**What are Sisters For?**

by[CanadianTease](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=511037&page=submissions)©

"Jamie, could you help me get this darn necklace off? I forgot I had it on, and I'm gonna be late for school."  
  
Jamie was sitting on the couch with a cup of coffee, watching the news before leaving for work. Heather had just run down the hall from her bedroom, and was now standing in front of him, reaching behind her neck in evident frustration as she struggled with the clasp of a thin gold chain necklace. She was dressed in only her underwear – thin, white cotton bikini briefs, and a lacy semi-transparent half-bra that generously offered up her large, full breasts, just barely covering pink nipples that showed faintly through the translucent fabric. Her breasts jiggled slightly as she wrestled with the necklace.  
  
"Um, uh, yeah, sure, Heather – here, just, uh, just turn around..." She was standing so close to him that he had to put his hands on her hips to move her back a little, to avoid pressing against the front of her body as he rose from the couch. As she turned to give him access to the necklace clasp, he had to forcibly pull his gaze up from the enticing view of her rear, the thin panties stretched tightly over the contours of her voluptuous hips and firm, round bottom. She held her hair up as he fiddled with the necklace. The smooth skin of her shoulders and the nape of her neck was warm; she smelled fresh and clean. He tried not to notice.  
  
"There ... there you go." He removed the necklace and handed it to her.  
  
"Oh good, thanks!" she said, and gave him a hug. She pressed the entire front of her body to him; he felt her warmth against his loins and the firmness of her breasts pressing into him, and was aroused in spite of himself. Then she ran back down the hall to her bedroom to finish dressing.  
  
He sat back down, trembling slightly. He felt the familiar, insistent stirrings between his legs, and put his hand on his growing erection to quell it, but, of course, that served only to encourage it. He didn't want to have an obvious bulge when she returned, so he got up and busied himself in the kitchen, cleaning up.  
  
Heather reappeared in five minutes, dressed in a purple, form-fitting cashmere sweater, a denim skirt, and running shoes. The skirt was tight, and ended eight inches above her knees.  
  
"Gotta run, Jamie, or I'll be late for class." She gave him a soft, gentle kiss on the lips. "You're the best brother ever!" she said, and disappeared out the front door.  
  
Jamie sighed and went back into the living room and collapsed on the couch. He surrendered himself to what had become routine for him: lowering his pants, he freed his aching, frustrated cock, and proceeded to stroke it slowly and gently. He closed his eyes and moaned as he replayed in his mind the image of Heather in her tantalizing underwear, those tight, tight panties, and her breasts, oh my god those beautiful big breasts, that tantalizing bra! He worked his excited erection slowly, teasing it, tormenting it with thoughts of Heather's maddening body held just out of reach... The pleasure of his orgasm was intense and sweet, but the relief it offered was only temporary; Heather was almost always on his mind, and arousing thoughts of her soon returned.   
  
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He wasn't actually her brother. Heather's dad and Jamie's mom, both divorced, had married when the kids were young (she eight, he twelve), so they had spent the last ten years as step-siblings. They had always gotten along well together, more or less; Jamie accepted his new sister after an initial period of resentment at having to share his mother's affection with a "bratty girl". For her part, Heather had adored Jamie from the start – she loved having a big brother. So, for all intents and purposes, they were brother and sister.  
  
At least, this was the case for a few years. Heather was always "cute", but her transformation into the kind of beauty that excites men started early. By the time she was twelve her figure had already started to develop – her breasts were budding noticeably, her hips were wider, and her long legs, once skinny, had become graceful and shapely. She was still a little girl, of course; but physically she was already fueling men's fantasies.  
  
As for his part, none of this was lost on Jamie. He had reached the stage were thoughts of girls and sex were a major preoccupation. His hormones were raging, and he seemed to have a constant erection, which he worked over diligently in bed every night. As he noticed the change that was taking place with his sister, thoughts of her gradually began to supplant the magazines he kept hidden in his closet as inspiration for his nightly diversions. This was unfortunate for him, since he was a shy boy. He was never able to develop relationships with girls in school that might have led to healthy sexual outlets, so his erotic fixation on his step-sister deepened and controlled most of his fantasies. He never acted on these, however. To the outside world he was an affectionate, caring and protective brother; but inside, he was helplessly obsessed with her.  
  
So passed their childhood years. Eventually Jamie went off to college, and the separation from Heather seemed to provide some measure of relief for him. He felt that finally he was going to be able to establish a normal emotional life, one that did not revolve around his sweet but tempting sister. He dated several girls and was by no means a virgin, but his relationships tended to be unsatisfying or short-lived. This was due, at least in part, to the fact that he would often think of Heather while he was making love with another girl. One relationship ended abruptly when he cried out her name at the point of orgasm.  
  
After graduating, he got a job as a tech writer with an engineering firm in the city. He was able to afford a large apartment by himself, and for the most part was content with his quiet, solitary life. Then, he got the call.  
  
It was his mother. The message was essentially this: Heather, who was now eighteen, had been accepted to the University. She had always been a good student, and was eager to go. The problem was money – they were strapped for cash at the moment, and really couldn't afford the full cost of tuition and residence in the dormitories, even with Heather's healthy scholarship. But, said his mother (and he saw it coming before she said it), if Heather could stay in the apartment with him, then it would be possible – they could swing the tuition. He's got plenty of room, and you know Heather, she wouldn't be a bother, she would help around the house, share with cooking and such, the ideal roomie. Besides, said his mother (and she lowered her voice to a whisper, which was odd since there was no one else in the conversation), they'd feel better if Heather were with him there in the city, at least for a while. "I don't know if you've noticed," she said, "but your little sister has become quite an attractive young lady. We'd feel so much better if she were where her big brother could keep an eye on her, at least until she's a bit more grown up."  
  
And so, it was decided. There was a part of him that came close to protesting that he didn't feel it was a good idea (which from the point of view of rationality and concern for his emotional stability it wasn't); but that brief flicker of good sense was instantly swept away by a rush of excitement. His heart raced, and he surrendered to feelings of sweet anticipation.  
  
Over the next month before classes began at the University he raced around and got things ready for Heather. She'd have her own bedroom (of course), and it only took a couple of pieces of furniture and some window drapes to make his guest bedroom decent and comfortable for her.  
  
And then one day she was there. Heather, his sweet, affectionate little sister – Heather, his beautiful, voluptuous sister! He'd seen her frequently since leaving home, but now seeing her here, in his place (their place), somehow added a dimension of intimacy, of possibility, that wasn't there when they were kids living with their parents. His feelings were confused, and he wasn't thinking clearly about what they were or where they might lead. On the one hand, he felt like a responsible, protective brother, who would take good care of his little sister; on the other, he felt like a guilty kid in a candy store.  
  
Heather was about five foot four, trim and very shapely. Her hair was honey blonde, with a slight wave, which gathered luxuriously about her shoulders when it wasn't tied back or up in pony tails, framing her pretty face in a garland of gentle curls. She often had two narrow braids that hung down along her cheeks, or were sometimes pinned along her temples towards the back, giving the effect of a plaited headband. At times, when she was being pensive or daydreaming, she would wrap a finger around a braid, or hold an end in her mouth, like a little girl. Her green eyes were large and expressive, even without makeup, which she rarely wore. She had a habit, when listening to someone speak, of lowering her chin slightly and gazing at the speaker intently from under gracefully arched eyebrows; and then, if her brilliant smile followed, the effect could be heart-stopping. Many men, upon meeting her for the first time, were hard-pressed to remember her pretty face, because they were unable to get their eyes up that far: although she was trim and agile, she was voluptuous, with high, full breasts, a long, slender waist that curved gracefully out to ample hips, and a firm, rounded bottom – Jamie's high school friends had used to call her "little bubble-butt". Her legs were long and shapely, with skin smooth and creamy as a baby's.  
  
Now, Heather was not stupid; in fact, she was very bright. She knew very well that she was attractive to men, and enjoyed the effect she had on them. But there was one area where she had a blind spot: namely, she was totally unaware of the erotic effect she had on her step-brother. Over the years he had kept his frustrated sexual longing for her so well hidden that she never had an inkling of his true feelings – she was totally clueless about his obsession with her. Never shy about her body, she displayed no reticence at all in hanging around the house in just her underwear or other scanty outfits. Certainly not with Jamie – he was her brother, after all! He would never think about his little sister in that way; he probably never even noticed what she was wearing...  
  
Jamie understood this, and it added to his difficulties. He told himself that it would be a betrayal of trust if he behaved in any way other than as a solicitous older brother; but subconsciously a part of him was looking forward to being excited and tantalized by her once again – when she moved in, he was in trouble from the start.  
  
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When Jamie got home that evening Heather was already there, getting their dinner ready. He got himself a beer and sat down in the living room to read the paper. After a while Heather joined him on the couch while the pasta was cooking. She still had on the cashmere sweater and denim skirt she had worn to school.  
  
"So, how was school, Sis? Classes OK today?"  
  
She yawned and said, "Yeah, nothing really special today. Oh, wait! Actually, something kind of funny did happen today!" She swung herself around on the couch to face him, with her legs pulled under her, hands resting on her knees. Jamie put down his paper to listen.  
  
"Remember that professor I told you about, the one I've got for English Lit.?" she said excitedly. "You know, the one some girls told me was a real perv?"  
  
"Ah. Yes, I remember."  
  
"Well," she said with a grin, "it seems he saw something he liked today."  
  
"Oh? And what would that be?"  
  
She jumped up and grabbed a straight-backed chair and moved it to face Jamie, about eight feet away. Then she sat down and grinned.  
  
"So, what did he see?" he asked.  
  
"This," she said. Looking at her brother and biting her lower lip, she slowly crossed her legs. In doing so, she lifted her right leg several inches higher than necessary as she crossed it over the left. The effect was to give a brief but clear view up her skirt. Because the skirt was so short, there was enough light to illuminate the crotch of her white cotton panties. With her legs crossed, you could no longer see her panties, but shapely thighs were visible, far up the tight denim miniskirt.  
  
"And then this, and this," she said, slowly re-crossing her legs to the right, and left, back and forth. Each time she did, her panties flashed enticingly from between her legs.  
  
"Wow," said Jamie. "So, you bucking for an A, Heather?"  
  
She smirked. "No, silly," she replied, "I don't have to do that to get A's. I just thought he deserved it, that's all."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Well, because he was rude, that's why. When I came into the lecture hall – it's one of those really big ones, like a theater, with lots of seats at a steep angle – when I came in at the back I had to walk down the aisle to get closer to the front. The whole time I was walking down he was staring at me. He stopped moving his papers around and just stared – I felt like I was naked! Can you imagine?"  
  
Oh, yes; Jamie could imagine that. Jamie was imagining that a lot these days, as he watched Heather leave for school in tantalizing outfits guaranteed to tease cocks.  
  
She got up and came back to the couch. "So I figured, if he's gonna be that rude and make me uncomfortable, maybe I should do something to make him uncomfortable, too! You know?"  
  
Jamie nodded. "So, you decided to give him something more to look at..."  
  
"Right! I walked down to a row that was right at his eye level, and sat down in a seat with no one in front of it. Then I gave him a little show."  
  
"Could you tell if he noticed it?"  
  
"Oh, he noticed, all right! Whenever I crossed my legs he would stare and lose his place in his lecture. It was just too funny!" She giggled at the memory. "Oh – then I did this!"  
  
She jumped up and sat in the chair again, this time pulling the coffee table up close to it.  
  
"I kept my legs crossed for a while – he kept looking up to see if I was going to switch again, so he could get another peek. Then, one time when he was looking..." She slowly lifted her left foot and rested it on the edge of the coffee table. At the same time she parted her legs slightly – Jamie now had an unobstructed view up her skirt to the crotch of her thin, snug panties. "I put my foot on the back of the chair in front of me, like this, and..." She picked up a pencil from the table and began to nibble at the eraser absent-mindedly, rubbing it idly between her pouting lips. Then, looking into Jamie's eyes, she slowly gave the eraser a little lick. "You should have seen his jaw drop," she said. "He just about completely lost it."  
  
Jamie tried to keep his cool during this demonstration, but inwardly he was suffering along with the flustered instructor. He imagined the poor guy was feeling the same urgency between his legs that he was now.  
  
"So, do you think that would really get him hot, Jamie? Or did I make a fool of myself?"  
  
"God, no, Sis!" Jamie exclaimed, a bit hoarsely. "All of us guys would get turned on seeing that ... I mean, other guys, uh, guys that aren't..."  
  
"Well, isn't that nice!" Heather shot back, feigning shock. "Are you saying that all you perverts enjoy looking up my skirt?"  
  
Jamie froze, speechless. Heather giggled at her brother's discomfort. "Oh, Jamie, I'm just kidding you," she laughed. "I know what you mean. It's sweet of you to say I turn men on. But of course not you, silly – you're my brother!"  
  
She got up and winked at him, smoothing her skirt down. "Well, I think our dinner is ready – shall we?"  
  
She headed into the kitchen. Jamie gazed longingly at the seductive motion of her hips, then got up and followed. He hoped she wouldn't notice the bulge that was pressing out through his trousers. Later, in bed, that bulge grew again, fondled and coaxed in his eager hands, as he lay obsessing over Heather's tantalizing display. The peeks up her skirt, her deliberate teasing, her taunting tongue – god, he loved it so much! And every day his need for more was increasing...  
  
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Heather put the spoon in her mouth and slowly drew it out through pursed lips. Turning it upside down, she licked from underneath, and pulled it down over her lathing tongue until it was clean. She dipped it into the carton of chocolate swirl for another spoonful, and repeated the process, nibbling and sucking at the spoon, finally licking it clean. Her motions were slow and almost trance-like as she ate, mesmerized by the music video they were watching as they sat on the couch after dinner.  
  
Or, rather, the video she was watching – for his part, Jamie's eyes were glued to Heather's lips and tongue as she worked on her ice cream. They were dressed for bed, he in his boxers and a t-shirt, she in a white nylon negligee, short and slightly see-through, with matching bikini panties. She was sitting facing Jamie with her knees up, her face turned to the side to watch the TV. As she watched, licking her ice cream, she absent-mindedly opened and closed her knees in time to the music, and Jamie was being teased to distraction by the repeated peeks he was getting between her legs. He stared intently at the crotch of her panties each time her legs parted; he was sure he could just make out what was behind the translucent material, but the little flashing peeks were too brief to be satisfying. Heather was oblivious to what she was putting her brother through, and didn't notice the hard-on that was almost escaping from his boxers.  
  
The video ended, and Heather clicked off the TV. Smiling at Jamie, she got up and took the ice cream container back into the kitchen. Jamie took the opportunity to straighten himself as well as he could, trying to hide the effects of her unconscious tantalizing show.  
  
"Hey, Bro, you want a little wine?" she called to him.  
  
"Wine? After your ice cream?"  
  
"I know, but I just want a little before bed. You join me?"  
  
"OK, just a little," he said.  
  
She returned from the kitchen with a bottle of white wine and two glasses. She poured for them and sat back down on the couch.  
  
"This is nice," she said. "I feel very relaxed. How about you?"  
  
"Yes, me too," he lied. He still was having to cover his lap with his hands.  
  
"Actually, Jamie, there's something I've been wanting to ask you. I need your help with something."  
  
"Really? Sure – what's up?"  
  
"Well," she said hesitantly, "I'm not sure how to put this, but..." She put her wineglass on the coffee table and turned on the couch to face her brother. "Well ... OK - you know I've been sort of seeing this guy from school, right? You know, Chris?"  
  
"Yes, I think you said something about him. Things going all right with him?" Jamie was trying to be mature and act like a brother; but he actually was feeling a bit jealous.  
  
"Oh yes, we ... get along real well. I mean we really have fun together. But sometimes I'm afraid that I ..." Her voice trailed off, and she looked down, biting her lower lip.  
  
"Afraid that you ...?" Jamie encouraged her to continue.  
  
"Well, I really like him, and I want to be ... nice to him, but sometimes I'm afraid that I don't, well, that I don't know how very well."  
  
Jamie just looked at her, not understanding.  
  
"Oh, come on Jamie! You know what I'm talking about, don't you? I want to make him feel good – you know? Feel good? The way a man likes to feel – down there?" She indicated Jamie's lap, which he was still covering with his hands.  
  
"Oh, wow!" Jamie exhaled, totally unprepared for this. "You mean you want me to tell you, to tell you ... god, Heather, I don't know! You must have learned a lot about ... about that, I mean you were one of the most popular girls in high school, you had lots of boyfriends!"  
  
"Oh, I know, but I was just a kid then, and so were the guys I went with. I mean, I never did, uh, it – you know? Well, not a lot of times, anyway. I know people thought I was real sexy and stuff, but honestly, I never really knew what I was doing!"

Jamie took a swig from his wineglass, a big one. This was not a conversation he ever thought he'd have. "Well, you're right about that," he said. "I mean about guys thinking you were sexy, they all wanted to go out with you. No, wait, I don't mean that you weren't actually sexy, I mean you must have been, must have known something, uh ..." He was falling all over himself trying to say the right thing.  
  
"You are so sweet, big brother!" Heather laughed, and took a sip of her wine. "But believe me, I don't know anywhere near as much as you think I do. Could you help me? Please?"  
  
Jamie didn't know what to do. "What do you mean by help? What could I do?"  
  
Heather put down her glass and looked at him. "You're a guy, Jamie. You have to know what guys like – what you like. I want to know how to ... to touch a man, how he likes to be touched and where. Do I have to spell it out for you?" She leaned forward on the couch and grinned wickedly. "P-E-N-I-S – I want to know how to touch a guy's cock to make him feel good!"  
  
"Oh god, Heather, I don't think I should do that! I mean – Jesus, how could I possibly..."  
  
He stopped talking when he saw what she was doing. Lowering her head and smiling up at him from under her striking eyebrows, her two index fingers were rotating in slow circles and gradually advancing on him. She began to make a buzzing noise with her tongue.  
  
"Tickle bee," she whispered, "the tickle bee is coming..." He laughed, in spite of his embarrassment. Ever since she was a little girl Heather had been a tickler. She absolutely adored tickling him when they were children, and getting tickled back. Often she would tickle when she wanted something from him he didn't want to give, and here she was doing it again!  
  
"Come on, Heather, don't be silly," he said. But he was feeling a little silly himself because of the wine, and he felt the old hilarity rising, and shivers at her approaching fingers. "Don't you do that, now come on..."  
  
She pounced, pushing him back on the couch as her fingers found his ribs. He exploded in howls of laughter as she gleefully attacked him, avoiding his hands as he tried to intercept her tormenting fingers. She was lying on top of him, holding him down with the press of her body, while her hands darted all over his sides, digging into his most sensitive areas. He was conscious of her warmth through the flimsy negligee, and felt her breasts pressing against his chest. As she struggled to hold him down, the negligee rode up, and as he thrashed about trying to escape he found his hands grasping her bottom through the thin fabric of the bikini panties, and more than once as he tried to tickle her in retaliation his hands briefly cupped her full breasts from the side. He was starting to become very aroused, but the tickling was driving him mad at the same time. He twisted his body, and they both rolled off the couch onto the floor, laughing hysterically. She maneuvered him onto his back and straddled his lap, pinning his wrists to the floor. They were both laughing and breathing heavily; he could feel the warmth between her legs pressing against his crotch, and a good part of her ample cleavage was visible down the neckline of her negligee as she bent over him.  
  
"Well, you gonna tell me, or do I have to ..." In a flash she whipped her hands from his wrists back down to his ribs, and just pressed her fingers into him without moving, poised to tickle again if he refused her.  
  
"OK, OK, I give!" he gasped. "Just stop, please stop!"  
  
"You sure?" she said, and gave him one last dig in his ribs.  
  
"Yes, yes, I promise! God, you are such a sadist!"  
  
She put her head on his chest and remained lying on him for a few more seconds, panting, then got up onto the couch again. He pulled himself together and joined her, straightening out his boxers, from which his aroused cock had come dangerously close to escaping.  
  
They sat catching their breath for a while.  
  
"Uh, so what do you want me to tell you, Sis?" Jamie asked finally. "You don't mean for me to, like, demonstrate stuff to you, do you? Like ... on me?"  
  
She opened her eyes wide. "No, I didn't mean that! I just want you to tell me, or show me – wait! I have an idea! Wait, don't go 'way." She jumped up and ran into the kitchen. When she returned she was carrying a large banana, looking very pleased with herself.  
  
"See? The perfect teaching aid! Just the right size, and look, it even curves just like a guy with a hard-on!" She swayed a little on the way to the couch; they were both quite tipsy from the wine by now.  
  
"So, do I do this?" Holding the end of the banana in her left hand, she grabbed the top of the yellow stand-in with her right hand and began to jerk it up and down furiously.  
  
"No, hold it, no!" Jamie interjected. "You're going to rip it off him like that! What you have to do, Heather, what guys really like, is to be very gentle. Touch it lightly at first, with just your fingertips. Take it slow – go very slowly..."  
  
She nodded, and began to run her fingers over the yellow skin of the fruit, up and down from the "base" to the "head".  
  
"Where you're touching, on the inside curve, would be the upper side. Uh, I think with most guys it would feel better on the underside."  
  
"Is that where you like it?" she asked. She ran a single fingertip along the outside curve of the banana, lightly and delicately, very slowly, just below the tip.  
  
Jamie blushed. "Uh, yeah – it feels really good there."  
  
The lesson continued, as Jamie explained to his eager sister just how she should stroke a man's erection, and where the most erotically sensitive areas are. "Boy," she said, "sex ed was never like this!" They both laughed, as she followed his directions, rubbing her hands up and down the banana, pretending to masturbate it.  
  
"So, is this right? What else do guys like?" she asked. "I want to know how to really turn them on!"  
  
"Well, I ... uh, a lot of guys like to be sort of, you know, teased..."  
  
"Teased?"  
  
"Yeah, you know, that's when you kind of give a guy just a little bit of what he wants, but then you stop, to make him need more. You can pretend you don't know what he wants. Get him frustrated, wanting it, make him beg for more." Jamie felt his heart racing; Heather didn't know it, but he was describing his nearly constant state when he was around her.  
  
"Ooooo, that's naughty!" she cooed, licking her lips. "Is that what you like, Jamie? Do you like it when a girl teases your cock? Does that get you hot?"  
  
He blushed and stammered, causing her to giggle with delight and roll backwards on the floor, hugging her knees. The view he got of her bottom and between her legs, with those tantalizing nylon panties, added to the problem he was having keeping his hard-on from popping out of his shorts.  
  
"It does, it does!" she laughed. "I know Jamie's secret, I know Jamie's secret," she chanted in sing-song, like a little girl on the playground at recess. "I'm learning all sorts of things about my quiet big brother tonight! OK, show me more..."  
  
Jamie was quite excited by now, and told Heather in detail about all the things he fantasized about having girls do to him, even if he hadn't ever experienced most of it. He had moved back to the couch, and she sat on the floor in front of him listening raptly, excited and fascinated by what she was learning about male sexual pleasure. After his initial embarrassment, he found he was getting a rush from this, like an exhibitionist exposing himself to an excited little girl.  
  
After about an hour he looked at the clock. "Oh gee, Sis, we better get to bed," he said. "I have to go to work tomorrow."  
  
"OK," she said. "But first, would you like to see what my big brother taught me, 'Chris'?" She took the banana and moved up to him on her knees, positioning herself between his legs. "The next time we go out, you're going to get a big surprise..." She took the banana and held it in her hands between Jamie's legs, curving upward like a stiff erection, just inches from the real hard-on that was hiding in his pants. Then she proceeded to kiss it and flick her tongue up and down, mimicking the exciting blowjobs that Jamie had just described to her. She never took her eyes from his face as she pretended to ravish his cock with her tongue and lips, ending by taking the end of the banana in her mouth and sucking gently. Jamie was speechless, his mouth hanging open. Heather laughed, and stood up. Turning sideways to him, she lifted her arms and stretched, yawning. Light from the floor lamp backlit her, clearly outlining the swell of her raised breasts through the transparent negligee as she smiled down at her brother.  
  
"Oooo the things I'm going to do to Chris when we go out this weekend!" she said. "And, of course, I'll tell my wonderful teacher all about it afterwards - g'night, Jamie!"  
  
She turned and tripped down the hallway to her bedroom. Jamie was beside himself with lust and frustrated desire. He staggered to his room and collapsed into bed. The next hour was spent in tormented, delirious cock-stroking, intensifying and completing the number that his tantalizing step-sister had unwittingly done on him.  
  
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Jamie returned home from some shopping in the late afternoon on the following Saturday. Heather wasn't there, but she'd told him not to plan on her for dinner, since she was going on a date with her new boyfriend. He made himself an early supper from leftovers, and was puttering around in the kitchen cleaning up when Heather arrived home unexpectedly.  
  
"Hi, Heather, I didn't expect..." He did a double-take and his voice trailed off when he saw what she was wearing. She was all in pink in a cheerleader outfit: a pleated mini-skirt, close-fitting around her hips and rear, starting just below her navel, and extending with a slight flare to mid-thigh. Above this, a top with three-quarter length sleeves, cut off to reveal her entire midriff – the hem went across the small of her back, and rose as it came around in front to pass just below her ample bust. Her hair was tied up in pony tails, and she wore stockings. She was carrying a small stool.  
  
"Well, that's an, uh, an interesting get-up, Sis!" he remarked, looking at her in wonder.  
  
"Didn't I tell you about this?" she replied. "We had a special session in my aerobics class at the gym today – strip aerobics. Instead of the usual session, one of the girls in the class who used to be a stripper showed us some moves we could use while we were doing the usual exercise stuff. So, "step" aerobics – "strip" aerobics! Get it?"  
  
"Uh huh – so that's why the get-up?"  
  
"Yep. She said we should wear something that was slutty-cute, and this is what I came up with. Like it?" She did a little pirouette to show off her costume.  
  
"Very pretty – and slutty! Did you have fun?"  
  
"Oh, yes, we had a blast! We did all of the usual exercise steps, but we took off pieces of our costumes as we went along. We were all pretty much naked at the end!"  
  
"Uh, any guys in the class?" He winked at her.  
  
"Noooo, this one was girls only, you naughty boy!" she said, wagging her finger at him.  
  
"Too bad – would have been interesting to see, for artistic reasons, of course!"  
  
"Oh yeah, right!" she laughed. She turned to head down the hall, but then stopped and turned to him again. "Do you want to see a couple of the moves we did?"  
  
"Well, sure, why not," he said, perhaps a little too quickly.  
  
"OK, I'll do a little bit," she said. "I can't do the whole routine, of course, because then I'd have to take off all my clothes, and I know that's not anything you'd want to see!"  
  
Jamie smiled weakly and mumbled something inaudible. Heather positioned her stool in the middle of the room, and started to go through her usual aerobic routine, stepping up and down on the stool. She was humming a tune that Jamie didn't recognize.  
  
"It's better with the music," she panted. "You'll just have to use your imagination." As she continued, she began to add little flips of her skirt as she stepped onto the stool, or performed little jumps and twists on the floor. The first time she did this Jamie noticed with a start that she was wearing a black garter belt with her stockings, and sheer black panties. The combination of the high-school cheerleader getup with the sexy garter belt was extremely erotic, and Jamie became immediately aroused. It became worse for him when she raised her arms and performed several stretching maneuvers, leaning to the side or extending herself up on tiptoes. When she did this, her abbreviated top rode up over her high, firm breasts – she wasn't wearing a bra, and two or three inches of the bottom of her creamy globes were exposed to his view, exciting him further.  
  
After about a minute of teasing peeks up her skirt she loosened its belt, then reached behind her and lowered a zipper. The skirt fell to the floor, completely exposing her garter belt and stockings. Jamie's eyes were glued below her waist, as she executed little turning steps in time to her humming, giving him a view from all sides of her sheer black panties, stretched tight across her rear and clinging revealingly to her crotch. On the outside he kept his cool, but inside he was going crazy.  
  
Finally, she slowly ran her hands up her sides to the tantalizing little top, and began pushing it up to remove it. When her breasts were almost exposed, about halfway uncovered, she stopped, and pulled the top back into place. "Well, that's about as far as I can go without taking everything off!" she said cheerily. "But you get the idea."  
  
Jamie moaned to himself, his aching desire to see her naked once again frustrated. She gathered up her skirt and the stool and headed down the hall.  
  
"I gotta get moving now," she said breathlessly, "gotta grab a shower before my big date tonight!" She winked at her brother and ran into the bathroom.  
  
Jamie was left hanging in a state of intense arousal. When she started he knew that it was only going to be a sample of her routine, a little taste, but he had become thoroughly hooked by her tease, and inwardly had fervently hoped that she would continue taking her clothes off and grant him the view of her delicious nude body that he'd had been craving for years, and which in his imagination had been such a tantalizing prod to his masturbation. He walked back and forth in agitation, running his hand through his hair, moaning her name aloud. Her performance had given him a full-blown erection, still rigid and insistent in his pants.  
  
The sound of the shower running came from the bathroom. Hesitantly, he moved down the hall, drawn by the maddening knowledge that just on the other side of the door was his beautiful step-sister, naked and glistening, running her soapy hands up and down that incredible body. When he had almost reached the bathroom he stopped short - the door hadn't been completely closed! It was ajar about an inch, and provided an opportunity to peek inside.  
  
Jamie was torn. He knew it was wrong to invade Heather's privacy – but he was so excited! His cock was rigid and aching, and he was absolutely dying to see her, to see her naked, to go crazy looking at her mouth-watering tits and between her legs and, oh my god, that incredible ass! His will-power was no match for his lust - unzipping his fly to release his throbbing erection, he moved towards the door.  
  
The sound of running water thundered in his ears, competing with the pounding of his heart. He pushed the door open a bit more, to enable him to see the shower where Heather was splashing about, blissfully unaware of what he was doing. The transparent shower door was fogged with steam, so that he was able to see only a blurred image of her as she moved about under the spray. He stroked himself as he watched, groaning with pleasure and frustration, tantalized by her indistinct moving figure, hoping fervently for a better view when she opened the shower door. Finally the sound of water stopped. He held his breath and stopped stroking; his cock was rock-hard and vertical, trembling in its excitement. The shower door slid to the side, and Heather reached around it to take a towel from the rack. She did it quickly, and was drying the front of her body before Jamie had had an opportunity to get the view he wanted. He kept watching – when she stepped out he was sure to see more, he just knew it. But then she looked up, looked right at the door. Jamie drew back in horror – oh my god, he thought, she's seen me! Oh shit!  
  
He hurried down the hall to his room, embarrassed beyond measure, kicking himself for what he had just done, and for being so careless. If only he hadn't given into temptation, oh god, what's going to happen now? He zipped up his fly and paced around his room, trying to figure out how he should act.  
  
He heard Heather moving around in the bathroom, and he searched his mind frantically for something to say to her, some excuse. Maybe she hadn't really seen him, so maybe he should just pretend to have been in his room the whole time.  
  
The bathroom door opened, and Heather emerged, wrapped in a towel. Jamie stepped out of his room at the same time, and tried to put on an innocent, nonchalant face.  
  
Heather looked at him for a moment. "Well," she said, "I know what you've been doing."  
  
His heart sank. He was caught, busted. He felt terrible.  
  
"You do?" he said miserably, not being able to find any other words.  
  
"Yes, I do," she said. "I mean, it's so obvious. It must have gotten you awfully hot." She pointed to his crotch, where his erection was still hugely evident.  
  
"Oh, Heather, I'm so sorry, I feel terrible about this! I ... I hope you'll be able to forgive me!"  
  
She looked at him blankly. "Forgive you? What's there to forgive? I know boys like to do that. You can't help it, can you? Besides, I've known about your magazines for years!"  
  
Jamie blinked and stared at her. "My mag..."  
  
"Sure!" she said with a grin. "I knew all about those magazines you kept in your closet to jerk off to! Do you still have them? Actually, I guess these days you'd just find stuff on your computer, wouldn't you?"  
  
Jamie was stunned – and relieved. "Well, I suppose maybe..."  
  
"Oh, don't try to deny it!" she laughed. "Actually, I think it's kind of cute - you sitting at your computer, looking at pictures of hot girls, touching yourself and getting so hot and bothered! It's probably good for you, too, seeing as you don't have a girlfriend these days. Now tell the truth – you were in your room just now having 'fun', weren't you?"  
  
"Well,..."  
  
The towel that Heather had wrapped around her wasn't very large, and just barely covered her torso, from the top of her breasts to the beginning of her thighs. She reached up to brush a wet strand of hair from her face, and as she did so the towel dropped a bit lower, exposing the swelling curves of the tops of her breasts. She took no notice, and cupped her hands over her breasts to hold the towel in place.  
  
"Come on, Jamie, I know you, you like to look at sexy girls. You do like to look, don't you? You like to look and get turned on?"  
  
Jamie just stared at her as she stood in front of him, the towel barely covering her, her breasts swelling around her cupped hands. He tried very hard to contain his renewed excitement.  
  
"Uh, well yeah," he said with a forced grin, "I guess I do, I do like to look at – at things like that."  
  
"And when you do, it gets you all excited, doesn't it?" she went on. "It gets you like that..." She pointed again to the bulge in his pants. The towel dropped lower, and she grasped it against her breasts just before it reached her nipples.  
  
Jamie moved his hands to cover himself. "God, Heather, you're embarrassing me now!"  
  
"Oh, don't be embarrassed, silly!" she said. "It's perfectly natural for you to do that. I'm glad my poor big brother has something to look at that gets him worked up and excited, and makes him feel so nice. It does make you feel nice, doesn't it?" She gazed at him with her big innocent eyes, her eyebrows raised in a question.

"Oh yes, very, very nice Heather. It really does."  
  
"Good!" she chirped. "I'm glad! And whenever you feel like doing something that makes you feel good, don't worry about your little sister. She understands."  
  
She smiled at him, then slapped her forehead, almost dropping the towel completely.  
  
"Wow, I gotta get going, or I'll be late for my date!" She ran down the hall to her room, in her haste whipping off the towel just before disappearing inside. Jamie closed his eyes and leaned against the wall, holding onto the brief image of her nude body he had just been treated to. His mind was chaotic with mixed emotions, and he felt exhausted.  
  
He made his way back to the kitchen and tried to finish cleaning up, but his hands were trembling so badly that he almost dropped the dishes. He decided to leave it for later, and went into the living room to calm down. He lay down on the couch and closed his eyes, listening to his heart, which was still beating rapidly. After about five minutes, Heather came clicking down the hall. She was dressed in a tight red dress and heels.  
  
"Jamie, I need a quick opinion – for a hot date, should it be these..."  
  
She stood in front of him and lifted her dress to reveal a pair of tight cotton bikini panties. She turned around to afford him a view from the rear.  
  
"...or these?" In one swift motion she pushed down her panties, lowering the dress at the same time, then stepped into another pair that she was carrying with her, and pulled them up snuggly, lifting the dress again. This time it was a black thong, just a tiny triangle in front, and invisible in back. She stood in front of Jamie with the dress pulled up to her waist, awaiting his recommendation. He was almost catatonic, staring between her legs and all but drooling with lust.  
  
"Those," he managed to say, "definitely those."  
  
"Oh, good!" she said. "I thought so, too, but I just wanted to make sure. Well, bye! Don't wait up for me."  
  
She tossed the nylon panties onto the coffee table, then ran to the door and was gone. Jamie groaned and almost sobbed in frustration. He hastily pushed down his jeans and threw them aside, and reached for the discarded panties, still warm from Heather's sex. For the next hour they were used to ravish and pleasure his desperate cock; he managed at the last moment to avoid soiling them.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The next day Heather was very quiet around the house - cheerful, but quiet. She hummed snatches of tunes continually, and seemed very pleased with herself. Whenever Jamie caught her eye she smiled at him and winked, but otherwise didn't communicate much. Just once during the day, as she walked passed him with some laundry, she went up to him and whispered, "You were so right!" When he looked at her questioningly she just wrinkled her nose in a nasty grin and curled her tongue to her upper lip, then went about her business, giggling. He was wracked with curiosity and jealousy, but was too proud to beg her for details.  
  
Finally, as they sat on the couch later that evening, she relented.  
  
"So, Teacher," she said coyly, "you interested in hearing how things went with your prize student? Wanna hear how she did with her homework?"  
  
He looked at her with a strained smile. "You know I do, Heather. Are you ready to tell me now?"  
  
"Well, I don't know," she teased. "It is rather personal, so maybe I should just whisper..."  
  
She moved closer to him on the couch began to whisper in his ear descriptions of what she had done with her boyfriend the night before. She told him about how she had followed his advice, how she had started by stroking the boy's cock with one finger, very slowly and lightly, teasing him to get him worked up and wanting more. "It was so great," she whispered, "it was just like you said – he was moaning like crazy and begging me not to stop. Sometimes I did stop, just to get him going more, then I'd start again after he begged me." Her whisper grew more excited as she told this to her brother, and she put an arm around his shoulder to get closer to him, and rested her other hand on his leg.  
  
"You should have seen it, Jamie, his cock got really big and hard! It felt so nice and warm in my hand, and I touched it just the way you told me to, up and down the underside, and teasing that little spot just below the head. Ooooo, he got so hot when I did that, Jamie, he just couldn't stay still! It was so easy to get him excited, and so much fun! I'd touch him in those places you told me about, then stop and ask him if he wanted some more – he always said yes, and beg and moan. It was so great!"  
  
Jamie's erection grew steadily as he listened to his sister's erotic descriptions. His eyes were closed, and his mind was filled with fevered images of his cock-teasing little sister as she worked on her boyfriend. He could feel her hair brushing against his cheek as she whispered to him, and sometimes her lips touched his ear, giving him a sensual thrill that caused his erection to throb and twitch. He was so excited, and so envious.  
  
"I did it for a long time, Jamie, a real long time, keeping him right on the edge, just like you told me. Then I let him do things to me – mmmmmm it was so nice, he knew just what to do, it felt soooooo good! I felt like I just couldn't get enough, I never knew I could get my legs spread that wide." Jamie stopped breathing for several seconds, straining to capture that image in his overwrought mind. "I'm afraid I didn't last long, I guess since I was already so excited by what I had done to him! So I went back to work on him, since he hadn't come yet, and was still big and hard. This time I used my mouth on him, just like you explained to me." She went on to describe in breathy detail the long, drawn-out blowjob she had inflicted on her boyfriend, tantalizing and teasing him cruelly, until she had finally pushed him over the edge. "He spurted buckets, all over the place! It was so messy, but so much fun! You could probably hear him in the next town when he exploded!"  
  
Heather stopped whispering to her brother, and sat back on the couch. Her pretty face was flushed, and she was breathing rapidly as she straightened her hair.  
  
"Whew!" she said. "I didn't mean to go on like that! I just got so excited thinking about it that I guess I got on a roll and couldn't stop. Hope I didn't embarrass you, Jamie."  
  
Jamie could barely speak. He took a small couch cushion and put it in his lap to hide his rigid hard-on, and did his best to smile. "No, its fine, Heather, don't worry. It sounds like you paid attention to your lessons, all right."  
  
She grinned. "Glad you think so," she said. "You're a good teacher!" Then she said good night and headed off to bed.  
  
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That night Jamie had trouble sleeping. His mind was filled with maddening images of Heather and the scene she had described to him in her tantalizing whisper. He moaned with jealousy and frustration as he imagined himself in place of her boyfriend, being driven mad by her gentle hands and exquisite cock-teasing, and oh! – just imagine how her mouth and tongue would feel, flicking and swirling mercilessly all over his cock, barely touching it, tormenting it!  
  
His erection had not abated, and he started to stroke. He was masturbating more often now, at least once a day, sometimes more. But tonight his cock was like a sullen, unquiet animal. It was troubled and dissatisfied, and didn't want simply to be pleasured and put to rest. It wanted more excitement.  
  
He got up and wandered around the apartment, not knowing what to do with himself. There was a full moon, and pools of cool light shone on the floor and furniture. He drank a glass of water, and then started back toward to his bedroom. Looking down the hall, he saw that Heather's bedroom door was open. He moved toward it, hesitantly, fighting an inner battle as he went - he shouldn't do this, this isn't right, don't invade her privacy! The moon was streaming through the bedroom window, and the sleeping girl was fully illuminated in her bed. She was on her back, with her arms resting on the pillow, stretched over her head. As usual, she had worn to bed just a t-shirt and cotton bikini panties. The shirt was swelled out with the thrust of her breasts, and even from across the room Jamie could see her nipples pressing out through the thin fabric. He lost his battle; moaning softly with aching desire, he moved into her room and went to her bed.  
  
He looked down at her, holding his breath, fearful of waking her. But her breathing was audible and regular, indicating that she was deeply asleep. Her mouth was partly open, her head turned slightly away from him. Her arms on the pillow gave the impression of being held down, as if her wrists were bound, and she was struggling to free herself. The t-shirt was slightly too small for her, and the size and shape of her lovely breasts were clearly delineated. Her legs were extended straight toward the foot of the bed, spread somewhat apart. The firmness of her bottom caused her pelvis to be slightly raised, so that her panties were stretched tightly over the well-defined curve of her pubic mound.  
  
Jamie gazed on her in growing lust, and pushed his boxers down to the floor. He was now standing naked over the adorable girl, his rigid, throbbing erection hovering inches from her voluptuous body. The erotic image of his engorged penis so close to the object of its lust caused him to moan softly, and he imagined he could almost hear his cock speaking urgently to him, yes! yes! that's what I want, that's what you need!  
  
Surrendering completely to temptation, he kneeled down beside the bed and reached out for Heather's breasts. He touched very hesitantly at first, testing for any sign that she might awaken. Her breathing didn't change, so he was emboldened to caress her further: with his throbbing cock standing stiffly erect as he knelt, he cupped both his hands over her delicious globes, and moved his palms gently all over her bust, from the sides inward, up and down, squeezing to feel their wonderful, firm elasticity. They were warm in his hands, and he pressed from the sides, feeling their voluptuous weight, and massaged her erect nipples with this thumbs. He was fascinated with those nipples, so pert and hard even in sleep; he gently played with them with his fingertips, pinching them slightly to make them harder, feeling through the thin fabric of her shirt the texture of the aureoles that surrounded them.  
  
His excitement was growing as he touched her, even as the rising guilt he felt about what he was doing was nagging at him. Gazing at her lovely face, he began to stroke his greedy cock, while he slowly reached down between her legs to gently caress her sweet vulva through her panties. He could feel the texture of her sparse bush, and lower down the warm, moist crevice of her girlish labia. He moaned with frustration as he fondled her and stroked himself, for he knew deep down that he would never be able have this delicious girl, his sister, his sweet, tantalizing sister, this young, voluptuous body that was driving him crazy now as he touched and fondled, and as he teased his own cock to greater and greater desire and need. The mixture of lust and frustration, of pleasure and taunting denial was maddening and intoxicating, and he never wanted it to end!  
  
But finally he could take no more – sitting back on his heels he grasped his cock and balls in both hands and stroked unrelentingly. He exploded in orgasm, the sweet, urgent pleasure fusing in his mind with the image of Heather lying tempting and vulnerable before of him.  
  
Wiping the sperm from his stomach and chest with his shorts, he staggered back to his own room. He lay in bed staring at the ceiling, deeply ashamed of what he had just done; yet he was driven to masturbate once more to the memory of it, before he finally fell asleep.  
  
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The next day, as he and Heather rushed about getting ready for their day, Jamie watched her face closely for any sign that she may have been aware of what he did in her room during the night. There wasn't any; she was her usual cheerful self, and obviously had no idea that her brother had groped and fondled her for his masturbation enjoyment.  
  
For that is what it was, he told himself after she had left for school. I used my sister's body as a sex object, just to get my rocks off! Yes, a little voice in his mind whispered to him – and you loved it, didn't you? He groaned, realizing it was true – he had loved feeling her tits and pussy like that, just loved it! Next time maybe he could get his hands under her clothes to touch the real thing, maybe he could take his hard cock and...  
  
Oh my god! he thought to himself in despair. What kind of monster am I turning into? First I spy on her in the shower, then I jerk off while I feel her up! She's my sister, my little sister – ohhhh but she gets me so hot! I need her so much, my cock needs her!  
  
He thought that perhaps he should try to get help, from a counselor or a psychiatrist – but he knew that this would never happen. He would never do anything that might get in the way of the dark, secret pleasures he was having with Heather. She was driving him crazy with lust and frustration, and he was being led deeper and deeper into dangerous temptations – but he didn't want it to stop. He had known that something like this would happen when he decided to let her move in, that his life might become an erotic torment. It was just something he'd have to learn to deal with. It was torture - and he loved it.  
  
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A few days later they were sitting on the couch after dinner, and Heather was doing her usual thing with the ice cream carton. She did it a lot (she liked ice cream), and Jamie never tired of watching her pink tongue do its work. She was wearing the same t-shirt and panties she'd worn the night he played with her as she slept, and this was helping to keep him in a pleasant state of arousal.  
  
"You know, Jamie," she said as she twirled her tongue around the spoon, "I don't think you really believed me the other night." She dipped into the carton for the last dollop.  
  
"Hm? What do you mean, Heather?" he asked, taken aback.  
  
"When I told you about what I did with Chris – I don't think you really believed I did all that."  
  
"I believed you," he insisted. "Why would you think I didn't?"  
  
"Well," she said, giving the spoon one last lick and suck, "you were real quiet, and you said something sort of lame about my doing good on my lessons." She put the empty carton on the coffee table, and sat back with her elbow on the back of the couch. She rested her cheek against her fist and regarded her brother. "So?" she challenged.  
  
"I believed you, Heather, really! You must have seen how interested I was in your story."  
  
"Well, I'm not convinced," she said. "I think you were just trying to be nice."  
  
Jamie threw his hands up, exasperated. "I don't know what else I can say to make you believe me," he laughed. "I give up!"  
  
"You don't have to give up," she responded with a grin. "I have a plan."  
  
"A plan."  
  
"Yes, a plan. The way I figure, if you were somehow able to actually see me and Chris together – well, seeing is believing, right?"  
  
"You want me to watch you and Chris make love?" He was incredulous.  
  
"Well, not everything," she said, a little embarrassed. "Just the part where I ... use my 'lessons'."  
  
"So let's see," he said sarcastically, "I walk into the room and pull up a chair, and I say, 'Oh, don't mind me, just carry on with what you were doing. Nice weather we're having, by the way...'." He shook his head. "I don't think so, Sis!"  
  
She scowled at him. "Think you're so smart, don't you? Well listen to this, Mr. Smartypants – can you think of something I have in my room, that you have in yours, too?"  
  
"A bed?"  
  
"Besides the bed – something you get a lot of use out of, a lot of ... pleasant use."  
  
He frowned, puzzled.  
  
"Something," she continued, "that takes the place of magazines." She grinned at him, a challenging smirk.  
  
"Oh," he mumbled sheepishly. "The computer."  
  
"Right!" she said, clapping her hands. "And what does my computer have, and yours too, that could be used to see, uh, things?"  
  
His eyes widened. "Heather, you don't mean..."  
  
"Yes!" she interrupted. "The webcam! It's perfect!"  
  
"I don't know," he said, rubbing his chin, "that might be kind of..."  
  
"No, listen, listen!" she interrupted, "it would be so easy, I have it all figured out! All we have to do is get it set up with the instant messenger thing and hide the little camera somehow, then you can just watch on your computer! Get it?"  
  
Jamie thought about it, and started to get interested – more than interested, he was getting excited. "So you would just bring him here? What about me? Wouldn't it be awkward having me here?"  
  
"Yes, that's why you won't be here. At least that's what I'll tell Chris. I'll tell him you're out doing something, but you'll actually be in your room, being very quiet. We'll only be here for as long ... well, as long as it takes. He's not going to sleep over or anything."  
  
"And what about Chris," Jamie asked, "don't you feel a little, well, sneaky, doing this to him?"  
  
"It's only going to be for this one time," she protested. "Besides, it's for my 'education'." She winked at Jamie. "The more I learn about this 'subject', the better it will be for him. Anyway," she continued, "if he found out about it, I have the feeling he'd get off on it."  
  
So Jamie agreed to go along with her plan. After a little experimentation they managed to get the computers communicating with instant messenger, with the output of Heather's webcam appearing on Jamie's computer. Heather put the cam on a chair next to her bed, and covered it with a shirt, with just the lens peeking out. They arranged the chair so that when Heather kneeled on the floor beside her bed, Jamie had a perfect close-up view of her head and shoulders from the side on his monitor. Their preparations made, they waited for the weekend.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
"Come on in here, lover, it's more comfortable."  
  
Jamie got off his bed and hurried to the computer when he heard Heather's voice coming from the speakers. It was about 11:00 at night, and he had been dozing, waiting for Heather to bring her date home to start the show, or what they had been calling her "final exam", or her "orals."  
  
He heard some indistinct sounds of movement and shuffling around, then what sounded like passionate sighs. He assumed they were kissing. Heather had assured him that she would get Chris maneuvered toward the bed as quickly as she could, so there shouldn't be too long to wait before he could start checking out her technique.  
  
Sure enough, after a minute or two he saw blurred images of legs pass across his screen, followed by the bright splash of Heather's red dress. She was wearing the same dress as she had on their first "hot" date – she told Jamie that Chris liked it; it turned him on. Small wonder, thought Jamie, she looks like a total slut in it!  
  
When the movement on the screen settled down, Jamie saw Heather very clearly, stripped down to her bra and panties, on her knees between Chris's legs as he lay back on the bed. She looked into the camera briefly and winked, then busied herself with Chris. Jamie realized that she was pulling his trousers down to his ankles, followed by his underwear. He got closer to the monitor, starting to get excited – she's really doing it, he thought to himself, I'm actually going to see her do it. He lowered his boxers, and set to work on his growing erection.  
  
Heather was true to her word: she had learned her lessons well. Chris's sighs of pleasure came through the speakers as she began to caress his cock, slowly and deliberately, taking care to tantalize him with brief touches around his most erotically sensitive areas, running her fingertips up the underside of his member and stopping just before she reached the ultra sensitive spot below the head. She giggled when he begged her not to stop, and placed a delicate little kiss on that center of pleasure, then continued dancing her fingertips all around it. Chris groaned in a mixture of ecstasy and frustration, while she went happily on with her cock-tease, wicked and unrelenting.

Soon Jamie's moans were joining Chris's, as he watched Heather tormenting and pleasuring her boyfriend's cock, wishing fervently that it were his.  
  
"Do you want to feel my mouth," he heard her say, "would that feel good, honey?"  
  
"Oh my god yes!" Chris panted, "please, oh god yes!"  
  
"Are you sure? Do you want more of this?" She delicately traced the tip of her tongue up the underside of his shaft to the head, where she softly flicked from side to side just below the rim. Looking up at Chris, she pouted and took little nibbling sucks on the head of his cock, allowing her lower lip to gently massage the underside, but always quick, brief, tantalizing.  
  
Jamie was now stroking his cock in earnest, terrifically excited by Heather's coy oral treatment of Chris's cock, and aching with envy. But then she did something that drove him almost mad with lust and frustration. As she worked on Chris's enflamed penis, licking, sucking, squeezing and teasing it to death, she looked straight into the camera and gave Jamie her full attention. As her tongue fluttered rapidly on the cleft under the swollen, purple cock head, she winked and raised her eyebrows as she stared out at the camera. Her meaning was simply to indicate to Jamie that she wanted him to pay attention to what she was doing so that he could give her his opinion of her technique later. But to his inflamed imagination her gesture was a maddening taunt – it said, "How'd you like me to do this to you – think you'd like this? Just think about how it would feel – think about it a lot!"  
  
Still looking into the camera, Heather held Chris's cock upright in her hand and began to lick gently all around the head, and gave it little sucking kisses. At the same time, she lightly stroked his balls with her fingernails. Chris was gasping and moaning in ecstasy at this treatment, but Heather kept her eye on the camera. She bit her lower lip, then rounded her lips into an "ooooooo". Her intent was simply to let Jamie know that the little trick he had taught her was really working – listen to Chris, Jamie! But the message Jamie got was again a mocking taunt: "Ohhhh isn't it driving you crazy to watch this? Betcha know just how it feels! You need it so much, don't you? Aww, too bad it's for my boyfriend, not for you..."  
  
Jamie knew that Heather didn't mean what he was imagining, but her facial expressions were so maddening, and excited him so much, that he allowed himself to be sucked into the illusion that she was actually taunting and frustrating him deliberately. He loved how it made him feel, and he teased and tantalized his own cock to intensify the torment.  
  
After a while Heather decided that she'd shown Jamie enough to pass her "final exam". She winked and waved goodbye to the camera, then stood up to get onto the bed. Jamie's view was now of her knees and thighs, and he watched as she pushed her nylon panties down her legs. She tossed the panties on the chair, deliberately covering the lens of the camera. Jamie's view was now just an amorphous blur of white, but Heather had forgotten the microphone, so that he could hear her as she joined Chris on the bed. He knew that Heather was now going to start fucking her boyfriend in earnest, and that made him sick with jealousy. But he couldn't bring himself to turn off the computer, so he sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, slowly stroking himself as he listened to the sighs and moans of the couple in the other room. Amidst the sounds of passion and pleasure he made out Heather's voice – "You like me on top like this, honey? This turn you on? ... Ooooo yes, suck them, ohhhh Chris, that feels so good! ... Oh yes, right there, ohhhhhh don't stop, don't stop, oh god, oh god, yesssss..." Finally, Heather's cries as she reached orgasm, followed quickly by Chris's moans of pleasure and release. After that there were muffled sounds of talking and affection as they got dressed. Soon they were gone, and Jamie was alone in the apartment once more.  
  
He turned off the computer and got into bed. He was tremendously excited, and masturbated desperately, whimpering, seeking relief from the lust and frustration the scenes he had just witnessed had caused him. He was agitated and exhausted, his mind a confused tumult of jealousy and lust, of indecision and desperation; he was a mess.  
  
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Jamie hadn't heard Heather come in. Even though he had had trouble falling asleep, he evidently finally managed to drift off before she got home. He got up late in the morning, but she was still in bed.  
  
He made coffee and some breakfast, and tried to read the Sunday paper. He put it down when he realized that he was re-reading the same sentence over and over. His concentration just wasn't there – images of Heather's oral sex tease totally consumed his brain. He had masturbated several times during the night to the memory of her performance, but it still held him – if anything, he had become even more obsessed.  
  
Heather finally appeared at about noon. She shuffled into the kitchen to get some coffee (Jamie always made enough for both of them), then went into the living room. She was still in her usual sleeping attire, t-shirt and panties.  
  
She yawned. "Hi, Bro. Unnnnhhh, I'm so sleepy! You sleep OK?"  
  
"Not bad," he lied, "considering I had an interesting interruption last night."  
  
She giggled. "It really worked, didn't it? We pulled it off! So, what'd ya think? I did good, right? Just like I said? You proud of your prize student?"  
  
"You were incredible," he said. He was trying very hard to be up-beat and cheery with her, even though he was roiling inside, in utter turmoil over his lust for her. "You were very hot – Chris is a lucky guy."  
  
She grinned and ran over to the couch and plopped herself down next to him, squeezing his arm affectionately.  
  
"It was so much fun," she said excitedly, "especially since I knew you were watching. So kinky! I really wanted to show you that I had been paying attention to you when you were telling all that stuff about guys. Did you see all the things I did? Everything worked just like you told me it would!"  
  
Jamie smiled weakly, trying to match her enthusiasm. But having her pressed up against him as she was, in her tantalizing underwear, was taking its toll on his ragged emotions. He felt himself getting excited once more, but in his present state this was more upsetting than arousing to him – he was rapidly approaching the limits of his endurance. He didn't know how much more he could take.  
  
Heather didn't notice any of this. She chattered away happily, unaware of the distress she was causing her brother. She took one of his hands and held it in front of her, palm upward.  
  
"Did you see when I did this? It was sort of what you talked about, but not exactly..." She lowered her head to his hand, and proceeded to flutter her tongue back and forth along his index finger, mimicking what she had done to her boyfriend's penis the night before.  
  
Jamie closed his eyes and groaned. It was the last straw. The weeks of unrelieved sexual excitation he had experienced since she moved in with him, the tantalizing displays and unconscious teasing, not to mention the deep obsession he had developed for her as he watched her grow into a tempting young girl, finally became too strong to be suppressed any longer. The dam burst.  
  
"Heather! Stop, please! For god's sake, stop!" He jumped up and stumbled away from the couch.  
  
Heather looked at him in shock, frightened. "Jamie, wha – what did I do ...?"  
  
He was in total anguish, almost sobbing. "Do you have any idea what you've been doing to me, how you've been making me feel? Do you?" He was pacing up and down across the room, wringing his hands, and running them through his hair. "You have been driving me crazy, absolutely fucking crazy! Can't you see that? Oh my god, Heather, the way I feel about you – don't you ... do you have any idea how I ... oh god, I am so fucked up!"  
  
He turned to face her. "I'm so sorry, Heather, it's not your fault, I am just so messed up – I have really screwed things up!" He continued pacing, getting more upset. "All the time we were kids, ever since you grew into that ... that incredible body of yours, I have just been so hot for you! Oh, I'm so sorry, I shouldn't be saying this to you, Heather, but it's the truth! I've been in love with you for as long as I can remember – no, that makes it sound so pure, so nice – in lust with you, Heather, I've been in lust with you! I can't count the number of times I've jerked off thinking about you, thinking about how badly I wanted to touch you, to make love to you! Oh I know it's not right, you're my little sister, almost my sister anyway, and I shouldn't think about you like that – but I just can't help it! And here, having you here, seeing you every day, seeing you like that, almost naked in front of me – ohhhh Heather it's been driving me nuts!"  
  
He continued pacing. "My god, when I think of some of the things I wanted to do with you, some of the things I almost did!" He couldn't bring himself to tell her about actually fondling her in her sleep, or peeking at her in the shower.  
  
He stopped in the middle of the room, looking down at the floor, slowly shaking his head. "Oh, I have really messed things up now, a total fuck-up – Heather, I shouldn't have said anything – I'm so incredibly sorry, Sis – just ... just forget I said anything..." Without looking at her he grabbed his jacket and quickly walked out the door.  
  
Heather sat frozen, her mouth open, her eyes wide, staring straight ahead. She was totally stunned, in shock.  
  
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Jamie caught a bus downtown. He didn't know what to do – he just wandered around aimlessly, feeling miserable. He walked across the campus of the University, then up the hill through the park, trying to think things through. What a mess he'd made of things! He'd ruined his relationship with his sister, he was sure of that – after what he'd said to her there was no way he'd be able to redeem himself in her eyes. This made him so sad, because he really did love her. Why did he have to be this way, why was he such a perv?  
  
Night fell, but he felt no desire to return home. Walking along the boulevard he passed a strip-club, and went in for a drink. Maybe if he got turned on watching the girls here it would take his mind off his troubles. He got a whiskey at the bar and sat down at a table to watch, hoping to get excited. He didn't. As the girls taunted and teased, slowly removing their clothes, the other men around him were breathing heavily and drooling, but he was unmoved. None of the girls interested him – except for one. She was starting to get to him, and he settled back, becoming aroused – then he realized with a start that she reminded him of Heather. In despair, he got up and left.  
  
He knew that he had to go home eventually. He was dreading seeing Heather again, but he had to face the music sometime, so he might as well get it over with. Even worse was the thought that she'd probably left – he realized that that was more than likely. She's gone back to Mom's, she'll tell her all about what a perverted jerk Jamie has turned out to be – they'll probably never speak to him again. He was feeling very depressed.  
  
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It was late when he arrived home. The apartment was quiet and dark – so she really has gone, he said to himself. Alone again.  
  
He was too upset to eat, but he felt grungy from wandering around all day, so he took a shower and went straight to bed. He didn't bother with pajamas – he just crawled into bed naked and miserable. He lay staring at the ceiling, reluctant to attempt sleep, knowing that his thoughts would keep him awake, tormenting him. Finally, he sighed and reached for the light – but stopped when he heard a faint knock on the door. Surprised, he raised himself on his elbows and listened.  
  
"Jamie? Can I come in?" After a moment the door opened slowly, and Heather peeked in. "Is it OK?"  
  
Jamie was surprised and apprehensive. "Yes, I ... I guess so."  
  
Heather moved shyly into the room. She was wearing a white terrycloth cotton bathrobe. "Hi," she said.  
  
"Hi," he answered. Then, "Oh, Sis, I'm so sor..."  
  
"No, Jamie, stop," she interrupted. "I'm the one who should be apologizing to you. I've been so stupid, so incredibly stupid! Stupid and blind."  
  
She moved further into the room, holding her arms.  
  
"I had no idea, Jamie, really I didn't! And when I think back to the way I acted with you, and the ... the things I did around you – oh, Jamie, I'm so sorry! It must have been so difficult for you." She lowered her arms and opened her hands, entreating. "I would never do anything to hurt you or be mean to you on purpose! You know that, don't you, Jamie? You're my brother, and I love you so much!" She looked towards him earnestly, almost pleading.  
  
She moved to his desk chair and sat down facing him. "All these years," she continued, "and I had no idea you felt that way about me! When we were kids it never occurred to me to think of you as ... as a boy. Other boys used to like touching me, and it was fun getting them excited, but it never entered my mind that you might have feelings like that, too. Oh, man, was I dumb!" She struck her forehead with the palm of her hand, and shook her head in disbelief. "And then when Mom suggested that I come stay with you, I didn't want to at first, 'cause I thought I'd be imposing – come on, Mom, I said, he doesn't need to have his little brat of a sister barging in on him! I was so afraid you'd resent me for being a burden."  
  
She got up and started pacing the room, with her hands on her hips, shaking her head. She smiled ruefully. "When I think of the way I paraded around in front of you wearing practically nothing, and the things I'd talk to you about - and now knowing how you really felt – oh god, I just want to die of embarrassment!" She blushed and covered her face with her hands. "Here I thought I was just the silly little sister, chattering to her big brother as if he was one of her girlfriends – and I now I find out that what I really was, was a nasty little tease! 'Cause that's what I was, wasn't I Jamie? A nasty little sex tease – I didn't mean to be, but I was."  
  
Jamie broke in. "Oh, no, Heather, don't say that! You didn't know."  
  
She was silent for a few moments. Then she looked at him and smiled. "But I do now, don't I? In the past few days I've learned all sorts of things about my big brother. I really want to make it up to you for making you suffer so much. I want to show you how sorry I am, and how much I love you." She got up and walked behind the chair, resting her hand lightly on its back. "You know, Jamie, you are really a very good teacher. You've taught me quite a lot about ... about what men like." As she was speaking, she began to untie the sash of her robe. "And about what you like..." She stepped out from behind the chair and opened the robe, letting it fall to the floor. Jamie stared at her, shocked beyond words. She was dressed in a very short, bright red negligee, sheer and transparent, and a pair of black stockings, held up by a lacy black garter belt. "I went shopping today," she said softly, smiling. "Do you like it?" He was unable to speak, but he didn't have to – a bulge was rapidly becoming visible through the thin sheet that covered him. Heather noticed. "Oh, yes," she purred, "I'd say you like it. I'm glad – it's for you."  
  
Running her hands sensually up the contours of her body, she slowly moved to the bed. Smiling at her brother, she grasped the sheet and slowly drew it down, uncovering him completely. His cock was fully erect, extending upward along his stomach, rigid, quivering. Biting her lower lip, she shook her head gently in admiration. "Oooooo," she cooed, "my brother is such a beautiful man – just beautiful!" She bent down and gently kissed him. He moaned as she slowly ran the tip of her tongue back and forth between his parted lips. She smiled and sat down next to him on the bed.  
  
"And all this time I thought I was just a silly little sister – but what I actually was, without knowing it, was a silly little cock-tease. Is that what I am, Jamie? A little cock-tease?" She reached up and untied the neck of the negligee, letting it fall from her shoulders and down her arms, exposing her full breasts almost completely, but stopping just short of their tips. She smiled at him seductively, and licked her lips.  
  
"You poor boy," she cooed, "suffering like that." She began to run her fingertips along the inside of his thighs, caressing gently, moving ever higher, but slowly, slowly.  
  
"Seeing your little sister in her little frilly underwear, lying all over the place with her legs spread – that was so nasty of me!" Her hand had reached his crotch, and she began to manipulate his balls, making slow circles around his scrotum with her fingertips, lightly, delicately. "And I guess some of those little t-shirts I wore were pretty revealing, don't you think? Did that tease you too, Jamie? Did it?"  
  
He was speechless, overwhelmed by the sight of her voluptuous body, tantalizingly displayed to him in the loosened negligee, and the maddening sensations of her hand on his balls. He moaned, and looked at her pleadingly.  
  
Her fingertips were now gently flicking back and forth along the ridge on the underside of his shaft, moving gradually higher, getting closer to his center of pleasure. "And last night – oh my, that must have been just torture for you to watch! Did you like seeing me do those things to Chris? You were wishing that I was doing it to you, weren't you? He was getting all that pleasure, but all you could do was pretend it was you - awww, poor Jamie!" She looked at him with a little pout. "How can I ever make it up to you?" Her fingertips were now lightly brushing along the sides of his cock, missing where he needed to be touched by a fraction of an inch.  
  
Jamie groaned, in an absolute agony of lust and frustration. "Oh god, Heather, please, I – ohhhhh..." She put a quieting finger to his lips.  
  
"Shh," she said, "you don't have to say anything. I know all about what you like, Jamie – you taught me, remember?" She smiled and blew a little kiss towards him. "I'm going to make my big brother feel sooooo good..." She gently grasped his cock, feeling it warm and throbbing in her hand. She looked at him, her eyes wide and innocent. "After all," she whispered, "what are sisters for?" And then, lightly and slowly – very slowly – she began to stroke...