

All in the Family (Part I)

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A brother sees his younger sister in that way for the first time.

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Patty is my kid sister and really not a bad kid for a girl. She is 16 and starting to grow up, I am 16, also, but am ten months older and all grown up...at least I like to think so. Well, this particular evening I am going to tell you about was one of those when the folks went over to the Johnson's. I am not sure what they did there, play cards I imagine. Anyway, when they would go over there they always came home late and restricted Patty and I to the house. However, now that we were getting older we would complain that we were old enough to go out, but our grip fell on deaf ears.

We were both in the family room watching TV when we saw this woman in the program wearing a really short skirt. I gave a low whistle and Patty giggled. Then she turned to me and asked if she showed me something could I keep it a secret...especially from Mom and Dad? I told her sure, but she really insisted that I promise, so I crossed my heart and promised.

She told me that last week when she went shopping at the mall with her friend Sandy she used her own money and bought some clothes and she wanted to show me and ask my opinion about them. I couldn't understand what the big secret and promise was for over some clothes, but I again assured her that my lips were sealed and I would be happy to look at them. As I said earlier she is a good kid and we really get along pretty good for siblings.

She jumped up off the sofa and ran upstairs to her room. I returned to watching TV and she was gone so long that I almost forgot about her. Then she returned. I almost didn't recognize her and I immediately realized why she made me promise to keep this a secret. She had bought a short skirt. Now that isn't a big deal for most kids, but our parents are sticklers about proper appearance and not wanting us to grow up to quickly.

When she said she wanted me to see it, was thinking she would bring what ever it was down for me to look at, but she had put it on to model, not only the skirt, but the top she had bought, also. Now, when I said short skirt that is kind of a misnomer, it was really a short, short skirt. One of those hip

hugger types, to boot. I don't think there was even twelve inches of material from hem to waistline. It was black and more loose than tight. The top was a designer "T" type made of light purple material with a large butterfly painted on the front. It had a short midriff that ended above her bellybutton.

I had never thought of my sister in a sexual manner, save a couple of time when I tried, unsuccessfully, to cop a look at her when we were younger. But, this outfit made me sit up and take notice. Her legs were still a little skinny, but she was starting to fill out around her hips and she had even developed distinctive breasts. However, her waist was still small and it made that hip hugger look like it was going to fall off of her hips. You were almost waiting for it to happen.

She wasn't actually modeling the outfit as much as she was standing there looking at me and seeking my opinion. "Wow, sis you really look hot." My comment really brought that sparkle to her eyes. The kind she always got at Christmas and on her birthday when she opened a present and found something she really wanted. It was an infectious exuberance and I was easily caught up in it. If it wasn't for her radiant face I wouldn't believe that it was my baby sister. In fact, she looked so hot that I realized I was getting a hard-on. I realized it because in the position it had been in caused it to bend rather than straighten, which is somewhat painful at times. I wanted to reach down and straighten it out but she was standing there looking at me and bubbling from the compliment.

Then I remembered this picture I was of an actress wearing a short skirt. "Sis, you know what would really make that outfit sexy?" I said.

"What?" she eagerly replied?

"Come here." I motioned. And she stepped closer to me. "I saw a picture of a woman wearing a skirt like that and she was wearing stockings...you know like nylons...that only came up to hear." As I reached out and with my thumb and forefinger, I touched her at about mid thigh. I was surprised at the little jolt of electricity that shot through me at the touch of her skin.

"I got just the thing." She shouted and ran from the room. I immediately shoved my hand into my pants and rearranged my boner. The relief was wonderful. She was gone a bit so I started watching TV, again.

Then she came back into the room with black, sheer nylon stockings with lace around the top that came about six to eight inches short of the bottom of her skirt. "They're called thigh highs." She said, as she seemingly skipped into the room. "Is this what you meant?" she asked. My erection, which had subsided some from her absence immediately stiffened again. This kind of annoyed me because, after all, she was my sister.

“A...yeah...a...that’s it.” I stammered. I had never seen any girl at school that looked a hot and sexy as my own little sister did at that moment.

“Do I look sexy, now?” she asked.

I could only stare at her and answer, “God, Patty, that is really sexy. You are one hot chick.” With that she came over to the sofa and flopped down on my right side with her left leg tucked up under her. In doing so, because of the short skirt, I caught a full view of her white panties before she casually tugged at the skirt to cover herself...that is, as much as she could cover with as little material there was in that skirt.

“So, you think I am pretty hot, huh?” She fished for more compliments. Then she reminded me, “Remember, you promised not to tell Mom and Dad I have this outfit.”

“I remember,” I replied, “besides I wouldn’t want to be the cause of your death if either one of them saw you wearing something like this.” I laughed, which somewhat eased the tension I was feeling.

Then, honestly, with no ulterior motive and mere curiosity, I said, “What do those feel like?” pointing to her nylons.

“Umm, like stockings, I don’t know. Here feel.” She innocently picked up my hand and placed on the inside of her left knee of the leg that was tucked up under her. At the same time it had taken very little movement on her part for her skirt to ride up enough to again show some panty. Trying not to look, I caressed her knee to get a feel of the stocking.

“Wow that is really soft and smooth.” Despite my efforts not to look at her panties and remember that she was my sister, my hand as if controlled by an outside force kept caressing her stocking and moving from the inside of her knee up her inner thigh. Patty’s bubbly expression seemed to change as she just watched my hand moving up her leg. All the time I was saying to myself, ‘Stop it, take your hand off her leg...for God’s sake this is your sister.’ But, remember, I was a 16 year old boy. It wasn’t long until I was running my hand over that four inch strip of lace at the top of the stocking and staring at her cream colored skin just above the stocking. Still, without me controlling them, my finger tips roamed beyond the lace and touched that pure, velvety skin. The smoothness of her sheer nylons couldn’t hold a candle to the buttery softness of her inner thigh skin.

Neither of us said a word as we both watched my hand slowly and steadily mover farther and farther up her leg. She squirmed once, which scarred me causing my hand to stop. But, she made no effort to stop my hand or move away from me. In fact, the movement fully exposed the crotch of her panties. After pausing for the moment, we both took in a breath and my hand continued on its

movement. Up, up it went until there was no more leg left to negotiate. It had reached her panties. One finger reached out and touched the cotton panty. (Somehow, at that moment I can remember Mom telling Patty to always wear cotton panties and she would never get a bladder infection.) Her panties were white and soft and my finger tip caressed that space between her legs. Then another finger joined the first and then another and another until my hand was cupping her private and we were both looking at each other. I had never touched a girl there, before or anywhere sexually for that matter.

It was at about this point that I again became aware of the hardness of my cock and how sexually aroused I had become. I was massaging her through her panties and I could feel the slit under them; a fantastically erotic feeling. I looked into her eyes and spoke for the first time sense asking about the texture of her stockings, "I want to kiss you." I said with a pleading look in my eyes.

"Me too." came the unexpected reply. I lowered my lips to hers and we kissed. Not like before, not the quick pecks of a brother and sister that didn't really want to kiss each other, but with a passion that no brother and sister should share with one another. The force of the kiss pushed her back on the sofa and I was half on top of her. My hand still massaging that rounded part of her body that I know was called a pussy. As I massaged I pushed a finger against her panties and pushed them with my finger into the slit of her pussy. What an incredibly different sensation.

I don't know if either of us planned it or if it just happened, but our mouths opened and I felt her tongue with mine. It was like an electrical contact. A kiss that was about to end became more passionate and exciting than anything either of us had known. As exciting as it was and as intriguing her slit was to my hand, we both ran out of breath and had to break the kiss, which also caused my hand to relax on her pussy. I pulled my hand away and placed both hands on either side of her on her back on the sofa. I pushed up and looked down at her. She was panting, as I was, and I could see her breasts moving up and down. "Patty, that was unbelievable." I exclaimed.

She answered back, "I never felt anything like that before."

I continued, "I don't want to stop."

"Neither do I." she answered.

I looked down at her heaving breasts, "Can I touch your tits?" She nodded in the affirmative. I cupped one and felt its firmness, yet softness. We just stared into each other's eyes. I think we both knew we were entering uncharted waters. I fondled her breasts, felt the hardness of her tinny nipple, moved my hand from one to the other and lowered my head to kiss her again and again. As one of our kisses lingered my hand moved down to her midriff and I slid it up under her tight top...halfway getting stuck

in the awkward position. We both unspeaking kind of mutually agreed to sit up. We were both scared as hell, but so excited that it over came any fears. As we sat there I reached out and touched a breast. In response, she raised her arms in a gesture I fully understood. I took the bottom of her top and pulled it up over her head exposing her bra covered breasts. As I stared at them I could see Patty suck in her breath, bite her lower lip, reach back and unhook her bra and let it fall from her shoulders to her lap. They were small, the nipples were small and the areola wasn't completely formed and darkened in, but to my eyes they were magnificent. I stared in awe before reaching out to touch her flesh. Her nipples where already hard, but seemed to get harder under the touch of my hand. I cupped them, massaged them, placed the palm of my hand over them and let the hard nipple tickle me as I moved the palm around with just the nipple touching it.

As I was fondling her, she whispered, "Take your T-shirt off." It never occurred to me to undress or that she would even want to see me...I was totally captivated with her. I pulled it off over my head and we leaned in to each other and kissed with our naked tops pushing against one another. I felt her hard nipples and firm breasts pushing against my hairless chest. Again, our mouths opened and our tongues made contact.

When we finally broke the kiss, but were still holding each other tight, I whispered in her ear, "Patty lets get naked." Then I held my breath realizing what I had said.

A long silence followed and then she replied, "I...I...I'm kinda scared."

"So am I." I replied, "I'm terrified." It was amazing how my honesty seemed to relax her.

"I have never seen a boy naked...you do it first." She said. A little scared and more embarrassed, I unzipped my shorts. As I pushed them down I realized that she could see the outline of my hard cock pushing against my briefs. That totally embarrassed me and I turned beat red. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"No one has ever seen me hard, before." I confessed.

"Is it hard now?" she asked.

"Yes." I said somewhat ashamed.

"Can I feel it?" Now, her face turning a little red.

I looked into her eyes and replied, "Okay, if you want to." As I moved my hands from where they were trying to hid my erection. I could see her eyes widen from surprise as to the size of the bulge in my

briefs.

She reached out and touched me gingerly. "God, it is hard." She commented as she continued to roam the length of my shaft with her finger tip. Then becoming braver and letting her hand rub over it. I let out a little moan causing her to jerk her hand away. "Did that hurt?" she asked with concern.

"No, no it felt great, probably like when I touched your tits. You liked that didn't you?" I asked.

"Oh yes, yes I loved it." And she brought up one of my hands and put it on a breast. So, I put her hand back on my cock.

As we massaged and fondled each other Patty broke the silence and asked, "Jimmy, can I...I mean will you...I mean...would you..." Her eyes lowered and she became silent.

"What is it, sis?"

Then she looked up at me and right into my eyes, "Can I see it?" Her cheeks turning flush.

I was so hard now it was aching. This time I sucked in my breath, put my thumbs into the waistband of my briefs and slid them down to mid-thigh. The size it had grown to surprised even me. I had jacked-offed a couple of times to a Fredrick's of Hollywood catalog I had found in my parents bedroom. But, it never got like this, I mean it seemed huge and it was so hard it just plain hurt.

Her eyes opened wide and her mouth dropped open when she saw it. "Jimmy it is so big. I mean I didn't know boys got like that. Is it always like that?"

I didn't know how to answer; I was half embarrassed and half proud. "No not always, I guess when we get excited like looking at a pretty and sexy girl. Usually it is soft and just kinda hangs there."

"Did 'I' do that to you, do you think I am pretty and sexy?" She asked excitedly. "Can I touch it, again?" Without waiting for an answer Patty reached out and started caressing my cock. The more she did the firmer her grip got on it and the closer she crawled to me.

"Yes sis, you definitely did this to me and oh God yes you are so damn sexy." I admitted to her.

Then she leaned up against me again and whispered in my ear, "Touch me again, I really liked it when you touched me...you know down here." She pointed to her pussy. From all the moving around we were doing, her skirt was pushed up around her hips and I could see where I had pushed her panty crotch into her slit.

“Can I take your panties off of you and we can both be naked?” I again asked nervously.

“Okay, but then you will touch me, right?” she asked.

“Yes Peggy, I promise I will touch you all over.” I assured her. Then with trembling hands I reached down and slowly pulled her panties down and got my first look at her pussy...at any pussy. Then I almost ripped them off of her as I frantically pulled them the rest of the way off of her legs. I fumbled with the hook and zipper on her skirt and then pulled that off of her. Then I lowered her back onto the sofa and leaning over her I kissed her tenderly. Then I slid from the sofa and stood over her. “I just want to look at you. You are so beautiful, sis.” She was completely naked except for the dark thigh high stockings she was wearing.

Then she spread her legs giving me such a magnificent view of her most private body part. “Touch me, you promised to touch me.” She begged. I sat on the edge of the sofa near her legs and couldn’t stop looking at her. I ran my hand down her thigh to her pussy and immediately started rubbing it all over. She had a fine covering of soft, reddish pubic hair. Then she reached down and pulled her pussy lips apart and begged, “Put your finger in there like you did before.” I did and this time she felt all slick and gooey, and she felt so warm, almost hot. She closed her eyes and started moaning and begging me to keep touching her. I remembered some boys talking in the boy’s bathroom about how they sucked some girl’s big tits. I looked down at hers and couldn’t help myself, as I leaned forward and took one in my mouth.

She jumped at the touch of my lips, but at first taste of her I was not to be denied. I started sucking on it like a wild man. I didn’t care what she did, I wasn’t going to stop. It wasn’t but a few seconds later that she relaxed back on the sofa and I felt her hands on the back of my head pulling me harder down on her and even moving me to the other breast. ‘My God,’ I thought, ‘she likes it she really likes it.’ The feel of her soft flesh in my mouth and her hard nipple against my tongue was driving me wild.

Suddenly, I pulled back, removed my hand from her pussy and looked down at her. “Why did you stop...did I do something wrong?” She asked with a frightened look on her face...that look that you get when something is going to be taken away from you.

“No sis you didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Then why.....”

My hands started trembling and it spread to my whole body as I started to speak, “Do you...I mean can we...I mean I want to...Sis? Do you want me to f...fu...fuck you?” Her eyes got big, she had

heard some girls talk about fucking once, but she didn't know for sure what they were talking about, she just knew it was naughty and good girls didn't talk that way.

She laid there for what seemed to be an eternity. I knew it, I was in trouble now, she was going to tell mom and dad that I wanted to fuck her. Oh God was my cock rock hard and throbbing. Then she started to speak, but nothing came out of her mouth at first. She nervously cleared her throat and asked, "Do you know how?"

"I think so." I sheepishly replied.

"Have you ever done it before?"

I was tempted to lie and tell her yes, but this seemed too special of an occasion for lying and I told her the truth, "No, no I haven't. Is that okay?"

"I'm glad. Will it hurt?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to?"

"I think so. Yes, I know so."

"Is it fun?"

"I think it is...the guys that talk about it say it is."

"I don't know how."

"I don't really know either, but we can learn together." Looking down at her innocent body I couldn't help but breath, "You are so beautiful, sis so glorious."

"Okay, I want to fuck if you want to fuck." She said. "How do we start?"

"Well, you are on your back like you are and you have to spread your legs and then I get on top of you...kinda like this." As I lowered myself on top of her I could see the fear in her eyes, but the brave look of determination on her face. "Now I put my cock...you know..."

With that short explanation I started jabbing at her with my cock, but not finding my intended target.

Suddenly, Patty pushed on my chest, "Stop, you're hurting me."

"I'm sorry, I am really sorry. I won't do it any more. I guess it was a bad idea." I said dejectedly.

She looked up at me, "Maybe I can help." She suggested.

"How?"

"You are trying to put it in my vagina, right...that's what they call it, a vagina? She both explained and asked.

"Yeah." I could hardly look at her I was becoming so embarrassed.

"Okay, let me help you. Now go down real slow." She reached between us with one hand and took my cock in it and guided me to her opening. As the head of my cock entered her pussy she let out a gasp and I couldn't believe the sensation I felt engulf my cock head. I wanted to shove it into her right then and there. I wanted that feeling on all of my cock; I wanted to be totally inside her. But, just as I was about to plunge into her I looked down at her face. She was looking back at me. It was a look of total trust and I knew I couldn't do that. Somehow I just knew that wasn't right.

So, I continued to slowly push into her deeper and deeper. Her mouth was open and she was starting to pant. I was fighting the urge to propel myself fully into her when I hit something. I mean my cock stopped. This can't be right I'm not all the way in. She felt it too, as her eyes widened and looked up at me questioningly. I pushed a little harder and she winced and I stopped. "Did I hurt you?" I asked.

"Just a little."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Are you all the way in?"

"No, I don't think so." I answered. "It doesn't feel all the way in."

"It doesn't to me either." She sort of sucked in her breath as she said, "Push it all the way in; I want it all the way in me." And she held her breath and softly bit her lower lip in anticipation.

"Okay, here goes." And I pushed real hard and I could feel like something ripped and I plunged fully into her. She let out a loud scream and clamped her legs and arms around me in a semi-death grip. I didn't move then I whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry I didn't mean to hurt you."

“I know Jimmy, I know.” She whispered back. It’s starting to feel better already. My concern for her was becoming over taken by the lust starting to surround my cock. As her grip on me relaxed, I started to pull out. Patty again, put her arms and legs around me and said, “Don’t take it out, please don’t take it out.”

“I’m not going to take it out; I think I am supposed to go up and down on you.” I explained.

“Promise?”

“I promise”

Again, she relaxed that grip and I started going up and down very slowly. “Does it still hurt?”

“No, not anymore.” She sort of purred.

With those words and the passion filling my body I began picking up the pace. It wasn’t long until I was thrusting into her over and over.

Then I announced to her, “I think we are really fucking, I think this is what fucking is.”

She whispered in my ear as I pounded into her pussy, “I like fucking, Jimmy, I REALLY like fucking with you.”

“So do I sis so do I.” I was laying on top of her my chest pushing into her breasts and my hips going up and down a mile a minute. All of a sudden I heard a strange sound coming from her and her body started shaking and squirming under me. With tremendous will power, I stopped and pulled up, again. “What’s the matter is it hurting again?”

With a sense of unexpected urgency she almost screamed at me, “No, no don’t stop, Jimmy don’t stop. Faster, do it faster.” As she took her hands and pulled at my ass cheeks to get me back into her. She was panting and shaking and begging me to do it faster and faster. Her sense of urgency and body movements drove me on to greater heights. (At this time in my life I took it for granted, but later in life I found out that I am blessed with great endurance and long lasting power.) All of a sudden I felt her pussy contracting around my cock and trying to squeeze the life out of it. The sensation of fucking a slick, tight pussy was so unbelievable, so breathtaking, so wonderful, so amazing that I refused to be pushed from her and plowed into her harder, faster and deeper. She never complained, but begged for more until all of a sudden her legs shot up into the air, she let out a weird sound; she dug her fingernails into my back, clamped onto my cock and then collapsed back onto the sofa. I though I

had killed her, but her panting quickly relived me of that fear. She then reached up, pulled my head down and gave me a big kiss.

“That was awesome.” She exclaimed. “I have never felt anything like that before in my life.” While she talked I resumed my own awesome feeling and now her pussy hole felt even slicker, as I quickly picked up speed and was again slamming my cock deep into her. “Yes, yes brother, fuck me some more. Let me feel you inside me.” It wasn’t long until she was building to another fever pitch of uncontrolled excitement. But this time I was feeling my own volcano preparing to erupt. I had my arms wrapped around, I was rapidly kissing her face all over and then it happened...I slammed into her as deeply as I could shove my cock and spewed my seed into my baby sister. I pulled back and fired another load into her. I repeated this a few times before I finally came to rest on top of and inside Patty.

We both laid there saying nothing, just panting and holding onto each other. Finally, after our heavy breathing subsided, I pulled back so I could look her in the face and I told her, “Sis that was the most incredible thing that has ever happened to me. You are the greatest sister a brother could ever have. Thank you so much so very, very much.”

“Oh Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy it is I who should be thanking you. I loved it absolutely loved it, I want to fuck all the time.” She declared.

That was when a slight guilty feeling started to come over me and I realized that I had just fucked my sister, my very own sister...not a step sister but my blood sister.

To Be Continued: