**The First Time I Saw My Sister Naked**

by[Cphucker](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=282836&page=submissions)©

The first time I saw my sister naked, I remember my knees trembling and my throat becoming suddenly dry. Pictures of naked women abounded on my password-protected computer, of course, but to this point in my life I had not seen a real naked woman. Maybe when we were both younger, we had inadvertently seen each other but it was certainly not anything either of us remembered. Our normal childhood was just like any other. But even at a young age I do remember being aware that my sister, who I was not supposed to notice sexually, was quite a stunning creature.

She was a very natural blond, one year older than me at 19, with beautiful skin that was just begging to be tasted. Her neck especially looked delicious, when she tilted her head to one side, revealing that sensitive and vulnerable part that I could sink my teeth into. I loved the way her long strands of hair fell to one side when she did that, cascading over her shoulder. How I longed to touch her... But it wasn't allowed. I knew that, even at a young age.

Now that I was old enough to act on my inclinations with any female I wanted, it seemed that the only one I wanted could not be had. The thought of other men, or boys really in our teenage social circles, staring at her and desiring her as I did, feeling the same urges as I had for years, drove me to insanity. I was the one who desired her, and yet they all had their opportunities to be with her while I never did. I learned to accept this finally, and moved on. It had not been easy, but an entire society of stigmas would eventually ward off my desires and stow them away where I no longer paid any attention to them.

That is, until I saw her naked. To be fair, it was not in any way her fault. I had come home unexpected, and in our bedrooms upstairs the front door could not be heard. I knew she was home, but did not realize that she had slept in late and waited until now to take her morning shower. I had been up earlier, and our parents were long gone for the day. I hadn't bothered to call out to her when I realized the bathroom door was wide open. I simply hopped up the stairs and went for my room, which was past the bathroom and her bedroom. I was going to change out of my shorts and into some nicer clothes, when I caught sight of her as I passed.

She was bent over, already having dried off with the towel that she was now using on her dripping hair. Thinking that she was alone in the house, she had not bothered to close the door, likely so that the mirror wouldn't steam over. I did the same thing when I was home alone. Roughly tousling the towel through her hair, she could not hear my quiet steps. My body stopped instinctively, and my gaze went right to her legs and rear end, both splendidly on display as she bent at the waist. I knew it was wrong to look, and the guilt kept growing the longer I stared. But I couldn't look away.

Her legs were lovely, for sure. But they only led my eyes upwards to the wondrous spectacle of her ass. A single drop of moisture began to roll down the luscious curve of her buttocks, stopping at that sweet inward angle where her cheeks met her thighs. I wanted to dive forward and catch that drop on my tongue, but I restrained myself understandably. Still, despite what I knew to be right and wrong, I felt an uncontrollable erection strain my shorts. I had to get out of there, now. Any second she would stand up and see me, and my obvious arousal, and it would be hell. She would think me sick and perverted, and she would be right.

In seemingly slow motion, it happened. She straightened, shook the hair from her face, and turned while still holding the towel in her hand. She pivoted around to face the mirror, but saw someone in the doorway. Without covering herself, she glanced up to see me frozen in both terror and lust.

I expected her to scream. Or to begin yelling loudly while frantically attempting to conceal her nakedness from her sibling. I could tell by her eyes that she was shocked, perhaps a bit scared. But neither of us did anything. She was frozen as I was, watching me stare at her body. My eyes did not dart up and down, but rather I seemed to stare at her entirely in one single unflinching gaze.

God, she was beautiful... Her hips were cocked up on one side just a bit, giving her that wonderful feminine pose that drove men crazy. I noticed how tight and firm her body was, though I already knew she was very active. When I dared take special notice of her breasts, I remember observing how they were not especially large, certainly not like the women on my computer. But I had never been more inclined to reach out and suck on them, groping them in my hands and feeling their softness. They were lovely, most assuredly the best pair I'd ever seen.

Finally, she dared to move. I felt defensive suddenly, ready to defend my actions and run like hell before she said anything. But my body would not move until I heard her speak at least one word. I couldn't help but notice, however, that she had not yet attempted to conceal herself. Perhaps she was trying to maintain some kind of dignity, otherwise the embarrassment would grow even more between us.

"I'm sorry," I blurted.

She chanced a glance down at my shorts. It was much too late to try to hide my erection from her. She had seen plenty of it by now. Maybe I could show my own dignity as she was doing. Calm, quiet, unmoving. No movement at all. If I dared adjust my composure, I would surely lose my dignity and run far away to hide.

"Oh, no... I didn't..." she stuttered.

She began to wrap the towel around herself. She tried to keep it around her chest, but it was too small to wrap around her upper body. It was no use at this point to pretend she needed to cover what I had already seen. So she lowered the towel and did her best to fasten it around her waist. Of course the towel was still too small to do this properly, so it hung lower above her hip and her right thigh was still in my plain sight.

"I didn't know you were home," she said, her breasts bare and open for my viewing.

I tried not to stare, but she wouldn't have noticed anyway. Her eyes were fixed on my crotch. I turned my body slightly, but the angle only showed her more detail.

"It's okay," she said calmly. "Too late anyway. The only way I could possibly see more was if you took your shorts off."

Was that her way of breaking the ice? I laughed nervously, trying to play it off I guess. I really didn't know what to do at this point. My sister was still mostly naked before me, the towel around her waist almost enhancing her sensuality like a mini skirt with a slit up the entire right side.

Before I could make a move, we both heard the front door. The faint sounds of voices told us our parents were home.

To my surprise, my sister ran towards me and grabbed my shirt with one hand and the doorknob with the other. Pulling me sharply into the bathroom, she quickly shut the door. To be honest, I was surprised she didn't just slam it closed with me still on the other side of it. Why had she wanted me in here with her?

A voice called from downstairs, our parents alerting us that they were home. But the chatter of conversation trailed off as they went into another room, not bothering to wait for a response.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as if protesting her actions. My past infatuated self would have kicked me.

"You want them to see you staring at your naked sister?" she asked, giving me an amused look.

"I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

She shook her head. "It's fine. I can tell what you were thinking with."

My hands went to my crotch, confirming the tent that remained there. She smiled.

"You better not let them catch you leaving the bathroom with me still in here," she warned, but I sensed that she was playing with me.

"Well what am I supposed to do?"

She shrugged, causing me to once again take notice of her breasts. "Sit down and wait."

For some strange reason I complied. Maybe I was thinking with my dick.

My sister did not seem bothered by my presence, and began combing her hair. I sat on the edge of the bathtub in silence, pretending to wait but really admiring her. I could see her naked front quite easily in the mirror. She knew I was staring, but pretended not to notice. She blow-dried her hair, brushed her teeth, and spread lotion on her skin all while I watched in secret arousal. Why was she letting me do this? Had she always known about my fantasies about her? Perhaps I had been careless, too obvious with my stares, or maybe she knew about the times I used to look through her underwear drawer.

"Um," she started, pausing as if contemplating something. "I have to shave now."

It seemed to me that she would have shaved her legs in the shower, but either way why would she tell me like that?

"Okay..." I said uncertain.

"You can watch if you want."

With that she undid the towel around her waist and set it on top of the toilet lid. I caught sight of the treasure between her legs, and immediately knew what she was referring to. Her patch of dark blond pubic hair was suddenly very evident to me, as I had not taken much notice of it before. There was an obvious design that had been carefully trimmed just above her vagina, which I could not see especially well this far away. But I saw small hairs beginning to surface all around the small strip of denser hair that was like a jagged flame seated just above her clit. I was surprised to learn that she kept herself so neatly groomed. I thought that was only something porn stars did. She grabbed the shaving cream from under the sink and sprayed a glob onto her palm. With a slightly devilish smile, she glanced at me before reaching downward to perform what would be the most erotic act I had ever seen up to this point.

Carefully, slowly, she began spreading the shaving cream between her thighs, all around her pubic area. Lightly she dabbed her foamy fingers around her vagina, much more open to me now as she spread her legs to give herself access. When she was done, she took her razor from the edge of the sink and began to use it on herself. I was so turned on watching her, my hard on was aching with lust. She carefully slid it across her skin, removing all of the hair except for just above her clit. She had obviously done this many times before. It hadn't been but a minute of two, but I felt like I had been watching for hours. When she was finished, she used the towel she was sitting on to wipe herself clean, and I saw that her pussy was now fresh and smooth once again.

"Wow..." I whispered to myself, but she heard and giggled.

I wondered what was next in my sister's routine, but she seemed to hesitate. Surely there wasn't much more she could do before dressing and leaving.

"I know you've wanted to see me for a long time," she said.

My heart stopped, and my face turned pale.

"It was pretty obvious," she continued, looking at me through the mirror. "You used to be infatuated with me. I miss that."

What was happening here? Was this for real? All of secret desires were now out in the open, and combined with the peep show I had just received, I felt ready to faint.

"Please say something," she said.

"I...I don't know what to say. How did you know?" I immediately regretted answering her like that, confirming what she had said rather than denying it.

Her back had been facing me up to then, but she turned and face me, still fully nude and not hiding anything.

"I always saw you looking, and I used to really like it. But after I learned how boys are, always ogling girls for their bodies, I thought maybe it wasn't me you were looking at. Just my body."

I felt a bit saddened by that. Maybe because it was partly true, but certainly right now it wasn't about that at all.

"But one night," she continued, "I heard you in your room, playing with yourself while you looked at dirty pictures on your computer."

Aah!! She knew?!

"And I heard you say my name, right as you moaned real loud." She was smiling a bit now. "You came thinking about me."

I really wanted to know exactly when that had happened, but truth be told it used to happen a lot when I had not fully controlled my desires.

"I always thought you were pretty," I said, softly in my nervousness. "Beautiful."

"I wanted you to look. I loved the attention." That much was obvious, as she told me while still baring her naked body to me.

"I'm looking now..." I replied.

"I see that," she smiled, giving attention to my dick pointing up at her.

"So what's next?" I asked, trying to act casual.

She playfully rolled her eyes around the room, as if pondering what to do.

"Well, there is something that I do sometimes, but I don't know if you should be allowed to watch that."

I swallowed. "What's that?"

She looked very shy suddenly, like a little girl. "I play with my kitty..."

I lost my balance on the edge of the tub and fell backwards in shock, much to my sister's amusement.

"Are you alright?" she asked through her laughs.

"Yeah, I'm fine..." I picked myself up and dried my wet hands and arms on my shirt. My butt had also gotten wet from the little bit of draining water left from the shower.

"Aw, now your clothes are wet." She clasped her hands together in a bit of playful happiness. "Take them off!"

"I...don't think that's such a good idea."

"Because I might see your boner?"

"Ya, and if you start playing with your 'kitty' then I might have another wet mess to clean up."

Her playfulness seemed to halt, as a more aroused state overtook her. "Ooh, really..."

We both fell into a kind of awkward silence just then, realizing the blunt sexuality of our situation. Perhaps wiser individuals would have gone their separate ways at this point, but our young and stupid lust was the dominating force controlling us now.

"I won't tell if you won't..."

I couldn't believe the words had escaped her mouth. When she licked her lips, I felt all apprehension leave me.

"Are you being serious?" I asked, giving her one more chance to back out.

She knew, as well as I did, that this was wrong. But the thing about sex is that doing something wrong can feel really, really good. We desire to partake of what is forbidden, it's part of our nature. I was trembling with excitement, at the possibility that I would get to sexually interact with this goddess before me.

"Totally," she said straight-faced.

I stood and pulled my shorts off, not bothering to tease her. I was naked in seconds, eager for her to see my lust for her. When he dick came into view, she bit her lip and stared at it. Touching her stomach lightly, she motioned for me to come closer. I complied instantly.

"Stand there," she said, stopping me right in front of her. She leaned back against the sink and spread her legs a bit, planting herself firmly in preparation. "I want you to watch me while I do it, okay?"

I nodded, unable to speak. She let her hand glide down to her crotch, and very slowly and carefully began to touch herself. My dick twitched and jumped, which only spurred her on. I knew nothing about her sexual experience, if she had ever seen a penis before or if she was a virgin. But there was no doubt in my mind that she had masturbated quite frequently. She went right to work on her pussy, not testing what felt good or discovering new sensations. She knew how to get what she wanted from her body.

Her fingers slid up and down her lips, separating them to expose her clit. She was wet already, I could tell. She kept sliding up and down, obviously loving just that small amount of stimulation. Her middle finger suddenly darted into her vagina, sinking effortlessly into the hot wetness. She moaned, still applying pressure and friction to her mound. Soon she withdrew the finger and concentrated solely on her clit. Her free hand reached up to rub her breast, squeezing it and pawing at it just as I desired to do. This was torture, watching her arouse me beyond my limits.

I reached down and took hold of myself, wrapping my hand firmly around the shaft. She saw me do this and her hips thrust sharply forward, seemingly very aroused at my action.

"Yes," she breathed. "Go ahead. Do it with me."

I thoroughly relished the next few seconds, as my trembling subsided and I began masturbating along with my sister. She watched my dick very intently, still rubbing herself quite fervently but never taking her eyes off the throbbing length of meat in front of her. She began whimpering, and I heard juicy sounds from her pussy as her fingers rubbed around and around her clit, bringing her closer and closer to that wonderful sensation that was building inside of her. I wasn't far behind her, nearly exploding with every groan and squeal that emanated from her. I couldn't hold out much longer.

"Are you going to cum?" she could barely say between sharp breaths.

I nodded, and even though she wasn't looking up at my face she could tell I was close.

"Oh god..." She closed her eyes and grimaced, as her own orgasm began to explode. "Shoot it all over me!"

Her hand became a blur as she brought herself off, rubbing her clit furiously and panting in pure ecstasy. I could no longer hold back, and began to stroke faster and harder as I felt my balls tighten. I grunted heavily and my feet began to tingle as I came. She was crying out in her own pleasure when I started to ejaculate, but when the first load of sperm exploded out and landed on her hand, she tensed up even more and nearly fell over from the sudden intensity of her orgasm. Her body twitched and writhed beneath me as I stood over her and shot another blast of cum onto her stomach. She was beyond noticing anything but her climax at this point, not even breathing from what I could tell in my intense state. Her neck flushed red and I saw just a bit of clear juice ejaculate out of her pussy. That made the last remnants of my own orgasm continue with renewed vigor, and I spurted even higher onto her breasts, finally trailing off a few weaker spurts onto her thigh beneath me.

I nearly collapsed onto her, but braced myself on the sink. I was literally hunched over her, our shoulder touching as well as our legs. I was so close to her we were practically embracing. Her climax had lasted through mine and she was just now coming down from it, breathing heavily and sweating a bit from the exertion. My cum was plastered across her chest, dripping down between her breasts and onto her stomach. It was a glorious sight.

"Oh my god..." she sighed.

I panicked for just a moment, but her reaction was not one of regret. She did not push me away from her, but rather rested her forehead on my chest as she gained her strength back. After a moment she laughed softly. It was a blissful feeling, to experience such an intense sexual release and bathe in the warm afterglow. She looked up at me with gorgeous eyes, smiling lovingly and taking in my expression.

"Feel good?" she asked.

"That was amazing," I said. "You?"

She nodded. "Yes. My god, yes!"

I didn't want to leave, I wanted to stay there forever and stare at her naked, cum-stained body. She lifted her hand and examined the trail of semen oozing down her wrist. She lifted it to me to show me and laughed, glancing down to see where else she had been hit. She touched the small pool of white globs on her stomach and lightly rubbed them with her fingertip.

"Mm, nice!" she congratulated me.

"Now you have to shower again," I said jokingly.

She shook her head. "Nah, I'm gonna stay like this for a while. It feels good."

I felt a moment of regret ebb at me. "Did we just do something horrible?"

She didn't even budge in her composure. "It certainly didn't feel horrible."

She moaned in delight, and I finally backed off of her, wanting to take the sight of her in once more. Her legs were still spread open, and I got to finally see her vagina up close. It was red and swollen, dripping with her juices. I wanted to taste it so bad, along with the rest of her. She saw me looking at her there and glanced down to see what I was looking at. She smiled brightly.

"What do you think?" she asked playfully.

"Delicious," I answered without hesitating.

She blushed, I think. She was already so flushed it was hard to tell.

"Maybe you'll find out sometime," she joked with me, mockingly suggesting what I desperately wanted.

"Maybe," was all I could say. God, she was so beautiful...

Almost reluctantly, she stood and pulled her bathrobe on, making to leave. I knew she had to, and I needed a shower now after all that. She hesitated before going to the door, and leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek. With a smile and a bounce to her walk, she left the bathroom and closed the door behind her. I breathed a very contented sigh and just stood there for a while before turning on the shower and getting in.

I couldn't wait to see what would happen next...

**The 2nd Time I Saw My Sister Naked**

It was late, and I was fast asleep, but when I heard my door creak open I awoke. I blinked my eyes open but did not move, to see who was entering my room. I couldn't see much in the dark, but I heard footsteps, and then the door shut quietly. The footsteps grew closer to my bed...

I smiled to myself, and closed my eyes. I knew who it was. She walked so carefully right up to my bed, and I heard some sort of movement so I chanced a quick look through just one eye, but I didn't want her to know I was awake. My sister stood right over me, and I had a short but sweet eyeful of her nightgown being drawn up and over her head, and I shivered with excitement. She remained standing there, now completely naked, and watching me no doubt, to see if I was asleep. I didn't dare move or else I'd give myself away. No, this was too intriguing to ruin just yet. What was she planning on doing?

In the dark, I could only see her outline surrounded by the moonlight pouring in through my window. She bent at the waist, examining my face closer. I had shut my eyes just in time to avoid her catching me. Ironic, that I felt like the one who was doing something secret and naughty. She seemed satisfied that I was still sleeping, and so she lifted the covers and began to slide into my bed right next to me. The pleasant warm sensation was exhilarating as her naked skin slid against my own. I always slept naked, and she didn't seem at all surprised when our bodies touched. She was facing away from me now, in effect causing us to spoon. I continued to feign sleep while she got comfortable, adjusting herself so that the most possible amount of our skin was in close contact. My semi-erect penis gently nudged her hip, which I found to be a most wonderful feeling.

I reached my arm casually over her side and let it fall sleepily onto her, my hand resting on her stomach. She wasn't fooled.

"Faker," she laughed quietly.

I smiled. "What are you doing?"

"I was lonely," she answered nonchalantly. "So I thought I'd come sleep with you."

"But you're...um, naked," I said, pretending that it was something shocking or unusual.

"You weren't complaining this morning," she said devilishly.

Indeed, I hadn't complained a bit when I accidentally spotted her coming out of the shower. Especially when we somehow ended up masturbating together right then and there in the bathroom. No complaints here!

"Is this round two?" I asked with perhaps a bit too much excitement.

She giggled. "What are you implying?"

My dick jutted into her ass cheek as it grew rock hard. She felt it growing, and moaned as she moved her butt against me.

"If you wanted to mess around," I said, "you could just ask."

I saw her hand slide down her front, and disappear from my view.

"I think it's much more fun to be naughty like this, don't you?"

Without waiting for my response, she began touching herself. I could tell by her movements, by the way she let her mouth hang open and her arm moved down and up, down and up, while her wrist rotated. It was so hot to watch her get off right there, laying next to me! I thrust my dick into her butt again, poking her playfully while she fingered her cunt.

"Oohhh..." came a throaty sound. "Put it between my legs..."

Was she serious? That seemed a little bold. We hadn't really touched each other last time. I didn't react right away, so she spread her legs and reached down for my dick. Her fingers touching my throbbing length felt so good... She gently guided it between her thighs and clamped them around it. Her pussy felt so hot as it rested there, and I felt movement again as she continued masturbating.

"Kiss my neck," she whispered to me.

This was too arousing to put a stop to. I reached around for her breasts, feeling their delightful softness and the hard nipples poking at my fingers, and gently squeezed them. I moved my face closer and breathed lightly on her neck. She moaned deeply, her hand beginning to speed up. This was so hot, my dick buried between her legs, her cunt leaking onto it... My lips found the soft, sensitive spot on her neck that I had wanted to suck on for years, and I began a slow, sensuous feast on her delicate skin. It tasted so good, and the sounds she was making were really turning me on. I instinctively began to thrust my hips forward, sliding my dick underneath her vagina as she moved her fingers like lightning across her clit.

"Oh god!" she cried out, her masturbation heightening to a frenzy. "I'm gonna cum!"

I was lost in a haze of sensation as I sucked and bit at her neck, my cock fucking her thighs as her pussy leaked all over. I felt like I could cum this way, and I wanted too so badly I don't think I could have stopped at this point.

"Fuck!" she spat out, holding her breath as her hand began jerking and her hips began thrusting sharply. I grabbed her body and held her against me tightly, her soft butt mashed up against my stomach. That felt so good, for some reason I didn't understand, and I just held her there while she climaxed in my arms, and I thrust one last time forward and exploded underneath her. I felt cum shooting out of me, no doubt making a mess of my sheets and her legs. But it felt so blissful and so wonderful. She began breathing again as the waves rolled over her, and my own hot breath against her neck returned to normal as well.

"Oh my god," she said, her fingers still playing with her dripping pussy. "That felt so good..."

"I made a mess," I said dreamily.

She laughed, feeling my cum on her legs. "At least you didn't cum on my pussy."

That really turned me on to hear her talk like that. "There's always tomorrow."

She nuzzled into me and we resumed our spooning. "Maybe."

Without bothering to clean ourselves up, we both fell asleep.

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When the sun woke me up, she was gone. I felt disappointed at first, but then suddenly my door opened and there she was, just having showered. Her hair was still wet, and she wore only a towel. She saw me awake and smiled.

"Hey sleepy, rough night?" she joked.

I yawned. "Did mom dad see you come in here dressed like that?"

She giggled, enjoying the naughtiness of the situation entirely too much.

"They're gone, I made sure to be up early enough so they wouldn't see my room empty."

"You've put some thought into this, haven't you?" I asked.

She struck a nervous, girlish pose and giggled. There was something very different about her since yesterday, like she was this wild sex kitten that I never knew about. Without missing a beat, she dropped her towel and let me see her naked while she combed her hair. She enjoyed seeing me devour her with my eyes. Her soft, tanned skin looked so delicious. Her breasts looked so heavenly as they swayed gently from her movements. Her tight stomach and that delicious pussy, with the flame patch of hair she had shaved just yesterday. God I wanted to eat her...

"Come here," I said.

She complied, smiling to herself. I reached out and touched her skin, feeling her legs and her stomach, and touching her breasts again, pawing at them while she sighed contentedly, giving me free access to her sexy body. But I wanted more than a feel...

"Lay on the bed," I said.

She looked a bit frightened actually, as if hesitating. But she did as I asked, and spread herself out before me, her damp hair fanning out on my pillow. She spread her legs, knowing I wanted to see her pussy and probably play with it. As I slid down and positioned my face over her, she smiled and knew what I was going to do.

I held her thighs open and slowly licked the flat of my tongue from the base of her cunt to her clit. She shivered underneath me, and groaned at the feeling. She was so clean and fresh, all I could taste was her soft skin. I pressed my tongue in further, spreading her open and trailing along the pink inside. She groaned again, obviously loving this. I watched a lot of porn so I knew how to eat pussy, it's amazing how much you learn about sex from watching people have it. I continued running my tongue up and down and all around her vagina, drinking her in and sucking the juice out of her.

"That feels so good," she breathed, her hand finding my hair. She tangled her fingers into it and held on for the ride.

I began to eat her finally, teasing her endlessly with my tongue. I sucked on her clit softly, then harder and harder until she was crying out in pleasure. Eating her pussy was so good, better than anything in a porno. She tasted like a tart dessert. I stuck my tongue as far up her cunt as I could, and rubbed her insides with it. Her hips were beginning to buck and I knew she would cum if I kept it up. So I steadily began licking her entire pussy up and down, swirling my tongue everywhere on her sensitive mound. I even ran it down to her asshole, lightly rubbing my tongue on her clean, smooth opening. She began yelling out her pleasure when I did that. I knew she was clean from her shower, so I continued my assault on her asshole, eating the entire area together. First her pussy, then her asshole, then back to her pussy. She was cursing at me with her eyes closed tightly, obscene things coming out of her mouth. I wanted her to cum so badly, so I got bolder.

I moved back to her pussy and lightly touched her asshole with my finger. She sucked her breath in sharply, her climax beginning to build. I just rubbed her butthole with my fingertip in a circular motion, continuing my feast on her dripping cunt. I ate and ate until she moaned loudly, and her vagina contracted under my mouth. She came, hard, and I let my finger slide just a bit into her ass as I found her pee hole with my tongue and lashed at it mercilessly. Her neck and face flushed bright red and she lifted her hips right off the bed, her mouth wide open in agonized pleasure. A small squirt of sweet, clear liquid jetted out onto my tongue from her pee hole, and then she collapsed down onto the bed, panting from the intensity of her orgasm.

I continued to softly, slowly eat her pussy. I loved the taste of it, and she was too exhausted to stop me. She breathed deeply, trying to compose herself.

"Where did you learn that?" she asked, staring down at me as I licked her.

"Porn," I said, wiping my chin. She had made a mess of my face.

"Let me taste myself," she said, and leaned forward to kiss me. Her tongue found mine and she hungrily sucked at it, eager to clean all of her juice from my face. I loved the taste of her mouth, with a hint of mint toothpaste. That kiss really got me off.

"I need to cum," I said, our noses touching. She just nodded.

Pushing me onto my back, she sank down to my crotch and grabbed my aching erection. She had to fight against the urge to inhale it, and began suckling on it, nursing softly and lovingly. I was leaking at the tip already, and she knew it wasn't going to be very long. So she tried to make it last as long as she could, touching lightly and sliding her lips up and down. Once she had me in her mouth, she began sucking eagerly on my cock, withdrawing her lips just to the tip of the head and then sinking back down until her nose touched my pubic hair. God it felt so good!

I felt like I should warn her when I felt my balls beginning to tighten, but then I felt her finger glide under my balls and find my butthole. I smiled, finding it extremely naughty for her to return the anal exploration. She was drooling so much on my dick that her fingers were already soaked, and she lightly rubbed my sphincter, causing me to moan uncontrollably. It was so arousing to think of my sister performing oral on her brother, I had to fight to hold back my orgasm. But her invading finger was too much to bear, and I felt myself begin to boil over.

"I'm gonna cum..." I breathed.

She kept a steady motion with her mouth, sucking a bit harder now though, and her finger began to slide into my ass. I felt the sperm rise and shoot out of my dick and into my sister's mouth, but the finger sliding slowly into my asshole was only heightening the sensation. Even though I was spurting already, the deeper her finger went the harder my orgasm hit me. It was like a spike of pure pleasure that nearly knocked me out until her finger was finally buried in my ass, which was clenching down hard on it as I spasmed. I moaned in near pain as my orgasm was white hot, her wriggling finger stroking each thick rope of sperm out of me and down her throat. I felt a tear roll down my cheek from the intensity, and even when the spike passed over me, her finger was still stroking me inside, milking the sperm out of my spent cock.

I stared down at her as she lifted her face from my dick, already having swallowed my cum. She did not remove her finger, but instead let go of my cock entirely and watched it twitch and jump. Each time she moved her fingertip inside my asshole, a glob of cum would emerge from the tip of my cock. She smiled brightly, loving that she could give me that much pleasure. She moaned softly as she nuzzled her face into my balls, slowly removing her finger from my sphincter.

"Like that?" she asked playfully.

"Loved it," I answered.

"You like the ass, don't ya?" she giggled.

"I like yours."

"It did feel nice," she said, sighing to herself. "Maybe it would feel better if you put something bigger up there."

My cock twitched again, making her laugh.

"You want me to?" I asked in disbelief.

She fondled my balls, massaging me lightly. "We'll see. You'll have to get it nice and wet first, from fucking my pussy."

Dear god, what had I gotten myself into?