excited. Yeah, you're my brother, but I had a naked guy I could play with and I got to keep all my clothes on. Seriously, I learned a lot that night, from touching and talking, and I thank you for that. Of course, if I was going to fuck this guy I expected both of us to get naked and we did. It's just that he seemed to be so concerned with himself and not me."

I wasn't surprised that Karen was telling me this, as I said, we could talk about anything with each other. I was curious about where this story was going, however.

"OK. So you got naked and did him. What's the problem? Did you get knocked up or something?"

Karen actually seemed to get pissed off at that question.

'No! I'm not that fucking stupid!"

"OK. I was just asking. What's the problem, or is there one?"

Karen then told me about how she had wanted to get Bill naked and play around a little first. She was disappointed that she wasn't able to keep at least some of her clothes on longer, but accepted the fact that she had to get naked first. She then told me how he had barely dropped his underwear when he was on top of her and trying to shove his penis into her vagina.

"I wasn't even ready, and here he is, trying to put it in me. I told him to wait, and that we should take our time, but he really wouldn't listen. Honestly, for my first time, it really sucked. Here I had all these ideals of what it would be like, and it was the total opposite."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Did it get better?"

"No. We never did it again. He wanted to, of course, but after he got to my room I told him we were going to do it my way or not at all. I told him he was going to get naked and I'd keep my clothes on until I was ready to take them off. In told him I wanted to play with him, maybe even jack him off. I though he'd go for it. He gets to cum twice to my once. I thought it would be fun to watch a guy jack off, or maybe me give him a hand job and watch him cum. If he wouldn't jack off for me, I wanted him to teach me how to give a hand job. I would have even gone for giving him a blow job. You know, learn how to do something to take care of my special guy when I don't want to fuck. I really wanted to stay dressed for awhile with him naked, but he wouldn't go for it. So, I took off my clothes and he was right on top of me again. I pushed him off and told him I needed some time, but he got pissed off and left."

"I'm guessing he got dressed first."

"Duh!" He called me a couple of days later and wanted to see me. Told me we could do what I want. I went over to his dorm room but Steve, his roommate, was there. Bill had told Steve all about us and said Steve wanted to see my tits. He'd let me jack him off, Steve, too, if I wanted. All I had to do was get naked and let him watch. I was so pissed off I just left. Bill and I talked once since then, but he was such an asshole. I've seen him a couple of times since then, but only passing on the way to a class."

"OK. Yeah. Bill's an asshole and you're a lot better off without him. You're a beautiful girl and won't ever have trouble finding a guy. Seriously, as a guy I can see where Bill's coming from, but you've got to show a little care and concern. Not all guys are like that, you know."

Karen smiled at me and told me that she believed me, but it was also nice to hear. I was still shocked by what followed.

"So, would you be willing?"

"Willing to what?"

"Be my teacher again."

My dick gave another twitch. I was staring at Karen's tits, straining against the material of her shirt. She was wearing a bra, but I could see her nipples pushing against her shirt. I wanted to get my hands and mouth on those tits, but I kept silent. She was so vulnerable and was laying her sole bare for me, telling me her most intimate secrets.

"What am I supposed to teach you? You know you can ask me anything and I promise to give you an honest answer."

"It's not something you can say. I want you do like you did at Christmas. Take off you clothes and let me play with you. I want to watch you jack off and teach me how to do it for a guy. I want to watch you cum."

Despite our openness with wach other, to say I was shocked would be an understatment.

Karen noticed my hesitation. She looked so sad as she turned away.

"Listen. I'm sorry. Forget what I just said, OK?"

"Hey, I'm not mad. Just surprised. I never expected you to say what you did. Plus, I never said 'No'".

Karen was relieved and smiled at me again.

"So you'll do it?" she asked.

Here I surprised myself, despite the way the conversation was going.

"Yes. I'll do it. I love you and I want you to be happy. That Christmas thing - I can't believe I did it, and yeah, I was a little bummed that you wouldn't even take off you shirt, forget about the bra, but all things considered, I'm glad I did it. If it helped you in any way, I'm happy for you. If there's ever anything I can do for you, and I mean anything, all you have to do is ask. So, yes. I'll do it."

Karen's smile could not have been bigger.

"Well, I guess it's time for you to get those clothes off. Now."

"Can we at least go to my room first? Or would you prefer we did this in your room?"

"You're room is good. There's a lot more room and privacy, you know" she said, heading for the stairs.

I followed her up the stairs to my room. No sooner had we reached the top step than she turned around to face me.

"I thought you'd be getting undressed on the way upstairs. What are you waiting for?"

"I thought we would at least get into my room first. Besides, you'll have to give me a few minutes to get naked and into bed. I'm guessing that's how you want it. Like at Christmas, me in bed, or should I just change into my robe first?

"You can just get undressed now. It will be fun to watch."

I slowly stripped, not trying to put on a show, but trying to make it as enjoyable for her as possible. On the other hand, I was nervous and I didn't know if I preferred to get naked quickly or slowly. All I knew was that I was going to be naked and one way or another, Karen was going to responsible for the orgasm I'd be having soon. I hoped that I'd be able to get at least some of her clothes off this time.

"You know, guys are visual. We like to look. If we're going to do this, it might help me if you were naked, too. You know, give me something to look at. You've already seen me once and are about to do it again. I think it's only fair."

"OK, Bill" Karen said, clearly not pleased.

"Hey listen. I'm sorry. No need to get bent out of shape. I don't have to do this you know. I was just saying."

"And I was trying to be funny, even if it didn't look like it or sound like it."

There was a long pause while we just looked at each other. "Well, are you going to do it or did I ruin everything?" Karen asked.

"We'll do it", I said, as I started to unbutton my shirt.

Five minutes later I was lying on my back, on my bed, totally naked. A fully dressed Karen knelt beside me, stroking my dick. I was giving her directions on how to give a hand job.

Karen was a quick study, or maybe things just came naturally to her. She was doing a great job and I was getting close to the edge. I knew that I could only hold out maybe a minute longer, at the most. I wanted to make things last a while longer so I lied to Karen.

"You know, I've been so close for so long, but like I said, guys are visual. You'll be able to make me cum like that, but if you would let me see your tits, it would help." I tried to convince her that I was thinking about her, which I was. "I'm just saying that, in case you were getting tired. Like I said, you could make me cum just doing what you're doing. It will just take longer, that's all." I hoped she wasn't enjoying herself so much that she wasn't getting tired. Plus, I was on the edge and knew I was about to cum anyway. If Karen had more experience, she would have known that from my breathing alone.

Karen didn't respond. She simply took her hand from my dick and quickly pulled off her T-Shirt. She looked at me as if she was deciding what to do, and then removed her bra. I stared at her tits, swaying with her movements as she resumed stroking me. A minute later I was warning her that I was about to cum. I grabbed her hand to keep it on my dick and control where the spurts went. Karen gasped in surprise as my first spurt shot out and landed just below my rib cage. The next spurt was equally strong and landed on my belly button, like a bullseye shot. The last several spurts barely cleared my dick before landing on our hands. Karen was still holding my dick when I told her that I was finished. She examined my cum on her hand. I thought she was going to lick it off, but she just raised her hand to her nose to see if there was a smell. She was a little unsure of what to do next. I sensed what she was thinking and told her she could just wipe her hand on me, since I was covered with the stuff anyway and would need some tissues before I got up.

"Unless you'd rather rub it on your tits", I said with a laugh.

Karen just leaned forward and wiped her hand on my chest. I told her I would just lay there for awhile if she wanted, but otherwise I needed tissues before I got up. I nodded at the box on my dresser. Karen got up and handed me the box and watched while I started to clean up.

"You know, this stuff is really sticky. I'm going to need a shower. Care to join me?"

Karen just laughed. "Maybe next time." Then she got serious again. "I don't want to sound stupid here, but thank you. I learned a lot, and it was a lot of fun. Maybe you can give me another lesson sometime."

I got up and headed for the stairs.

"You never know. I had a good time, too."