

Deflowering Allie

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It had been months since Allie had any attention from her brothers. It seemed the emotional weight of their transgressions had taken their toll. Ending a very brief, but sensuous love affair. Allie could not wrap her head around the reasoning behind the sudden constraint of affection. Everything she tried it seemed, brought her back to the same emotional standstill. She filled with anger as the days turned into weeks and now into months.

It wasn't as if she shared the quandary her brothers seemed to be struggling with. She finally found her release. She found the one thing in the world she needed, her erotic sustenance, her foundation. Without it, she lay adrift the emotionless currents of her daily routine.

Allie tried to keep busy. She tried to be as occupied as possible, but nothing seemed to relieve the longing desire she had inside of her. It didn't help matters that her once bustling house became quite and still. She rarely saw Sam, as their schedules seemed to consistently conflict one another; leaving little time together. Taking a queue from Sam's behavior, Allie immersed herself into her friends lives; becoming the social butterfly she so despised.

Molly's up coming party was the perfect escape for Allie. She no longer wanted to spend her nights at home studying; she needed mental stimuli, whatever the price. Molly was the 'bad girl' of the crowd. She often did things that made Allie's brothers more than a little disappointed. Besides the fact she was drunk more often than sober, she smoked and had a filthy mouth. Many conversations went around the dinner table about what a poor influence she was. None of this seemed to matter any longer. Allie was going to strike out on her own, make her own decisions, choose her own friends.

Allie drew a hot bath, making sure she scented the water with lavender oils. She wasn't quite sure what crowd would be attending this party; being prepared meant everything. As the hot water cascaded into the large tub, Allie hunted down the perfect party outfit.

Sifting through her clothes she found a pink slip dress, pale pink thong, and a matching bra. She choose the highest sling back heels she could; completing her 'catch-me-fuck-me' attire for the

evening. She may not be catching the eye of her brothers, but she was sure she would be catching the attention of other men.

Laying her items out, she took a look in the mirror. She loved the shape of her body, how her muscles sculpted from her hips into her flat stomach. Her breasts were no bigger than a handful, but she liked the way they looked when she cupped them. Her pink tiny nipples liked to stand at erect attention with little stimulation. If she could fuck herself, she probably would have; at least she could turn herself on.

Sinking slowly into the hot bath water brought shivery bumps to her sensitive skin. Using the silk oils of the water, Allie allowed her hands to slowly travel down her body. Cupping her breast, she gently pinched her nipple; bringing it to full attention. Leaning her head back, she closed her eyes, as her hands became that of her lover. She felt the tightness of the skin on her stomach, making her back arch in response. Becoming lost in everything but the sensation of being lightly touched, Allie let her hand slide to the top of her bare mound. Shuttering, she formed a V with her fingers and squeezed her lips together. Rolling them gently, she could feel her clit harden, sending her into another dimension.

Breaking the tension of the oily water, Allie brought her hips up to the coolness of the air surrounding her. Peeking, she saw the steam rising from her twisting fingers and responding flesh. As her juices pierced the water, she submerged herself once again, sliding her fingers directly to her clit. Rubbing in slow circles, she felt her release building; howling inside of her. Clasping her hand tight between her thighs, she put just the right amount of pressure on her hooded button; circling with intent. Her muscles began tightening, as every piece of her lit up from the inside out. Squeezing her breast tighter, Allie found the breaking point of her needs. Biting her lower lip, she allowed the waves of release begin their descent over her body.

As she reached her apex, images flashed behind her tightly sealed eyes. She saw Sam behind her, holding her tight against him. It was his fingers releasing her needs into the stinging water. It was his lips on the side of her neck, whispering his love into her ears. It was Sam encasing Allie, sheltering her, protecting her; allowing her to breathe again. With the last crushing release, Allie sank into the water, intensifying the drowning feeling she lost herself in.

Immerging from her slick oasis, Allie heard the loud banging noise below her. Quickly she went about finishing her bathing preparation, cleaning, scrubbing. She didn't care for any type of casual conversations, or any interactions for that matter. She was on a mission, a myopic quest of indulgence.

As she finished her last application of her sweet scented lotion, she took one last look at herself in the mirror. Rather than the previous visions of sexual prowess, she saw the haunted girl, broken, longing,

needing. As the salty tear found the corner of her eye, she found her outfit. The soft fabric felt so comforting against her skin, a long breath escaped her lips. She knew she would need courage to be successful; with the final spray of cologne, she found it pushing her forward.

Beautifully coiffed, Allie descended the cherry wood stair case of her home. She hoped to sneak out; tiptoeing across the planked wood. Reaching the door, she breathed a sigh of relief, as the cool air met her warm skin. Without looking back, Allie quietly shut the door, leaving the tormented feelings locked safely inside. The brisk air refreshed her senses, as she walked the three blocks down to the party.

Molly's house had an electric energy pulsing through it, washing into the street where Allie found herself. Looking at the front door, Allie gave herself one more chance to chicken out and return home. Glancing down the street, she felt the heavy base calling to her, begging her to come and play.

"Gonna stand out here all night?" Jake smirked as he went past her, carrying in two twelve packs of Corona. Allie felt his eyes brush over her, as he looked backed once more before disappearing inside.

Jake peaked her interest, as she had always fancied his easy mannerisms. His tall frame accented his dark hair and corn flower blue eyes. His scent swirled around her, as she walked into the energetic environment. Candles lined the hall leading into the great room, creating a soft glow, calming Allie's nervous nature.

"Take your coat, ma'am" came the familiar voice directly behind her. Turning, she drank Jake in, mentally feeling his body up. A smile curled her lips as she eased the garment off.

"Thank you Jake," she attempted over the loud pounding music pouring between their connection. She could feel his eyes slowly drinking in her dress, making her nipples harden against the sheer material.

"Oh, Allie." Molly shrieked, spinning Allie around to her alcohol infused breath.

"Hi Molly." Allie responded lightly, as she was being drug into the middle of the drumming chaos. They found the bar, as the crowd responded in unison to the house music the DJ began playing. Allie watched as the drunken crowd danced, as if they were in an African mating ritual.

"Whatcha drinking?" Molly queried, as she sucked the salt from the rim of her glass.

"I will have something good," she gave to the handsome bartender, hoping anything would allow her

to relax fully. Reaching for the mystery drink, she allowed the cool bitter taste to course down her throat.

“Absinthe?” Molly chuckled looking suspiciously at Allie. Her eyes widened as Allie downed the milky contents without much of a reaction. “Okay then,” with that, Molly drug Allie to the middle of the swaying guests.

Finding her own internal motions, Allie broke out on her own, dancing with the hypnotic rhythm of the beats coursing through her. She found the sweet release of the alcohol kicking in, as her body gyrated seductively to those observing her private release. As her soul found it’s tempo, she felt someone behind her, grasping her hips; moving in fluid response. Allie pressed back, enjoying the feeling of arousal being thrust against her cheeks. Closing her eyes, she allowed her hidden partner to guide her body, as her nipples hardened in heightened response.

As the music slowed, Allie felt hands pulling her back tightly. As she began relaxing into the strong chest of her partner. Hands began caressing the curves of her hips. The heat of his breath brushed on her cheek as she wrapped her arms around his neck. They sank, hips locked, as they turned the song into clothed foreplay. She slid her fingers into his thick hair, pulling him to her exposed neck. She felt his warm, wet, intoxicating lips brush her sensitive skin, sending waves of lust between her thighs.

She loved the strong arms trapping her in this moment, moving in sync with her heated needs. The harder she pushed, the more her partner responded; pushing, grinding, supporting her tiny frame. Her breath quickened as his hands found her rib cage, so close to her thrusting breasts. Her nails dug into his neck, as his hands brushed the underside of her firm mounds; making her responses more immediate. Heat rushed through her veins, bringing a slight flush to her cheeks.

Allie opened her eyes, surveying the crowd around her. As she witnessed the bodies around her moving in similar accordance with hers. She noticed a shadowed figure watching her. She could see his frame leaning up against the dark wall, beer in hand, eyes brightly canvassing her coiling body. She watched as he brought the beer to his mouth, taking hungry gulps, as the hands on her body continued their teasing. She bit her lower lip, feeling the fire intensifying within her, inducing a wet response on the cotton fabric of her thong.

Arching her neck, she leaned back to the shoulder of her partner, his lips eagerly kissing her neck, earlobe, moving closer to her wanting lips. The environment seemed to fade into the misty background, as his lips lightly brushed hers. Pulling him closer, she returned his kiss with a passionate fury, licking his lips, sucking his bottom lip into her mouth. Swirling around to face him, Allie continued her exploration, finding his tongue responding to hers. Her passionate fires unhinged,

as she sucked his tongue into her mouth, flicking it, caressing it. His hands gripped her face, as he fought to dominate her teasing weapon.

Releasing her captor, she kissed his neck, licking, softly nibbling to his ear lobe. As she sucked it gently into her mouth, she felt his arms tighten around her; his hand finding the small of her back. Crushing her frame into his, she found the crevice of his inner ear, running her hot tongue around in small circles. His moan muffled into the curls of her hair, as she felt his nails digging into her tender skin. She felt her muscles tightening, as her breath warmed his sensitive skin, sucking his earlobe back into her warm wet mouth.

“You’re driving me nuts, Al.” Jake breathless responded to her, pulling back to look into her eyes.

“You’re the one who started this,” she whipped back, licking her lips slowly.

Grabbing her hand, Jake expertly moved through the crowd, pulling Allie behind him. As he maneuvered through the hidden couples making out, he looked back at her, fire burning hotly behind his beautiful eyes. She tightened her grip, trusting his quickening speed.

Finding a free alcove, Jake pulled Allie to him, kissing her hard as his hands gripped her firm ass. He pulled her to him, needing, wanting, no longer controlling his obvious needs.

Allie wrapped her arms around his neck, as she brought her legs up, surrounding his waist. She wanted him as badly as he seemed to need her in this moment. Feeling his hands moving directly under her, she tightened her hold, grinding her warmth into his constrained hardness. His hands moved to her shoulders, bringing her down harder, grinding back in welcomed response. His lips moved down the summit of her neck to the top of her dress, hotly seeking her small hardened nipples.

Throwing her head back, Allie thrust her fresh skin closer to his traveling lips; needing, wanting, longing to be explored, tantalized. As his hand cupped her breast through her silky fabric, his breath heated up her nipple, bringing her hips crushing down into him. He continued his heated breathing, not quite wetting the fabric, as she grasped his head, raking her fingers through his hair.

Jake slid down into a sitting position, adjusting Allie; ensuring she was sitting directly on his hard cock. He pulled her mouth to his, as he pushed against her wetness. Allie spread her knees wider, pinning him against the wall, as her dress moved lewdly up around her hips. Exposing her yearning wetness to him, Allie felt his hand slip down to lightly brush against her heat.

“Oh, Fuck.” Allie gasped, pushing her face into his thick hair, as she pushed into his wanton fingers.

Encouraged, Jake pressed against her throbbing button, splitting her open beneath the soft pink coverage. Clamping her thighs against his body, Allie moved her hips in rhythm with his fingers, needing to breach her building appetite. Finding her lips, Jake sucked Allie into him, pushing, silently pleading, absorbing her uninhibited responses.

Allie sank into Jake, allowing him to violate her virgin body. She no longer cared about her surroundings, her previous apprehensions, her only intent was to take this, all too eager, man she wrapped herself tightly around.

Daring, she found his hard cock beneath her, circling the head with her fingers. The fabric of his jeans delighted her fingers, as she probed further down his thick shaft. Reaching up, Jake grabbed her shoulders, pressing her harder down on his bursting shaft. Glimpsing behind her, he found the eyes of the shadowed stranger, intently focused on his depraved display of affection. Wincing, he pushed Allie back, releasing her myopic trance from his body. Standing, he kissed her softly on the cheek and quickly disappeared from her vision.

Leaning back against the wall, Allie felt a hollow rush of disappointment. She couldn't figure out why her lustful lover dispersed of her so quickly. Rubbing her heated skin, she slid down the wall into a heap of confusion; still longing, needing, breathing in raspy gasps of air.

Hands grasped her frame, bringing her to a quick standing position. Looking up, her tear filled vision found her brother standing there. His eyes filled with passionate lust and pure unfiltered rage. Without any exchange, he quickly found her coat and rushed her to the crisp air of the night.

She rushed to keep up with his quickened steps. She didn't remember her trip here being so quick, but before she could steady her breathing, she was safe inside the confines of her home. She stood motionless as Sam proceeded to take her coat roughly from her, throwing it carelessly to the side.

Grabbing her, he brought her legs around his back and walked to the leather sofa. Sitting, he clutched her chin, bringing her downward gaze to meet his. Looking into his eyes, Allie felt a sudden rush of sobriety flush through her body. Gone was the flush of lustful need, she shrank in the probing of his eyes.

"Have fun Allison?" His breath came hotly out, betraying his anger rifling below his haunting eyes.

"Actually, brother of mine, I was." She retorted, feeling less like a chastised child and more of an abandoned, lust filled, woman.

“Oh, Really?” He snapped, grasping her shoulders.

“It’s not like you give a crap anyways, Samuel.” Allie shot back, knowing how to ruthlessly expose his weakness.

Gasping, he pushed her back, penetrating her with his eyes with his unfiltered anger.

“Is that what you thought, is that you’re conclusion of why we haven’t been spending time together any longer?” His mixed emotions flashed wildly behind his eyes. “I haven’t been spending time with you, little girl, because I knew how I couldn’t control myself. Clearly my concern for your wholesome state was very one sided.” He finished, tightening his grip on her fragile frame.

“Perhaps you underestimate my needs, big brother. Perhaps your concern was self inflicted and completely unwarranted. You can not start something and leave it unfinished.” Her emotions poured unfiltered. “I am not a ‘little girl’ any longer Samuel, I am a needing, wanting, longing, bursting inside – WOMAN.” She finished, emphasizing the clear distinction between his perception and her reality.

Without saying a word, Sam grasped her face and kissed her passionately, deeply. He devoured her full lips, sucking her tongue deeply into his feverous mouth. His fingers tangled into her hair, pulling her closer to him. Biting softly on her bottom lip, his breath came in quick spurts. Standing, he cradled her tightly to him. Pulling back, he looked deeply into her eyes.

“You belong to me Allison, no one else, period!” He exclaimed, navigating them towards his room. Kicking the door open, he pressed her hard against the opposite wall. His hands pinning hers above her head, ensuring his captor was safely secured, he kissed her again, pushing himself forcefully into her. His hunger exploded inside, as he succumbed to the moment, falling deeply into her essence. His lips traveled the length of her stretched neck, as his free hand cupped her breast; firmly holding it in place for his needing mouth.

Allie tightened her grip around her brothers frame, as she lost her self in a haze of burning need. She felt his tongue exploring her nipple, sucking the fabric into his mouth. His eager advances tightened every muscled in her frame, as she arched her back towards him.

“Sam.” She moaned, letting him know she relented to him. She wanted him, worse than he clearly needed her.

Roughly he tore the straps of her dress off, leaving it in a crumpled heap around her hips. Revealing her naked frame, his tongue expertly moved over her erect nipples; sucking and blowing on them at the same time. Allie chewed her lip as she watched her brother ravage her breasts, bringing hot

pulses through her entire being.

As quickly as she was slammed against the wall, she found her self whirled to Sam's firm bed. As she laid back on the satin comforter, she watched her brother's animalistic hands ripping away her shredded dress. As she lifted her hips to him, his fingers hooked her sopping thong and removed her garments in one quick movement.

His lips moved up her inner thigh, leaving a moist trail from her knee up. As he crowned her bare mound, she thrust her hips up, searching for his talented tongue. He licked her sweet wetness, glistening on her tiny lips; sucking her honey into his throat. His tongue probed, licking up her lips, parting them. As he found her hardened clit, he sucked into deeply into his throat.

Allie winced with her brothers overly eager mouth. She lost her self in the waves of heat crashing relentless over her. She circled her hips, as his fingers dug into the top of her bones. Lurching up, she clinched her thighs against her brothers face, as she failed to find air for her lungs. Slamming her body back into the soft comforter she arched her back, locking her brother into place. She rode her brothers face with everything she had.

She grasped her breasts, she pinched her nipples, twisting them out of their tender cocoon. She felt his tongue enter her wetness, perforating her dripping tightness. Bucking she moaned as she felt herself unleash all over his intruding heat. Wave after blissful wave slammed through Allie's body, intensifying her orgasm with each motion. Her nails tore at her flesh, as helplessly released every pent up emotion she held so deep inside her soul.

Sam held on with everything he had, as his sister climaxed repeatedly into his sucking mouth. He relished each burst of lust, as he lapped at her sweet flower. As her contortions slowed, he sat up on his knees, brining her with him. He gripped her tightly as she grabbed the back of his thighs, still riding his probing tongue.

Exhausted from the intensity of her release, Allie relaxed, allowing her brother the opportunity to clean her heated slit. Each long lap sent shock waves through her ravished body. Slowly she felt her body being laid down on the bed. She clung tightly to her resting brother, attempting to find her body once again.

Kissing the top of her head, Sam encapsulated his sister, protecting her from her slow descent into reality. He felt the goose pimples on her skin as she rocked beneath him. A wide smile reached Sam's face as he lingered in her scent. He loved the way she tasted, so sweet, so purely unrefined. He played with her hair, as he licked the remaining drops of her dew.

Allie shuddered as she found her lust still nagging at her from inside. Pushing her brother to his back, she kissed down his neck to his sensitive nipples. Lightly she bit them, sucking them into her mouth. Her hands danced on his rippled abdomen, teasing him. Flicking her tongue out she left a trail down to his bare rod standing at attention below her.

Making small kisses around his hard cock, she provoked his need for her. She didn't want to give in as quickly as he had. She liked to draw out his pleasure, briefly licking the side of his shaft before returning to her kissing. She felt his hands entwine her hair as she intentionally moved from side to side, kissing, sucking, teasing. When she thought she brought the tension to the breaking point, she slid his head into her warm mouth.

Lustfully she engulfed him into her mouth, swirling her tongue around his entire shaft. She drew him into the back of her throat, easing him past her gag reflex. Moving at a slow speed, she drew him out of her mouth, circling her tongue around his sensitive head. Without hesitation, she lowered her mouth back to the base of his cock, sucking him deeply into her hot receptacle. She felt him tensing with her movements, delighting in the response she was bringing forth from her lover.

Allie tightened her lips around her brother, as she felt her climax building. Maybe it was the sensation of having her brother in such a vulnerable position, or it was the friction she was languishing on her lips. Either way, she felt the rush of her orgasm rippling through her. The more intensely each crescendo became, the more pressure she exulted on Sam's sensitive pole. Her moaning created a nice vibrating sensation for Sam, as he clung on the edge of exploding in her mouth.

Gently, she released her suction, allowing Sam a soft reproach from giving her his hot sticky seed. She wanted him deep inside of her with a wanton fervor. Kissing back up his stomach, she found his mouth, eagerly slurping her tongue into his mouth. His hands pressed her lower back tightly to him, as he explored their combined tastes.

Pulling back from his eager lips, Allie observed Sam. His sensitive eyes looking back at her, silently begging her to take him.

"Sam, I love you," she breathed, positioning herself over his probing member. She locked eyes with him as she rubbed his head against her dripping flower. He clutched her hips, holding her forcefully above him. She watched as his emotions warred inside of him, as if he were second guessing his commitment to her.

"Allie, I need to know this is what you really want," he questioned, needing reassurance.

Without answering, she pushed his head into her tight recess. He gasped as he felt her chamber

tightly consuming him. He watched as she pushed him deeper into to her, reaching the last hold out between them. With ferocious intention, Allie pushed, pushing through the pleasurable pain, heightened by their bonding. Sam gripped her tighter, tearing at her, as she cemented their love completely. Tears streamed down his face, as he felt his sister enveloped his entire throbbing pole.

Allie sat motionless as she felt her brother fully inside of her. She felt her muscles tensing, contorting around him, sending shivers through her body. Leaning down, she kissed him, sucking his bottom lip into her mouth. He cupped her face as his hips rose to push deeper, needing, exploring.

Sitting up, Allie began her slow riding, moving on him at her pace. His hands rounded her breasts, holding tight as she quickened her pace. Grinding into him, she gripped and released with relentless demand. Overcome with the wave of emotions, Allie found her stride, slamming into Sam's raised hips over and over again. Sweat began beading on her skin as she continued her wave like motions.

Feeling his own release building quickly, Sam sat up, locking his writhing sister tightly in his arms. He slowed her motions, wanting to savor his absolution. Kissing her neck, he stopped her motions completely, enjoying the convulsing muscles gripping and releasing him deep inside of her. Pulling her off from him, he shifted her on to her stomach.

Moving behind her, he kneaded her firm cheeks with his hands. Regaining his composure, Sam brought his head to her soft, swollen lips. Slowly he entered her once more, taking the wind from his lungs. Her wetness flowed down his shaft, making her tight chamber the only place on the planet Sam wanted to be.

He moaned as his hips pressed against her ass. He moved with slow, deep, intent filled thrusts. He drank in the site of his shaft glistening with the throws of her response. It was an image that burnt itself into the depths of Sam's soul. Reaching down, he pulled Allie up to meet him on his knees. He felt her back pushing into him, as he pushed deeper into her.

He clenched her breast, as his other hand found her clit; pressing and rubbing in rhythm with his thrusts. He bit her shoulder as he felt his climax taking over his body. Burying himself deeply in her, his seed released, filling her with all of the love he amassed inside for her. Each surge released with great pleasure, removing Sam from a lustful brother, into her lover.

Allie accepted her brothers seed, as if it were already a part of her soul. She drank him into her, tightly holding this moment in her mind's eye. She didn't want to miss a moment, an emotion, a feeling as he thrust into her again and again. She felt the lightheadedness fighting with her cognizant attempt at capturing all of his intensity.

Sam collapsed on top of Allie, crushing her into his bed. She languished in the feeling of protection, as she caressed his cheek. She could feel him still pulsing inside of her, jerking involuntarily as she continued to milk him. His breathing normalizing as he withdrew from her, leaving her exposed to the elements of the room.

She felt him moving between her legs, as she gripped the comforter below her. Unsure of what his intentions were, she prepared herself for whatever he was about to do. Feeling his tongue on her ass, made her arch her back in response, bringing her seeded lips to his. He licked her, sucking her into his mouth, pushing her further than she'd ever been.

As she absorbed the idea of her brother tasting his dripping seed, she found her climax quickly. Roughly she pushed into her brothers mouth, feeling his tongue probing her hot walls. Gripping him, she released, riding each decadent wave to its fullest. She ground her face into the comforter as she relinquished any sense of decency. Her muffled moans only encouraged Sam further. He held her as he roared each crescendo, taking as much of their combined juice as he could.

As Allie quieted, limply falling, becoming heavy in his hands, he finished his task; cleaning her completely. Satisfied with his work, Sam moved up Allie's body, spooning her into him. Their sweaty bodies melded together, as their breathing became in sync.

"Finally," Allie whispered, as she sank into her brother. She felt the all consuming pressure release from her, freeing her forever from the doubt she once held.

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Sam responded, gripping her tighter to him. He knew from this moment on, there was no turning back for either of them.

To be continued.....