

A Journey To My Sister

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Home from school, Allie is amazed to see how lovely her sister Carly has grown - and how desirable.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/a-journey-to-my-sister.aspx>

A brief valentine to love, written in an especially romantic mood. Not much plot, but loads of atmosphere. Hope you enjoy it.

I can still remember when I saw her, really saw her for the first time -- because that was the moment that would ultimately change everything between me and my sister.

Carly was the younger sibling who I'd never paid much attention to, at least, no more than big sisters usually do. Oh, I tolerated her, but being five years younger, she might as well have come from a different generation. To me she was just an awkward kid who always had her nose buried in some book, while I was a typically self-obsessed teen, immersed in dating, fashion and high school society. We got along decently, but Carly wasn't a huge part of my life until I came home from abroad at the age of twenty-one, after studying literature in France for a year.

This story I'm going to tell you took place on my first return to the States, a few weeks after Carly's sixteenth birthday. My parents had rented a huge vacation home at the beach, and invited my aunts, uncles and cousins to join us for a big family get-together. My plane had just made it in the night before the festivities got underway, and I was so wiped out by the time Dad got me there from the airport that I only had the strength to mumble a perfunctory greeting to my relations, then stumble upstairs to an unfamiliar bed.

I was the last to awaken the next morning, and by then nearly everyone had already eaten breakfast, changed into their swimsuits and were headed down to the beach. Carly, however, was still getting ready.

I walked into the bathroom to brush my teeth, and there was my baby sister, fresh from the shower and toweling her bare body. The gawky adolescent that I remembered had been magically transformed into a golden nymph of breathtaking beauty.

She looked better than any girl I'd ever seen naked... and by then, I'd seen a few. You see, I had discovered my lesbian side while in Paris, and had enjoyed a couple of very hot flings with cute French girls not much older than Carly.

I stood there, rooted to the spot, taking in the sight of her. My heart throbbed as I stared at her perky breasts and the sparse triangle of down between her legs. She had an incredible little ass, too. Then she noticed that I was staring, and I blurted, "Oh, sorry!" beating a hasty retreat.

The next thing I knew, I was sprawled out on the bed in my locked room, naked and fingering myself. When I exploded in a frenzied climax I was actually whispering her name, which only inflamed me all the more. I came harder than I had in a long time.

Afterward I felt guilty, getting aroused like that by my little sister. Then I found myself wondering if that was such a bad thing in the first place. I knew that incest was supposed to be wrong, but couldn't figure out why -- other than because everyone says it is. That luscious glimpse I'd gotten of Carly continued to prey on my mind, and I couldn't stop thinking about her in a way I knew I shouldn't.

Needless to say, I quickly convinced myself that fooling around with Carly wouldn't be such a terrible thing. After all, I did love her, and she'd grown into a gorgeous young woman. Most of all, I was eager to experience girl/girl sex again. Getting intimate with Carly just seemed like an amazingly hot idea, forbidden or not. The more thought about it, the more excited I became.

Of course, I knew it was just a fantasy -- and a *stupid* fantasy at that. How in hell does a girl make a move on her own sister?

I took a quick shower, got dressed and joined the others at the beach. I spent most of the day on a deck chair, sunglasses on so I could study Carly without being noticed. She wore a tiny two-piece swimsuit that showed off her body to amazing effect, and the sight of her proved so enticing that I couldn't maintain a coherent conversation with anyone. Luckily, I was able to blame my spaced-out demeanor on jet lag from the transatlantic flight.

As the hours drifted by, my desire for her only grew more acute. I longed to go back inside and masturbate again, but couldn't tear myself away.

Not good, kiddo, I told myself. *Not good at all*. How the hell could I get the hots for Carly at a family reunion? The whole situation was so absurd that it made me want to laugh.

After a full day of sun and sand we gathered up our stuff, went indoors and started getting ready to go

out for dinner. I was one of the last to leave the beach, and when I got inside Mom informed me that the hot water was running out, and I'd best get a move on and take a shower unless I wanted to freeze my buns off.

I quickly ran to the bathroom to claim my place, but was too late -- someone had beaten me there. Rapping sharply on the door, I called out, "Hey, don't use up all the hot water, okay?"

When Carly opened the door and peeped out, giving me a glimpse of her bare shoulder, my heart started beating like a jackhammer.

"Hey, Allie -- come on in!" she grinned. "We can share what's left..."

I couldn't believe my luck -- I was going to get to see my sister naked again, only this time, I'd get a *really* good look. Even better, I'd get a chance to let her see all of me. Trying not to seem too eager, I slipped into the steamy bathroom.

Carly had already taken her suit off and was wrapped in a towel. I started to take off my top when she dropped her towel maybe three inches from my face, baring her beautiful body. "Hurry up!" she giggled. "We can wash each other's backs."

I watched her pert ass jiggle as she entered the shower, then quickly shucked my swimsuit and joined her.

As she lathered and rinsed her hair, I took the opportunity to really look her over. Almost without realizing what I was doing, I began to discreetly touch my pussy.

When she finished we switched places, and I lathered and rinsed my own hair. As I was doing so, I sneaked a quick peek at Carly, thrilled beyond words to see her staring at my own nude body. I finished washing, and as I stepped from under the water she quickly looked away, just as I'd done earlier. My head was spinning!

Suspecting that Carly was at least a little turned on, I summoned up my courage. Looking her up and down, I said, "Wow, you sure have grown up, sis. I can't believe you got so sexy in one year!"

"Not really," she giggled, blushing and averting her eyes.

"Yes, really," I shot back. "Girl, you're gonna have the boys stepping all over each other to get close to you."

"Like I care!" she snorted, rolling her eyes derisively. "Jeez, the guys at school... nothing but jocks, stoners and nimrods." Then she shrugged. "I'm not that special, anyhow."

I shook my head in disbelief. "You're nuts, Carly -- I mean, if you could see what I see..." Gesturing at her breasts, I continue. "Look at those tits, they're perfect!"

She lifted a single eyebrow, "You think so?"

I know so," I replied, then decided to go for broke. Steeling myself, I made the bravest play of my life.

"Um, Carly?" I asked her, the words suddenly awkward in my mouth. "Can -- can I see what they feel like?"

Eyes widening, my baby sister slowly nodded her head.

I could feel my legs trembling as I reached out with both hands to caress Carly's breasts, her lips parting when I cupped them.

"Mmmmm... that feels really nice, Allie," she whispered. "Don't stop."

I could feel her nipples stiffen as I brushed them with my fingertips. Every inch of me was throbbing with excitement, my heart going a mile a minute... then I felt Carly's hand lightly touch my belly, stroking it. When I made no move to stop her, she grew bolder, her questing fingers slowly gliding downward.

I gazed into Carly's eyes, saw the need in them as her hand deftly slipped between my thighs. I couldn't believe it -- my sister wanted me too!

Carly gently grazed my moist labia with her fingers as I drew nearer, my hands sliding around her waist, moving to cup her bottom.

We drew together in an embrace, and I pressed my naked body into hers. She moaned softly, her warm lips touching my neck in the softest of kisses.

My hand had slipped between my sister's thighs to touch her lightly-furred vulva, and just as I was about to take the final leap into madness and slide a finger into her pussy -- someone pounded loudly on the door.

"Don't get all shriveled up in there!" a male voice bellowed on the other side, and we quickly broke

apart.

I gritted my teeth, furious. It was our cousin Glen, a totally immature dipshit who lived to be annoying.

"Piss off, Glen!" I snapped. I swear I could hear him snicker as he walked away.

The interruption had brought us back to reality. Without a word I turned off the shower and we silently dried ourselves, got presentable and hurried out of the bathroom. I was too embarrassed to say anything, but Carly stopped me before we parted to go our separate ways.

"Come to my room later tonight," she said softly, eyes dancing with excitement.

Oh, God, I thought I might have an orgasm, right there and then! She turned toward her door with a knowing smile, and I nearly bashed my head on the frame as I stumbled into my own room.

I'll spare you the details about how excited I was. Suffice to say that the next eight or so hours were the longest and slowest of my life. At dinner Carly's eyes and mine met often, and the anticipation written on her face clearly mirrored what I was feeling. It seemed impossible, but I would soon be making love to my own sister!

Midnight. The coast was clear. My only concern had been that little creep Glen, and the possibility that he might ruin everything with one of his practical jokes. I'd dealt with that by taking him aside and letting him know that if he did anything else to aggravate me or Carly, I'd tell everyone about the time I caught him filching my used panties from the clothes hamper. His dad -- my Uncle Ray -- is an ex-Marine, and has one hell of a temper when riled. Glen was scared shitless of him. Needless to say, my cousin swore up and down that he'd behave himself, begging me to keep quiet.

I crept silently into the hallway, naked beneath a thin bathrobe, heart throbbing wildly at the thought of the pleasures awaiting me in Carly's bed. Finding her door, I eased it open and slipped inside without knocking.

The room was in partial darkness, light enough for me to see the figure lying in the bed. Awed, I looked down at her beautiful face, then sat beside my sister, biting my lip as a fresh swell of desire washed over me.

"Hey, sis," she grinned, blushing a bit.

"Hey," I replied, flashing a shaky smile. "Got room in that bed for two?"

"Absolutely," she said, pulling the quilt to one side, exposing her naked body.

My heart skipped in mid-beat as I studied her. I gazed adoringly at the swell of her breasts, the nipples so dark and enticing. Then I took in her lower half, admiring the sparse thatch of golden pubes that framed her sex.

"You're beautiful, Carly." I managed to whisper while untying the belt of my robe.

"Do you really think so?" she asked, bashfully glancing down at her nakedness.

"Oh yeah," I nodded as I cast my bathrobe to one side and stood naked before my sister, skin tingling as I felt her adoring gaze.

"Jeez, Allie... I'm just a kid compared to you," she whispered, taking in all of me. "But you, you're *perfect*."

"Do you really think so?" I teased, blushing as I found myself arching my back to push my firm, round breasts higher, my hard nipples aching to be touched.

"Just hope I'm sexy as you are when I get older," she told me, eyes on my now moist vulva.

I placed one foot on the bed, opening my thighs, trembling as I displayed my womanhood to her, letting her see my sex bloom before the caress of her hungry eyes. I moved onto the bed and her gaze rose to my breasts, lips parted slightly.

"We don't need this, babe," I told her, pushing the quilt onto the floor. "Let's keep each other warm."

My fingers brushed their way up her leg, marveling at its smoothness. *Does she shave yet?* I wondered. My hand moved even higher and still she stared at me, at my breasts and stiffened nipples, my flushed chest, neck and face.

"Have you done this before?" I asked, my fingers gliding up her slender thigh.

She nodded, tongue darting out to wet her lips. I imagined that tongue sampling my nectar and trembled with the mounting of arousal deep in the core of me. I was a flower, ready to pollinate.

Heart racing, I lowered my mouth to hers. Carly's warm breath flowed across my face, then our lips

were together, hers soft and trembling beneath my own. I held her close so my tongue could circle her mouth, then enter.

Our tongues met and sent ripples of pleasure cascading through our entwined bodies. I knew of mine by the heat blossoming beneath my belly. I knew of hers from her long moan that she gave, from the squirming of her slender hips.

My hand slid across my sister's hipbone, then along the slight rise of her tummy. I followed it as our tongues played tag, then gently traced the swell of her breasts with my fingertips.

Her breath exploded into my mouth and her back arched as I moved the palm of my hand in a circular motion over a nipple, teasing it to stiffness. I explored all her sensitive spots, learning at what point pleasure would turn to pain and pain to pleasure. I listened to my sister gasp as my finger and thumb squeezed a nipple, then its twin.

Perhaps it was the eternal bond between sisters, but somehow I knew her well as I knew myself -- watching her face glow as mine would, seeing her hips move in a familiar way. She licked her lips, gazing longingly at my own breasts.

"Go ahead," I breathed, knowing what she was thinking.

Carly's trembling hands extended toward me, and I purred as her warm fingers explored the curve of my breasts. I gasped with delight as she pinched a nipple. Pleasure flooded me and I arched and quivered, her slave for the moment it took to make me climax.

"Are you okay?" I heard my sister ask me through a warm, gauzy haze, her voice so like mine, yet with an innocent quality that seemed so wonderfully childlike.

I blinked my eyes open and smiled up at her, reaching up to run my fingers through her hair. "God, Carly," I murmured, "you made me come!"

Wanting to return the favor, I moved to cup her budding breasts, exploring their softness with both hands. I watched her mouth fall open, heard her moan happily.

I rolled Carly onto her back, lowering my mouth to a pert nipple. The catch of her breath thrilled me as I teased the tip of my sister's breast with an eager tongue, briefly drawing it between my lips to suckle.

Too inflamed with lust to linger, I kissed and nuzzled a path down Carly's body, moving between her

breasts and over the belly to the cute indentation of her navel. She gasped in surprise as I probed it with my tongue.

"Do you know what I'm going to do now?" I asked, lifting my mouth from her soft tummy. She slowly nodded, propping herself up on both elbows, eyes huge as she watched me.

I spread her legs to lie between them, licking my lips as I studied her moist slit, the downy triangle that adorned her vulva. I inhaled deeply, breathing in the intoxicating scent of a young girl's longing.

My mouth pressed to her sex, opening her, letting my tongue enter. She shivered almost violently, a soft cry escaping. My hands slid down to cup her ass, lifting her into my mouth. I explored inside for a moment, probing deep as I was able, then began to bathe her sex with long, lustful licks. I flicked her clit with the tip of the tongue, then sucked it between my lips.

Carly cried out and stiffened, and I opened my mouth to receive her sweet essence, drinking from my sister's flower as she came for me. I felt her honey, warm and thick, coating my lips and chin. I sucked frantically, in love with the taste of her. Musky, sharp, exactly what I thirsted for. Her fingernails bit into my shoulder, but I continued to lick at the hot, rosy flesh until Carly came once more.

We lay side by side, no sound heard but for our breathing, Carly's body so slight and delicate next to mine. And as the glow of her climax ebbed, my hand began to roam again, moving to trace her elegant arms, then gliding between those delicately chiseled little breasts.

She moved slightly and licked her lips, her thighs scissoring together. I could gauge her growing arousal by the measure of my own, somehow mirrored in Carly's eyes -- knowing that she already wanted more.

I kissed my sister gently, letting her tongue slide timidly into my mouth to taste herself. My hand slid down to cup her pubis, stroking the moist opening with a lazy finger.

"I wanna do that to *you*," she breathed, nuzzling my lips, my cheek, the tip of my nose.

Giving her permission with a brief kiss, I lay back and parted my legs. Stroking her face with one hand, I used two fingers to open my cunt, thrilled by Carly's rapt expression as I lewdly exposed myself to her.

I could read the excitement in my sister's eyes -- and it only drove my lust higher, seeing how much she wanted me. I offered Carly a finger, glistening with my essence. Her gaze never left mine as she

took it into her warm mouth, and I sobbed as she slowly circled the tip with her tongue. God, I was dripping for her!

Releasing my hand, baby sister glanced down at my sex, a pleased smile on her pretty face as she studied me. Then Carly's eyes met mine once more, and she slowly lowered herself between my parted thighs, lips parting to taste...

"Oh," I moaned, a sharp escape of breath as her tongue barely grazed the opening to my cunt, teasing me. I could barely resist an sudden impulse to grasp my sister's head with both hands and grind her face into my inflamed pussy. My last lover in Paris, a hair stylist named Simone, loved that sort of rough sexual play.

Somehow, though, I managed to hold still while Carly kissed there, lingeringly. Then I felt her tongue delve inside me and I jerked violently, mewling like a helpless kitten as I felt myself skirting the edge of another orgasm.

Carly's tongue dipped in and out of my slit in an almost playful way, taking me higher but denying me release. Panting, I cradled her head in my hands, silently willing her to lick harder, to devour me completely. I was panting, desperate for the touch that would take me where I wanted to go.

Every nerve was screaming and my chest ached with the very effort of drawing breath when, suddenly, she kissed my slit once more, then took a long, slow lick that began at the cleft of my anus and moved upward. Eyes wide, mouth crying soundlessly, I felt Carly's tongue glide over my pouting labia, then rasp divinely over my clit.

I screamed as my body became liquid. Thrashing and bucking, clutching her face to me in an iron grip, I could feel Carly drink from me as I came, my own sister slaking a deep, primal thirst from my cunt. I was emptied, then refilled, then everything vanished.

I woke from a dream where I bobbed and floated in vacant space to feel Carly's resting head on my belly, an arm draped across my legs. My eyes still closed, I felt down for her head and stroked my sister's cheek. I smiled in the darkness as I felt her lips graze my palm.

"I love you," I murmured, those simple words holding more meaning for me than ever before.

"I love you too," she replied, taking my index finger into the wet warmth of her mouth, her tongue swirling around the tip.

The effect was akin to throwing pine chips onto a smoldering fire. My lust was renewed and

intensified; once more, I yearned for my little sister.

"Once more," I told her softly, ignoring how sensitive my pussy felt after that last orgasm. "I've got to have you again, Carly."

I pulled her to me, our mouths met and we kissed, breasts pressed together, my thigh resting against her pubis, hers against mine, creating a gentle friction that sent tiny aftershocks of pleasure surging through my still-tender sex.

I tasted myself on her mouth, sucking playfully at Carly's tongue and nibbling her lips, my sister and I exploring the infinite ways two lovers can kiss.

My nipples awakened, tingling deliciously as they brushed against hers. With curious hands, Carly and I explored the curves and contours of each other's bare bodies, feeding this mutual hunger until our breaths quickened in anticipation.

"I want to watch you come," I breathed. My hands slid down her slender back, fingers tracing the ridge of the spine until I reached her waist. She arched her body elegantly to my touch, like a stretching cat.

Her face glowing with desire, Carly rose on her arms and shifted herself further up my body, her legs brushing against my sides until she was straddling my belly. I smiled up at my sister as I cupped the tight curve of her bottom with both hands, fingers gently delving between her cheeks to explore.

I moaned, excitement flaring when she reached back to spread her tight buttocks further apart. I remembered the first time my own fingers had discovered the pleasures of ass play, knowing I was as young as Carly was now. My lightly circling finger slid down to dip into her wet cunt, then up again to anoint her anal rosette. I heard her inhale sharply, watched her mouth go slack as the tip of my finger slid inside, just an inch or so for starters.

"You like that?" I asked softly, and she gave me a shaky nod, already giving herself up to these wonderful new feelings. I pushed deeper, listening to her heavy breath as I probed her most intimate opening.

"I'll go slowly," I breathed. "Just relax."

I watched her face work, feeling her tense and slacken, jerk and gasp as my finger eased past the tender ring and into the hot, slippery rectum, right up to the third knuckle. A violent shudder tore through Carly when I began to withdraw, my finger emerging from her ass until only the tip remained -

- then I slid it into her again with a single fluid stroke, and she cried out loud. Her quivering hands clutched my shoulders.

"Nice," I breathed, euphoria surging through me as I sodomized my baby sister.

She keened, quivering above me as I felt her gradually open to my moving finger. Her eyes were wide, staring blankly ahead while short gasps issued from her mouth.

"Good?" I asked, knowing it was. She nodded, her face glistening with perspiration.

"I wish I'd packed my strap-on," I whispered, watching Carly's startled, then ecstatic expression as I began to wriggle my probing digit about inside her nether hole. "I would love to fuck you."

Her tongue emerged to moisten her lips. "... want you to f-fuck me too," she whispered. "God, I'd love that."

Sweat dripped from her face onto my breasts as she arched and bowed her back, thrusting her bottom against me. Somehow my finger penetrated her deeper still, and she shuddered, moaning low. I worked my finger in and out, slow and steady, the tightness of her rectum yielding to me with each stroke.

Carly began to mew and push back onto my delving finger. Her face was rapturous, her skin glowing as if she were lit from within. She was panting loudly, getting louder still as those little mews became hoarse cries of delight.

My sister's hand fumbled its way between my thighs, and she began to finger me hard and fast as I pleased her ass.

"Yes... yes!" I moaned in delight as Carly came, her cry drowning out mine. Her hand worked frantically at my cunt while she rode out her climax, shaking on my embedded finger, the hot wetness of her flowing onto my belly.

Then I was coming too, her rough fingering sending explosive shockwaves hammering through my frame. My breath hissed through clenched teeth.

We bucked and rocked together as mutual ecstasy fused us into one white-hot sphere of pleasure, clutching one another closely as if we meant to be one forever, come what may.

Our shared climax crested, then slowly faded into a comforting warmth.

We lay together peacefully, my sister and I, the sea air from the open window cooling our glazed bodies.