

Closing My Eyes

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A brother and sister find common ground in bed the second time around

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Time is a wonderful provider of perspective, so long as you keep your eyes open. If you blind yourself to the lessons time can teach you, then the perspective means nothing.

I kept my eyes closed.

Two nights with my sister, followed by a morning with my cousin, and then some time later, a re-connection with my cousin that seemed to put things into perspective. My cousin was the one who did it all for me, whom I was in love with and whom I loved. But circumstances made it a love that would never be my daily reality, no matter how real the love had been.

But my sister was a different story. My older sister, who no longer was a mystery to me. She was a woman. She was a sexual woman. She was not that much different from me, and we finally found a way to communicate with each other, if only for two nights. I had always loved her as a sister, but had never really liked her. I'm not sure that changed completely, but at least I understood that she was not the enemy I once thought.

I never expected to repeat those two nights with my sister. Part of me never wanted to, for fear that the balance we had found over those two nights would be upset. Part of me craved just one more night, one more experience, to see if it had just been a momentary aberration, or if perhaps there had been some substance behind the frenzied encounter.

Time ought to give perspective, but my eyes were firmly shut. I chose to put my two nights with my sister on the top shelf in the closet, away from daily view, and I hoped that it would fade from my memory with time.

Of course, I had to see her again. We're family. Births, deaths, weddings, holidays, there was no escaping her. And each time I saw her, it was as though she opened up the door to that closet, stepped up onto the stepladder, retrieved the memories and tossed them at me. Then we would part, she would disappear from my sight, and the closet door would be closed again.

The door was re-opened last fall. A business trip to her city for a few days, and like a good sister, she wouldn't hear of me staying in a hotel and I found myself unpacking my suitcase in her guest bedroom. I'd stayed there so many times before, I couldn't even begin to count, but usually with my wife and family with me, and not since our encounter together at our aunt's funeral.

The first night was reassuring. I slept in the guest bedroom, and she and my brother-in-law were in their own room. During the day I went about my business downtown, having dinner with my clients, and returning to my sister's house in the suburbs at 11:00 p.m.

My brother-in-law's car was not in the driveway, which was my first sign of something unusual. The light in the den, on the first floor was my second sign – a den that nobody used.

I used the spare key given to me by my sister to open the door, and walking in I heard her shouting to someone. She was on the telephone. I closed the door quietly behind me so as not to interrupt her.

"It's more of the same...you always do this. She always comes first and you never take five seconds to think how this will affect me. I can't...I..."

She was close to tears as her voice became quiet after shouting. She was silent for a moment and then spoke.

"I'm not coming," she said into the phone, "and I'm not sure if I want you to bother coming back when you're done...no...this is the last time."

She paused and then hung up the phone. I walked into the den. She looked up and saw me standing, watching her. She was crying.

"That piece of shit," she said. "He's driven to the airport and is flying off to see his mother. Again. When she says jump, he asks how high. At the drop of a hat, he's running off to see her again and he leaves me here alone. He's got his brother living two miles away from her, but he's the one who has to fly halfway across the continent when she needs something. And when I need anything...anything at all...he's too tired, or he's too busy...or...oh, fuck him!"

I knew what she was talking about, but it had always been her life, and I kept my nose out of things. But I'd never seen her this upset. Never this angry. Never this vulnerable. My strong and accomplished sister was just ripped to shreds by her husband's actions.

"Damn momma's boy," she added.

“I don’t know what to say,” I stuttered, not really knowing what to say.

“Don’t say anything,” my sister replied, “don’t even waste a single thought on the bastard. I certainly won’t. I’m going to bed. Goodnight.”

With that my sister walked past me, gave me a brief kiss on the cheek, and walked up the stairs to her bedroom. The door slammed behind her and the house became quiet. Completely quiet.

I was tired from a long day of business and socializing, and now I was virtually alone in my sister’s house. Too tired to turn on the television, now with nobody to talk to. I dared not push matters with my sister. I knew her too well, and knew that she needed time alone to think. My brother-in-law had done this before, and I knew my sister was unhappy with his behavior, but she had always stayed on in the marriage, with an open door upon his return. I had no reason to think this time would be any different, and in a few days, he would return home and my sister’s life would go on as it had before.

The house was too quiet, and all I could think of doing was to go to bed myself and perhaps turn on the radio softly to help me fall asleep to some music.

I walked up the stairs to the guest bedroom, having turned out the lights on the main floor of the house, leaving only the kitchen light on in case either my sister or I decided we needed something in the middle of the night. I always did that at home, and so did my sister in her house – in this way, we were quite alike, both picking up habits from our days living with our parents.

I undressed and simply went to bed in a pair of boxers and a t-shirt. Easier than packing pajamas. I lay down in bed and turned on the radio to listen to some classical music, and the weight of the day came crashing down on me, and I fell asleep in minutes.

My sleep did not last long. I woke to the sounds of creaking floorboards and a crack of light entering my room from the hallway. I looked up to see my sister standing at the door in her nightgown.

“Are you awake?” she asked.

“Now I am,” I replied.

“Sorry...I didn’t mean to wake you...I just wanted to see if maybe you...well, to see if you were awake and...”

“What’s up?”

“I need a favor,” she continued. “I wanted to know if I could...or maybe you...if you...if you would come in to my room and stay with me a while. I’m going crazy thinking about things, and I need someone with me. I need someone.”

My sister needed something from me. Maybe for the first time. She was older and had her life in order, and now I was the one she looked to for a favor. A few years before, and I would have laughed inside at the novelty of the request, but my sister and I had shared something that made me respect her needs. And which had made me understand them better.

“Sure,” I answered, “sure I’ll come in with you.”

She walked away first and went into her room, and I followed about half a dozen steps behind. She lay down on her bed and put her head down on her pillow, and motioned for me to come to the other side of the bed next to her.

I lay down beside my sister, both of us lying on our backs looking up to the ceiling.

“Thanks,” she said, touching my arm with her hand. “I just didn’t want to be alone after all that stuff. I just didn’t want to be alone.”

Her hand continued to touch my arm, and then she slid her hand up my arm to my shoulder. Her hand then rubbed its way gently down my chest, over my t-shirt, until her hand reached the waistband of my boxers. I sensed what she was doing, even though I wasn’t sure why this was happening so quickly after joining her on the bed.

Her hand slid under the waistband and inside my boxers, and her warm hand quickly found my cock, which was as asleep as my whole body had been only minutes before. It did not take long for her fingers to wake it up, and I soon found my sister fondling my hard cock inside my boxers.

She pulled her hand out and sat up in the bed, slipping her nightgown over her head, and I could see in the dim light of her room that she obviously had no bra on, and neither did she have any panties on. She was sitting up next to me, naked, and her breasts were illuminated by the lights from the hallway that entered through her door, her nipples being dark shadows in front of me. Her pussy was completely bare and even in the dimmest of light, I could see a dampness glistening upon her lips.

“Let’s just be comfortable together,” my sister said, as she leaned over me and gestured first and then helped me pull off my t-shirt. “You won’t be comfortable in these either,” she said, as she helped me slide my boxers off and throw them on the floor beside her bed.

“I forgot just how nice your cock looked that time in the hotel,” she said, as she lay back down beside me, taking my hardness in her hand and slowly stroking me. “I can’t believe my little brother is all grown up and is so handsome.”

All grown up? I was middle-aged, and it had been many years since anybody called me handsome.

“Let me play with it for a while,” she whispered, as she took my cock in both hands and stroked me and played with my balls. Her house was quite warm, so my balls were hanging fairly loosely, and she simply caressed them and fondled them as she also continued to stroke my hard cock, at the same time moving her body closer to mine, so that her skin was up against my skin.

“Oh damn, this is such a nice cock...we didn’t have enough time that last time we were together for me to take a good look and admire it, but I love your cock. It is so sweet.”

This was not the sister whom I had fucked so furiously in a hotel room. This was a woman looking to make love and to take things slow.

She stroked my cock slowly and while doing so, she re-positioned her body so that her mouth was just at the head of my cock. As she stroked me, she also stuck her tongue out and licked the tip of my cock, tonguing my slit and occasionally engulfing just the head in her mouth.

When her mouth was free, she simply said “I want to suck you off and have you cum in my mouth.”

She sucked me. Slowly and methodically, suctioning me into her mouth and licking my cock along its length. Her hands continued to fondle my balls while her mouth took care of my solid shaft, and I came quickly and hard inside her mouth, feeling my cum spurting in her mouth and feeling her lips embrace my cock.

“Holy fuck,” my sister said, “your cum tastes so fucking good.”

This was not my sister. My sister never spoke this way before. It was a scene from “Invasion of the Body Snatchers.” My sister had been replaced by some horny, alien pod creature. A creature that loved my cock and my cum.

“Go down on me now,” she commanded. Fine, an alien pod creature that loved my cock and my cum and now wanted me to go down on her.

“Fuck my wet pussy with your mouth...suck on me and make my clit explode...fuck me with your

mouth now.”

I rotated myself so that my mouth was pressed up against my sister’s wet and bare pussy. I plunged my tongue between her labia and started to lap up her juices as my tongue danced along her slit and into her musky hole, and as my face pressed up against her sex. I suck hard on her clit and sucked hard on her labia.

“Oh shit...that is so damn wonderful...oh shit...I need to feel something in my ass while you do that...shove it in...shove your fucking finger up my ass now.”

I obliged and my middle finger on my left hand slid behind her ass cheeks and into the depths of her butt hole, and I finger-fucked her ass while my mouth continued to pleasure her sopping and loose pussy. Her labia became wet and the bucking of her hips, between my mouth on her pussy and my finger up her ass, made me wild with desire to fuck her. The combination of my mouth on her pussy and my finger up her ass simply turned me on beyond belief, and I kept up with this combination until my sister yelled out in a frenzied orgasmic spasm.

“Fuck...fuck...fuck...oh fucking shit...my pussy is so fucking wet and it needs to be fucked now...fuck my pussy...fuck it now...fuck my pussy.”

I pulled my finger out of my sister’s ass and slid myself so that I was lying on top of her. My cock had regained its hardness after cumming in my sister’s mouth earlier, and my sister’s pussy was a wet mess of desire, spread open with her legs now parting under me, a wide open gaping pussy waiting for my cock to enter.

It entered without any effort, and I slid my cock inside my sister and leaned my head down to suck on her nipples.

“Oh fuck...bite my fucking nipples...bite them...oh fuck...I want to feel your teeth on my tits and my nipples...fuck me and bite me...oh fuck...bite my tits.”

I gave my sister’s left nipple a gentle bite.

“Fucking harder,” she yelled out.

I bit her nipples harder. I did this as my cock slid in and out of her wet pussy, and I could hear the sloshy wet sounds of her pussy under me.

“My cunt is so wet,” she said, surprising me because I didn’t think that was a word she ever used. “My

cunt is so fucking wet...fuck me and bite me..."

I continued to fuck my sister hard, and to bite on her nipples. The harder I bit, the more my sister encouraged me to do it even harder, even telling me to draw blood if I wanted....just to bite her nipples hard.

And then she came. Without warning she simply started convulsing in a wild orgasm, and yelling out every conceivable utterance which included, among others, the repeated words "fuck", "pussy", "cunt" and "damn". Her body shook and with the shaking my cock, which was still plunged deep inside of her, was massaged by her spasming pussy. This made my cock lose its second load of the night, and I pulled out, right at the end and watched some of my cum drip out onto my sister's belly.

"Oh fuck," she finally said, and then asked, "how the fuck did you learn to fuck like that?"

"That I can't tell you," I answered, knowing full well that I could not disclose to my sister the extent of my extra-curricular activities over the past while. Even in the midst of an incestuous fuck, I sensed that my sister still maintained her life the same as she had before, politically and morally correct, and I wasn't sure I wanted my sister to know all about my involvements, and certainly not with my cousin.

"Wherever it was, there is some lady out there with a sore pussy from your fucking. Holy shit!"

She pulled her body off of me and started to move her head down to my cock, which was beginning to shrink. She sucked on it and then rolled me over onto my side, so she could kiss my ass cheeks while she reached around and played with my cock.

"There's something I've always wanted to try," she said, "and I never had the nerve until now. Stop me if it doesn't feel good."

My sister then started to tongue my ass around the hole, and moving closer and closer to it, she began to rim me, and occasionally stick the tip of her tongue inside my hole. She used her hands to spread my cheeks apart so she could tongue my ass as deep as possible. It felt incredible, and then feeling that it couldn't get any more intense, I felt her slide a finger hard and fast into my ass, and she began to finger-fuck my brown hole with her finger, while using her other hand to jack off my cock.

I came again, this time all over the linen on the bed.

"I may have to stay home today," my sister said, "to do some laundry. You are...no, I guess we are making quite the mess here."

We had made a mess. My cum. Her wet pussy dripping. The two of our juices combined. Our bodies exuding sweat as we had been fucking each other.

“Fuck that was so different,” my sister said as she clung onto my arm with an embrace.

“Different,” I muttered back.

“I feel better now,” she added. “I needed something like that to make me forget all the shit going on...to make me just have a good time. I needed that. Thank you.”

Thank you. I never had used that word during or after sex, thinking that it sounded too formal for the act performed, but I understood why my sister had said it. It made sense in that context.

“Thank you,” I replied.

“You can stay in here tonight if you want, but I’ll understand if you go back to the guest room.”

“I’ll stay. It feels good for me too.”

“Thank you. I was hoping you would want to.”

I stayed the night in my sister’s bed. In the morning I woke up to find that she had already showered and dressed and had left for downtown on the train. I followed suit an hour later for a lunch meeting, and another dinner out with clients.

I got back to my sister’s house that next day around 10:30 p.m., and without even asking, I went up to her bedroom and undressed, getting in to bed next to her, where she had been laying down, as if she had been waiting for me. We made love again that night, and she even used a dildo up my own ass, fucking me hard while jacking off my cock.

I stayed two more nights before going home, and each night my sister and I slept together and made love. We shared every possible way to please each other, but for some reason, although we were close and intimate, we never once kissed each other on the lips. Not once.

We said our goodbyes before I walked to the waiting taxi outside her house, and she made no reference to what we had shared over the past days. Even as we fucked each other, there was no talk about what we were doing. Just action.

I went home, and much as I expected, my brother-in-law returned to my sister, and her life returned to

what it had been before. She never brought up what we had done, not even during her visits to my city.

I think she closed her eyes too, and didn't want to see the perspective that time would bring to our involvement. I think she closed her eyes and hoped that our intimacies would be placed on the top shelf of her closet.

In my case, the door was left wide open despite my prior attempts to keep it shut, and now each day I find myself re-living what my sister and I experienced together. It has given me a new perspective, one that has me wondering just how similar my sister and I really are.

One that has me wondering if the reason I never liked my sister all those years was in part because I saw so much of myself in her, and never wanted to admit it to myself. I had spent most of my life trying to be my own person and distinguish myself from my accomplished and successful sister, and now, from the perspective of our nights together, I saw too much of myself in her, and too much of her in me.

And I wondered if I could ever break free from that similarity and intimacy that now bound us together.

I just wanted to close my eyes again.