

# Dare

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jun 2010

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/dare.aspx>

A huge snowstorm had blocked all roads, and taken out power to almost everyone in the surrounding area of our small town. Mom and Dad were out of town on a business trip. If the roads were clear it would take them 7 hours to get back, but as it was now it would take a few days.

My sister, Lisa, couldn't stand still for more than 5 minutes and the torture of being unable to leave the house was unbearable for her. My parents had called me as the snow began to fall to ask if I could watch over her, seeing as she was only 17 and they wouldn't be able to get back for a few days.

She was a short girl with brown hair and emerald green eyes. She was about 5-2 tall, standing at chest height to me. She had toned legs from her days on the track team. Her breasts small, but firm and perfectly round.

After setting up the generator, we jumped straight into whatever board game she could get her hands on, quickly moving our way to card games until she finally through the cards down in disgust.

"Do you wanna play truth or dare?"

The question was innocent enough. She was bored of playing card games and I was tired of switching games every 5 minutes.

"Sure, who gets to go first?' I asked.

"We'll both grab a card, and whoever gets the highest gets to go first," said Lisa.

I reached into the pile that lay before us on the ground and grabbed a card, turning it over to reveal the big A on the other side.

"Well as long as I get anything higher than a one I win," she said playfully.

She reached in and pulled out a card, turning it over and waving it in my face.

"A Queen for the Queen," she said in a mocking tone.

I quickly fired back, "Yah, more like a drama Queen."

"Whatever, Brian, truth or dare?"

For some reason I felt naughty. I was turned on by the idea of exposing her secrets, or controlling her. "Truth," I said, not wanting to come on too strong.

"Have you ever kissed another boy?"

"Whoa, that's kind of personal," trying to stall for time. I HAD kissed a boy before, but I didn't want her to know that.

"You HAVE to answer. If you don't answer a question, or do a dare you have to be the other person's slave and do whatever they say for an hour."

"Well, the answer is yes, but I'm going to keep you to your rules," I said with a smile on my face.

"Truth, or dare?"

With an air of defiance she loudly proclaimed, "Dare!"

"I dare you to take your shirt off," the words slipped out of my mouth. So much for not wanting to come on too strong.

"You want me to do WHAT?" A look of panic on her face.

"I said, I want you to take your shirt off. I want to humiliate you," I needed an excuse to have dared her that and humiliating her sounded a lot better than lusting for her.

"No fucking way, you perv. That's not fair! You can't dare me to do something like that!"

"But if you don't then you'll be my slave for an hour, remember?"

Reluctantly she put her hands at the bottom of her shirt and began to lift. Her soft belly slowly came into view as she slowly slid her shirt off. It seemed like an eternity but finally her bra was in full sight. It was blue and lacy. Nothing too erotic but it was still my sister and my cock began to twitch. I adjusted it, moving my hand away just in time as she pulled her shirt all the way off dropping it to the floor.

Her cheeks were flush red with embarrassment as her arms folded in front of her chest.

"There, now your turn. Truth or dare?" she asked in a small voice.

"Dare," I said, nervous about what she would have me do.

"I dare you to take YOUR shirt off," she said, the strength back in her voice again.

I took off my shirt, laying it on the ground next to hers, looking up to see her eyes wide. She just stared for a moment, drinking in the defined muscles, and soft skin.

"Lisa, eyes up here. Truth or dare?"

She snapped out of it and quickly said, "Dare," in a high pitched voice.

"I dare you to take your pants off," I said, the words coming out of my mouth automatically.

This time she didn't protest. She unbuckled the belt, and unzipped her pants sliding them off slowly, almost seductively. She added them to the slowly growing pile looking me in the eyes as I stared at her toned legs.

"Truth or dare big brother," she said with a soft breathy voice.

"Truth," I said, afraid of what she was going to do.

"Do you think I'm sexy?" she asked, raising an eyebrow as I continued to look her up and down.

"Hell yes you're sexy," my head felt like it was full of ice and cotton as words kept pouring out without censorship, "if you weren't my sister you would be naked already."

"Well, it's your turn," she said in an innocent tone.

"Truth or dare, little sister."

"Dare," The words came out soft and faint, almost like a whisper.

"I dare you to kiss me."

The words barely came out of my mouth as she launched herself on top of me. Her mouth met mine

in an explosion of passion. I kissed back as hard as I could, working my tongue between her wet lips and into her hot mouth.

We abandoned all pretense and let nature take over. Taking gasps of air between each hot kiss we allowed our hands to roll over the others body. Little rubs turned into clenching. Fingernails began to dig into patches of skin. I felt a little bite on my lip, the slight pain turning into pure pleasure.

Between soft moans I finally heard her squeaky voice gasp, "I dare you to fuck me right here, right now."

At that point I was ready to go. We stripped free from the shackles of our clothing, our naked forms pressing together. There were no more words, only body language. And all I heard was I love you, I love you, I love you. With each thrust, my throbbing cock would plunge deeper and deeper into her wet pussy. The air was thick with sweat, lust, and passion.

She kissed me softly on the neck, and begged into my ear to cum inside her.

"Oh god... I don't know if I can take any more," she let go. Her body convulsed for the third time that night. I couldn't take it anymore either. I looked into her eyes and released. My mind was on fire, the chemicals releasing and triggering the most powerful orgasm I had ever had.

I laid there on the carpet, holding her hand as the endorphins kicked in. I was higher then I had ever been before, and I saw more to come. I cocked my head to the side and looked at her, barely able to stutter, "I love you," before passing out.