# Submissive Little Sister

by Daddycums

(ped, mg, inc, oral)

Even expecting the most annoying sound in the world, I still gritted my teeth when I heard it.

"Hi, big brother!" my little sister Amy exclaimed enthusiastically as she ran up the street toward where I stood with several of my friends. School had let out for the day, and being Friday, most of the kids at the high school had already rushed home. In my case, however, I wasn't looking forward to spending the weekend alone with my obnoxious little sister.

Although her sixth grade class got out an hour earlier, she always insisted on meeting me in front of my school to walk me home.

I sighed in exasperation and rolled my eyes, ignoring the half-taunting grins of my friends. In the complex game of high school popularity, having a kid sister who didn't understand the rules was a severe disadvantage. I had been a freshman for less than a month, and already she had caused me no end of embarrassment, always showing up after school every day and even making me take her hand as we walked home. I got teased about that, a lot.

I tried to ignore her the best I could, but she trotted up to me from behind and jumped on my back, wrapping her arms around my neck.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. I hated when she did that. I bent down to set her own her feet, but as soon as she released me, she grabbed my hand.

"Who's your girlfriend?" my friend Mike teased.

"Shut up," I snapped.

I glanced down at Amy. She wore a bright grin on her face as she gazed up at me, oblivious to the humiliation she was causing me. At least she was pretty, and not some ugly, fat toad, or the teasing would probably be a hundred times worse. Amy had long, light-brown hair and bright green eyes with long lashes. Her never-ending smile usually charmed those around her, but I just found it obnoxious.

"Looks like you two are in love," Mike said. He never passed up an opportunity to taunt someone, and with my sister here, I made an easy target.

Worse still, Amy didn't even pick up on it. "That's right," she said cheerfully. "I love my big brother, and he loves me."

I wanted to die. All of my friends snickered, and I knew I would never live this down. It wouldn't be so bad if not for the fact that she was so affectionate in public. Actually, I didn't really mind it so much in private, but out in the open where everyone could see, it was degrading.

"What's wrong, Rick?" asked my friend Jesse. "If you don't want to be her big brother, I'd be happy to take your place. Wouldn't you like that, Amy?" he asked. That was just like him; Jesse was the school's pervert. He'd probably fuck her if she let him, despite the fact that she was only eleven.

As usual, naïve Amy didn't pick up on it. "No thanks," she said. "I only need one big brother. Besides, Rick would never give me up, would you, Rick?"

I sighed again. "Yeah, sure," I replied. "Whatever you say."

"See?" Amy grinned.

Only my friend Jeff showed me any sympathy. "At least you have a little sister who likes you," he said. "My little sister Britney and I can't stand each other."

I didn't mention that that would probably be an improvement. At least then she wouldn't show up after school every day and embarrass me in front of all my friends.

"Anyway, I'll see you guys later," I told them. "Come on, Amy. Let's go home." We turned and headed down the street.

It was the same every day. Amy would walk home by herself after her school let out, then have a quick snack and return to fetch me at my school amid the taunts and jeers of all of my friends. I hated it.

Fortunately, it was the weekend, which meant I wouldn't have to worry about it for three more days. My parents were going to be out of town all weekend, and this was my first time without a babysitter. That meant it would be just me and my little sister.

"Isn't this going to be so fun?" Amy asked enthusiastically. "We get to spend the whole weekend alone together."

"Yeah, I guess so," I mumbled. Actually, I really didn't intend to spend the weekend alone with her at all. With my parents out of town, this was an opportunity too good to pass up.

It's a well-established fact that men reach the peak of their sexuality about the time they're fourteen. That means that boys my age think about sex twenty-four hours a day. They would think about it twenty-five hours a day if they could come up with a way to do so.

With a mostly empty house all weekend, I figured it was time to do something about my libido, and I already had a plan in mind, a plan centered around a girl named Vanessa Moon.

She was in my home room class at school, and was one of my friends. Sometimes we would study together at lunch time, especially on days when one or both of us hadn't finished our homework from the night before. She was a really beautiful redhead, and friendly as well.

There was a major writing project with a deadline coming up soon, which gave me the perfect excuse to invite her over on Saturday to study. Maybe then I would work up the courage to kiss her. She had given some subtle hints that she wouldn't be entirely opposed to the idea. Unfortunately, I had never had the chance at school, being in a public place and all.

We arrived home to an empty house. Our parents had left for the airport a couple of hours earlier. Not surprisingly, my mom left a note on the kitchen table with all of the things she forgot to tell me before I left for school that morning, most of which was common sense.

I went to the fridge and grabbed a piece of pizza leftover from the night before. It was supposed to be for dinner, but there was still plenty left, and I was a growing boy after all. I wolfed it down (cold or hot made no difference to me) then reached for the milk. As I raised it to my lips, Amy said, "You're not supposed to drink from the jug, you know."

I ignored her and did it anyway. She sighed in exasperation, but said nothing more about it.

After I finished, I closed the refrigerator and headed back out to the front room.

"Now we can play!" Amy exclaimed with glee.

"I've got homework," I grumbled. "And I'm sure you do too."

"Can't we wait and do it later?" she asked.

I picked up the note that Mom had left. "'Number three. Do your homework right away,'" I quoted.

"Aw!" Amy pouted, but she obediently reached for her school bag sitting in the corner. I grabbed mine and sat down on the couch. Not surprisingly, Amy sat down next to me.

Her homework consisted of a worksheet that she had to complete, and mine was a set of questions from my math book. We sat there working in silence, with the occasional interruption as Amy asked for help on one of the questions. Usually Dad helped her with her homework, but since he wasn't here, the task fell upon me.

A couple of questions were particularly hard, and I felt like a fool not knowing the answer to a sixth-grade question when I was already in high school. Fortunately, I could claim that I wasn't supposed to do her homework for her, and therefore I didn't have to give her the answers. Instead we looked it up in the book, and together we managed to get through the whole worksheet.

It took me another hour to finish my homework, for which Amy was no help at all. This was way beyond her mathematical skills. Eventually though, I got through it, and sat back triumphantly on the couch.

I figured now was a good time to call Vanessa. Because this would be the first time inviting her over to my house, I was a little nervous about it; she was a pretty girl after all. Still, we were friends at school, so there was no reason to believe she would turn me down. Leaving Amy on the couch, I stood up and went over to the phone. I had Vanessa's number memorized, despite the fact that I had only called her a couple of times.

Amy watched me with curiosity as I punched in the number and waited for it to pick up. It rang a couple of times, then Vanessa's familiar voice answered.

"Hi, Vanessa," I said. "This is Rick."

Amy's expression darkened as she heard me mention her name. It wasn't that she didn't like the girl; in fact, Vanessa was always nice to her. But Amy obviously suspected something.

"Hi, Rick," Vanessa said brightly. "What's up?"

"Well, I was thinking, you know that writing project we're supposed to be working on? I was wondering if you'd like to come over to my house tomorrow and--"

I cut off as I saw Amy shaking her head emphatically, a look of anger in her face.

"Hold on a second, Vanessa," I said, then put my hand over the mouthpiece. "Amy, what's wrong."

"Don't invite her over!" Amy pleaded. "This is supposed to be our time alone together."

"Who says?" I replied. "I never said I would spend all weekend alone with you."

My sister got up off the couch and dashed over to me. She threw her arms around my chest. "Please, Rick?" she said. "I never get to be alone with you."

"Look, Amy," I told her. "I'm going to invite Vanessa over, and that's final."

"No you're not!" she suddenly exclaimed, then leaned down and pulled the phone cable out of the wall.

"Amy!" I snapped. "Stop acting like a spoiled brat! I was talking to Vanessa!"

I stared down at her, wondering what had gotten into her all of a sudden. She was being possessive, like she didn't want to share me with anyone else.

Then, as I saw that look of pleading her face, I had a shocking thought. Amy, my little sister, was *jealous!*

What did that mean? Did she love me as more than a sister? Did she want to be my girlfriend?

She probably didn't even know herself what she felt toward me. Most likely, she just wanted to spend some time alone with her big brother, and didn't recognize that maybe she loved me a little too much.

I had never really thought of her as anything but a bratty little kid, but now I began to see her in a new light. I realized that she really was beautiful in her own way. It was a childlike beauty, but that was all just a part of her charm. Her adoration, which I had always thought to be quite annoying, now seemed actually enjoyable.

"Please," she said again, almost in tears. "I've been looking forward to this weekend for so long. I'll do anything you want if you'll just spend this time with me."

*Anything?* I thought. That brought up some interesting possibilities. Here I was, a teenage boy with raging hormones always looking for relief, and I had been missing a golden opportunity. I should probably have abhorred the thought of using my sister like that, but right now I just saw her as a gorgeous girl who was willing to do anything for me.

"You said anything I say?" I asked.

Amy nodded, her eyes brightening up with hope.

"Even if it's something you don't want to do?" I asked, and she nodded again. "Even if it's gross? Like... eating a whole plate full of cauliflower?" (I knew Amy hated cauliflower)

"I'll even eat *two* plates of cauliflower," she insisted boldly.

"Okay," I grinned. "You've got a deal. You have to do everything I say, all weekend. We'll make tonight a test. If you do everything, and I do mean *everything* I say without complaint, then I'll spend the rest of the weekend alone with you. But if you refuse anything I say, then I'll call Vanessa back and invite her over for tomorrow. Agreed?"

"Agreed," Amy grinned.

"Good. Now plug the phone back in so I can call Vanessa and apologize."

Amy bent down and reconnected the phone. I dialed Vanessa's number again.

"Hello?" Vanessa answered.

"Hi Vanessa, it's Rick again," I said. "Sorry about hanging up on you. I accidentally dropped the phone, and it ended up yanking the cord out. Anyway, I was going to invite you over tomorrow, but then I remembered I had already promised my kid sister that I would spend all weekend with her. I don't know what I was thinking when I made that promise, but I'm kind of stuck now."

"That's okay," said Vanessa. "We can do it again some other time. Besides, I think it's great that you're spending time with Amy. Some brothers can't stand their sisters."

"Sure," I replied, feeling a bit guilty because her words hit a little too close to home. "So I'll see you at school on Monday."

"Yep. See you then. Bye."

"Bye."

I hung up the phone and turned back to Amy, who wore an excited look on her face.

"So that's that," I told her. "I can call her back at any time if I'm not satisfied."

"I'll make sure you're satisfied!" Amy insisted, keeping that enthusiastic smile on her lips.

This was an opportunity too good to pass up. Here I had this little girl who worshipped me and promised to do everything I asked, so I was going to take full advantage of it!

I had never been particularly cruel; perhaps that was why my little sister liked me so much. However, I had to test her and make sure she wouldn't back down at the first command that made her the least bit uncomfortable.

"Come with me," I told her, then headed back to the couch. I sat down, but motioned for her to keep standing. I lifted one of my feet.

"Take off my shoes and socks," I told her. She nodded happily, pulling off the shoe from my raised foot, then setting to work on the sock. Once that task was completed, I lowered that foot and lifted the other to let her do the same. Soon I had my feet bare.

"Now get down on your hands and knees and kiss my foot," I told her with a sadistic grin. To my surprise, she cheerfully complied. I had expected her to wrinkle her nose and at best quickly kiss it, then wipe her mouth with the back of her hand in disgust. Instead, she knelt down, took my foot in her hand, and kissed it over and over again.

She cradled it in her hand like it was the most precious object in the world and bestowed tender kisses upon it like a devoted lover. I sat there in shock for a while at her boldness. As she continued to kiss it, I realized that it felt surprisingly nice. I had never had a foot fetish before, but seeing her there worshipping it like that almost converted me.

"Okay, that's enough," I told her gently. She set down my foot and stood back up, the same excited smile on her lips.

Still in awe at the enthusiasm of her ministrations a moment before, my mind was completely blank of what to tell her next. I had had several slightly degrading ideas in mind, but they had all seemed to vanish.

"I'm thirsty," I told her instead, the first thing that popped into my mind. "Go get me a drink of water."

Amy nodded obediently and skipped into the kitchen. I watched her go, still marveling at her submissiveness. It wasn't a quiet, meek, "yes master" sort of submissiveness, but an energetic and enthusiastic one. This was not a slave who obeyed out of duty or fear, or even respect, but one who obeyed because she wanted to please her master!

I still hadn't decided what I was going to do with her when she returned with a glass of water. I could adopt several roles here. I could be harsh, trying my hardest to get her to refuse my orders and therefore forfeit this game. Or I could be nice, just playing around and having fun with it. But I really didn't want to squander this opportunity, so I had to think up some way to really put her to use.

She sat there patiently awaiting my next order while I drank the water. Then I handed the glass back to her and told her to put it in the kitchen sink. Since it was getting close to dinner time, I told her to throw the leftover pizza in the microwave to reheat it.

A few minutes later we sat down at the dinner table, eating supper. Amy continued to smile at me. It was a little unnerving, but also a little exciting, knowing that I had my own personal slave for the rest of the weekend. I tried to think of all the ways I could get her to serve me, and came up with several fun ideas.

After supper, we retired to the living room again. I figured it was time to really put Amy to use. So far we had just been playing around, but I hadn't really gotten any true benefit out of my little slave. That meant that, considering the embarrassment she had caused me earlier in the day, she was still in the red. She needed to make me feel good for a while just to break even.

Instead of sitting on the couch, I sat down in front of it, then ordered her to sit on the couch behind me.

"Now give me a shoulder massage," I ordered. I could see her face light up with delight at the command, and she set to the task immediately.

Her tiny little hands felt wonderful on my shoulders. Between the dread of spending the weekend with her, the nervousness of calling Vanessa, and the mortification after school, the whole day had been stressful. However, all of that just seemed to slip away as she massaged me. She put her whole heart into the job, and I could feel the difference. She didn't just do it mechanically, but sought to make it as enjoyable as possible for me.

"Does that feel good, big brother?" she asked.

"It sure does, little sister," I replied, and although I couldn't see her face, I could almost feel her smile widening.

Now she was really making me wonder. I had thought to take advantage of the situation, but it sure felt like she was enjoying herself even more than I was. It was obvious that she adored her big brother; that much was clear from the way she treated me every day. Now that I thought about it, probably to her this was finally a chance to prove her love to me.

If that was the case, I wondered just how far she was willing to go. My pulse started to race at the prospects. I was going to spend a weekend alone with a gorgeous young girl who promised to do everything I said. Despite the fact that she was my sister, what horny teenager could resist taking advantage of the situation?

I still had to take it slow, though, or I might scare her off. I had to feel her out, getting a sense for how quickly I could make her mine.

"Hold on a minute," I told her, and she removed her hands from my shoulders. I casually slipped my shirt off and set it on the floor beside me. "Okay," I told her. "You can start again."

Amy started again, even more enthusiastically than before. Her hands felt twice as good on my bare skin as they had over my clothes. She apparently didn't mind this at all, so I had her work lower, massaging my back. I couldn't believe my luck; so far she had shown nothing but willingness to be my slave.

Her attentions were so relaxing that it wasn't long before I began to nod off. My head drooped, and it was all I could manage not to pitch forward.

"You look tired," Amy told me sympathetically. "Would you like to lie down for a while? You could lie here on the couch and put your head in my lap."

Not only was she obeying me, she was actually volunteering! I was more than happy to take her up on her offer. I rose to my feet momentarily, then sat next to her on the couch. She scooted over to the end, and I lay down lengthwise. As soon as my head rested in her lap, I sighed. It felt so nice and comforting. I could get used to this.

She smiled down at me and began to rub my chest. That was even nicer. Any stress I had felt earlier had completely disappeared, to be replaced by the peace and serenity of her tender touches. I gazed up into her pretty face, a smile of contentment on my lips. I was struck again by how pretty she really was. Up to this point, I hadn't thought much about it because she was my sister. But now that I really had a chance to look at her, I couldn't help but recognize her beauty.

With her gentle ministrations soothing me, I let my drowsiness overtake me, and soon fell asleep.

A short time later I awoke, still in the same position with her hand rubbing me all over the chest. Amy continued to smile down at me, and I realized that this was a look of adoration. Her desire to please me came from her love for me. *Just how deep is that love?* I wondered.

"I like watching you sleep," Amy commented.

"Mm," I grunted, too groggy to say anything more coherent. I wanted to lie there a while longer, but on the other hand, it was getting late and I was just wasting time. I still have plenty of things I wanted Amy to do tonight.

I sat up, noticing the look of disappointment on her face as I did so. I chuckled to myself. She wouldn't wear that look for long. It was about to be replaced by another look, of either delight or fear.

"That was nice," I told her. "So far you're doing wonderfully, Amy."

"I just want to make you feel good," she replied.

"Oh, I do. It feels great to go around shirtless on such a warm night. Oh, but I noticed that you're still fully dressed. You must be so hot."

"I'm fine," she said.

"Nonsense. We can't have you all bundled up or you'll overheat. Take your shirt off at once."

Amy giggled. "Okay," she smiled. Without another word, she slipped her shirt over her head. I gazed down at her cute little torso, so immature but already hinting at her future developments. She wore a little training bra, though she really didn't have much to hide yet. Her skin was fair, and maybe even a little on the pale side. She had the cutest, flat little tummy above her hips that were just beginning to round.

Her enthusiasm fueled my excitement. It looked like she was even happy to undress for me. Maybe she didn't recognize the implications. Maybe to her it was just a part of the game, and there was nothing wrong with it because I was her big brother. Still, I saw great potential here.

"Doesn't that feel nicer, Amy?" I asked her.

"It sure does," she said. "I've never taken my shirt off anywhere but in my bedroom before. But it's okay, because you told me to, and I have to do everything you say."

From her words and the tone of her voice, it sounded to me like she was trying to rationalize her actions. I could see that she understood that this wasn't something exactly proper. But if she was willing to go this far, perhaps she was willing to go a little further.

"I still think it's a little too warm," I told her. "I'm going to take off my pants."

Amy merely grinned.

"Actually, I just realized, isn't it the servant's job to dress and undress their master?" I rose from the couch and stood in front of her. "*You* take off my pants." I ordered.

She wasted no time, but immediately reached for the buckle at the top of my pants. She unfastened it, then her fingers went to the zipper, which she pulled down quickly. Without a word, she grasped the top of my pants and drew them down. I stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

My excitement had already had a physical effect on me, and my erection bulged through my briefs. Amy stared at it in wonder.

"You have something in your underwear!" she said, obviously not picking up on the truth. With a grin, she reached out for it.

"Hey!" I exclaimed, stepping back. Though I had hoped to get her in a position where she would touch it, and in fact do much more with it, she had caught me off my guard.

"Sorry," she apologized, but continued to stare at it with a grin on her face.

"Okay, now it's your turn," I told her. "Take off your pants."

She unbuckled and unzipped them, then slid them down without getting up off the couch. I stared in delight at her little cotton panties with hearts all over them. I could see the outline of her immature little pussy through them, the slight indentation down the middle where they pressed against her slit. The sight turned me on even more, and I knew I just had to see her completely naked.

Amy apparently enjoyed this naughty game we were playing. "We're in our underwear!" she announced. Then she chanted in a sing-song voice, "We're in our underwear! We're in our underwear!" She giggled as she did so.

"Okay, that's enough," I told her, and she quieted down.

I considered having her perform a slow strip tease for me to get the rest of her clothes off, but in her innocence she probably wouldn't even know how. No, I had to make it seem more natural for her to get naked in front of me.

My horny mind immediately hatched on a plan.

"It's getting late," I said. "I think it's time for baths."

"But tonight's not bath night," she insisted.

"It is because I say it is," I replied.

"Okay," she grinned. "Do you want me to go take my bath first?"

"Yes," I said. Amy got up off the couch and skipped toward the stairs. I followed her up to the bathroom. She was about to close the bathroom door behind her, but I put my foot in the way. She looked at me questioningly.

Instead of answering, I slipped into the room and closed the door behind me. I nodded toward the tub. Amy hesitated for just a second, then went over and turned on the water to start filling it up.

She stood there a minute watching it with her hands behind her back, balanced on one leg with the toes of her other making little circles on the floor. For some reason, that pose looked incredibly sexy to me. I could sense just a little uneasiness in her; normally she would probably have finished undressing while the tub filled, but she stood there in her underwear waiting for it.

She couldn't wait forever, though. Eventually the water reached the right height, and she bent down to turn it off. As soon as she turned the handles, she stood back up and faced me.

"I thought I told you to take a bath," I said. Amy stared at me for a couple of seconds, and I wondered if she was finally going to refuse. But instead, a naughty grin slowly spread across her features.

She reached around back and unfastened her bra. Without a word, she let it slip from her chest, exposing her cute little breasts to my eyes.

They were just the faintest hints of what they would be someday. Now they were basically just little swellings on her chest around her pretty little nipples. Although she was just barely starting to develop, to my inexperienced eyes her body was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Then she slipped her panties down to the floor, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Completely bare, it looked so soft and inviting. Her lips were completely closed up, so cute and childlike. I wanted to reach out and run my fingers up and down her slit, but I knew if I tried it before she was ready I would scare her off.

"My big brother's looking at me naked," she grinned.

Unfortunately, she didn't give me much time to admire her body, because she climbed into to the tub and sat down. I watched as she began to wash herself, pouring water all over her back and chest. She picked up the sponge that we always kept in the bathtub, squirted some liquid soap onto it, and rubbed it over her body. She continued to gaze at me with a smile on her lips as she rinsed herself off. I watched the rivulets run down over her boobs, making them sparkle. It was such a wonderful sight, I knew I had to continue this little game.

"You know," I said, "I don't think there's time for both of us to have a bath tonight. Unless we both take our baths at the same time."

"Like we used to do when we were kids?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

That was all the encouragement I needed. I bent down and slipped off my underwear.

Amy's eyes went wide as she saw my engorged member. Then she giggled.

"What's that for?" I demanded, growing red. What business did she have laughing at my cock?

"Your dingaling," she explained, blushing when she said the word. "It's hard and pointy. And your balls are so hairy."

Actually, they weren't *that* hairy, not yet at least. I was only fourteen after all. But to Amy, who had only seen it years ago before I hit puberty, it must have looked like a thick coat of fur.

"Never mind that," I told her, approaching the tub.

"But why is it all hard and pointy?" she asked. "Is it always like that?"

"Not always," I explained. "It just gets like that when it's having fun."

"Is it having fun now?"

"It's having lots of fun."

I climbed into the tub in front of Amy and sat down.

"Do you want me to wash your back?" she asked.

Did I ever! Just the thought of her hands all over my naked body sent a chill down my spine. I nodded, then turned around in the tub. Amy wasted no time, but immediately grabbed the sponge, soaped it up, and rubbed it over my back. It was such a relaxing feeling as she dutifully and cheerfully washed me. Just like the shoulder massage, she was happy to do it for her big brother.

I could have had her do more. I could have had her wash my front, especially down between my legs. But I knew if I began that right now, I wouldn't be able to stop, and I still had big plans for her tonight. Instead, I merely relaxed and let her wash me all over the back.

When she finished, she surprised me by throwing her arms around my neck and pressing her chest up against me. "All done," she announced. It was so innocent, I didn't even know if she realized the implications of that hug. I could feel her little tits mashed into my shoulder blades, and they felt even better than her hands.

She kissed me on the shoulder then. "You know what, Rick?" she said. "I like being your slave. It's fun."

I had suspected as much. Amy had done her job happily and without complaint. I wondered if part of it was that it gave her an opportunity to do some things that she would never do on her own, like taking a bath with me. She could do it without feeling guilty, because it was just following orders.

We sat in the bath tub for a few more minutes, then I ordered her out. She stood up, which gave me a delightful view of her cute little pussy. I wondered what it would feel like on my cock.

I rose to my feet as well, and we reached for our towels. I told her that we had to dry each other off, so we spent the next few minutes running the towels all over each other. I made sure that my hands made "incidental" contact with her breasts, and even rubbed my body up against hers accidentally. If she recognized what I was doing, she made no sign, which was just as well. Probably to her it didn't mean anything; we were naked, which was a little naughty, but other than that it was all just perfectly innocent.

After drying each other off, we went across the hall to my bedroom and sat down on the bed next to each other. Amy glanced down at my cock again.

"Is your dingaling still having fun?" she asked with a grin.

"He sure is," I replied. "Do you want to know why?"

"Why?"

"Because he likes you."

Amy giggled at the joke. She was old enough to know that it didn't have a mind of its own. Me, I wasn't so sure. So far tonight it had been making most of my decisions after all.

"And I like him," she said.

"That makes him happy, because he thinks you're a really pretty girl. He gets all hard and tense because he's excited to meet you."

"What's his name?" Amy asked with a grin.

I thought for a second, then came up with a suitable answer. "Dick," I said.

"Nice to meet you, Dick," she greeted. She reached out and grasped hold of it, then moved it up and down like she was shaking hands.

"Oh god!" I groaned in pleasure.

Amy immediately withdrew her hand and stared at me with a concerned look on her face. "Did I hurt you?" she asked anxiously.

"No you didn't," I replied. "You just made Dick feel really good. He likes it when you touch him."

She reached out again and took my cock in her hand.

"Do it like this," I told her, then slipped my hand around hers and moved it up and down to show her how to jerk me off. I removed my hand, and she continued to stroke me.

I couldn't believe how good it felt. My own sister was giving me a handjob! She did it with enthusiasm, too, staring down at it with a smile on her face and her eyes lit up with delight.

I groaned with pleasure as she worked me over. Although she was obviously inexperienced, her hands felt exquisite on my cock. Of course, part of that was because I had never had a girl do that for me before, but part of it was because she really got into it, happily stroking me.

If she kept it up for much longer, though, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out, and there was still so much more I wanted to do tonight. After a few minutes, I mustered my willpower and put my hands on hers to draw them away.

"Don't you like that?" she asked, disappointed.

"Oh god yes, Amy," I answered. "That was one of the most wonderful things I've ever felt."

Her face lit up in a grin at the words. "I'm glad," she said. "I want to make you feel good."

"I was just thinking, my dick isn't used to so much attention from such a pretty girl. You're going to tire him out."

"Well, can we do it again later?" she pleaded.

"Actually, we can do some more right now. Just not with your hands. You see, he's more comfortable with his own kind."

"His own kind?" asked Amy, confused.

"Well, the female version of his own kind," I clarified. "He wants to meet your cunny."

"My cunny?" she asked with a giggle, staring down between her legs.

"Yes. He's a little shy, so maybe you could show him how friendly your little cunny is. I think he'd like that."

"But how do I do it?"

"Just like you were doing with your hands. Here, come sit on my lap."

Amy spread her legs and straddled me. She put her hands on my shoulders, and I slipped my hands behind her back. She grinned as she leaned in and pressed her body up against mine.

"I like cuddles," she commented, in reference to the closeness of our bodies. She had always enjoyed snuggling with her big brother, and even now she sometimes crept into my bed after I had fallen asleep. This was a little different, since we were both naked. With the warmth and softness of her bare skin against mine, I was beginning to understand what she liked so much about it.

"Okay, so now rub your cunny up and down my dick," I told her. She grinned, and began to move up and down. I could feel her smooth, hairless little outer lips pressed against my cock, spreading ever so slightly. Her little lips even parted a bit as she ran it up and down the shaft. I didn't try to go for penetration; that would probably be pushing things a little too far. Instead, I was content to just let her press the outside of her pussy against my cock.

Pretty soon I noticed Amy's breathing growing heavier and her face flushing. She had her eyes closed, and her mouth open slightly, and I realized that this must feel as good for her as it did for me. Her cunt had started out dry, but now it left a moist trail on my cock. I even heard some cute little moans coming from her lips.

The thought that she was getting aroused like that drove me wild with excitement. My bratty little sister Amy, who I had always thought of as a little girl, was a hot little vixen with the sweetest pussy imaginable.

I also loved the feel of her bare chest against me. Her movements down below caused a much smaller, yet still noticeable movement above, and I could feel her nipples hardening as they ground against my chest. Her tiny little, almost nonexistent tits nevertheless felt soft and fleshy, and I longed to touch them with my hands.

This was an opportunity that might never come up again, so I decided to be bold. I took my hands off her back and brought them around to the front. Her eyes opened wide when I let them slip onto her breasts. She drew back, allowing me better access to them, but she continued to rub against my cock.

She glanced down at my hands, then back up at me, a grin on her face. "You're playing with my boobies!" she exclaimed in delight.

"I like your boobies," I told her. "I just thought they might be feeling kind of lonely."

"That feels nice, Rick. This is even better than cuddles."

"It sure is."

I continued to grope her for several minutes as she rode me. Her tits, which weren't even a handful yet, nevertheless had a certain youthful appeal. I ran my fingers around the nipples, causing Amy to groan and shudder at the stimulation. She kept an open-mouthed smile on her lips as she breathed in deeply and let out little moans with each breath, and her eyes closed. It was a look of pure sexual pleasure that excited me beyond belief. Her lips were so cute and inviting, and I knew I just had to feel them wrapped around my cock.

"Okay Amy, stop," I told her. She opened her eyes and her smile of satisfaction turned to a pout of disappointment.

"But we were having so much fun," she said.

"Remember, you have to do everything I say."

"Oh, all right," she replied, still pouting.

"Now stand up," I ordered. She obediently rose to her feet and stood before me, her hands clasped behind her back.

I gazed up and down her body for a second, admiring her little childlike form. At eleven years old, she was already the sexiest girl I had ever seen.

"My dick really likes your cunny," I told her. "You did good there. But now he's in the mood for something else."

"What do you want now, Dick?" she asked with a grin, staring down at my engorged member.

"He wants you to be his girlfriend," I told her.

Amy giggled. "Really?" she asked.

"Really."

"So what do I have to do?" She sounded just as eager and enthusiastic as ever.

"What do boyfriends and girlfriends do?" I asked her.

"Um... hold hands?"

"Yes, but you've already done that. What else?"

"Um... go on dates?"

"Yes, but that's not really practical in this case. What else?"

"Um..." She stared down at the floor, her face growing red, and I knew she had come up with the answer I had in mind. "They..." she said, then almost in a whisper added, "kiss."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed.

"You mean you want me to kiss your dingaling?"

"Why not?" I said. "You and Dick are already good friends, aren't you? And he thinks you're really really pretty."

"Do I have to?" she whined.

It was time to be firm with her. "Well, if you're going to complain about something as simple as this, I guess you weren't serious when you said you would do everything I asked. I'm going to go call Vanessa."

"No!" she insisted. "I'll do it. Please don't call Vanessa. I want you to play with me all weekend."

*I want to play with you all weekend too,* I thought. *Of course, you and I might have different ideas of what "playing" is.*

I decided to lead her along, to scare her a little. That way I could be sure that she would follow my every command obediently.

"No, it's too late," I told her. "You said you would do everything I say without complaint, and you just complained. So you lost your chance." I started to get up off the bed.

Amy immediately jumped on me, pressing her body up against mine and embracing me. I heard her sniff, and wondered if she was crying. "Please Rick, give me another chance," she pleaded. "I'm sorry I complained. I won't do it again. Please?"

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her. My ploy had worked. I felt bad about nearly bringing her to tears; I really did love her, and didn't like to see her hurt. I kissed her on the forehead, then pushed her gently away from me and gazed into her eyes with a loving smile. "Do you promise?" I asked.

"I promise."

"And you'll do everything I say without complaint, all weekend?"

"All weekend," she confirmed. "I just want to have this time with you all to myself. I don't even care what we do, as long as we're together."

"Okay," I replied. "I can see that you're sincere, so I'll let it slide this time."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, hugging me again.

I had never liked to hug her before, which was unfortunate because she tried to hug me all the time. But now, holding her in my arms like this, with our naked bodies touching each other, I decided that I liked hugs after all.

But there was something else I wanted, so after a minute or so I pushed her away again.

"Isn't there something you're supposed to be doing?" I told her.

She smiled and nodded, then climbed up off of my lap. She knelt down in front of me and stared at my cock. "Hello, Dick," she grinned, getting a kick out of this little game we were playing. "Do you want me to kiss you?"

I took it in my hand and shook it up and down as I said in a squeaky voice, "Oh, yes! I really want you to kiss me, Amy."

She started to giggle uncontrollably at that, and I couldn't help but join in. It really was absurd, after all. I removed my hand and thrust my cock forward.

Amy managed to get her laughing under control, then reached out with both of her hands and grasped it gently. I watched in excitement and fascination as she leaned in and bestowed a kiss right on the tip.

"Oh my god!" I gasped at the thrill that it sent through me. Amy smiled up at me, then returned her attention to my swollen member. She kissed it again gently, this time on the side. As she continued to put her lips all over it, I couldn't help but notice the similarity to the way she had kissed my foot earlier in the evening. It was tender, it was gentle, it was almost worshipful.

This was by far the best thing I had ever felt in my entire life. My gorgeous little sister actually had her mouth on my cock! She was kissing it all over, from the base all the way to the head, not missing a single spot.

I could have been happy just having her do this all night, but I wanted more. I shuddered in anticipation as I realized that if I asked her to, she would let me cum in her mouth! That was an opportunity I had never had before. No girl had even seen my dick before, much less given me a blowjob.

"Okay, that's enough, Amy," I told her. She drew back and gazed up at me with a smile on her face. "You've made Dick very happy," I said. "You're the best girlfriend a dingaling could ever have."

Amy giggled again at the joke. But I wasn't through with her yet.

"Now he wants to play a game with you," I said. "You're going to play make-believe. Doesn't that sound fun?"

Amy nodded with a grin on her face.

"Okay," I continued. "I want you to pretend that he's an ice cream cone. A strawberry ice cream cone." I knew strawberry was her favorite flavor. "Can you do that for me?"

She nodded. She placed just a single hand at the base of my cock this time, holding it straight up, just like she would if it were a real ice cream cone. Then she opened her mouth, leaned in, and gave it a lick.

If I thought the kisses were pleasurable, the licks were... well, I was in too much ecstasy right now to think of a suitable word, but needless to say, I loved it. It was especially thrilling when she licked me on the underside of the head, the most sensitive spot. Considering her position, that happened frequently. She occasionally pressed her lips to the head and sucked, not enough to take it into her mouth, but more like a kiss. It was a typical way to eat an ice cream cone, after all. Whenever she did that, I couldn't suppress a groan of pleasure. Amy ignored the sounds I was making, concentrating her full effort on her imaginary treat.

I was leaking precum like crazy by now. The first time she licked and came away with a drop of it on her tongue, she wrinkled her nose in disgust. I told her it was just part of the ice cream, and she accepted that answer without any further objection. In fact, once she knew that I wanted her to do that, she seemed to get excited about licking up the fluid. She actually seemed to enjoy it!

If she kept this up for much longer, there was no way I would be able to hold back my orgasm. There was one more thing I wanted, though. I didn't want to cum anywhere but inside her mouth.

"Okay, you've done very well, Amy," I told her, and she drew back with a proud look on her face. "Now I want you to pretend it's a lollipop."

"Isn't that just like pretending it's an ice cream cone?" she asked.

"Kind of the same," I conceded, "but it's a little bit different. Let's see if you can figure out the difference."

She grinned, then shifted her position a little. She still held my cock at the base with one hand, but she pointed it forward instead of straight up. That made sense; an ice cream cone had to be held vertically but a lollipop didn't.

She began licking around the head again, and for a minute I thought in disappointment that she hadn't thought of the most obvious distinction between how one ate an ice cream cone and how one ate a lollipop. I was prepared to tell her directly, but I preferred to have her figure it out on her own. That way it would be her idea, and she would enjoy it all the more because it wasn't something I had made her do.

After about thirty seconds of licking, she slipped her mouth over the head, and I knew that my fantasies were about to be fulfilled.

From the very first suck, I was in heaven. The licks were ten times better than the kisses, but the sucks were ten times better than the licks! With each motion of her mouth, waves of pleasure washed through me. I was lost to that pleasure now, unable to think. The stimulation was almost too much to bear.

I gazed down at her beautiful face, with my cock disappearing into her mouth. I loved the little dimples that appeared on her cheeks when she sucked in, especially since they coincided with each wave of pleasure. She attacked my cock with enthusiasm, perhaps so wrapped up in the make-believe that it didn't even occur to her what she was really doing.

Then she lifted her eyes and gazed into mine with those big, beautiful, childlike eyes, so innocent, so trusting. It was a questioning look, as if asking whether she was doing it right, whether it was making me feel good. There was a kind of adoration there, a submissiveness that told me that all she wanted in the world was to please me.

I realized then that, despite her childlike face and body, she knew exactly what was going on. It was no longer a game to her; she really did want to make me feel good. She was a little sister who loved her big brother and would do anything for him.

I smiled down at her with encouragement, and she smiled back. She took the base of my cock in both of her hands and sucked with determination, eager to bring me over the edge.

It didn't take long. Her hands, pussy, and mouth had already been stimulating me for longer than I had thought I could hold out, and now with her in the ultimate submissive posture, happily giving me pleasure with no thought for herself, I stood no chance.

"I'm going to cum," I warned her. "I want you to swallow every last drop." She gave me a smile to tell me she understood, then lowered her eyes and focused on the impending orgasm.

The pleasure spiked, running up toward that climax. I held it back as long as I could so that it would peak as high as possible, then when I could do no more, I let it happen. Amy's eyes opened wide as I shot the first spurt into her mouth. I saw her throat contract as she gulped it down, an instant before the second spurt fired. She swallowed this one just as eagerly. Again and again I released into her mouth, and somehow she managed to keep up with me. She swallowed over and over, taking everything I gave her.

The orgasm wasn't just physical for me, but emotional as well. As she obediently drank down my cum, I realized just how much she cared for me. She had been willing to give me the most intensely pleasurable experience of my life. She was the best little sister a big brother could ever have.

"Oh Amy, I love you!" I gasped. "My beautiful little sister!"

Her eyes welled up with tears then, but they were tears of joy. I understood her now, and knew why she always met me at school, why she always tried to hug me even when I didn't want her to, why she wanted to spend the weekend with me. Her love for me was beyond that of a sister for a brother. She was my devoted lover. And now I realized that all this time, when I had thought her so obnoxious and annoying, *I* was the one at fault. *I* had been the one to reject her, to grumble and complain when she did nice things for me, to push her away when she tried to hug me. All she wanted was to please me, and I had refused to grant her such a simple little wish.

I collapsed back on the bed, exhausted and spent. Amy let my cock slip from her mouth, then climbed up and lay down on top of me, her hand on my shoulder and her head against my chest.

"Cuddles?" she asked, her first and only request since we had started our little game. I was more than happy to oblige her. I slipped my arms around her back and held her tightly to me.

"You've been so wonderful tonight," I told her. "I don't know why I ever considered inviting Vanessa over when I can spend the weekend with you. I don't even care about making you do everything I say."

"It's okay," she told me. "As long as it makes you happy, it makes me happy."

"You know something funny, that's exactly the same way I feel about you. I just didn't realize it until now."

"It's about time you figured that out, you dummy," she teased.

"I really do love you, Amy. From now on I'm going to prove it. I don't care what my friends think; my little sister is more important to me than them anyway."

"Do you mean it?" she asked, tears returning to her eyes.

"I mean it. In fact, I just thought of a great way to show you just how much I love you."

"How?"

I grinned, then kissed her once again on the forehead. "Tomorrow," I told her, "I'm going to do everything *you* say."

THE END