

Danni Makes Up

By Mystic47

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Jan 2011



My sister wanted to learn how to look sexy by using mom's makeup.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/danni-makes-up.aspx>

“Are you flirting with me?” I was trying to watch TV but my sister was acting coy and flirty, trying to get my attention.

“No, why would I flirt with my brother?”

“Maybe cause I’m hot and sexy and you want to take me to bed and commit vile acts on my body.”

Danni scrunched her face in a display of disgust “I don’t even do vile acts on my own body, yours repulses me completely.”

I looked away from the TV and studied her face. “What the hell, you’ve got make-up on? When did you do that? Is it mom’s?” I knew my little sister didn’t have her own make-up.

“It’s about damn time you noticed! How do I look?”

I studied my 16 year old sister’s face. She wasn’t supposed to wear make-up; our parents were pretty strict about that. Neither of us could date until we were 18 which was still three months away for me. Danni had just turned 16 so she still had two years to be the little girl in the family. “Mom will have a fit if she sees that crap on your face.”

“I know, but how does it look?”

“Crooked and heavy; too much green eyeliner and the lipstick is sloppy.” Danni deflated, she looked disappointed so I tried to cheer her up “But you do look kinda cute that way.”

Her eyes brightened, “Oooo wow!” she exclaimed. She gave me a quick delighted kiss on the cheek and cautioned me “Don’t tell mom and dad” then scampered out of the room to clean the mess off before our parents came home. They would not have been happy to see her made up that way. Even after she had scrubbed off the make-up her lips were slightly redder the rest of the day. It was kind of

appealing. Mom and dad didn't notice but I did.

Since we couldn't date she and I spent a lot of time with each other with video and board games. When we weren't trying to kill each other electronically, we kept each other company doing home work, reading books in each other's company or were engrossed in television. We didn't squabble or argue a lot so I guess Danni and I were close as siblings.

It was another three weeks before my sister got to experiment with mom's make-up again. When she found out our parents would be gone all afternoon she called me into their bedroom. She was sitting at mom's vanity sorting through the bottles and tubes. "Help me, you have to tell me what looks right and if I put it on right."

"I'm not putting anything on you."

"Don't have to, I'll do the work." she rebutted, "You just sit here and watch then tell me how it looks.

She pulled her long black hair into a pony tail and twisted a rubber band around it. She tossed her head lightly which caused the fall of hair to swish across her back. Watching the hair move, the way she flipped her head caused a shutter to ripple through my stomach. It was a reaction that surprised me because I'd only felt it before when I was talking to Kendall Racine.

Danni started with eyeliner and I made comments about color and skill. Once that was done she started on her lashes with mascara then went to blushes and lip gloss. She had the most fun trying on different colors of lipstick. We laughed and teased through several shades from red to purple. It took almost two hours and a box of tissues before she was satisfied with her looks. When she turned around to face me the final time I was transfixed, the transformation was awesome. My sister looked downright pretty. She pulled the rubber band from her hair and let it fall back around her face. She went from pretty to sexy in a heartbeat. She could have been on TV in one of those hit series like 90210 or something. For the second time my stomach did a little flutter dance as she smiled and waited my comments.

"God, you look awesome!" I stuttered.

She glowed with pleasure; "Hot?" she wanted to know.

"Yeah, hot is a good word."

Her blue eyes highlighted by the matching blue eyeliner gleamed, "I don't want to be just 'hot', I want to be *fucking* hot."

Her words startled me. I rarely heard my sister cuss and now she had used the F word. I wasn't sure how to react so I acted like it was normal, "Well, you have the make-up right, now you gotta dress that way."

"You know I don't have any good clothes. My rags are all drab and dreary, ugly girl stuff."

I checked my watch. It was still over two hours before our parents came home. "You and mom are about the same size; try some of her stuff on."

Danni studied me briefly, "Her breasts are bigger, her blouses won't fit right."

"So, you're not going anywhere, I'm the only witness and I won't tell." She went to the large closet and started pawing through dresses and clothes. She pulled four dresses down, a couple pairs of pants and three blouses.

Danni looked over her selection then said to me "Go away, I'm going to change." I left her alone.

Five minutes later she came into the living room wearing a slinky black dress. The bust was too big but it fit her waist and hips perfectly. The dress highlighted her body lines nicely. She was wearing a pair of mother's heels which made her taller, her legs longer.

My sister pirouetted for me twice and the flutter came back to my stomach. I told her how she looked; she beamed her joy and dashed back to try on another dress.

The next one was an evening gown, low cut, long full skirt. Danni wore a pearl necklace which pulled my eyes to her chest. Her breasts were lost in the bulk of the gown but she still looked good. "That one makes you look like the queen of the ball" I told her. She was thrilled.

She didn't come back. After a few minutes I heard her call my name. I went back to the bedroom; she was standing in front of the mirror looking over her shoulder. "I can't zip up this dress. Do it for me."

She had on a dark blue sequined sheath that stopped about half way down her thighs. The zipper in the back was open to the bottom, right where her butt rounded over. She turned so I could zip it up. I looked down her bare back, she wasn't wearing a bra and the band of her pale yellow panties was visible in the V gap where the zipper started. I pinched the pull between two fingers and tried to tug it up. The dress rode up slightly but the zipper didn't. I grabbed the dress and held it in place then raised the zipper to the top. One hand was brushing my sister's ass, the other sliding up her back. My heart started pounding, my cock began to swell. For the first time in my life I had an intense sexual

reaction to my younger sister.

She turned in a circle watching her image in the mirror. The dress must have been an old one or one that was given to our mother, it was too small for my mom's breasts but my sister filled out the front of the dress perfectly. My cock grew enough to be a visible bulge in the front of my pants.

The color of the dress matched her eyes, it clung to her body like a second skin and she wore Sapphire earrings and necklace which stood out from her smooth pale skin. My sister looked ready for an evening on the town in style. She fluffed her hair then said, "This is how I want to look. What do you think?"

I couldn't tell her what I was thinking. I tried to turn away hoping she wouldn't see the oblong lump in my pants but before I could move she glanced down at my crotch. She colored bright red then flushed "Now that's how I want my boyfriends to react to me." I fled from the room but I could feel her eyes following me.

She came in to the living room. "You have to unzip me. Mom will be home soon and I have to clean up." My hands were trembling when I pulled the zipper down to her butt. Danni turned, she looked flushed. She started to say something but spun and walked away. Watching her bare back caused an earthquake in my balls. I felt dizzy, I couldn't breathe right, my cock strained against the skin holding it together.

I left the house. I went to Pete's and hid from my sister and the evil thoughts I was having about her.

The next two weeks went by with nothing said by me or my sister about what we had done but I was watching her closer, paying more attention to her when she was near. It seemed to me that she was being a little more familiar than usual too. We locked eyes several times and silently shared our secret about that day, and each time we did, I found it difficult to breathe and my prick would swell slightly.

They were gone again for the evening. It was around 5 when they left, advising us they would call the house after nine. Mom ordered pizza then our parents went to visit dad's brother for a birthday celebration. We were ordered to do homework then we could play games or watch TV.

After we destroyed the pizza Danni and I pulled out our school work. Neither of us wanted to study on a Saturday so after about 10 minutes of faking interest in my Sociology book I spoke to my sister. "You want to try make-up again?"

Danni jerked her head up from her paper, "You think I should?"

“Sure, don’t you want to learn how to apply make up faster and better? That can be homework.”

She grinned lightly and asked again, for reassurance “Should I?”

I replied “It makes you look pretty hot, try it.”

That sold her. “You want to help?” she asked eagerly.

“Not this time, surprise me.”

The chair scraped across the floor she got out of it so fast. In an instant my little sister vanished on rapid feet to our parent’s room. I went to the front room to watch TV.

After 20 minutes waiting for Danni’s appearance I began to get anxious. I couldn’t figure what was taking her so long. Just about the time I was going to see her she called out “Are you ready?” The sound of her voice, the anticipation of how she looked shot a thrill through my chest. It was a startling reaction, stronger than any other I’d had before and it shocked me. Even before she appeared my dick started growing.

She flowed into the room on red high heels. Her eyes were tinted reddish this time which offset the deep blue eyes and long black eyelashes. She had highlighted her cheeks with rouge and the lip gloss was stunning red. The long black hair was tied back with a scarlet ribbon with tails that draped over her right ear. She had on a gold and ruby necklace that matched the color of the eye makeup which was probably too heavy but it didn’t matter. It was the dress that popped.

Danni had found a bright red silk Chinese sheath. The dress was decorated on one side with a dragon that curled up from the back, over her hip and around the left front, the head of the beast rested on the rise of her breast. The green and orange dragon contrasted with the right side of the dress which was solid red. The tight skirt was split from the hem to mid-thigh. The left side of the dress covered her shoulder but the neck of it slipped from the shoulder, across her breasts then under the right arm. Her right side was bare. It was obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra. Just like the blue sequined shift, this dress fitted my sister like it was tailor made for her.

Danni came into the room smiling radiantly then struck a pose, hands on her hips, the right leg bent at the knee, framed by the dress that split around it and hung to the floor. The red high heel had a thin leather strap that wrapped around her ankle twice. She was breathtaking. I got lightheaded, my heart picked up a few beats and my cock swelled even more. I could only stare.

I remembered mom wearing that dress a long time ago and even then I thought it looked nice. “Well? How long are you going to gawk?” Her words brought me back to the floor.

“Turn around. Let me see all of it.”

Danni turned slowly, keeping her eyes on me as she did. When her back was to me she twisted around, her hair flowing through the air and across her face. The effect was stunning. Not only did the hair attract me, I couldn't see any disturbance in smooth dress caused by panty lines. It looked like the dress was the only thing she had on. My cock began to seep.

I tried to act calm and nonchalant but I could feel my face and neck getting hot, I was shivering. I took a deep breath trying to relax and banish the erotic thoughts running through my mind. Danni must have perceived my discomfort, my interest, because she stepped closer to me. In the heels she was eye level with me, her breasts stopped just inches away from my chest; she looked directly into my eyes and asked softly “Is this hot enough for you?”

A flood of adrenalin, testosterone and hormones slammed into my blood. I grabbed my sister by the waist and put my mouth on hers. I kissed her with every ounce of passion I felt. I didn't plan it; I didn't think about it, I just did it. The kiss was sloppy and inexperienced; I'd never kissed a girl before but I don't think that mattered, as far as I knew she'd never been kissed that way before either. My erection hurt from the sudden explosion from big to huge.

She put her hands on my chest and pushed me away, her face frozen in astonishment. “What the fuck was that?”

I was burning with shame, I wanted to run away from Danni but she held my arm. “I did that to you?” she asked.

I hung my head and tried to apologize but she was recovering faster than I from the surprise move “No, don't apologize, look at me, I wanted some kind of sexy reaction,” she looked at the tent in my pants, “and I sure as hell got one.”

I stepped back, still unsure of what to say or do. Danni looked into my face and said “You have lipstick all over your mouth.” She started to giggle. The hormones were taking over again and it occurred to me that she hadn't hit me or stormed off in anger. As she twittered at the mess on my lips I felt bolder.

“I never saw you look so fucking good. You could make a statue get a hard-on right now.”

She lit up “You think so?”

“I’m not lying Danni, look at what you did for me and I’m your brother.” I put a hand on the bulge of my pants and squeezed it while she watched. Very slowly she lifted a hand, extended her index finger and pressed on the outline of my erection.

When the first touch didn’t burn her she slid her finger tip along the length of it then looked back at me. Her voice was shaking, almost a soundless breath “Will you show it to me?”

There were too many lights on in the living room. I wanted to strip and display everything I had but the big windows were facing the street. “Not here, let’s go to their room.” She knew where I meant.

Danni turned and walked away and my balls clenched tighter as her body swayed under the long tight dress.

The high heels and smooth, form fitting dress caused her butt to swing provocatively as she moved. My sister knew exactly what I was watching and put a little more swing in her stride. Instinctively she was taunting my senses, she liked my reaction to her and she was putting on a show, raising my interest to a fever pitch.

She walked over to the full length mirror near the closet and began to admire herself. I moved to her side and saw that I looked like a homeless bum next to her. Her reflection looked at the distended crotch of my jeans then smiled up at me. She held my arm and pulled me to face her then started to undo the buttons of my fly. With both hands she gently opened my pants, her eyes never left mine. My heart was slamming against its cage forcing the pressure in my cock to swell it even more. My sister pushed my pants off my hips and down my legs where they settled at my knees. She looked at the patterned boxers then hooked two fingers in the band and pulled it out so she could look down at my raging erection.

I saw her shutter and heard a sharp soft gasp. She flicked her eyes into mine again, they were wide and glittering. “Should I touch it?” she wanted to know. I could only nod my head. Danni put her hand into my briefs and wrapped her fingers around my erection. I’d never had a girl touch me and my sister’s fingers triggered my nuts. I started shooting splashes of cum on her hand in my underwear.

As soon as the first fountain of hot semen hit her hand she jerked it out of my shorts. She stepped back and watched the bulge of my boxers pulse as I soaked them with the juices. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “I didn’t mean to do that!” She examined the goop on her hand then smiled. “I’m glad you didn’t squirt on mom’s dress. That would be hard to hide.” Again she was a great deal calmer than me. I was dying with embarrassment for two reasons, the first because I shot my load, the second

because I shot it only seconds after she touched me.

She wiped her hand on the side of my boxers then did another unexpected thing. She kissed me. She put her lips on mine, her hands on my shoulders and kissed me heatedly. I wanted to pull her to me but she still had the dress on and we couldn't stain it with the mess in my underwear. My cock refused to go limp so I had a long protrusion standing from my groin that would have rubbed on the dress.

The kiss encouraged me again. While her lips were glued to mine I stepped out of my pants and pulled my shorts down with one hand. My erection sprang free of the restrictive cloth and rose solid and proud, angled up toward Danni's stomach. She broke the kiss and stepped back inspecting my nude equipment closely. My cock jerked with an aftershock of the instant orgasm, her mouth formed a small smile. "Is it big?"

I wasn't sure how to answer her. To me it was manly and massive but I had never compared my cock with anybody else or measured it. She reached for me again and took it in her full grip. I put my hand over hers and showed her how to stroke my cock. "You're not going to blow up on me again are you?" She moved her fingers until just the end of her thumb was sliding on the top of it and the four fingertips tickling the bottom of the shaft. I grew even more between her fingers.

"Not right now but I you keep that up it won't take long."

Danni looked at me; there was a challenge, a dare in her eyes. She was waiting for me to do or say something. My pulse was hammering in my ears; my body was hot and began to shake again. "Why don't you take the dress off before it gets messed up?"

Her blue eyes flashed fire, she let go of me. "I don't have anything on under it, are you going to leave the room?"

I told her quietly "No."

Her entire body shuttered and she flushed from her cheeks, down her neck and across her chest. "I won't get naked unless you take off your shirt too." I popped two buttons in my hurry to shed my shirt.

Danni stepped away from me and urged "Take off my shoes." I went to my knees and she rested a foot on my thigh while I unbuckled the thin strap around her ankle. As soon as both were loose she kicked off the shoes. She reached under her right arm for the zipper and pulled it slowly down until it stopped. She was not just taking the dress off; she was provoking me as the zipper went down. The dress fell open from right to left. When it was open full length my sister was standing with the red silk

hanging from her left shoulder, her right breast, stomach and hip were bare. My balls tingled.

I'd never seen a girl's tits before. I mean I'd managed to get a few glimpses in an R rated movie sometimes and Pete has a collection of Playboys but seeing my sister in the flesh caused another major upheaval in my glands. I lifted a hand and placed it gingerly over the end of her breast, the brown skin with the nipple in the middle of it. My hand filled with the hot firm flesh of her tit, I felt the tip of it get hard. Danni put a hand over mine and pressed it against her. I reached for the dress hanging from her shoulder and brushed it down. The silk slipped off her arm and down her body.

She stood before me with the dress a puddle at her feet, her face as red as the material. I stretched the hand covering her tit and rubbed my fingers over the other nipple. Danni looked like she would crumple. She put her hands on my shoulders for support and breathed deeply, causing her tits to rise and fall, a vision for my eyes. My erection was throbbing, bouncing slightly just inches from the junction of her legs.

Neither of us was thinking any more. We were responding to each other, to the situation. My sister stepped out of the dress directly into my arms. Her stomach touched mine, my cock was trapped between us, the end of it smearing the clear drops into her bellybutton. Her pubic hair was tickling my balls. I put my hands on her ass and pulled her body against me, her mouth found mine and we got hotter.

She was rolling her hips while I held her, our lips were welded. The motion of her body against me was causing my nuts to boil again. I let go of her and looked into her blazing blue eyes, they were whirlpools of want, pulling my lust into her desire. I pulled her to the rug where she went to her back; I got between her open legs on my knees and stared at her awesome nudity. Danni held her arms up as an invitation to join her, I stretched over her and kissed her again, this time the end of my hard cock was pressing against the slit of her body. She closed her eyes, twisted her hips and I felt the end of my erection slide between the hot soft sides of her crack. My sister reached between us and held me still while she adjusted herself. The head of my staff slipped into the warmest, most sensational environment I had ever imagined. She moved her arm and I flexed my butt, pushing slowly into her. We were both virgins so I was expecting resistance but at that moment all I wanted was to get so deep inside her my balls would be lost. Danni opened her eyes and managed to say "It's not hurting, I thought it would hurt."

Her make-up was smeared all over her face which fed my lust for her even more. I began to pump my ass, stroking in and out of the steamy satin tunnel, she began to hump with me. In moments my sister and I were fucking, she was bouncing under me, taking everything I gave her with as much pleasure in her eyes as I felt in my heart. I'd cum hard and fast the first time she touched me but since we were both experiencing sex the first time my balls were quickly building to another blowout. Danni was

tossing her head back and forth, her long black hair a loose halo around her head, and she started to whimper. Every time I pushed deep into her she gasped then uttered a soft formless sound when I pulled back.

She grabbed my ass with both hands, bowed her back and spread her legs wider. I watched her tits bounce when by body slapped hers, she dug her nails into my skin.

It was over long before we wanted it to be. My cock swelled with the impending explosion then began firing burning surges of cum into my sister's pussy. I heard myself groan and Danni loosened up even more, urging me to fill her with semen and sperm.

We were both out of breath, the excitement and fury of our first tryst exhausted us. We were lying on the floor facing each other gradually cooling off, catching our breath. Her eyes were sparkling, her smile dazzling. I looked her up and down then asked "Are we ok?"

She gave me a quick kiss and touched my face. "Of course we are." Danni threw an arm over me and pulled me close again, her tits were mashed against my chest. She bit my neck. "That felt really good."

I sat up and looked at the piles of clothing and the make-up smeared all over her face. "They'll be back soon, we have to get ready."

From that day until I moved from home my sister took every opportunity to dress up, it was a form of foreplay, our private courtship dance. I started dressing up too and we would 'date' in the house. The third time I fucked her she had her first man-made orgasm. It rattled the bed we were on and her cries of ecstasy would have given us away if our parents had been home. Even when I turned 18 and could date other girls, Danni was my first choice for sex and she came to me willingly.