**Tempted**

by[flamekitten](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=435659&page=submissions)©

It had been a long time since I had a quiet moment to myself. I had been going to school for six straight semesters, plus summer and winter sessions, working on a double major in architecture and environmental studies. I also worked part time as a waitress at a local cafe, and would have stayed in town to pick up some extra shifts, but my warm-hearted boss insisted I take the week off.

At first I toyed with the idea of going to Cancun with some of my friends, but I doubted that it would give me the rest I needed. Besides, I was sick of the party scene, the same old get drunk and hook-up routine that I had never dared to complete. At 21, I was still a virgin by choice, waiting for the right man to come along.

Thoughts of my parents cabin in the north woods of Wisconsin came to mind, and once there, the idea was firmly latched. My mom, step-dad, step-brother and I used to vacation there when I was still living at home, but it had been years since I had experienced the tranquility of the woods, lake and rustic cabin. I didn't need to check in with the folks, they were both busy professionals and not planning a trip up north till summertime. When I left for college, they gave me a key and told me to use the space as if it were my own.

In revolt against my normal never-stop, studious self, I left all my textbooks at home. In their place I brought a few novels I had been wanting to read, my journal, a stack of great music, and a few DVDs that I swiped from my roommate's stash. In case I needed to run to town, I brought one change of clothes. Otherwise, I planned to spend the entire week in the raw. Rarely did I have an opportunity to go around naked outside of my bedroom, but I love the feel of air, sun and water on my naked skin, the freedom without the restriction of clothes.

The four hour drive was uneventful. I took my time, singing with my music, and made it to the small town nearest the cabin about noon. I stocked up on groceries for the week and enjoyed the scenic half hour drive through the deep woods. The cabin was two miles off an unmarked dirt road, the nearest neighbor was a cabin on the other side of the lake.

The cabin itself was a simple one bedroom log cabin. The main room had several couches and a large fuzzy rug in front of the stone fireplace. There was a television and DVD player, but it was kept tucked away in a cabinet.

The room was spacious and lead right into the kitchen, from wood floor to tile. There was a large round table where my family shared our meals together, and sometimes held evening card games. Out back was a large screened in porch that offered a great view of the lake. While my folks enjoyed the simple life out here, my mom had insisted on one modern ammenity a few years back: a jacuzzi hot tub installed in the open air, next to the screened in porch.

I opened all the doors and windows to let the cabin air out, brought in my bags from the car, and stripped out of my jeans, t-shirt, bra and undies. I smiled at myself in the full length mirror, my curves ample but my body tight. I itched to share it with someone, but after almost going all the way with a total jerk five years ago, I vowed to wait for love.

The thought made me sigh. Though I knew I would savor my time alone, deep down I wish I had a love to share it with. My body had been ready for years, and it was only through a great variety of masterful self-pleasure skills that I was able to stand firm.

I unpacked, made myself a veggie sandwich, and went for a long swim in the warm lake. I got out to enjoy the sunset on the beach, the fading daylight kissing my naked skin. I lay on the towel with my legs partly spread, and enjoyed the rush of cool air into to my hot little slit. A drop of water trickled down from my thigh and tickled my sensitive nub. My hand followed it, making lazy circles at first, then as I heated, my fingers rubbed it furiously, quickly bringing me to a pleasant little orgasm.

As was often the case, that first orgasm did not sate me but rather made me want for more. I gathered my towel and suntan oil and headed back to the cabin, and popped in one of my roommate's DVDs. My roommate Chelsea had an affection for older adult films. Most of her collection came from the 60's or 70's, and in sharp contrast to most of the hard core fuck scene after fuck scene of modern porn, these films all had story lines and substance. They drew you in, teased you, but always delivered in the end.

Chelsea and I had watched some together before, our fingers invariably slipping under our skirts before the show was over. I had come to enjoy them as much as Chelsea; the actors were natural and knew how to act, and there was no doubt they took real pleasure in the love scenes.

I stretched out on the sofa with a set of toys in handy reach. Though I was still a virgin, I had broke my own hymen many years ago, though I was careful to only use smaller dildos and vibrators, as I did not want to be all stretched out before I had a chance to experience a real cock.

As the film heated up, so did I, reaching for a small rubber dong that I had named Pedro. I coated Pedro in a thin layer of baby oil before rubbing him up and down my slit. My juices started flowing and I pushed him deep within me, my right hand fingering my clitoris while my left plunged the dong in and out. As I did not have to worry about sound, I let my cries ring out over the cries of the lovely little brunette on the screen. We came together not once but twice, and for the moment, I was fully satisfied.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when I head a throat clear behind me, "Um, hi Kylie," a familiar voice said. Pedro still embedded deeply within me, I reached for the nearest item with which to cover myself up: a small throw pillow. On the screen, my friends were experimenting with anal sex.

My pale cheeks now blazing read, I did not turn to greet Erik, my step-brother. "Could you give me just a minute of privacy, please?" I asked.

"Why? I thought you were done," he teased.

"Out. Now." I said, and he wordlessly stepped out the door.

In a flash I had removed Pedro, turned off the film and threw on my clothes. "Can I come in now?" Erik asked with the door cracked.

"Yeah, go ahead." Erik came in with a few bags, looking tired but with a sparkle of mischief in his eyes.

"Sorry to interrupt your little party," he said.

Fuck, how much had he seen? I tried to be nonchalant, "I do wish you would've shown up a half hour later," I said, though I knew even if he had, he would have walked in on something. "But it's good to see you," I said. I wanted to give him a hug, but that somehow felt too intimate at the moment, given what he walked in on.

Apparently he didn't care, because he walked over and gave me a giant bear hug, lifting me off the ground. My mom and his dad had gotten married when I was three, and he was six, so we had grown up together like brother and sister. Except that we got along better than most blood siblings I knew.

"So, whatcha doin here?" Erik asked when he put me down.

"It's spring break, and I needed some quiet time." I had almost said 'time alone', but I didn't want him to feel like he was in the way. Though I would miss my naked and naughty time, I was actually glad he was there. "What about you?"

"It's my spring break, too," he said. He was an assistant professor of anthropology at the U of W Madison, also working on his PhD. Though we spoke on the phone nearly every week, since we had both moved out of our parents house, we only really got to see each other over Christmas, and he'd missed it this year because he took a ski trip instead. "I was planning on staying until next Sunday, unless you want some, uh, private time."

My blush returned. "Don't be silly, I never get to see you. And I have plenty of private time in my bedroom at home, thank you."

His grin was lopsided. "So, no boyfriend yet?" He was forever asking when I would hook up with someone. I cleared my throat. "No one worth it. What about you, how's Sandra?"

Erik shook his head, his shock of dark messy hair everywhere. "She's history. I couldn't take it: the constant whining and need for attention, her shopping addiction, the two hour long prep time to go out."

I put on a half-frown. "I thought you really liked her."

"I liked who she pretended to be at first. But as time wore on, those qualities faded. Hey, have you had dinner yet?"

I told him I hadn't, but had planned to make a stir fry for myself. I agreed to cook for him, too, while he unpacked and showered.

I put on a new Devendra Banhart album that I was in love with and sang along as I chopped. Erik emerged just as I was throwing the broccoli into the pan. "Who is this? It's really great."

I told him and said I could make a copy for him. While he often agreed with my taste in music, he wasn't one to go out and find stuff he liked. He just waited for it to come to him, and he'd often thanked me for personally contributing to the bulk of his collection.

We sat down to dinner and gave each other the updates on our lives. Gratefully he made no more cracks about what he'd walked in on. I was trying my best to put it out of my mind, as I had with other similar instances from the past.

The last time we'd been at home together, he walked into the bathroom, naked, while I was in the shower. There was a pregnant pause and flat-out starring before he blushed, grabbed a towel, and left. Once, in high school, he'd caught me spying on him as he made out with some cheerleader. He had been kind about it, and I had hoped he'd chalked it up to young curiosity, but the truth was, I had been drawn to him since I became a woman, at age 13.

I would be lying if I said it wasn't a sexual attraction, but it was more than that. He was sweet, funny, intelligent, polite: all the things I looked for in a mate. I had once joked with a close friend that the reason I couldn't settle for any of the guys around me was because I had been spoiled with a brother that treated me too good, and that no one matched up to him.

Of course, I felt funny about thinking of him that way. No, we weren't blood related, but he was still my brother. In high school, when I was still reading those frivolous teen fashion magazines, I read a letter in an advice column about a girl in a similar situation. I devoured every word of the response, which basically said it was innappropriate, dangerous, and damaging to the family dynamic, all things I had felt and thought before.

It didn't matter, anyway, because Erik never treated in any way other than sisterly. He had a bit of a protective streak to him, forbidding me to see certain guys he didn't trust. More than anything, though, he was a good friend to me. When he was almost out of high school and I was a gawky, awkward early teen he still included me in his circle when most brothers were too embarrassed to socialize with their sisters. He had his own life, of course, but he never forget that I was his oldest, bestest friend.

As we cleaned our dinner plates, Erik got a smirk on his face, "so, you wanna watch a movie tonight?" he asked.

I swatted him with my drying towel. "You do not get to make fun of me for that, okay?"

He shrugged, "I wasn't making fun. I brought some videos where people actually wear their clothes."

I stuck my tongue out at him and let the wave of embarrassment pass. We ended up watching a foreign film called Delicatessen, which was really very good. Afterwards, he agreed to sleep on the pull out sofa that we used to share as children. "Okay, I said, "but we'll take turns."

I took me awhile to get to sleep. I kept thinking about how Erik had walked in on me, and wondered how much he'd seen. Did he think I was a pervert? I doubted that, but still it was awkward.

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"Let's go for a swim," Erik suggested after we woke at a leisurely hour and had breakfast.

I wanted nothing more than to do the same, but there was a problem. "I don't think so," I said.

"Why not?"

I bit my lip. "I didn't bring a suit."

He put his plate down in the sink. "Oh. Well, you can wear a t-shirt or something, right?"

I nodded. "Sure, I guess so." I had really wanted him to say he didn't mind if I swum nude.

I knew the exact inventory of my clothes: a tight white tank top and a loose white t-shirt, and two pairs of jeans. No bras, no panites. I asked him if I could borrow a pair of boxers, he didn't question it.

Changing in the bathroom, I realized his boxers were too big for me, even with the elastic waistband. I found a safety pin and adjusted it so they would hug my hips tight. Then, I donned the thin white t-shirt, knowing he would get a show. I had to shrug it off, he'd seen me naked countless times in our youth, and certainly he'd see quite a bit yesterday.

We found some the old inner tubes in the shed and dragged them to the beach with us. I mounted mine and floated lazily in it, avoiding the water while Erik splashed around.

"Aw, come on, the water's great," he said.

"In a bit, maybe."

"In a bit, now," he said, and pushed his weight on the side of the tube so that I tipped over an into the water. It was on now.

What ensued could only be called a high-stakes game of water wrestling. He was a tall, strong guy, and I know he could have beat me in a second had he wanted to, but he always let me feel like I had a shot. And then he would cream me.

I had managed to slip from his grip, I ducked under the water and swam until I was behind him, then I pushed him over with all my 110 lb might. Because he wasn't ready for it, he fell forward into the water, but quickly steadied himself. Then he spun around and caught me. He swooped me into his arms and carried towards the shore, saying in a caveman voice, "Now I will take you to the deep woods and chain you to a tree, and leave you for the bears to eat."

I feigned a helpless starlet voice, "Oh no! Please, anything but that!" Laughing, he set me down on the pier, and a strange look came into his eyes before he turned away. Looking down, I saw the thin shirt clinging to my every curve, my erect nipples clearly visible.

Folding my arms over my chest, I looked out towards the water. Grateful for a distraction, I saw that the inner tubes had both floated far out into the lake. "Look," I said.

"Race ya," he replied, and quick like a flash he was in the water. I ran to the edge of the pier and dove in after him, doing my strongest breaststroke to catch up. I saw him out of the corner of my eye, he was only a few yards ahead of me, so I gave it all I had and tagged the nearest tube a split second before he did.

"Now, you make me dinner," I said.

"Okay," he shrugged, and swam the few extra yards to get the other tube. We floated back lazily and spent the rest of the day on the beach, reading. Later, Erik stood on the edge of the pier with his fishing pole and caught us some dinner.

I was surprised at how tasty it was. I hadn't known that Erik could fish, clean a fish, or cook, but he did it all without a word of complaint. Thanking him, I did the dishes and baked a blueberry pie. Well, it was a pre-made crust and frozen berries, but it was still good.

The night had turned chilly, so we built a small fire. We drank a few beers as we sat on the rug in front of the flames, playing poker. Instead of betting chips or money, we bet with secrets we threatened to tell our parents, as in: I'll see your ditching school to go dirt-bike riding and raise you the dirty magazines you stashed under your bed.

As the night wore on, Erik pulled out his trump card. "I bet you one Kylie was fucking herself like a porn star in the cabin."

I glared at him, and called his bet with the time he had tried to grow marijuana his bedroom closet. He won the hand, and seeing my beet red cheeks, he said, "Don't worry, I won't really tell them."

"Thanks," I said. Seizing the moment, I ask, "Do you think I'm a pervert?"

Erik laughed, running his fingers through his messy dark hair. "Hardly. Damn, Kylie, if you weren't my sister..." he trailed off.

"What?" I asked, emboldened by beer.

He shrugged and looked away. "Let's just say you could have made a video of your own."

I didn't push it, because I thought I knew what he didn't want to say. "Well, a girl's gotta have some release," I said, knowing in my heart that there was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Come on, Kylie, you're a beautiful girl. You could have your pick of men, I'm sure."

I shook my head. "I'm waiting."

"What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"I mean I'm a virgin, and I'm waiting for the right guy to give myself to."

Erik's eyes widened, but instead of some smart ass comment like I was used to, he just said, "That's commendable, Kylie."

I nodded and changed the subject. It was just too weird, the way he looked at me. I yawned and stretched and started to get ready for bed. When I went to unfold the sofa bed, Erik stopped me. "You really don't want to sleep on that," he said. "It sags like a wet noodle, and there's a loose spring right in the middle."

I shook my head. "Then I'm not going to let you sleep on it two night in a row."

Erik shrugged. "I don't mind sharing the bed if you don't," he said. It was a king sized bed, plenty of room for both of us. But it made me feel a strange heat in my private regions.

But I didn't want to act like it was a big deal. After all, we had shared a bed often in our youth. So I agreed before I realized I didn't have a nightgown. Again, I asked him for boxers. Again, he didn't question it.

The shirt I'd worn swimming was still drying, so I put on the tank top. I couldn't find another safety pin for the boxers, but these seemed a bit tighter. Then I brushed my teeth and curled up on the far side of the bed.

The night was cold, and the room unheated. I pulled myself into a tighter ball and tucked the covers snugly around me. By the sound of Erik's breathing, I could tell he was still awake.

"Are you cold, too?" he asked.

I just nodded, but he must have been able to sense my movement. "Come here," he said, scooting closer to the center of the bed. I lay on my side away from him, and he curled up around me. A moment later, he wrapped his arm around my body and pulled me closer. "Is this okay?" he asked.

Well, it was and it wasn't. It felt wonderful to be in his arms, warm and safe. But my body was also responding in less appropriate ways. I mumbled that it was fine, and tried to fill my head with silly things like multiplication tables. It was a long time before I slept.

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I had a night of pleasant dreams. Pleasant dirty dreams. Thankfully Erik wasn't the star (thand you Johnny Depp!), but when I woke I found us still curled together tightly. His hand had found its way under my shirt, his thumb grazing the underside of my breast. The boxers had slipped down my ass, which was pressing into his groin. It was enough. I was sure that if he was awake, he could smell my arousal.

I tried to move without waking him, unsuccessfully. In half-sleep he pulled me closer. I tried to get up, but he mumbled, "Just a few more minutes, please."

I was fully awake now. I could feel his morning woody pressing into my bare ass, separated by just a thin piece of fabric. I lay there for another minute until I could take it no longer. I fidgeted until he loosened his grip, waking.

"Mornin'," I mumbled and shuffled to the bathroom. I splashed cold water on my face. Life was unfair.

We spent the morning apart. I tried to erase all these thoughts from my mind, but they wouldn't go away. Since I couldn't say anything to him, I poured all my thoughts and feelings into my journal. It made me feel a little better.

I went for a jog later through the woods, stripping my clothes off after I was a mile away from the cabin. It felt great to have the fresh air caress my body. I felt the heavy weight of my breasts jiggle up and down with each step, the breeze tickling my bare pussy, and had the thought that I wished Erik was watching me, before I pushed it out of my mind.

I was sweating profusely by the time I returned, so I hopped into the shower and got back into my now dirty clothes. I thought about going in to town to get a new outfit tomorrow, but the thought of starchy, unwashed clothes appealed to me as much as dirty ones did.

It was another cool night. Erik suggested we enjoy the hot tub after dinner. I nodded numbly and changed into the outfit I had swam in yesterday.

The hot tub provided a sharp contrast to the cool spring air. I sank in to my neck before Erik even made it outside. When he came out in just his swim trunks, I tried not to look at the sexy trail of hair that dissappeared under the shorts. I tried not to notice his broad chest, and the veins that popped out of his muscled arms. I did notice that he carried a bottle of wine and two glasses.

He poured us each a glass and we clinked a toast when he sunk in the tub across from me. "To getting to spend quality time with my favorite step-sister," he said. That I was his only step-sister didn't need saying.

We stayed in the hot tub for a long time, discussing the philosophy of our lives, past, present and future. The wine had relaxed me a great deal, and for the first time that day I felt comfortable around him. We got halfway through a second bottle before he noticed my yawning. I tried to insist I wasn't tired, but Erik in his infinite wisdom proclaimed that we should get to bed soon, for we had a hard day ahead of us tomorrow. Ha.

Without asking, he wrapped himself around me in the bed, just as he'd done the night before, and we carried on our conversation for awhile.

There was a pause, and I thought he'd finally drifted off. Then Erik spoke again, his mouth near my ear, his voice almost a whisper, "Kylie, do you remember, when we were little, and you used to sneak into my room at night so we could sleep together like this?"

I smiled. I was so young then. "Yeah. I always felt naughty, like Mom and Dad would get pissed if they found out."

I could feel his smile on my neck. "I used to like to pretend that we were grown up. And that you weren't my sister."

My heart jumped. "Me, too," I whispered.

"Kylie...When I walked in on you the other day..." he gulped. "I want to talk about that."

"What's there to say?" I asked, stupidly.

"Look at me, Kylie," he asked softly. My body spun around of it's own accord. I could see the moon reflecting in his eyes. "We're adults now," he said.

I looked into his eyes. They were soft and pleading. But also a little nervous. "But you're still my brother," I said, looking down.

Erik nodded. "Don't be mad, please. But I read your journal while you were jogging."

Stupidly, I had left it out. I knew he had read my journals when we were younger. Perhaps, subconsciously, I had wanted him to read this one.

I didn't know what to say. But I didn't have to, because Erik spoke up again. "I know exactly how you feel, Kylie."

Again, I was left speechless, my heart pounding loudly. I met Erik's eyes across from me, they were so bright, so full of love. "It's okay, Kylie. We're out of the house, we're not related by blood," he said.

The corners of my mouth twitched up, but I still said nothing. "I've wanted to kiss you for a long, long time. Please let me do it now."

My brain had turned off, my body on. Every bit of my skin was tingling as I closed my eyes and moved my head a fraction of an inch towards him.

The next second him mouth was on mine. It was a kiss like none other, starting as a sweet, gentle exploration, and quickly becoming something more. Our mouths were open to each other, our tongues and lips dancing, our teeth nipping, our hands finding each other's skin and pulling each to the other. I was breathless, lost in his touch, my pussy on fire.

It felt too right to be wrong. When his mouth left mine to find my neck and suckle downwards, I lost my inhibition and let out a throaty moan. He moaned in response, pressing his erection into the junction of my thighs. "God, Kylie, I want you so bad. If you're going to stop me, you'd better stop me know."

All I could think about was having him inside of me. I pulled away from him and smiled shyly. "No way am I going to stop you," I said.

His relief was immense and obvious. We kissed for a long time, rubbing our bodies together. I think he was trying to take it slow, because he knew it was my first time, but I was itching, dying to have more of him. All of him. As he nibbled my earlobe and kneaded my ass, I breathed, "please, Erik, take my clothes off."

"Sure thing, sis," he grinned. It sounded so naughty. So delicious. He kneeled at my side and slowly lifted my tank top off, like my mom did when unwrapping a present, to save the paper. I watched his eyes as he took in the curves of my waist, my full breasts, my erect nipples. He was so beautiful.

He groaned when he slid his boxers down my body, to reveal my trimmed little bush awash in my wet arousal. He took his clothes off next. I would have liked to see him strip himself as he did me, but he did it without ceremony, like a hungry man. Then he began to adore my feet, rubbing them gently for a minute. I gasped when he took my big toe in his mouth, as it shot a tingle of warm, hot fuzz right to my pussy. He took his time, suckling each of my toes, causing me to wriggle about the bed and meow like a sex kitten.

When he was done loving my toes his hands traveled slowly up my calf. He lifted my leg up when he got to my knee, and kissed the inside of it, sending another startling jolt into my heat. He opened me wider when he set my leg back down, and returned his fingertips to my flesh, slowly stroking up to my inner thighs. I was quivering by then, my pussy aching to be touched, my clit swollen and throbbing.

"God, you are so wet," he said with amazement as his fingers finally found my slit and gently explored my folds. He groaned with me as his fingers came in contact with my clit, just a loving stroke, but enough to stoke my fires even more. I thought I would melt up and burn down at once.

I was about to beg him to taste me when he read my mind, and dipped his tongue into my juices, lapping them up like a thirsty man rehydrating. He hardened his tongue into a point and let it slip deeper into my folds, my hips squirming on his face. Then he removed his tongue from my pussy and began to play with my most sensitive spot, licking, then sucking, then licking and sucking, "Oh fuck, oh god," I cried, and when I thought it couldn't get any better he pushed two fingers inside of me, curling them, finding another pleasure center I wasn't even aware I had.

I had been riding the waves of my orgasm for some time, but this pulled me in like a tsumani. Heat spread to every inch of my body, inside, outside, jolts of pleasure that came from my pussy pulsed everywhere. I was making wild noises I had never heard out of my mouth before, and Erik sucked and licked every last drop of pleasure out of me until it was so much, too much.

He seemed to know when he hit that point because he stopped, and lifted himself on top of my body, kissing me. I could taste myself in his mouth, and like a little slut I searched out my own juices. I felt no shame, only desire. His hardness was rubbing against me, just to the side of my hot, wet opening. I shifted my hips slightly, so I could feel the length of him rubbing on my tenderness. He groaned again, kissing me hard.

"Now, I want you now," I whispered. He lifted his hips off me, and with perfect aim, guided the head of his cock to the center of me, just barely pushing in. I held my breath as he slipped into me, slowly, deeper. I lifted my hips to his in haste, joining us completely. He fell on top of me, sighing, "yesss."

I ran my fingers through his hair, and kissed his neck as he had mine, all this while he held himself still inside me. "you're so tight, so sweet. It feels so good to be inside you," he muttered, then withdrew so that his cock was barely inside me. I quivered as he held himself there, teasing me. Please, baby, now, I coaxed him with my mind. Then my step-brother thrust deep into me in one strong motion, and I moaned like a woman possessed.

It was like this for a long time, sweet but tantalizingly slow. I could see it on his face, it was torture for him as well. I coaxed him quicker with my hips and my sighs, so that we found a comfortable rhythm. And then his mouth found my nipples, sucking, biting, so that that heat exploded within me again, lightning bolts to everywhere. My pussy was gushing around his cock as he pushed in and out of me. I grabbed on to his ass so I could pull him deep within me as we met, his balls slapping my ass, my hips lifting, his cock thrusting, filling me and stretching me and making me feel whole, alive.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," I cried as Erik thrust into me harder, faster, the strain on his face evident, my pussy swallowing him and bathing him and clenching around him. "ooohhhhh fuckkk," he moaned as another orgasm pulled me under its spell. I'm sure I was vocal, incoherent, I know my body was alive as it had never been before, my hips slamming into his slamming into mine, hard, hot, dirty, quick, deep, yes, I cried, yes, he cried, yes, yes, fuck, yes. His hot seed spurted deep within me as my pussy quaked, drinking it up, squeezing him for more.

He fell on top of me but did not withdraw. I wrapped my legs and arms around him, and he rolled us over so we were on our sides, embraced tightly. I pushed my center into him so I could still feel his hardness, softening. He brushed my hair from my eyes and kissed my forehead, my cheek, my mouth.

Our lips said what our voices could not. There was nothing that was wrong with this, the only wrong was that we had waited so long. We kissed and stroked until our exhaustion overtook us, and we fell asleep, still joined. I didn't ever want to be apart from him, and I felt a bliss unlike any other as I drifted off.

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We were a tangle of limbs come morning. He had awoken before me, his fingertips traced my collarbone so softly it almost tickled. Seeing my eyes flutter open he smiled. "Good morning," I cooed.

"Indeed," he said. Our eyes searched each others found only love, desire. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me on top of him. I straddled his upper thighs, his cock swollen stiff between us. He kissed the tip of my nose. I kissed his lower lip, then sucked on it. His lips spread into a slow grin as I propped myself up on my arms and smiled down at him. "This feels so right," Erik said, "doesn't it?"

"I want to learn how to suck your cock," I answered. His cock jerked in response.

"Kylie, you have a very dirty mouth," he teased.

"I'd like it to be dirtier," I looked at him sweetly. "Please, teach me." I had watched enough porn and read enough erotica that I had the basic idea. But I wanted him to say the words, not only to turn me on, but so that he would know he didn't have to be delicate with me. Of course, I also wanted to know exactly how he liked to be pleased.

I knelt at his side, my mouth lined up with his rigid penis. I took a moment to examine it, It was long and thick, curved inward, slightly, to his belly, with a swollen, almost purple head. "How do I start?" I asked Erik.

He cleared his throat, not used to giving his lovers instructions, I imagine. "Well, you could start by touching it."

I took my index finger and touched its base, slowly petting it. I was being a pain in the ass. "How's this?" I asked.

"Frustrating as all hell, and you know it. Take my cock in your mouth and suck me," he commanded, then his voice softened, "listen to me, you'll know when you get it."

I smiled. That didn't take long. I opened my mouth and swallowed him, as much as I could. He gave me a soft groan, so I figured I was on to a good start. I played around for awhile, trying different pressures, sucking, licking. I found the head to be especially sensitive. He also liked it when I fondled his balls. But I'm pretty sure his favorite part was when I swallowed every inch of him, and began bobbing up and down with a steady pressure and flicks of my tongue.

He was quite vocal, I liked listening to all his different sounds. He tried to let me know when he was close, but I didn't mind swallowing his seed, I drank it up like a rare delicacy.

When I had sucked out every last drop, Erik gestured to me, "come here, you," he said with a sated smile. I snuggled up onto his chest and he stroked my hair lovingly. We curled up for awhile with lazy kisses and touches, and then Erik started playing with my breasts.

I'm not sure if other women's breasts are as sensitive as mine, but I can get turned on by a light breeze or fabric bushing my nipple just the right way. With Erik's expert attentions, I was fast on my way to another lightning ride. He suckled my nipple with his mouth, teeth, and tongue, while toying with the other between his thumb and forefinger. As my moans increased so did his pressure until he was sucking me so hard between little flicks of his tongue that my body was pulsing, my pussy throbbing. I had begun my orgasm without his laying a finger on my creamy pie, though I did not protest when his finger found my clit in the midst of it, intensifying the pleasure to absurd heights.

Then I rode him like a cowgirl. I couldn't get enough of him, or his cock, and I set about my duties with vigor and pride. I liked being in control of the pace, I especially liked when he fingered my swollen nub as I rode him. It didn't take long before we came, together, again.

It was well past noon before we made it out of bed, my tummy in need of nourishment. I padded into the kitchen without bothering with clothes, and Erik eyed me questioningly. "Kylie, not that I would ever get tired of seeing your hot, naked body, but...are you going to get dressed today? Cause I might not make it through if you don't."

"I know you've noticed that I haven't brought many clothes with me. That's because I was planning on spending this whole week without them on."

Erik's jaw dropped, but then he just smiled and kissed me. Then he pulled off his boxers, saying, "if you can't beat 'em..."

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"Let's watch one of your films," Erik suggested after we'd had a good naked swim and such in the lake.

My mouth curled into a smile. "What, those boring documentaries?"

Erik nodded. "I want to watch you play with yourself."

What girl can argue with that? We pulled the sofa bed out (which, incidentally, had neither sag nor broken spring, that sneak) and popped in Wonder Girls. We sat up in the bed, holding hands, patiently watching the plot unfold. As more unfolded, I felt that familiar twitch within me, spread my legs, and began spreading the wetness around.

At this point Erik become more interested in me than the video, though I was still watching the film. There were two girls and two guys in a tangle of sucking and fucking, and it was pretty hot, so my fingers sped up into a rhythm my clit really liked. It was nothing like when Erik helped me cum, but just his being there, watching, made it quite pleasurable.

When the tiny girl on screen got taken up the ass, I couldn't hold back my twitching. My finger worked furiously and I panted and moaned. Erik leaned and and licked my nipple then, and that did me in.

"Do you want to try that?" he whispered in my ear, gesturing to the movie.

Slowly, I nodded. I was a very curious girl, after all.

We moved down to the fuzzy rug and Erik came back with a bottle of baby oil. Kissing me tenderly first, then he had me get on all fours with my legs spread. It was such a vulnerable position, and I think that really turned me on.

Erik drizzled the oil at the top of my ass crack, and with his fingers, slid it near my puckered hole. I drew in a breath when a finger worked its way into the tight, virgin space. Oh, but it felt good. He drizzled more oil, this time aiming straight into my asshole. It felt cool and hot at the same time as I lifted my ass high in the air so gravity could slide it down.

Erik had one finger in as deeply as it could go, he moved it in and out like a mini-cock. Suddenly on one thrust he added a second finger, his middle finger, a little longer so I could feel him touching those hidden walls inside. I groaned.

He worked his fingers in and out for a while, loosening me, making me buck and moan. I was past ready when he finally placed his rock hard manhood at my asshole, and slowly pushed his way inside.

I had heard that anal sex was supposed to hurt a girl, and though there was some pain amongst the many sensations I was feeling, I was more inclined to call it fantastic. He fucked me slowly at first, but as my oil-lined passage opened to him further, he became more enthusiastic in his pace and depth. I was moaning again, moaning and mumbling dirty things. When he reached around to play with my clit while he fucked my ass I thought I would die. I wanted this, every day, every moment, to be joined with him, in every nasty way.

Erik couldn't hold himself for very long this time, though from the copious amounts of cum he spurted up my asshole I'm certain he enjoyed himself. Though I wanted to cuddle I thought of what sort of things I would leak on the fuzzy rug, so I got up and cleaned myself before we could lay in each other's arms.

Everything we did together, whether puritanically sweet or utterly disgusting, was with love. There was no doubt of that, for either of us, as we fucked each other silly that week, doing everything we'd ever imagined wanting to try. We did 69 a hundred times. He tied me up, I tied him up. He tortured my tits with clothespins. I worked a dildo in my ass as he fucked me from behind. I started to explore his ass with my fingers, and when I discovered he liked it, he got to know Pedro a little better.

Our last night at the cabin together we spent naked on the beach. We were fooling around pretty heavy, Erik was on top of me and about to enter when he cursed. "Can you hold on for a minute, love, I gotta pee."

"No," I said. "Do it on me." I think he was a little surprised to hear that, but he knew me well enough to know it was what I wanted, so he didn't ask twice.

I was laying on my back with my legs spread wide, knees bent, as he kneeled before me. He let a little piss dribble out onto my belly and I felt myself get wetter in the hot box. Reading my mind, he directed the stream lower, until it was aimed straight for my pussy, which I held open for him. He really let his sharp stream of piss go then, prickling my hard little clit, and I loved the warmth of it, the dirtiness of it. "In me," I said breathlessly, and he entered in one strong stroke, emptying his bladder into my tight heat. I loved it, the sweet fluid warmth, and I let him know with my motions, my voice. We pounded into each other hard and fast for but a few moments, my super-storm of an orgasm gripping me when he pumped me full of hot cum. I guess he enjoyed it as much as I did.

It was harder than anything saying goodbye to Erik at the week's end, but I had no doubt he would wait for me. Instead of classes I went to live with him in Madison that summer, where we contentedly played out of favorite fantasies. I was his nurse, a seductress, a nun. He was my doctor, my teacher, my master. We had some friends join in. We made a video.

When we were at home together that next Christmas, we decided to tell our parents. We had expected something of a blowout, which was why the best present that year was when Mom said, "What took you guys so long?" Dad just laughed. "You've been in love with each other since before you knew what love was. And we couldn't be happier for you."

So that is the story of how my step-dad became my father-in-law. After our parents' warm reception of the union, Erik did old fashioned-like and got down on one knee with a ring. I knew the answer before he finished the question.

It's been a blissful three years as both brother and sister, husband and wife. We've finished school and are happy in our fields. We have just decided to go off birth control, so I can have a niece and a daughter or a nephew and a son in one fell swoop. Lord knows there'll be a baby made soon. Maybe even tonight.