Wanna Bet? by AnonyMPC

 \*\*\*\* Chapter One:

 We never would have had that argument if Mom hadn't asked me to give her a ride home. So, really, everything that happened is also her fault. And my Dad was the one who started us on that method of resolving arguments.

So it was his fault, too. Of course Faith had her share of the blame. So,

although I don't want to downplay my own role in things, they were all

partly responsible. Them, and Samuel L. Jackson.

 School was out for summer, at least for me. Exams were still on, but

our school board had a policy that if you did well the rest of the year,

you could skip the final exams. Both me and my sister, and about a quarter of my friends, did just that. I was looking forward to two months of newfound freedom. For the first summer ever, I had a driver's license, and a car to go with it. It was only a shitty used car, but it was mine.

 The freedom wasn't total... I was only sixteen and lived with my

parents, and whenever I wanted to go anywhere I either had to beg for gas money or work for it. I had a part time job, but I didn't want to spend the whole summer slaving away and having no fun at all, so I didn't make the job full-time over the summer like most of my friends did.

 The big problem was, with my friends working, either on last minute

studying for exams or to save money for college, there wasn't much they

could do with me. Freedom gets old when you don't have anybody fun to be free with. My summer of freedom was in danger of becoming a summer of boredom.

 I was wrong. My summer really began on one fine, sunny day when I

decided I was going to head out to the mall. I had some idea of checking

out some hotties in the food court, as I'd done so many times before, and

maybe talk to my friend Fred who worked at the Burger King, to see how much work time we could waste without him getting fired. I'd spent the previous few days mostly lounging around the house watching movies, so I was excited about doing something different, something that got me out.

 My cell phone rang as I opened the car door. It was my Mom. "What's

up?"

 She sounded stressed... nothing new, there. "Listen, Mark, I need you

to do me a favor."

 "What'll you pay me?"

 She wasn't amused. "Tell you what, we'll take it out of your back rent

out of the last sixteen years. I thought I was going to get out of here by

now, but they've just called an emergency budget meeting, and I'm going to be late."

 "Yeah, yeah," I said, not really caring. "What do you want?"

 "I need you to pick up your sister from her dance lesson. She doesn't

have bus fare and your father can't get out of work."

 My plans weren't great plans, but they were mine, and now they were out the window. I had to consciously keep from swearing. That would do no good and only get me grounded. "Aw, Mom, I was just about to head to the mall."

 "You can go after you bring her home."

 I sighed, overly dramatically, told her she'd better reimburse me for my

gas later, and then ran back into the house to get a pen and paper to jot

down the address of the place and the time.

 I was a little late, and Faith was waiting outside by the corner with

her bag on her shoulder. She'd already changed out of her dance tights and now wore shorts and a belly shirt.

 My sister Faith was three years younger than me. She was into dance, I never really took an interest in what it involved, just that it was more

complicated than ballet, she really enjoyed it, and it sometimes had her

practicing around the house in tight little tights. She was a little

snobbish about her dancing, acting like it was some great profession that

would make her famous one day, which might have been why I deliberately took no interest. I didn't want to encourage the attitude.

 Other than her little hobby, she was a typical kid. I always thought of

her as kind of a brat, but I bet most big brothers think that. We were

close at some point, but it seemed especially this year when she hit her

teens, she closed off. The fun times tapered off, and it seemed the only

time we talked was when she was bothering me and asking questions that were stupid or nosy. We got in fights all the time, but that hadn't changed since we were kids.

 She was hot, though. I wasn't proud of thinking that way about my

sister, but I never planned on telling anybody, either. While I took after

our father and had dark brown hair, she took after Mom and was a redhead (although Mom usually dyed her hair. She also had green eyes, pale skin, and freckles. I teased her often about being a ginger kid, but she wasn't goony looking like a lot of gingers. Her face really looked pretty to me, although I'd never admit it. She had a little button nose and even though she hated her freckles, they were cute and didn't explode all over her face like some of our cousins. It was just a nice little patch around the nose. Sometimes they disappeared completely, although since it was summer they were out in force and she hated them. Her body was slim and toned and, I imagined, perfect for dancing. It was a tight little package... even though she was a little smaller than most girls her age, small frame and her long limbs contrived to look tall and willowy at the same time.

 I only gave her a brief once over this time, though. I didn't stop to

stare because I was angry at being put out of my way. I rolled down the

window and pulled to a stop in front of her. "Mom wanted me to pick you

up."

 She didn't seem at all grateful. It was like she took it for granted

that I was going to help her out. "Yeah, she told me. You're late," she

said.

 Since I was doing her a favor, I didn't appreciate being talked to like

that. So, when she put her hand on the door handle, I said, "Hey, not in

the front seat. I don't want any of my friends seeing a ginger kid in my

car. Besides, you probably smell like a sweaty gym sock. Get in the

back."

 She sighed and got in the back without further complaint. We drove a

block and then she said, "I think I like it better this way. It's like

you're my chauffer."

 "Don't get used to it."

 "Yeah, yeah." She was mercifully silent for a while as she twiddled her

thumbs and texted her friends, and I listened to the music on the satellite

radio. I was almost able to forget she was there.

 She ruined at illusion while we were stopped at a red light. "Ooh," she

said. "I want to see that movie."

 I glanced around, trying to figure out what she was referring to, when I

caught it. There it was, a poster on a bus shelter wall, for one of the

upcoming summer blockbusters. "Yeah, it might be cool," I agreed. I read the cast list. "Huh, I didn't know Samuel L. Jackson was in that." I

didn't remember him from the commercials.

 "He's in everything these days," Faith said.

 I gave a little laugh. "Yeah. What do you think the odds are that he's

bald or has an eye patch in this one?"

 "I don't think he'll have an eye patch. And he's always bald."

 "Not always," I said, struggling to think of a recent example where he

didn't.

 Faith, instead, began listing all the recent movies where he was bald.

Some were not so recent. She ended her little list with, "Star Wars. The

Matrix."

 "He wasn't in the Matrix," I corrected.

 "Yes he was," she said, sounding snotty. "He was Morpheus."

 "No, that was some other guy." I snapped my fingers, trying to remember, but Lawrence Fishburne's name, though on the tip of my tongue, wouldn't come out.

 "No, it was Samuel L. Jackson. I just saw it on TV a few weeks ago."

 "You're wrong."

 We went back and forth, arguing "Yes he was" and "No he wasn't" several more times, before Faith finally said, "Wanna bet?"

 That's where my Dad's part of this came in. We got into arguments like

this all the time, for our whole lives, over stupid shit. As annoying as

the arguments were to us, they were even harder to listen to, and Dad often snapped at us to shut up... which only made us continue the argument in whispers, slowly regaining out original volume.

 Finally, one day, years ago, Dad came up with a solution. "If you're

both so sure," he said, "You should bet on it." If we weren't convinced

enough that we were right that we were willing to bet on it, he explained,

we should back down and stop arguing. And once we bet on it, there was no need to argue, you only had to settle the bet.

 It was a pretty good solution for him. Whenever he couldn't take any

more of our arguing, he'd suggest we'd bet on it, and we soon started

betting to settle our own fights. Sometimes we bet money, but more often we bet chore duties, services, items. We were scrupulous about keeping the bet, no matter how unfair it seemed to be. Dad made sure of that, too. The one time he caught me welching on a bet, he gave me a spanking I'd remember long after I'd forgotten what stupid chore I would have had to do.

I think it was to attend a tea party with Faith instead of playing baseball

with my friends.

 There were two ways the bet system could be used to resolve an argument. Either we agreed on a bet, found out who was right, and the loser paid up their part of it, or one of us bet something so outrageous that the other person backed down because they weren't sure they were right. It was like a game of chicken. If the person accepted the ridiculous bet, Dad insisted there still be a chance for the first person to back out, but if you didn't, once you shook on it, you were committed.

 I chose the second way this time. It was too easy. Of course Samuel L. Jackson wasn't in the Matrix. "Fine," I said, half-jokingly. "If he

wasn't in the Matrix, you have to give me a blowjob anytime I want for a

week." I don't know what made me think of that. Actually, I do.

Sometimes, when a girl's annoying you, all you can think of is shoving your cock in her mouth, if only to shut her up. My sister gave me that reaction often.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Two:

 There was a stunned silence. I thought I'd gone too far. I hadn't

meant it seriously, only to show her how convinced I was that I was right

so she'd shut up. Finally, she said, "Okay, fine. But if he was the guy

in the Matrix, then you have to drive me and my friends around anywhere I want, like a chauffer, for a whole month!"

 I shifted about uncomfortably in my seat. I was getting hard. She'd

accepted my ridiculous bet. "Are you sure you don't want to back out? Do you even know what a blowjob is?"

 She rolled her eyes. "Of course I know. But it doesn't matter. I'm

not going to have to do it, because I know I'm right. Are you sure YOU

don't want to back out?" She reached her hand over the back seat, offering the handshake that would seal us in to the terms of the deal.

 For just a moment, I thought of backing down. I had sudden doubts about whether I was wrong and it really WAS Samuel L. Jackson, but I honestly couldn't say if my hesitation came from fear of losing or fear of winning. But the fact was, the potential reward was too good to pass up. At the next red light, I swung around and grabbed her hand. We shook on it.

 We didn't talk much the rest of the ride home. As usual, dad's solution

stopped the argument, not because we'd changed our minds, but because it now was just a matter of finding out. I watched Faith in the rear view

mirror, and thought I could see some anxiety there, so maybe she was

worried. I wasn't.

 I practically raced to the computer in the family room, and my sister

followed at a slower pace. By the time she reached me, I had already

called up Wikipedia. It was there, in black and white (and blue, for

links). Samuel L. Jackson was not in the Matrix. Lawrence Fishburne was.

 Faith's face was frozen in shock. "Anybody can edit Wikipedia," she

said. "Maybe somebody just got it wrong." So, I pulled up the Internet

Movie Database. It agreed. "No," she said breathlessly. "I was sure."

 "They look a lot alike," I said, a wolfish grin on my face.

 "You're not going to actually make me do... that, are you?"

 "What? You want to welch out? You know that's against the rules."

 "Yeah, but... you said anytime you want. Come on, Mark... you don't

really want one from me, do you?"

 It was a technicality. I could have let her get away, and say that

although she still had to give me a blowjob anytime I want for the next

week, I'd just let the time expire without asking for it. I could have

traded a promise to do that for some other chore. I should have done that. But I'd never had a blowjob before. I had a hand job from a girl at a

party, but that wasn't the same thing.

 "Sorry," I told her. "A bet's a bet."

 "But it's not fair," she said. "Giving you a blowjob anytime you want

means I could be doing it all day!"

 I rolled my eyes. "Please, what do you think, guys masturbate nonstop? It would only be two or three a day, probably."

 She said, "Oh," and looked thoughtful for a moment, before giving out

one of her sighs. Her sighs were like amateur drama productions, full of

exasperation, and conveying in no uncertain terms that she thought she was above whatever she's been forced into doing. "Okay fine," she said, adding ice to the last word. "I suppose you'll want one now."

 "As a matter of fact...." My dick was starting to strain against my

pants, so I stepped back from the computer, unzipped and whipped out my cock. She looked at it, got down on her knees, and, on those knees

shuffled towards me to close the distance. My cock was pointed right at

her face, a little precum already at the tip.

 Her mouth opened into a wide oval as though testing the proper width she would use, then closed her eyes and extended her tongue as she leaned forward. As soon as her tongue touched it she drew back as though stung, and made a face. "Gross."

 "Sooner you do it, the sooner you'll get it over with."

 She moved forward again, and this time took me in her mouth, and closing over me. She only went halfway down, and her tongue didn't move very much, she just moved her head back and forth on it. It still felt incredible. Every few seconds, she pulled off entirely to take a breath and looked up at me with a glare, but she didn't need to be told to go right back to it. It was just delicious seeing her mane of red hair bobbing up and down on my dick. After her third air-break, she started applying some light suction, and the pleasure doubled while I watched her cheeks go concave.

 My dick began to pulse with the familiar sensation, and I groaned

lightly, giving her the only warning I planned on that something was

coming. I started cumming when she was on an upstroke, getting one glob of my cum in her mouth right away. She pulled off, surprised, and the next big glob landed on her face, on one side of her nose, running down along the freckled highway towards her cheek. The next landed on the other side of her face, her cheek, as she turned away with a shriek, and tried to get up. I got one shot on her shirt and most of the remainder dribbled out on the floor.

 "Ewww!" she cried. "You didn't have to shoot on my face!"

 "Where else was I going to shoot?" I asked. "If you didn't want it in

the face, you should have swallowed it all."

 "That is so gross," she said. "I've got to go take a shower."

 "Don't blame me," I said. "Blame Samuel L. Jackson." She headed off

towards the nearest bathroom, and after that locked herself in her room. I cleaned up what cum was on the floor before one of my parents freaked. I'd make sure the rest of that week's blowjobs would be in a less public place than the family room.

 I had a huge shit-eating grin that whole day. That evening, while our

parents were downstairs, I caught Faith's eye and pointed to my penis, and then to my room, with a grin on my face. She sighed, but followed me. I'd laid a towel on the floor and sat down on my bed, then pulled down my pants. "Can you at least warn me before you shoot this time?" she asked.

 "Yeah, okay."

 She went down with less hesitation this time, just going down on me like she'd done it all her life. Now that she had the rhythm down and didn't have to come up for breathe, it was more pleasurable, but I didn't want to cum so fast this time. I wanted to savor it, and I wanted her to work at it. "You know you could use your tongue more," I said. She complied instantly, and I could feel it moving from the underside of my head to the side, and over.

 I looked down at her and noticed she had her eyes open, watching my

face. I smiled down at her and gently stroked the side of her flushed cheek with a knuckle a few times. I thought she tilted her face into the stroke, but it was probably my imagination. Soon after, she pulled back to just suck on the tip and teased it with her tongue, then went down even farther than she had before. That was enough to tip me over the edge, into the point of no return. "Okay, Faith. I'm about to blow my load."

 She pulled off quickly, and then rolled out of the way, leaving me to

spurt out into empty air. Most of it landed on the towel, though some got

on my floor. "Wow, you don't have to be such a bitch about it."

 "Hey I just didn't want you to get your goo all over me again."

 "I told you the best way to do that was just to swallow it all. It's

not really a blowjob if you don't swallow. Besides," I added, "it's

supposed to be good for the complexion. Maybe it'll clear up those

freckles."

 "Really?" she said, and leaned back over the goo-covered towel to have a look at it. My dick was still semi-hard, and I couldn't resist the

opportunity, I wiped my slimy dick on her cheek. There was still plenty of

my sperm on it, and I thought it was pretty funny to see my sister with my jism on her face. She didn't. "You jerk!" she yelled, and stormed out of my room in a huff to wash up.

 I slept pretty well that night, I can tell you, and was looking forward

to the many blowjobs to come.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Three:

 The next morning, I waited until both our parents were out to work, then went to knock on Faith's door. She didn't answer. After one more try, I just opened it, but she wasn't there. She wasn't anywhere else in the house, either.

 Annoyed, and with a morning hard-on, I phoned her. "What do you want, Mark?" she said. She must have known it was me from the display.

 "Where are you?"

 "I'm at Sally's house. We're going to listen to music."

 "I'm sure that sounds like fun," I said, "but I've got a boner and want

a blow job."

 "What? That's not fair."

 "Sure it is. The bet was that you'd give me a blowjob every time I want

one. Not every time I want one and you happen to be home."

 "So I'm supposed to be ready every time you..." she didn't finish the

sentence. I could hear others in the background talking faintly, so she

was probably worried she would be overheard.

 "That was the bet you agreed to. Don't blame me, blame Samuel L.

Jackson."

 The other line was silent for a long time. "I can't believe you're

making me do this."

 "Quicker you get over here, the quicker you'll be done. I'll be waiting

for you in your room." I hung up. I was being a jerk, but I really liked

the idea of having her at my beck and call. This deal wouldn't last

forever, so I thought I'd better exploit it while I could.

 She came up to her room about five minutes later. Sally only lived just

up the block and across the street. She shook her head at me and said,

"Come on, whip it out, I want to go back."

 "I don't know," I said. "I might not be in the mood anymore. But I

might be in the mood in an hour..."

 She sprinted over to me and pushed me back, but she had a playful

expression on her face. "You're lucky I'm doing this at all. I should go

tell Mom and Dad on you." But from her look, I had no worries she actually

would. That never happened anymore. By an unspoken agreement, we handled our problems ourselves.

 I gave up the pretense of disinterest, though, since I really did want

the blowjob, and pulled out my cock. She really seemed to want to rush

this job, but that had the effect of making everything she did filled with

more enthusiasm, although she slowed down halfway through to pull out her phone when it began vibrating. She stopped moving her head to read from the display and, without taking her lips off my cock, typed out a text

message reply. I would have loved to have read that one. "cn't tlk now,

sucking bro's cock". When she finished replying, she went back to a more

intensive sucking. I tried to hold out as long as I could, but pretty soon

I had to tell her I was ready.

 She didn't pull off this time, just kept sucking until I finished

cumming. I'd miss seeing my sperm all over her face, but imagine it

running down her tongue and down into her belly was a great substitute.

"Wow, Squirt," I said when I was down to dribbles. "You're getting better

at this. You actually swallowed this time."

 She pulled her mouth off and wiped the corner of her lip wih the side of

her hand. "Shut up. I just didn't want to get it all over my room. Or to

have to take a shower." She stood up, dusted off her knees. "Now I just

need mouthwash."

 "What, you don't want to go back to your friends with cock breath?"

 She smiled a little. "Not really." She put her hand up to her mouth and

breathed in, then smelled it. After making a face, she said, "You're not

going to be calling me back here throughout the day, are you?"

 "I don't know..." I said, letting an exaggerated amount of uncertainty

into my voice, then I cracked a smile. "Tell you what, since you did such

a good job this time and swallowed like a good girl, I'll wait until you

come back on your own."

 "Thanks," she said, and went into the bathroom.

 When she was finished gargling, I met her again in the hallway. "Hey,

was it true what you said about swallowing cum being good for the skin?"

 I shrugged. "Wikipedia says it is." Wikipedia said no such thing. But

if she called me on it, I could just say somebody must have changed it.

 Whether she believed it or not, she swallowed my cum that night too,

without any complaint. I made it last a long time, too, mostly just lying

back in my bed and staring at the ceiling as she sat beside me, slurping

down my meat. I figured I'd pay her back for the text message stunt and

phoned my buddy Fred. It distracted me a little and made me last longer,

and I got a big kick out of it, but I cut the call short because I didn't

want to cum on the phone to a friend. It's just rude.

 "I could get used to this", I thought as she sucked on my shooting

prick. I was going to have to make blowjobs appear as a regular part of

wagers if she wanted to get into stupid arguments with me. Maybe I could even get more than that. I'd have to find the balance between what she might do if she was confident, and what would just make her back down no matter what, but now that the precedent had been set, it was only a matter of experimentation. She left and, as she almost always did, retreated first to the bathroom and then to her room, where she played music.

 The next morning, she was in her room, so I pointed to my cock and she got right down to it. She was getting better at it each time, and though last time I'd complimented her, I wanted to try something else, see if I could get her to try harder to please me. "I don't know," I said. "I'm just not feeling it."

 She picked up speed and began to use her tongue more, so I had to think about this squirrel I hit with my car a few weeks ago to keep me from going off. "You know what might make this go faster? If you took your clothes off. Gave me something to look at."

 Faith pulled her mouth off my dick to look at me. "Mark, you're not

supposed to see me naked. I'm your sister."

 "When you're giving me head, you're not my sister," I said, "you're just

a good place to bust my nut. I might as well see some pussy while I'm

doing it."

 "Shut up, you're such a freak," she said, but took my cock back into her

mouth and resumed sliding her tongue underneath it.

 It was worth a try. I really wanted to see what she looked like naked.

She didn't have much of a body, but I didn't need one to make me happy.

Despite my best efforts to hold off, pretty soon I was blowing another

freshly brewed batch of ball-juice into her belly. "Nice job," I said.

"Want to make me some breakfast?" She gave a disgusted snort in reply and left.

 I don't want to give you the impression that I'm a total jerk, or that

me and my sister hated each other. I am a bit of a jerk, but Faith and I

have always been a little antagonistic. It's just our way, since we were

kids. We insulted each other and made fun of each other, but we both knew there was love underneath that. Why, because of the blowjobs, I was even nicer to her than I usually was. I willingly gave her and her friends rides in my car a few times, like I would have had to do if I won the bet. I wouldn't have done that before, waste my gas money like that, but I figured it was the least I could do. A good blowjob is worth a little gas money.

 Maybe I was a total asshole for putting her through that at all, forcing

her to regularly suck her own brother's dick... but I didn't beat myself

up over it, because I had a theory. After almost every blowjob, if she

didn't have somewhere to be, she'd lock herself in her room and put the

music on. At first I thought she was just angry with me, but when I put

the music on and locked my door, a lot of times it just was because I

wanted to masturbate. I didn't want anybody to hear the rhythmic sound of my chair or bed shuffling in time to my hand movements, or a little groan that might escape my lips, and the music covered that.

 I had a vivid image in my head, that after sucking me off, she ran to

her room, and rubbed her little pussy. I hadn't seen it, at least not as

far as I could remember, but I could imagine her rubbing a pink little clit

on a hairless mound, remembering what she'd just done. She always seemed in a better mood after she finally came out. So that became what I told myself, to push past any bad feelings, that she secretly enjoyed it as much as I did. I convinced myself that my sister was as much of a freak as I was.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Four:

 There's no need to give a blow-by-blowjob account. Faith kept on

sucking me off whenever I requested, and she usually swallowed, but always refused when I asked to see her tits or anything else. With the days specified in the wager running down, I had, at last, a brilliant idea. I

couldn't pull it off while Mom and Dad were there, but the last morning of

my privileges, after they'd left for work, I knocked on the door to Faith's

room.

 "I'm going to take a shower," I said. We typically warned each other of

this fact, because turning on the water in the kitchen would drastically

change the temperature of the water in the shower.

 "Yeah, you need one," she said, the barb automatic and unthinking, and

therefore didn't really hurt. She didn't even look up from the computer.

"I don't need it."

 I waited in her doorframe. "Yeah, but, here's the thing... I kind of

want a blowjob in the shower."

 She finally looked up. "Can't it wait until after? Or I could give it

to you now..."

 "'Whenever I want'", I reminded her. "And I want it in the shower. So

you better get undressed."

 She sighed, and made sure I heard it, then muttered, "Damn you, Samuel L. Jackson." She made sure I heard that too. "I'll be in there in a

minute," she said.

 I decided to leave her to getting herself ready, and went into the

bathroom, leaving the door open. I started the water so it would warm up to a nice temperature, and then stripped down. My cock sprang, fully hard, out of my boxers.

 I got in the water and called out, "I'm waiting," loud enough for her to

hear me in her room. She came storming in, with a pout on her face.

 She wasn't naked. But it was a step in the right direction.

 Faith was wearing only the bottom piece of a green two-piece swimsuit.

That left her topless. I stared at her. She had a lithe dancer's body,

without much fat on her at all, and barely any tits at all. In fact, if

you looked at her from wrong way, you might think she was completely flat. It was only at certain angles that her breasts revealed themselves, like they were hiding the rest of the time.

 The boobs may not have been great, but her nipples were glorious, poking visibly out, surrounded by a well-defined circle of pink. I licked my lips involuntarily at the sight of them. "Shut up," she said, feeling my gaze. "I couldn't find the fucking top half," she explained. With one arm, she tried to cover herself, but it was too late, I'd already seen what she had to see.

 "I'm not complaining," I said.

 "I bet." She pulled back the shower curtain with her other hand and

stepped over the edge of the bathtub, then kneeled in the water pooling by my feet. I bopped her in the face with my cock. It bounced off her lip, then she caught it in her hand on the rebound and placed it inside where it belonged.

 I wished I had eyes in my knees so I could stare at those nipples, but

her back blocked my view, so had to be content with looking her head

bobbing up and down and the little bit of ass crack I could see poking out

of her suit. "You know, there's something wrong with people who wear

bathing suits in the shower," I said, but she wouldn't take the hint and

remove it.

 She licked and sucked on my dick for several minutes, but this time,

when I told her I was ready, she pulled off. Instead of squirting down her

throat, I hit her face with one glob, then I angled down where I hit mostly

her shoulder and neck before I managed to get just a little bit on her

tits.

 "What's wrong?" I asked. "Didn't want to swallow?"

 "I never do," she said. "I only do it so I don't have to clean up.

Next time don't ask me to get in the shower with you if you want me to

swallow." Maybe she thought she was teaching me a lesson, but she wasn't. It was almost as hot to watch her take my load on her face as it was to know she was swallowing it.

 I got a little bonus treat that time, too. She stood up and pushed past

me to get into the shower spray, to wash my semen off her body and down the drain. As she did, her chest brushed against my arm. I also got a nice look as the stream of water ran down her chest, doing a little jump off her perky nipple.

 Once her face was clean, she stepped out and grabbed my towel to dry

off. "Enjoy the rest of your shower. I don't need one." She dried herself

quickly, then wrapped my towel and left, taking it with her. Her door

slammed seconds later, and music started up again. I soaped myself up and cleaned myself off while imagining her fingers thrusting in her pussy.

 I later had to sprint out naked to get another towel, but I didn't mind,

no one else was home. By the time I was done, dressed and my hair all

styled, Faith was downstairs, so I tiptoed into her room and looked around. There were clothes strewn all over, and I smiled in satisfaction as I realized that she had evidently passed up a blue one-piece swimsuit in

favor of the green bottoms she took to the shower. She had an alternative to showing me her tits, and she didn't take it. It was all new evidence for my theory that she wanted it.

 Unfortunately, I was running out of time to exploit the deal. It was

the last day I would be entitled to blowjobs, and I certainly couldn't try

the shower trick again. I had some plans with friends who were finished

their exams that day, and I couldn't do it when our parents might come home and wonder why we were both in the shower together. It wasn't a big risk to get a blowjob in one of our rooms while they were home, because our parents tromped around the house loudly and you could hear them coming while they were halfway down the hall. In the shower, it would be a lot harder to get into an innocent looking position.

 I met Faith in the kitchen, and we talked a bit before I went to see my

friends. To be prepared, and to be nice, I asked her if she was going to

need a ride home from Dance class that day, but she told me it was

cancelled this week, so she was just going to hang around the house and

watch videos. When I learned that, I seriously considered cancelling my

plans with my friends to get whatever blowjobs I could. I decided not to,

because I had little time to see my buddies lately, and you know what they say, "Bros before hos."

 That was a mistake. The rule's bullshit. None of my "bros" would give

me blowjobs. Not that I wanted any from them, I'm just saying I was an

idiot to give up blowjob time to hang out with them. It was fun hanging

out with them, but nothing compared to getting my cock sucked by my sister.

 I got one last session of head from her in her room that night. By

established history and a lot of prior arguments, bets of "one week" or

"one day" or "one month" or whatever were always rounded up to the next day, so even though we started in the middle of the day last week, I could press her for one until we went to bed. So I did.

 It was only after I left her room that I realized she never mentioned it

was the last. Neither had I.

 So I decided to press my luck. The next morning, after the folks were

gone, I went into her room one more time, mentally crossing my fingers.

"Hey," I said. "Want to give me a blowjob?"

 She sighed, and went down on me again. It was excellent, and she

swallowed my load, and was all the more enjoyable because it was a freebie. "Thanks," I said after I was done.

 "Don't thank me," she muttered after a last swallow. "I don't want to

be doing this. Thank Samuel L. Jackson."

 It was idiotic of me, but I couldn't resist rubbing in her face. Both

literally and figuratively. As I wiped my dick on her face, I said, "Sammy

had nothing to do with this one. The bet was only for one week, remember?"

 Her mouth opened wide, and then her face turned red. "You jerk," she

yelled. She grabbed a pillow from her bed nearby and threw it at my head, but barely missed me. "I was thrown off because my dance class was cancelled. Why didn't you tell me?"

 "I never said you had to do it, I just asked you if you wanted to. You

seemed to enjoy it so much the other times."

 "Fuck you," she said.

 "If you wanted, but you'd have to give me a few minutes to recharge."

 "Shut up and get out of my room. You asshole. The only reason I'd go

anywhere near your smelly cock was because of the bet."

 She pushed me towards the door until I was out of the room, and then

slammed it in my face. I heard the lock click, and then a sound I thought

was her flumping on her bed. I stayed there being super quiet. She hadn't turned music on, and it was extremely quiet in there. After a few minutes, I thought I heard a repeated whimpering sound. Not like she was crying... I'd heard her cry before and this wasn't it. This had a little bit of a grunt in it. I imagined herself shoving something into her pussy that was a little bigger than comfortable, and the sound fit with what noises I'd imagine she'd make. I grinned. She was more into it than even I expected.

 When she left that day, I went back in there, looking for anything she

might have shoved inside her and gave it a sniff. Hair brushes, sharpies,

thin cans of styling goo. To my disappointment, I found no candidates with an unusual scent. Either she hid it, used only her fingers, or I was wrong entirely.

 I didn't think I was wrong. But for a while, she made me doubt myself.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Five:

 Over the next few days, I asked Faith several times if she wanted to

give me a blowjob. She refused each time, acting disgusted that I'd asked. I also regularly suggested she walk around topless. "I've already seen your little tater tots." She just told me to shut up.

 I didn't get it. I was sure she wanted it. But whether I asked nicely

or crudely, I was always rebuffed, sometimes with an insult, more often

with just cold silence. Maybe she was just on the rag.

 Whatever the reasoning, I started to think I was wrong, I'd inflated the

whole situation in my head, that this was just a one-time freak occurrence. It wasn't until we had our next argument, a few days after the July 4th holiday, that I thought anything might happen again.

 It was about a half hour after I had lunch, and I was starting to get

the munchies. I'm not a big guy but I can put away a lot of food,

especially when I'm bored, and when I'm watching a movie I need something to chow down on. I looked through every one of the cupboards, but we were out of the usual staples snacks, chips, popcorn, crackers. So I went to the fridge, where I found, in the freezer, a large frozen pizza, Three Meat Special. By the time it cooked, I would be even hungrier than I was, so I decided I could probably eat it all, and started preheating the oven.

 Faith walked down from her room as I was cutting the pizza on the

counter, after it had cooked and cooled some. I was in a good mood, so I

nodded towards her. "Do you want some pizza? It's got sausage on it. I

know how you like the sausage..."

 She ignored my innuendo but actually seemed to considered the pizza for a moment, before she shook her head. "Maybe later." I didn't really expect her to have any. Like a lot of girls, she was way too concerned about watching her weight. I guess I couldn't complain about that, whatever she was doing was working for her.

 "Won't be a later," I warned her as I plucked off a piece of pepperoni

and put it in my mouth. "This'll be gone in ten minutes." I wasn't

actually serious. I planned on stretching it out over the course of the

whole movie, although I knew I could eat it that fast if pressed. I wasn't

just a big eater, I was a fast one too. It was a wonder I wasn't huge. If

Faith shared enough of genes, she might not have needed to watch her weight at all.

 Faith looked at the pizza, then made a sort of cluck of disapproval by

striking the roof of her mouth with her tongue. "You're such a pig, Mark.

And didn't you just eat lunch?" she asked. "There's no way you'll eat that

whole thing in ten minutes."

 That was a challenge. At that point, even though I had been

exaggerating, I felt compelled to defend my honor. There's two things

girls should not doubt about men, their sexual stamina, or their ability to

eat. Both will inspire boasts and offers to prove them wrong. "This? I

could eat this in ten minutes easily!"

 "No way," she said. "Maybe if you were starving, but..."

 I interrupted her. "I AM starving. I ate, like, a whole hour ago."

 "You just think you're hungry. Once you start eating, you'll feel full

again and you won't be able to eat more than a slice or two."

 "I think I know my own body. I've got more than enough room."

 "Wanna bet?" she said.

 My ears pricked up. "What? That I can eat this whole thing? That's a

sucker bet."

 "No, that you can eat it all in ten minutes."

 That would be a little harder, but I knew I could be up to it. "Fine,"

I said after a moment's thought. "What do you want to bet?"

 She hesitated, seemed to take a few seconds to think while she `Ummm'ed , and then, while I was getting some cola from the fridge, finally suggested, "If I win, you have to be my chauffer for a month."

 I slammed the fridge door and looked back at her, surprised. In our

last wager, we'd already established that a week of blowjobs was a fair

wager against one month. To propose the same thing was practically daring me to make the same type of bet.

 My previous doubts were gone, my theory back in full force. I decided

that she must want it after all. She was only looking for an excuse. She

sounded so sure of herself, but she must have known she was going to lose. I don't think I've ever eaten a pizza that fast before, but I've fast-eaten other things.

 And since she was practically daring me to make the bet another round of blowjobs, I wondered how much I could push it. "Okay," I said. "But if I win, you have to let me watch every time you masturbate. For a month."

 She wrinkled her nose and rolled her eyes. "You're a fucking perv-o.

What makes you think I even masturbate?"

 I was pretty sure of myself at this point, but the question did bring up

something I hadn't considered. She could get out of it by refusing to

masturbate. Girls were supposed to be able to do go without longer than

boys. If she needed an excuse, I'd better give her a good one. "Then

you'll have to try, at least..." I pulled a number out of my hat. "Ten

times. And you have to have ten orgasms, or we go on to the same deal next month." If I won, it would guarantee me something to see, and I was sure that once I got her masturbating in front of me, I could push her into more. I held my breath, waiting for her to decide.

 "Fine," she said. "You're losing this time anyway. I saw what you had

for lunch. There's no way you can eat that in ten minutes." We shook on

it.

 I don't think I need to tell you who won the bet. It wasn't quite as

easy as I thought. Not because I was too full to pack it all in there, but

because she insisted that the ten minutes started right away, and the pizza was still pretty hot. But by rolling the crust up the first few to protect my tongue from hot cheese and sauce, and having a lot of cola on hand, I was able to get through them, and by the time I got to the fourth slice, about five minutes in, they were cool enough to eat normally.

 The last one was tough. You reach a point, especially when you've been drinking a lot of carbonated beverages, where it gets hard to eat fast, and you feel bloated. It's usually an illusion... you just have to burp. But time was running out. I pushed repeatedly on my stomach, forced the air out, and finished the last piece, swallowing the crust with about twenty seconds to spare.

 Faith acted surprised and disappointed, but I really think it was an

act. How could she not expect that I'd win? She just said, "Oh, my, God,"

with a full second's pause between words. "I can't believe you were able

to do that. You're a freak."

 After I wiped the smirk off my face, I said, "A freak who just won a

bet."

 She repeated, "I can't believe it. Why did I ever agree to such a

retarded bet?" She made a shuddering sound, and left.

 I let her go. I needed time to let the meal settle. After about a half

an hour (and a visit to the bathroom), I went to find her in her room. I

didn't knock... privacy seemed to be unimportant if I was going to be

seeing what I was going to be seeing. As I ducked my head in the door, I

asked, "So, I don't want to put you off your usual schedule or anything but I need to plan my day. What time do you usually masturbate?"

 "In bed, or in the shower," she told me, quietly.

 I gave a self-satisfied smile. "I knew you did it."

 Faith let out a snort of exasperation. "I don't want you being creepy

and watching me when I'm about to sleep. It'd give me nightmares. I'd

better do it now."

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Six:

 She told me she had to set the mood first, or she wouldn't be able to do

it at all, especially with me watching. For the next several minutes,

Faith rearranged her room, picking discarded clothes off the bed, and

arranging some pillows in a comfortable way. I watched from the door,

enjoying her ass bounce up and down beneath her tight shorts as bent over or moved across the room to do one more thing, like light candles or put on some music. I had the feeling she was stalling, but she couldn't stall forever, so I just waited, already semi-hard, knowing what was coming.

 When she was ready, room dim, music on, the smell of vanilla wafting in from her scented candles, Faith peeled off her shorts. Underneath she had plain white cotton panties with a little flower design on the front. "I

can't believe I'm doing this." I looked for, and found, a spot of wetness

at the bottom to confirm my suspicion that she was putting on an act of

reluctance.

 "I sure can." She sat on the bed, hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, then lifted her ass slightly and pulled them off. I knelt beside her bed to get a good look. "That's a cute pussy," I said. I

wasn't just being polite, either. It was almost closed, with most of it

all tucked inside, but with a little streak of pink, glistening with

moisture, visible in the middle of the slit, and the little hood poking out

at the top. It was crowned with a small tangle of red hair. That was the

biggest difference compared to my imagination, I never pictured any hair at all. I guess my little sister was more grown up than I'd thought.

 "Shut up and let's just get this over with," she said, and ran her

finger up and down her slit. I kept my mouth shut and just watched for a

while. She started rubbing around her slit up and down, but then soon

started shoving two fingers inside her and pumping them in an out. I

changed position, to kneel directly in front of her, staring into the hole

as her fingers withdrew, then returned, again and again. Whenever she

paused for a moment to rub her clit, the hole closed up almost right away, giving me no time to glimpse at the inside. I imagined how tight it must have been.

 "Do you ever use anything other than your fingers?" I asked.

 She made a soft noise, like an "Mmph," and it took a second for her to

answer in words. "I used a hairbrush once, but it really hurt."

 "You might have broken your hymen," I said. "Spread it out and I'll

have a look." I didn't think she actually would, but she stopped and used

both hands to spread open the outer lips of her pussy. I looked all the

way inside her tight little hole, and didn't see anything that looked like

a hymen, although I'd never seen one in person before. "Yeah," I decided.

"Looks like you lost your virginity to your hairbrush," I teased. "Way to

go."

 Her comeback was pretty lame. "Better than losing it to your hand."

Guys didn't lose their virginity to their hand. Even by the most liberal

definition, you needed the warm, wet, hole of another person. She went

back to rubbing her clit, the wetness she'd gathered from her slit dripping

all over. The bottom bits of her pubic hair were now damp and matted.

 I watched for about five minutes, then I couldn't take anymore, my dick

was threatening explode inside my shorts, so I pulled it out and started

rubbing up and down.

 "Oh, gross," Faith said, but she accelerated finger-fucking herself, and

for a short time we were almost in synch, her self-penetrations happening

in time to my down strokes. Suddenly, she pulled her wet fingers out and

turned on her back, giving me a nice look at her little ass cheeks, and

reached across to her night table to grab a Kleenex and some lotion.

 "That's it," she said. "I'm out." She began to wipe her hands off, and

rubbed them down with some lotion. Then she pulled up her panties and took a few prancing steps to pick up her shorts.

 "Didn't look like you had a chance to cum to me," I said.

 She turned on the lights. "I didn't, but I'm not doing it with you

masturbating. If you want to whack off, go to your own room."

 I went to my own room, but didn't finish myself off. The sudden cold

reception threw me off a little. It didn't make sense. I was sure she'd

be into it. Disappointed, I watched some of that movie I had been planning earlier, and in about an hour, she knocked on my door and said, "Okay, I want to try it again."

 We didn't go back to her room where everything was prepared. She just sat beside me and stripped down, placed her palm on her pussy, and began rubbing, inserting different fingers in. She gradually leaned back further and further until she was lying down, legs hanging over the edge of the bed. I watched quietly as she got to a point of regular heavy exhalations mixed in with small whimpers.

 I decided to take a risk. I was seated, so I lay one of my hands on her

shoulder, the one that was closest to me and not working on her pussy.

Then, I slid under her tank top, making progress on her breasts. My finger found her nipple and rolled it under my finger for nearly a minute before she said, "Stop that," and pulled away, just enough for me to get the message and remove my hand. But before she did, her tongue ran out over her lips, moistening it, and it seemed to me she was getting more into playing with her clit.

 She went back to focusing on her pussy, and she reached a point where, when her eyes were open at all, they had a glassy, far away stare. I made another move and slid my hand down her belly and over her mouth. The little bit of pubic hair didn't stop me at all, and nor did anything else. While her fingers were inside her hole, I took over on her clit, rubbing back and forth slightly.

 She moaned in surprise and pleasure and though she said "stop", her

voice had a higher pitch to it and no anger, just a sense of urgency. I

kept rubbing, pretending not to hear. Her hand closed on top of mine. At

first I thought it was to push it away, but instead she started moving it

up down and around in an erratic pattern. I realized her legs were

shaking. She let out a sharp, severe, shuddering breath with a wordless cry following close behind.

 After she recovered, she elbowed me and moved to get dressed. "Mark! I never said you could touch me."

 "It just seemed like you needed help getting over the hump," I said.

"You should be thanking me. You only have nine more to go." I looked at my fingers, still a little damp with her wetness, and licked them. "Mmmm," I said. "Finger lickin' good." I couldn't say exactly what it tasted like, especially since my taste buds were still a little raw from hot pizza. The best I can describe is, it tasted like lightheaded feels.

 "You're so gross. I can't believe you're making me do this."

 "Come see me when you want your next orgasm." She stormed out and

slammed the door to make her point. I jacked off while smelling her scent on my fingers.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Seven:

 It was two days before Faith came for me again. I had to work both

days, so I don't know if she would have come otherwise, but the first

morning I was free, she found me and told me, "I'm going to touch myself again. But you have to promise."

 I acted innocent. "Promise what?"

 "No touching me."

 "You seemed like you enjoyed it last time."

 "I didn't. It was nasty," she said softly.

 In certain tones of voice, nasty sounds more like a compliment than a

complaint. This one was too close to call. I remembered vividly the feel

of her hand, directing mine. "So nasty that you came. Right."

 "Do you want to watch, or not? Because if you don't, I'm counting it as

one anyway."

 That power play wasn't supported by the rules of the bet, but I followed

her to her room anyway. She had the mood set already, and so without any ceremony, she just laid down and stripped, this time getting all the way nude. She also had a chair set up, a few feet away, close enough that I could get a good look but far enough that I couldn't easily reach. I took the invitation. Perhaps to prevent me from becoming too inspired to want to touch her breasts or pussy again, she laid on her stomach and grinded against her hand from above, leaving little space for me to slip a hand in. Her head was turned towards me, staring. I focused on watching her ass bobbing in the air, and the hand buried underneath.

 After watching her do herself for some time, I had to touch something. I pulled my dick out and began to stroke it again. "I told you," she said.

"If you're going to jack off, I'm stopping. That's not part of the bet."

 "You don't seem to understand," I said. "Watching you like this is

incredibly hot. I've got a boner and I've got to take care of it one way

or another. If you stop every time I jack off, then you'll be stopping

every time. And if you don't get your cums in this month, we start over

again next month."

 She was resigned to her defeat. "Okay. But no touching me."

 I agreed, and stroked myself slowly as she rubbed her pussy from below and sometimes outright humped her hand. She never kept her eyes off me, and most of the time it wasn't on my face, but on my cock.

 When it was getting close, I stoop up, walked right up to her bed,

pointing my dick at her mouth. "Mark! I said no touching."

 "I'm not touching you," I said, and continued to pump my hand up and

down on my dick. "I'm about to cum, but I'm not touching you." I had a

flashback to times when we were very young and I would torment her by doing everything short of touching her, so she couldn't tell on me.

 "But you're going to spooge on me!"

 "But I'm still not touching you," I said. "If I cum, I cum. If you

don't want to get messy, you could always put it in your mouth. I don't

mind if YOU touch ME." She stared at my throbbing cock without speaking. I stopped for a moment to let her have a good look. "Come on, don't act like you've never done it before." I started up again. Another few seconds, another few strokes, passed as she just glared at me. "Getting pretty close," I warned.

 She closed her eyes and opened her mouth and, taking that as an

invitation, I closed the distance and put it in. Her mouth closed over,

creating a tight seal and I swung my hips in and out, fucking her mouth

while I still could before I came. I had my eyes on her hands, and she

never broke stride with her masturbating either. If anything she was

moving faster. I came and my sister drank what I gave her, down to the

last drop.

 I now was almost certain what I was doing turned her on, even though she wouldn't admit it. It was nearly hilarious, the way she kept denying it, acting like she was being all abused, all while putting herself in the

position in the first place and getting hot while it happened.

 She came that morning, too, a few minutes later. I'd actually hoped she wouldn't, because it risked her finishing her required part of the deal too fast. If she didn't cum in front of me ten times, I'd get another month to play with her. If she did, she might stop masturbating, if only because

she couldn't tell herself she was forced to do it.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Eight:

 I suppose the fear that she might quickly run through her ten

masturbation sessions and then stop was what prompted me to take a gamble.

The next time she took me into her room, she tried to lay down the law

again. "No touching, and you can masturbate if you want, but you can't

come near me. It's not fair to make me suck you off and watch too, that

wasn't what the bet was."

 "But you enjoy it," I said.

 "I do not. I'm not a sick perv like you, I don't want to do any of

this. The only reason I'm doing this is because of this stupid bet. I

wouldn't do any of this if you didn't force me."

 I'd had enough. "Fine, if that's the way you feel, how about a new

bet?"

 She started, not expecting that. "What?"

 "Another bet. If you win, the rest of your obligation is off. If I

win, we up the ante. I can touch you any time I want, anywhere I want."

 "What?" she repeated.

 "You heard me. So, do you wanna bet?"

 "Wait, what do you mean whenever you want? Cause when blowjobs were whenever you want, I had to be, like, at your beck and call."

 That was a fair point. I wanted to make it easier for her to agree, so

I backed down a little. "Okay, anytime we're alone, then. But you can't

just run off whenever I lay a hand on you either, you take it until I'm

done with you."

 "Good, because that's one thing, being some kind of... sex slave, that's

another. I guess that's okay. I bet you're going to keep touching me

anyway, at least this way I have a chance at getting out of it." But the

way she said sex slave, a little breathily, made me wonder. Maybe that was what she really wanted. She just wanted to be pushed into it. For one instant, I was absolutely sure of it.

 Or, perhaps, it was just what I wanted. I wondered just how far I could

go with her, and I wasn't sure that I'd stop until I found out what the

boundaries were. If I could take absolute control over her, I would. I

didn't really want to hurt her, but if she wanted that, and I wanted that,

everybody was happy, even if I had to pretend to force her into it. You

can't really force somebody into doing what they really want. But how

would I know for sure whether she wanted it and just wanted to deny it, or actually didn't want it? I only had one idea. "Aren't you wondering what the bet actually is?"

 "Oh, yeah," she said as though it she'd forgotten that little detail.

"So, what is it?"

 "A game. On the Wii downstairs. Your choice. The bet is simple... I

bet I win the game." I was better than her at most of the games we had,

because I bought them, but there were still games where we were about even or where she usually beat me. I thought it would be a fair test of my theory. If she chose a game I was better at, or did poorly at one she was good at, it would prove to me, beyond any doubt, that she wanted it. Then it would just be a matter of pushing her where I wanted her to go until she started to push back.

 I didn't think I was risking too much. Even if I lost, she'd already

bet sexual favors once, I knew I could get her to do it again sooner or

later.

 She went downstairs to the Wii console and began looking through titles. After a half hour, she chose a game that she was better at. It was the table tennis part of Wii Play. When we first got the system, she kicked my ass on that game right away, and although I'd gotten better, she still beat me most of the times we played, and I spent most of my time playing newer games. I worried that I might have misjudged the situation. "You'd better play your best," I said. "Because if you lose, I'm going to be taking full advantage of my newfound rights."

 We played. The game rules had the first player to 11 points win. She

served first, and scored the first point because I missed, and then she

scored another on the next round. Then I started remembering my old moves, and was able to gain ground.

 I have to think she let me win. It was too neat to happen otherwise.

Throughout the whole match, she'd let herself get 2 points ahead, and then she'd start playing poorly and I'd catch up.

 By the time she was at 9 points, we were tied. I scored the tenth point

first, overtaking her for the first time, and on the next round she caught

me again. It was down to the tiebreaker. "You're going down," I said.

"Or maybe I'll go down on you. I haven't decided." I stuck out my tongue

and lewdly wiggled it to demonstrate the pun.

 I served. It was a difficult shot, but by no means out of her range.

She should have been able to at least return it and we'd have some back and forth. She missed it entirely.

 "No!" she moaned, her eyes wide. She threw the controller down. If it

hadn't been aimed at the couch, it might have broken from the force of the throw. "How could I have missed that?"

 "Maybe you wanted to," I suggested.

 "Don't be stupid, of course I didn't want to. What kind of sick person

would want their brother to do stuff like that to them?" Her eyes welled up a little, but I knew she could cry on demand. "You just psyched me out, that's it. I got freaked out about losing and I played like shit."

 I had no sympathy. I'd given her enough chances to win her way out of

it. "Whatever. I won." I patted my leg. "Why don't you bring my winnings over this way."

 She slid over to me, head down, but hopped onto my lap. I leaned back and pulled her with me, running my hands over the exposed areas of her body, her legs, arms, and belly. Then I slid my hand underneath the shirt and up to her chest, fingers ducking beneath the bra. I squeezed her developing breasts firmly, getting a good fondle of each of them in turn, as my other strayed down to undo the button on her shorts.

 It popped open, and then I had one hand playing with a nipple, the other rearranging her pubic hair as she leaned back into me. She took it

passively, not complaining, but not engaged, either. As I slid my left

hand lower into her slit, I felt how moist she'd become, further

reinforcing my belief I'd interpreted things correctly. If she didn't want

it, she'd be bone dry, and if she was bone dry, I don't think I would have

pressed her. Instead, I rubbed, my fingers attracted by the wetness,

seeking out the hole it came from. When they reached the source, I stuck two inside and curled them. Her butt was nestled up against my crotch, and she must have felt my erection pressing up against her, but she didn't complain about that, either. She just accepted it, letting me do whatever I wanted.

 I knew then it would only be a matter of time before I fucked her. I

probably could have done it that day, if I pushed hard enough, but I wanted to take it slow, ease her into it one step at a time, and tease her a

little. My secret goal was to get her to beg me for it, but if she was so

fucked up that she needed to lose bets to get what she wanted, I doubted I could hold out long enough for that.

 If I couldn't have her beg, I was at least determined to leave her

wanting more. I kept up a steady pace of stroking and fingering, until I

thought she was getting close to the edge of orgasm country. When she

reached that point, I withdrew my fingers, now soaked in her juices, and

lifted her off my lap with both hands. "Okay, that's enough."

 She stared at me uncomprehendingly. "What?"

 "That's enough for now. You can go." I picked up the game controlled,

and started a new game, a single player round of tanks, pointedly

pretending to ignore her.

 After a few seconds, she got up, and walked away on unsteady, rubbery

legs, towards her room. "Remember," I called back after her. "No

masturbating while I'm not there." She didn't speak, and I smelled my

finger and went back to my game.

 She held out an hour before coming back to get me. "I want to

masturbate."

 "Yeah, I guess it was unfair of me to get you all worked up and not get

you off," I said.

 "It wasn't you," she insisted, but was unconvincing. "I was watching my DVD of Twilight.''

 "Sure. Let's go, then." I followed her up to her room, smacking her

bottom playfully as we climbed the stairs. Once there, she pulled off her

shorts and sat down on the bed. "You might as well get all the way naked," I said, "Since I'm probably going to be touching you anyway. There's no reason to make it difficult for me."

 She frowned, and then removed her top, and finally her bra, then lay

back, made herself comfortable, and started touching herself. She kept her eyes on me. I unzipped and pulled my cock out in advance, although I felt up her chest for a while before doing anything. When I did, I rubbed it on her breasts, teasing the nipple. "It's too bad you don't have bigger tits," I said. "There's not even enough to titfuck here." She told me to shut up, so I let go of her, stepped back, and just kept watching.

 Soon, she closed her eyes and began to rub more vigorously. I leaned in for a close look, and then, as a surprise, stuck my tongue in past her

frantically moving fingers and around her clit, and wiggled it. I'd tasted

one girl's pussy before, but this one tasted much better, stronger than the

remnants of her juices. It tasted a little like an apple that was just a

little sour, but not unpleasantly so.

 The response to my little taste test was immediate. "OH GOD!" she

cried. Her back arched up, bringing her pussy upwards, closer to my mouth, and the lick inadvertently became a kiss.

 Faith collapsed in a heap, her hands dropped to her side. Once she

caught her breath, she said, "You weren't supposed to lick. Only touch."

 "I was touching you with my tongue. You never said what I could use." I ran my hand into her red hair and ruffled it a little, and then left her

lying naked. I didn't trust myself to masturbate in front of her without

deciding to try then and there to fuck her, so I went to my room to do it

alone.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Nine:

 Faith avoided me the next couple days, spending much of the time with

her friends except when our parents were home, and either choosing not to masturbate, or to secretly violate the terms of the wager. I was worried I might have pushed things too far, but it was awful fun, and I knew she'd be coming back to me eventually.

 One night, as we were having a family dinner together, in front of the

television, Mom spoke up. "Oh, I forgot to mention, your cousins called.

They're back from their trip, and want to know if you want to come over

tomorrow, go swimming or something."

 "Sure," Faith said. "I can't wait to talk to Lara about her trip." I

thought it might be fun to see Lara too. Maybe I'd get pussy that day

after all.

 I have five cousins. Two live on the other side of the country. The

other three of which live in my city. Todd, age 19, Lara, age 15, and

Mikey, age 16. They're my Dad's brother's kids. They live on the other

side of town, in a nice neighborhood because, thanks to Aunt Sharon's

family money. They're a lot more well-off than we are. We hadn't seen

them for a while, since they took a big trip to Europe right as summer

started. It wasn't a special occasion, they go somewhere every year.

 We're not just cousins, we're friends, at least most of us. Not as much

with Todd, who tormented Mikey and I when we were younger and ignored my sister ever since she broke one of his models. But Faith was pretty close to Lara and looked up to her, and thought Mikey was funny. I'm closest to Mikey. He's like a much more awkward version of myself, and we got along well, like how brothers are supposed to be. Lara was a little different. I liked her, but I've also wanted to fuck her since I was twelve... which I guess makes her a little like my sister, only without the arguments. Sometimes I get signs Lara might be interested, but I'd never made any move because she was family. If it didn't work out, things would get awkward. Well, now I've already crossed that line with Faith. What was one more relative?

 The next day, I drove Faith there. I let her sit in the front seat this

time, and she wore a skirt, giving me a nice look at her pale-skinned,

unblemished legs, while reminding me even more of what was still covered. The access was easy. Wearing something like that was practically an invitation, and I accepted that invitation. When I drove along the secluded side streets, free of much traffic, I let my right hand cross over the divider between our seats, and up her leg. Underneath the skirt, she had panties on, but it didn't take much concentration to get underneath those, even while I was driving. I rubbed her pussy slowly, carefully. It was a little dry at first, but very soon became slick with her juices. In the mirror, I watched her face as little twitches played across it. She was trying to control her expression and not give me the satisfaction of displaying an effect, but her pussy couldn't lie, and her face didn't do it well.

 I must have fingered her for five or ten minutes on the car ride before

I pulled out and drove the last few turns to our cousin's place.

 My oldest cousin Todd answered the door. He was a fairly built guy who had a small weight bench in his room, and talked about it a lot. He wore a tank top and shorts, and had sunglasses on a chain around his neck. He was superficially nice, welcoming me in and shaking my hand, but he always squeezed a little too tight and I still had those lingering memories of him beating up me and his brother when we were younger, so I didn't like him much.

 He asked how we were, took a look at my car, subtly insulted it compared to his own BMW, and then pointed us towards the backyard.

 Lara was sitting on the edge of the large pool. She was blonde, and her

skin was more tanned than usual, undoubtedly due to a lot of time spent on European beaches. She wore a yellow bikini that clung tightly to her

pear-sized beasts. I could see tanlines poking up from the bottom part of

her swimsuit, but there were none on her bikini top. I imagined her

sunning herself on the beaches of Europe, where toplessness was supposedly okay, and cursed that our family was never invited along.

 Mikey was on the diving board, looking ready to jump off when he saw us. He looked about as usual, except with his hair wet instead of poofed up. He looked like the before picture to his brother's after, in some kind of ad for a weightlifting program. There wasn't much fat on him, but not much muscle either. If I had the same type of features as them, I could have been there too, somewhere in the middle ground between them, maybe as an example of the benefits of the program "after only a few weeks". Mikey waved and cannonballed into the water with a big splash, then swam to our side of the pool.

 We exchanged greetings, talked about their trip a little, and then

changed into our swimsuits. I had long swim trunks and only needed a

second. Faith, being a girl, needed longer. She eventually came out,

wearing that green bikini she once wore half of in the shower with me. I

almost got a boner from the memory alone, not to mention how she looked in it.

 We swam a while, played some two-on-two water basketball (in which I got to "accidentally" grab Lara's boobs while trying to steal the ball), had

some pizza rolls and colas, and just generally spent time together. We

mostly stayed in our swimsuits, even when we were inside. With that much flesh to look at, my gaze kept falling on either my sister or Lara,

distracting me from talking to Mikey. I don't know if he noticed. I think

he was distracted too.

 One incident had Mikey and I talking about some sports, and I could

barely follow his side of the conversation, because on the other side of

the room Lara and Faith were talking about her dance lessons. Then they

got up and Faith demonstrated to Lara something, raising her leg very high,like you see in ballet. Lara tried to copy the move. Having both of them in tight bikinis, raising their legs provocatively was quite a sight. I

noticed Mikey had gone silent too.

 Lara lost her balance and stumbled, laughing. "I don't think I have it

in me to do that."

 "I'm sure you can be flexible enough," Faith said. "You just need a

little training." I could just imagine. I'd love to help her with her

flexibility by pinning her legs behind her ears until she got used to it

while I fucked her.

 "Maybe, but the choreography for your stuff is too rigid and

complicated. I prefer spontaneous, freestyle." She moved her body sexily in a music-less dance.

 "It's not so bad. I like it. Sometimes it's nice to just not have to

make any decisions, you know? You just do what you're supposed to do when you're supposed to do it. That's all. If you do exactly what you're told and they don't like you, it's not your fault, you were just told the wrong thing."

 I must have spent minutes watching, imagining. I had loads of wrong

things I wanted to tell her to do. Eventually Mikey got my attention and

once again drew me into a conversation about the teams we followed.

 A half hour later, after we'd returned to the pool to do a little more

swimming, Todd came down from his room and met us there. "Hey, I'm going to grab a coffee, you guys want anything?"

 Lara wanted an iced cappachino. I asked for an iced coffee with three

sugars. Mikey wanted something to eat, asking for a combo from a sub place near the coffee shop, which prompted Lara to ask for a sub too. "Okay, I'm not going to be able to get all that. One of you guys have to come with me."

 Lara volunteered. She hadn't dropped back into the pool yet, so was

still dry, and just pulled on a t-shirt and shorts and left with her

brother, to my disappointment. Once they pulled out of the driveway, Mikey got out of the pool and said, "I'm going to go inside for a while, maybe watch a movie or something in the basement. Want to come, Mark?"

 I knew what he was up to. Since we were young, sometimes we'd sneak down to the basement and watch porn on one of his dad's satellite channels. I looked across the pool at my sister, who was shooting some basketball shots by herself. The backyard was well obscured from prying eyes, with a high fence and lots of trees. "Why don't you go ahead," I said. "I'll join you in a few minutes."

 He looked at me funny, but left. I slipped into the pool and behind my

sister. She hadn't noticed we were alone. I slid my hand under her butt,

attacking her from below, and she yelped. "Mark!" she whispered, looking about frantically. "Not here."

 "Shhh," I said. "Nobody's watching. We're alone. Just relax. I'm

collecting on the bet." I felt her up there, in the pool, for about ten

minutes, keeping an eye on the sliding glass door to the house, before I

heard Todd's car pull back in. My finger withdrew and Faith swam away from me quickly, blushing a deep red.

 I got my coffee and also grabbed Todd's sub combo and brought it to him downstairs in the basement. There was no porn on the screen. He was looking at me strangely. I passed him his food. "Here you go, sorry I got a little held up."

 "I saw what you were doing with Faith," he said.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Ten:

 I froze at the accusation, then decided to try and play it off as though

it was no big deal. Maybe he was referring to something else entirely.

"What do you mean?"

 "You were, like, feeling her up. I saw you from the upstairs window."

 Oops. I guess even the best of us slip up now and again. "So, what,

you never fingered your sister?"

 "No!" he said. He leaned close to whisper. "Are you doing her?" He

didn't sound angry or freaked out. He sounded interested.

 I relaxed. "Not yet. Probably soon, though."

 "How could you do that?"

 "It's a long story. Just, keep your mouth shut. It's not like we're

dating or anything, just having a little fun."

 "That's messed up, man," he said, but he said it with a smile and a

shake of his head. "Man, I wish I could get a piece of that."

 I thought about it. Why not? If I could get her to fuck me, I could

probably get her to fuck her cousin. "Tell you what, keep your mouth shut, I may be able to get her to do something with you."

 "Really?"

 I nodded. "You know I'd like to help you out. I might be able to get

her to at least throw a bj your way. No promises, but I'll do what I can.

Just, you know, maybe put a good word in with your cousin for me, because I'd like to get a piece of that, too."

 "Sure... I mean, I'll try."

 "On second thought," I said. "Don't say anything to her. You might

screw it up. But I'll still try to help you." It wasn't just charity, or

angling for his own sister that made me the offer. The thought of Faith

fucking another guy not because she wanted to but just because I wanted her to really aroused me. If she wanted to be controlled, well, that was

pretty controlling. I wanted that power, if she wanted to give it up. I

wasn't sure if she was willing to go that far, but I was dying to find out.

 I was telling Mikey a little about what she'd already done for me, when

I had to stop suddenly. The door was opening. It was my sister. She

sullenly padded down the stairs and said, "I'm not really feeling well.

Can you bring me home?"

 I was suddenly worried. "Sure. What's wrong?"

 "I don't know. I think maybe those pizza bites didn't agree with me."

 I told her I would, and we said our goodbyes to our cousins, and I drove her home. "Do you want me to pick up some Pepto or something?" I asked on the way. I really was concerned for her.

 "No," she said. "I'm not really sick. I just wanted to go home."

 "Oh? Why? You and Lara have a fight?"

 "No," she said. Then she sighed. "I suppose you're going to find out

anyway, since I have to let you be there. I really need to masturbate."

 Spectacular. "Oh? I guess you liked being touched."

 "I can't help it," she said, her blush extending all over her face and

blotting out her freckles. "Don't be too proud of yourself, a monkey could

touch me there and it would feel good."

 "Wow," I said. "Kinky. Do you often think about animals doing sexual

things with you?"

 "Shut up!"

 "Because I don't know anybody with a monkey, but my friend Fred has a dog..."

 "Shut up, you freak! You're so disgusting."

 Throwing caution to the wind, I darted my hand under her skirt to feel

her up. "I don't know, you're pretty wet. I must have said something that turned you on."

 "That's from the pool."

 "Right. Well, don't worry, we'll be home soon. I'll help you get off."

 She ran up to her room. I let her go. I made her wait a few minutes

while I killed time downstairs. Finally, she yelled, "Are you coming?"

 "Pretty soon," I said. "Are you? Oh, right, you're not allowed to

until I'm there."

 "Come on..." she said. I decided to be nice. I was pretty horny too.

 She was already nude, waiting for me in her room. She sat on the edge

of her bed, and as soon as she saw me, she put her fingers to her crack and began rubbing. I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her down into a lying position, and began caressing her lightly, then knelt over her pussy and tongued along the side of her slit as she continued to fuck herself.

 She was getting into it pretty good, and my dick was rock hard, so I

decided "Fuck it," it was time. She wasn't likely to ask, so it was time

to push her a little more. I knelt between her knees and gently spread

them apart, then rose and took my cock out. It was pointed directly at her little cunt.

 "What are you doing?" she said breathlessly.

 "What does it look like?" I asked. I leaned in closer and touched her

pussy with the head of my penis. "Touching. Like I'm allowed to."

 "You can't fuck me," she said. "There's a difference between touching

and fucking. The deal doesn't let you fuck me," she said. She wasn't

stopping masturbating. "If you try to fuck me, I'll have to tell

somebody."

 "Okay," I said. "But what about rubbing?" To demonstrate, I rubbed the head of my penis along her slit, in the groove, poking gently but too

gently to penetrate inside. "There's nothing wrong with that, is there?

That's still touching."

 "I guess not," she said breathlessly.

 "Good." I used my thumbs and pulled her pussy a little wider. My cock

slipped in between the lips, and I pressed forward just the slightest bit.

"And what if I just have the head in a little?" I asked. "That's not

fucking, is it?" She didn't answer, but stopped masturbating and drew her

fingers back to give me room. Very slowly, I moved more and more inside. If she told me to stop, I would have, but she said nothing and only

watched. Soon, the whole head was inside her. By some measures, this was penetration, and she was no longer a virgin. I didn't dare move forward beyond that, not yet. "Well? Is this fucking?"

 "No," she said. "I guess it's not."

 "I'm glad. But I think we really need to decide where touching becomes

fucking. Because," I said, giving her an intense, uncompromising look, "I

intend to touch you as closely to that line as I can. So you need to tell

me exactly where it stops being touching."

 We stayed like that, silent, unmoving, lightly coupled, for a pregnant

twenty or thirty seconds, before she finally made a decision and said, "I

think once you're more than halfway inside of me it starts being fucking."

 I'd take halfway. But now, I pulled out, her cunt lips, stretched

around the head of my penis, seemed unwilling to slide back, but they did. I walked over to her desk, cock swinging with every step, and got a marker, then handed it to her. "Just to be sure, we'd better mark it. Mark the halfway point on me. I won't go any deeper than that. I swear."

 She held my dick lightly with one hand, and looked at it, unconsciously

licking her dry lips, and then pulled me close, and made a mark on the side of my penis. It was more than halfway down. By my reckoning, it was somewhere well in the neutral zone between halfway and three-quarters of the way down. I took the pen back from her, marked it around so I could see it from above, and then tossed it back on her desk.

 "Okay. Let's get back to not fucking you then."

 I resumed my previous position, only this time after I got my cock head

in her hole, I held her legs in my hands for leverage, so I could pull her

to me while pushing in, and I began to pump in and out.

 I was fucking her. I'd say I was, I think most people would say I was,

but I did play fair with her. As hard as it was not to dive all the way in

to the balls, I did not cross the line marked on my penis. So as far as

she was concerned, I was only touching her... inside her pussy, and with my dick.

 As I plowed in and out of her snatch, increasing in speed, she brought

her fingers back to play with her clit. She must have been very near to

cumming when I chose to act, because soon she was moaning and writhing, then repetitively moaned, "oh god," each time increasing in volume and pitch and length. I came just before she did, squirting my cum deep inside her, up towards her womb. I hoped she was protected.

 I left myself inside of her until I'd stopped dribbling, and then pulled

out. "There. That wasn't so bad, was it?" She didn't say anything. "I

think I'm going to be doing a lot more touching from now on..."

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Eleven:

 I "touched" the inside of Faith's pussy with most of my cock the again

next day. That time, she got on her hands and knees, and I did it from

behind, my hands on her ass, getting a good look. She didn't even touch

herself this time, just let me take it. As I rocked back and forth into

her (up to the line, freshly marked again at roughly the same spot) and

kneaded her ass cheeks, I told her how it looked like a tight ass and I

might like to "touch" it one of these days. She didn't say anything, not

even a complaint, but moaned a few seconds later. I knew I was getting to her. I knew, sooner or later, she'd ask me, instead of just going to

masturbate as the bet stipulated and getting touched while she did.

 As it turned out, she didn't ask, but she did almost the same thing

while trying to preserve her deniability. The next time I fucked her, I

decided not to wait until she came to me to masturbate. She wore a pretty short skirt, and walked by me while I was watching TV. Her little pale legs crossed my vision and I thought I saw a flash of panties. I got

stiff, and since nobody was home, I decided to assert my rights. "Come

here a minute," I said, and pulled her towards me.

 I felt up her legs and into her panties, then pulled the fabric down to

her knees. While I was seated and she stood in front of me, I had a nice

view of her puffy little pussy and I felt like a taste, so I leaned forward

and tongued her crack for several minutes. When I'd had enough of eating pussy, I stood, told her to lie on the couch, and took off my pants as she complied wordlessly. She even took her panties completely off without having to be asked, because she knew what was coming.

 The mark was still visible from the last time since the marker we used

was semi-permanent, so it still made a good reference point. I stuck the

head of my penis in, and then slowly got as far as was allowed to go.

 I thrust in and out, in and out, enjoying her squeezing the top half of

my cock tight. After a while, she linked her legs behind me and her heels

dug into my back.

 It wasn't a gentle nudge of inadvertent movements. She was pulling me deeper inside her, and I was already as deep as I was supposed to go. An invitation is an invitation even if it's unspoken, so I went with the flow,

let her pull me in, and sank all the way into her. She let out a moan of

pleasure, and I thrust in and out, letting my balls slap against her. I

fucked her as hard as I could and as long as I could, then pushed one last

time as far as I could into her as she gasped, and let jet after jet of my

sperm shot into her pussy.

 "Well, I guess you've been officially fucked now," I said.

 "You bastard," she yelled. "You weren't supposed to do that." Tears

were in her eyes, and for a moment, just a moment, I felt ashamed.

 Then I remembered the feel of her legs drawing me in, and I just got

mad. I grabbed her face in one hand, squeezing just enough to make her

pucker up and shut up. "Don't you dare try to blame this on me. I was

only doing what you wanted. Everything I've done, you've gotten wet from or gotten off from and thrown off signals that you wanted more, all while complaining that you didn't want it. I see right through you. Inside

you're just a dirty little slut, aren't you?"

 I let her go enough to speak. "I am not," she said, but it was a weak

denial, like she was trying, and failing, to convince even herself.

 "You lost that last bet on purpose because you wanted it. Fuck, I bet

you lost all of them on purpose, didn't you?" She didn't answer, but

couldn't meet my eyes. I had her, I knew I had her. "Okay, then I've got

one more bet for you. This one's for all the marbles. If I lose, I never

touch you again. Ever. No matter how much you want to cum, no matter how much you beg. If I win, you're my sex slave until the end of the summer. You do whatever I want, whenever I want, with whoever I want." Her eyes got suddenly wide at the last part. It looked like they were about to jump out of her head. "Now, do you wanna bet? Or do you want to keep things as they are?"

 "What's the bet?" she asked softly.

 "Sometime in the next five days, you will beg me to touch you."

 "That's it?" she asked. "But that's so easy."

 "I'm not finished. You'll beg me to touch you, because you can't do it

yourself. If you play with yourself in any way, whether you use fingers or

toys, or even squeeze your legs together and rub your thighs, you lose the bet. I've gotten you used to regular orgasms, so it's time to turn off the supply, until you're mine, totally."

 Her mouth hung open a little, and I watched her wet her lip with her

tongue, thinking it over. "Okay," she said. "I can do that."

 I thought it was a fair bet. I could hold off touching myself for five

days. Girls should have it even easier. Of course, I had a little idea to

help me win, but if she really wanted to, I thought she could have made it. I gave her the official handshake to seal the agreement, and once it was given, I let her go. "Let the game begin..."

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Twelve:

 I didn't do anything with her the first day. I wanted to see if she'd

just come to me on her own, like I wanted her to. Besides, I had to work

that day. I dropped by her room when I got back home to see if she might ask then, but she wouldn't.

 I let the next day pass, too. I treated her like a normal guy would

treat his sister, in the hopes of giving her a taste of how boring our

relationship would be from then on. She mostly ignored me, which was

pretty much as our relationship had been before the Samuel L. Jackson

incident.

 By the third day, I was starting to wonder if my theory was wrong. It

was time to kick things into high gear. I saw her in the kitchen, laying

out some carrot sticks on a plate for breakfast. Mom and Dad were both

gone. She tensed for a moment when she saw me, then relaxed. Once she let her guard down again, I came up behind her and reached into her shorts.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

 "I never gave up my right to touch," I said as I worked my fingers past

her panties. As she bent forward, pushing back into me, I grinded my

crotch towards her ass. I kept her like this for several minutes, and then

when I heard her breathing heavily, and regularly, almost panting, really,

I abruptly pulled out.

 "Aren't you going to..." she asked, but then stopped.

 "Do you want me to?" I asked.

 She shook her head, and left for her room. I stood outside, waiting, to

listen for any sounds of masturbation that would constitute losing.

 Every time I saw her that day, if we were alone, I felt her up for a few

minutes, to get her motor running, and then suddenly left.

 The next day, I went into her room and told her to lay down on the bed.

She did, meekly, almost as though she was already mine. I stripped her

down to nothing, and began fingering her. When she started wiggling with excitement, I added my tongue to the mix, teasing her clit with little

licks. I had to be careful. Every few seconds I would look up to watch

her face. My plan might be ruined if I accidentally made her cum.

 I stopped when she was close. She groaned in frustration when I told

her that was enough, that she could get dressed. "What? Do you want me to touch you more?"

 She didn't answer.

 I left her alone a few hours, then did it again, only this time, after

licking her, I pulled down my shorts and ran my dick along her slit, then

pushed it inside. I was worried I'd overplayed my hand, and if I was going to lose, I'd get my dick wet a few more times. I'd save all out fucking (or the half-way fucking I was technically entitled to) until the last day, but I gave her a few strokes, In and out, while playing with her clit with my thumb, and started to leave again.

 "No," she said as I was at the door.

 I paused. "What?"

 "It's not fair."

 I shrugged. "Then you shouldn't have agreed to it."

 She was quiet for a long time, and I reached for the doorknob. She

spoke again before I turned it. "You won't hurt me, would you, Mark? If I lost?"

 I looked back at her and smiled. "I'm your brother. Of course I

wouldn't hurt you."

 She sighed. "Okay. You win. Please touch me."

 Her last question made me generous, I gave her one last test. "Are you

sure you want to do this? You know what this means?"

 She nodded. "Anything, anywhere, with anybody."

 "And you still want me to touch you?"

 "Yes. Please. I'm begging you."

 I'd won. It felt like a wave of pure power washing over me, through me. I don't think I've ever felt anything more arousing. "Oh, I'll do more

than touch you," I said as I went back to worked my cock into her slick

hole once more. I grabbed her by the ankles and lifted them up to my

shoulder, then back, seeing just how flexible she was. I pinned them in

the spaces between my shoulders and pecks, leaning on top of her to get a downward angle. I wasn't able to pin them back to her ears, but I didn't think her dance teacher would have any complaints about her flexibility.

 I repositioned myself inside her, since I'd temporarily slipped out, and

then pushed all the way into her, practically stabbing her with my dick.

Her legs pushed back, but not by much. I fucked her roughly... not

harshly, I wasn't trying for pain, but her comfort wasn't my priority then,

getting off was. I was so worked up from the last few days that I didn't

care much about her pleasure, I just kept thrusting and thrusting, like I

was a machine designed to make my dick expel its seed. I broke stride just once to wipe some of the sweat from my head. She used the opportunity to let her legs slip out, falling towards sideways. That put her in a spread eagle, but allowed me more room to get deeper, so I didn't adjust any. I felt a throbbing up and down my shaft and it wasn't just her tight pussy squeezing me. It wasn't long before I came inside of her. She had an orgasm too, but I think she was so close already that practically any stimulation would have pushed her over the edge.

 I grunted as I emptied myself inside of her, then pulled out and let the

last jet fall on her face. She was still coming down from her climax, so I

wiped grabbed my panties and wiped my cock down with them. I thought I'd get a kick out of making her wear them later.

 "So what now?" she asked as I sat down on the bed beside her. I looked into her eyes. She wasn't crying. She wasn't smiling, but she wasn't crying. I watched her, looking for any sign of pain, worry, or doubt. Now that I'd just gotten off, guilt was once again an emotion I was capable of. When I didn't answer her question, she must have taken it for a criticism,because soon Faith corrected herself. "I mean, what now, master?"

 Master. I grinned, loving the sound of that. It looked like I had

myself a sex slave.

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Thirteen:

 I made good use of Faith, keeping my word that she would be my personal sex slave. Any time I got horny, I used her. The next day, I took her anal cherry as she grunted with her face jammed into the bed, and it was impossibly tight, but I liked cumming it in her pussy better, and I didn't want to risk giving her some kind of infection by going from one to the other. I still loved my sister, and I didn't want to hurt her, and I got the feeling that anal sex did that, even though she was a trooper and didn't verbally complain. She seemed relieved when I told her it wasn't asgood as I'd hoped.

 After a few days of enjoying her all by myself, and wearing myself out a

little in the process, I decided it was time to hold up to my end of two

promises. I said that I'd try to help Mikey get a shot with Faith, and I

told Faith she'd do whatever I want with whoever I want. She clearly

wanted that, or she wouldn't have agreed, so there was no reason to

disappoint either of them. One day, while Faith was sucking on my cock

dressed only in panties, I phoned Mikey.

 After the initial pleasantries, in part designed to make it clear to her

who I was talking to, I told him, casually, as though it was just another

bit of news, "Yeah, so I started fucking Faith." She almost choked on my

cock in surprise, but didn't do anything except look at me with wide eyes.

I reached over to pat her head, a signal to go back to moving her head up

and down.

 "Wow. How was she?" Mikey asked.

 "Real good. Do you want to fuck her?"

 "Do you think she would?"

 "She will if I tell her to. She lost a bet. She has to do whatever I

say."

 There was silence on the phone for a few seconds, and then he said, "I

don't know, if she's only doing it because you're forcing her..."

 "I'm not forcing her. She's kind of a freak. A beautiful, amazing

freak. She wants it, or she wouldn't let it happen. I can get her to fuck

you, easily. She knows that's the plan, and she certainly hasn't had any

complaints." She looked me right in the eyes as she went from the top of my cock all the way down, as though to emphasize that she wasn't objecting. I smiled lovingly at her.

 "Okay, then, yeah, I'd like to fuck her."

 "Good. Here's the deal. I'll throw you a blowjob for free, because

you're family. You can see her naked, even feel her up a little. But to

fuck her, I want money. $100 a pop, so to speak."

 "$100? That's sick dude."

 "Believe me, she's worth much more. I know you can get it." They were practically spoiled with their allowance. He might have to ask his parents for a little extra cash, but they'd do it if he gave them a plausible

story. He probably had money saved up already to buy a car or something if his parents hadn't already promised to get him one when he got his license. "If you're free, we'll come over tomorrow and you can sample the goods."

 He agreed, and the next day, I drove Faith over to her place. She wore

a skirt and, when we pulled up into the driveway, I had her roll her

panties down her legs in the front seat and pass them to me. Mikey would be alone that day, he assured me, and I got a little thrill knowing all it would take would be a flip of the skirt and she'd be exposed.

 Mikey met us at the door, and tried to act all casual, like it was just

another visit from her cousins. Faith kept her head down, but I knew she

was secretly eager. Her panties were pretty damp. As soon as we were

inside, I pulled up the front of Faith's skirt and said, "Hey, Mikey, check

this out." Her little slit could be seen clearly, and Mike had a boner

visible through his shorts. I don't think he ever completely believed me

until that moment.

 "Holy shit. We should go downstairs," Mikey said.

 Downstairs, I sat down beside Faith on the comfortable black couch. She had her legs pulled up beneath her, and I directed her to spread and

display for him. She did, with only her blush giving any indication that

she wasn't 100% behind this.

 I let Mikey kneel down, get a good look, stick his finger inside. He

was clumsy, like I was the first time. After he'd fucked around enough, I

said, "So, you got $100 for me? Or are you going to happy with a blowjob?"

 "Are you all right with this, Faith?" Mikey asked.

 "Yes. Whatever Mark wants me to do," she said. She even smiled. "He's my master." I didn't think I'd ever get tired of her saying that.

 He chose to fuck her, of course. I waited until I had the money in my

hand, counted it, then nodded to Faith. "Go on, make him happy, girl, I

know you can."

 He went for straight missionary position. I watched them together,

getting a little aroused, but I didn't want to whip it out and fap.

Fapping to your sister is fine, fapping along with your male cousin to porn

is fine, as long as you both kept your eyes glued to the screen, but

fapping while watching your male cousin's cock plow into your sister just

seemed a little gay.

 He mumbled about how he wanted this for so long, but after only about

two or three minutes, he came and pulled out, exhausted. We left soon

afterwards. I could tell Faith was disappointed the sex wasn't longer, but

I'd take care of her later.

 On the way home in the car, I took one of the twenties and held it

towards Faith. "I don't have to do this because you're mine, and I'm not

promising to do this every time I rent you to somebody," I told her,

stopping for a moment to let that sink in and assure her more was coming, before continuing, "...but you did a good job, so I thought I'd reward you. $20 isn't bad for two minutes work." She took it in trembling fingers, and then after she put it away, she smiled.

 "Thank you, Master."

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Fourteen:

 Mikey wanted another dose of Faith a few days later. He called me, told me he was going to be alone for a few hours, and had money, so I made another drive over with Faith.

 This time I let him fuck her before asking for the money. That was,

generally, a policy I do not recommend, but it worked out for the best this

time.

 He had her ride on top of him this time, cowgirl style, letting her do

most of the work while he took in the view. I, meanwhile, got a view of

her little ass bumping up and down.

 He lasted longer this time, maybe five minutes, and swore up a storm in his moans and grunts, which was funny compared to the last time when he seemed deadly serious and focused. After he came, I told Faith to get off and clean him up, which meant licking off the combination of cum and her own juices that were left on his cock.

 "Okay," I said, after she was done. "I guess you owe me $100."

 Mikey put on a guilty look. "Listen, I was only able to get $45."

 "What? You told me you had it all." I was not impressed.

 "I thought I'd have more, but it just didn't work out. Besides, $100 is

way too much."

 Now I was outright angry. "Too much? First you try to cheat me, and

then you insult Faith. That's not cool man."

 He put up his hands defensively. "That's not what I meant, it's just...

she enjoyed it. I know she wanted it." He looked at her. "Didn't you

Faith? You wanted it, right?" he pleaded with her. Fuck, he was

practically begging for her to agree.

 I didn't let her answer. "It doesn't matter if she wanted it or not.

Come here, Faith." She hopped off the couch and to my side. I put my hand to her cunt, trying to ignore that Mikey's cum was inside. "This pussy belongs to me. It does what I say. I was doing you a favor by offering to share it. Fuck, I even threw in a blowjob for free, because you're family. You try to screw me, and you'll never be screwing this, again." I dipped a finger in.

 I felt Faith squeeze around my finger reassuringly. Then she said,

"He's right, Mikey. I wouldn't do your if Mark told me not to. I don't

think I'd do you at all if he didn't tell me to. Pay up." Good girl.

 "I didn't say I wouldn't pay," Mikey backpedalled. "I just can't pay

right now. Give me a week or two. Mom won't give me any more money until my next allowance."

 "You have till tomorrow," I said. I was pissed at him. "And never

again are you getting credit. You want me to tell Faith to fuck you, you

pay up front."

 "I need a little more than that. Give me a till the weekend, I can't do

it in a day!"

 "Tough. Sell something. You've got enough nice shit, somebody will pay you for some of it. And until you pay, I'm taking your laptop as... what do they call it... collateral. Go get it. Faith, get dressed."

 "Come on, man," Mikey said. "Not my laptop. I use that all the time.

I'll get the money for you by tomorrow. You don't have to be such a prick

about it."

 He was in very real danger of severely ruining our friendly familial

relationship for all time. I might have banned Faith from fucking him at

all, just for the insult. However, he got extremely lucky. We all looked

above us at the same time at an unexpected sound. Above us we could hear the rhythmic thumping of somebody running upstairs. The door opened, and Mikey's sister Lara came bounding down the stairs.

 We'd only had a few seconds warning, so although Faith was able to get

panties on, and Mikey had one leg in his pants, there was no mistaking that we were pretty well naked. "What the fuck is going on?" she asked.

 "I thought you were out!" Mikey said with an accusatory tone. "You left

with Todd!"

 "No, Erin cancelled. I just took a nap. Then I saw Mark's car in the

driveway."

 "We were just..." Mikey started. I don't know what line he was going to

use. It probably would have been dumb.

 Lara interrupted him. "I know what you were doing. I heard it all

through the vent."

 "What vent?" Mikey asked.

 "The one in my closet. If you bend down and everything else's quiet,

you can hear almost everything going on in the basement. I thought you

guys would be jacking off to porn again." She looked to me. "Is it true?"

 "That we were jacking off to porn?"

 "No. That you're pimping out your sister."

 "No," I said. It was my turn to be defensive. "It's not like that."

 "We weren't doing anything," Mikey said.

 "Right. I heard you guys fucking." She mimicked his voice, and his

words. "`Oh, Faith, this is amazing, you're so fucking tight.' I don't

care if you fuck her, I know you've wanted that for years. Is the other

stuff true?"

 I didn't know what to say. Faith answered for me. "Mark's my master. I do what he says."

 "Does he have something on you? Like blackmail?"

 "We made a bet. I lost."

 She didn't need to explain any more than that. Lara, too, know how our bets worked, and didn't seem surprised that it had gotten to this level. She looked back to me, deadly serious. "So how much if I wanted her to eat me out?"

 \*\*\*\* Chapter Fifteen:

 I grinned, feeling that now familiar feeling, relief mixed with the

certainty that everything was going to work out all right. "For you, it's

free. So long as I get to fuck you, first."

 She smiled, a devilish little smile out of only one side of her mouth.

"Took you long enough. I was beginning to think you were never going to

ask me." She pulled her shirt over her head, and then looked over at her

brother. "Go upstairs, Mikey. I don't want you sitting there and staring."

 "But..."

 "You still owe me money," I said to Mikey. "Why don't you go and check under the couch cushions or something. Or see if you can find something that's worth $55, used."

 He gave up his arguing, and started a slow march up the stairs. When he was gone, and the door to the basement was closed, I said, "Ten bucks says he'll be racing up to listen at the vent."

 "Probably," Lara said in a smile. "But fuck him."

 "Fucking him wasn't exactly the plan." I took off my shirt.

 Lara unhooked her bra and slid it off her shoulders, revealing her

nicely tanned teardrop-shaped breasts. Her areolas were larger than

Faith's, and faded more gradually into the rest of the breasts, but the

nipples stood just as alert, erect. Soon she was nude, having dropped

first the shorts, quickly, and then the thong-style panties in a slow

tease, letting me look at her from behind. Her ass was pretty nice, as was what I could see of her pussy. I decided that I wanted to take her

doggy-style.

 She seemed to favor missionary, for she sat down and spread her legs

wide. She had a visible tan line area around her pelvis, that part of her

skin standing out almost white compared to the rest. Her pussy was almost bare, with what looked like a little bit of growth coming in after a recent shave, just enough to give a triangle of dark shading on the creamy white larger triangle of untanned skin. Lara's slit was a little more open than Faith's, with a fair bit of pink and the hole clearly defined by inner lips. It looked good either way, but better from the back than the front. When she'd bent over to remove her thong, her legs squeezed it tight, and I just wanted to use my cock to push it apart.

 "Faith," I said, "why don't you go down on her a little and warm her up.

Just lick her like you like to be licked."

 "Yes, Master," she said. That title always got me hard, but I was

already hard with the thought of fucking my cousin. I moved off to the

side where I could get a good view and slowly finished stripping down.

Faith walked the first few steps and then got down on her hands and knees and crawled to close the distance to Lara's pussy. She looked at it

closely, and I thought for a moment that she was going to balk... you never know what's going to be the last straw for somebody. But Faith was a real great slave, and soon her tongue lanced out to take a lick. At first she didn't move the tongue much, but instead kept it steady and moved her whole head back and forth, up along the slit, like it was an ice cream cone. Lara assisted by holding her labia wide open, giving Faith more access to the pink parts inside. By the time I was naked, her tongue got more adventurous, and it flicked around her clit while Lara made sounds like she was enjoying a particularly delicious meal.

 I watched it for a few minutes before I couldn't take it any more.

"Okay, Faith," I said, and swatted her lightly on her panty-covered butt.

"That's enough for now, it's my turn." When she moved out of the way, I

told Lara, "Bend over."

 She frowned a little, then got up, turned around, and bent down, resting her arms on the couch and presenting me her ass. I stuck a finger in, feeling her wetness, and then used the hand to position my dick so that I could thrust inside without difficulty. I did just that moments later, while grabbing her by the hips. With one swift movement, I was all the way in.

 It was disappointing, but only by comparison. Faith was so tight

fucking her was like an all-over cock massage. Lara was more like a warm, comfortable, hug on my dick. Still nice, but there's a world of

difference. I thrust in and out for almost a minute, pushing hard inside of

her, and kept looking over to Faith, who was watching it with her tongue

playing around the bottom edge of her upper lip. I had an idea, and pulled Lara upward. "Come on," I said.

 I wanted to change position, trying to do it like they do in some porns,

without losing contact, but I slipped out when she stood up. So I just

turned us around together, and then fell back onto the couch, her ass on

top of me. A quick readjustment later, and I was back inside her, she

bouncing up and down on me. I pulled her back to me so I could look over her shoulder, and then told Faith, "Lick us together."

 I leaned Lara back so I could watch over her shoulder while Faith

eagerly added her tongue to where we joined. It was incredible, combining the best part of normal and oral sex, the powerful thrusts as I went in and out of my cousin's pussy, and the feel of my sister's delicate, warm tongue snaking its way around us. She licked both of us, and it seemed when she was on Lara's clit, Lara's pussy convulsed, squeezed me even tighter, so it didn't matter to me where she was focused.

 A gentle kiss on my cock was what triggered the final sensation that

would lead inevitably to my orgasm. I started ramming more and more

intently and grabbed Lara's tits. The sudden onslaught of effort began to

make her cry out in pleasure. Finally, when I was ready to blow, I held

her down on top of me. I came deep inside her while Faith kissed my

spasming balls.

 I slipped out of Lara, and immediately Faith pulled my gooey, deflating

cock into her mouth and sucked intently as though demanding the last drops of my seed as her right. I let her, then pointed at Lara's crack. A lot more of my cum was still up there, and some of it was leaking out. "Now that you're done cleaning me," I said, "you should do the same for your cousin."

 My dick dropped, and Faith buried her face in Lara's snatch, sticking

her tongue way up inside, and Lara started moaning lightly again. I

slipped out from under there. My cock was quickly growing flaccid and I

didn't want to that to be the last impression it left on both of them, just

lying there limp in the background while Faith ate Lara out.

 After quickly slipping something on, I knelt by Faith and rubbed her

bare back while getting a good view of her performing her task. "That's a

good girl," I said softly. "Get all that cum out of her." Her mouth was

pressed tight to the hole for almost a minute at a time, and from Lara's

gyrations I knew she was doing good work. It wasn't long before Lara

closed her eyes and let her head loll back. She went limp soon after.

Faith kept licking for a while, until I patted her and told her she could

stop. She sat up and smiled, her face wet with Lara's juices.

 "Wow," Lara said at last. "That was pretty fucking good. We should

definitely do that again."

 "I think that could be arranged." I looked over at Faith, who seemed

happy. The fingers of one of her hands were playing inside panties, inside

of her pussy. "I think Faith's still unsatisfied," I pointed out. "You

feel like eating her out?"

 Lara wrinkled up her nose and shook her head. "No, sorry. I'm not gay.

Besides, my brother just cummed in that, there's no way I'm sticking my

tongue in there. That's pretty gross, you know? To lick up your own

brother's cum? You've got to be some kind of fucked up freak slut to do

that."

 "Hey!" Faith cried in wounded dignity.

 I shot back a lopsided grin at Lara, knowing she was only teasing, but

Faith seemed to take it seriously, so I had to jump to her defense. "Hey

now, that's my sister, and my property, you're talking about there, and I'm not going to let you insult either of them. Say you're sorry."

 Lara pouted, but said, "I'm sorry, Faith. But I'm still not licking

you."

 "It's okay," Faith said.

 I bent down beside Faith to look her right in the face, then smiled at

her, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. As I retreated, I stroked her

cheek gently with one finger. "You want to get off too?"

 She nodded eagerly. "Yes please, Master."

 "Fingers?" I asked. "Or can you wait for my cock?"

 "Please, I want your cock, Master." She pulled her fingers out of her

pussy, as though it was an unspoken promise to wait.

 Faith had finally begged me to fuck her. I was just sorry that I'd just

cum and couldn't do it right then. Impulsively, I gave her a kiss on the

cheek, and she blushed. "Give me about ten minutes, I'll take care of

you." I couldn't very well let my sister go home unsatisfied.

\*\*\*\* Epilogue:

Despite Mikey's douche move this time around, I managed to forgive him,

though from then on I got my money up front. My cousins, including Todd, a few weeks later, turned out to be some of my best customers, although they were by no means my only ones. Faith was a popular piece of ass, and she was mine to sell one piece at a time.

 It wound up being a pretty great summer for me, and I think Faith

enjoyed it too. I was able to quit my job, as I made more money pimping

her out than I could have working. I could have made a lot more by being less discriminating, but I cared about my sister and didn't want to risk her getting hurt. I didn't let her go with just anybody, only friends and family. I also took cues from her. If it looked like she didn't want to

do someone or something, I usually refused on her behalf, and if she didn't seem to enjoy it, I told her I wouldn't let her do that again. Plus,

absolute secrecy was a condition of anybody getting pussy. I didn't want

anybody outside finding out what my sister was doing and ruining her

reputation. So, you see, I was being pretty responsible with her.

 That's why I say what happened wasn't all my fault. It was a little my

fault. But Mom, Dad, Samuel L. Jackson, the people I pimped her out with, and Faith herself for agreeing all share in the blame. It wasn't all me, no matter how guilty I felt over what happened.

 What happened was Faith missed a period, in the last week of summer. I should have seen it coming, taken better precautions, but she said she was on the pill, and most people didn't want to use a rubber when fucking her. I sure didn't.

 I think it must have been because she missed a pill one day. That can

throw your whole body schedule off and you're not perfectly safe for a

whole month after. Or maybe she just got a bad batch, and it was

ineffective. They say no form of birth control is 100%. But a home

pregnancy test soon confirmed that she was pregnant.

 It was anybody's guess who the father was. Odds are, just by sure

volume of cum pumped into her this summer, it was mine, but it could have been a dozen other guys. There was even an outside chance it was Fred's dog... the pooch had certainly dumped enough spunk in her, while we watched, to breed a whole litter of half-ginger puppy-kids. I know people say cross-breeding like that is impossible, but when you've managed to get your own sister as your willing sex slave, you start to believe anything's possible.

 Even though it wasn't totally my fault, I was pretty vocal about my

apologies, sobbing like a baby at first in her lap, until I calmed down and

we were able to discuss it. She seemed to be the rational one, but I think

she was just still numb from shock. She didn't want to keep it, since she

knew it would ruin her life. I told her I'd pay for the abortion. Luckily

in our state parents don't have to be notified. I took Faith to an

abortion clinic, and we got it done. She was a bit broken up afterwards,

and in pain after the anesthetic wore off, and we didn't discuss sex, or

much of anything, for a few days. I figured she hated me for what I'd

forced her to go through. I wouldn't have blamed her one bit.

 Finally, I decided I couldn't take the silences, and would rather she

told me she hated me if that was what she felt. I went into her room to

talk to her. Since I usually only came into her room for one reason, she

asked if I wanted to fuck her.

 "No," I said. "Don't worry about that. Because of what happened, I'm

releasing you from the rest of the deal. School'll be on again pretty soon

anyway."

 "A bet is a bet," she said firmly. "Until school starts up again."

 "Then I'm not going to order you to do anything until time runs out.

You've already been through enough. I never wanted to hurt you. So the

bet's over."

 "Okay," she said finally. "Thank you." We sat there a while, quietly,

and then she said, "The next time we do this, can we use condoms more

often? I don't want to go through that again."

 I was a little stunned. "Next time? We're not going to be doing it

anymore."

 "I liked it though. I don't think we should do it while school's on,

but I thought I could be your slave again next summer," she said.

 What? I thought she'd wanted the whole slavery thing, but could never

be sure if it was actually that she wanted, or if she just went along with

that for the sex. She never admitted it so openly before, or given any

hint she'd want to do it after the summer was over. "Next summer," I

repeated.

 "Only for the slave thing. With school and everything, I just think it

could get too crazy. But you can still touch me anytime you want."

 "You want to do it again next summer." I was a little slow.

 "Maybe over the Christmas break, too," she added as though she was

uncertain on that point. "But definitely next summer."

 I'd be a fool to turn that down, but I had a rare moment where brotherly concern completely outweighed my baser instincts. "Let's not go too crazy, okay? A lot can happen in a year. You could get a serious boyfriend. You might regret we'd done it all. You could start to hate me. By next summer, you probably won't even want to do it again."

 She grinned at me. "Wanna bet?"

 The End