

# elizabeth's story - chapter 3 - Gary needs a release

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Apr 2012



*Gary needs help with his erection.....*

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Chapter Three: Gary needs his release

Gary had just 'forced' me to a powerful orgasm with the pulsating water massager. OK, 'forced' is a gross exaggeration, but he assumed control of the moment, and I not only allowed him to do so, his assertive actions added to my stimulation.

It was one of the most intense orgasms of my life; and it triggered an emotional release of major proportions. I felt waves of pleasure and shame alternating through my core. I could not control the tears that were flowing freely now. I did not know precisely what I was feeling at that moment.

Gary stood back from me hung the shower massage back in its handle; his penis was erect and forming a large bulge in the front of his partially wet sweatpants. Both his t-shirt and sweats were quite damp from the spray of the shower massage that he had been directing at my virginal pussy moments before.

Gary stepped back and stripped off his t-shirt and sweatpants, along with his boxers. His penis waved proudly in front of him, fully erect. Gary was obviously proud of how well he was endowed, and stood for a moment allowing me to store this mental image of my brother, naked and erect, in front of me. I freely admit, now ten years later, I can still see this magnificent image in my minds eye as clearly as if I were looking at a photo; and the image excites me still.

Although I was consumed with shame and guilt, I knew that I could not refuse Gary some release. After all, he had just given me one the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced. It seemed that he needed to 'release his seed' before he burst. His penis was so very rigid, it looked as though it might hurt. I thought briefly that it was simply too big to enter a girl's vagina without hurting her badly. And although I had no intention of ever letting our little game of sexual discovery go that far; I did feel an obligation, and a desire, to assist Gary with achieving some release for his 'raging hard-on' that he got while stimulating me.

And I felt an incredible closeness, and affection, for my brother at that moment. In a very real sense, with our father dead, and our mother in her drunken abyss, Gary & I were all the each other had in the world at this moment. I felt a level of intimacy towards Gary that I cannot fully describe. I felt that we belonged to each other at that moment.

Gary stepped into the shower with me. His erection rigidly strained towards the ceiling. It was so hard, it looked as though he could break concrete with it. It stood out proudly in front and appeared to reach 7 or more inches into the air. He looked magnificent, like the Greek gods we were reading about in 'Greek mythology' at school.

We stared at each other for several moments, our lust for each other growing by the second. Gary stepped towards me and took hand; he slowly raised my hand up as he looked into my eyes with love and lust, and he placed my hand around his rigid shaft.

Hesitantly, I wrapped my fingers around his firm penis, still amazed at the thickness of this rigid pole; my fingers barely encircled the circumference. This was only the second time I had touched his erect penis, and it continued to thrill me beyond belief.

I stroked down, moving my fist to the base of his erection, pulling the taught skin of his cock even tighter as I studied how Gary's penis responded to my touch. I noticed that as I pulled my fist down to the base, the tiny hole at the head of his cock opened up for me. This intrigued me.

I then stoked up the shaft slowly, and repeating the downward motion again. Again the hole at the tip opened. I was mesmerized by my new toy. I wanted to explore and experiment with it, and learn all about it. In fact, rather than a new toy, it was like I had a new pet to play with and get to know. I was little a kid with a new puppy. All I knew for certain is I really liked Gary's penis.

I wanted to prolong Gary's climax to give me time to study and explore the operation of his penis. I knew from this morning that once he climaxed, the game was over, at least temporarily.

Gary was arching his hips to the movement of my fist, humping forwards and back to accentuate the stimulation by my fist. Gradually, the pace began to quicken and Gary's movements became more animated. I loved how aroused he was becoming. I loved knowing I was the cause of it.

There in the shower, with the water washing over both of us, I pumped his rigid cock. He leaned over and kissed me again. Gary's kiss had a combination of love and passion that has never been surpassed. Our tongues played tag, chasing each other from one mouth to the other, and then back again. I felt an outpouring of love and affection for my brother at that moment that was as strong and

as real as anything I have ever experienced.

Gary brought his hand up and fondled my breasts, teasing the taught nipples. I moaned into his mouth as I gently sucked his tongue into my mouth. As I continued to pump his cock, Gary slowly reached down with his fingers to explore my wet and erect clitoris.

I separated my legs ever so slightly to allow him access to my vagina. He gently opened the tight folds of my vulva and inserted one finger into my tight vaginal opening. Gary was the first person to explore my womanhood, the first person to 'finger me'; and it was a wonderfully fulfilling moment.

And as perverse as it may sound, it felt right that the first person to finger my wet vagina was my brother. I loved the feeling of Gary's finger penetrating me so intimately. He rotated his finger at my vulva, massaging the opening to my vagina. Even though I had just had an orgasm minutes before, I was getting very aroused at his touch.

I realize that much of the sexual discovery I was experiencing happens to most girls with their boyfriends in the parked car or the basement of their home. But something about making these discoveries with someone you have known since birth, with whom you have shared almost every experience of your life, and someone who you love in many ways, and on many levels, made these discoveries seem even more intimate, and more beautiful. I also realize that the shame and the guilt that would follow are a significant price to pay for this intimacy.

Gary broke our kiss, and withdrew his finger from my vagina and looked at me lovingly. Slowly, he reached his hands up, placed them on my shoulders, pressing down firmly but gently. I quickly understood what he was trying to do; he was trying to move me into a kneeling position; and as naïve as I was, I understood why he wanted me to kneel in front of him. And I was not sure I was ready for that. I was not certain I wanted to advance our intimacy to that particular level.

Yes, I understood what Gary wanted. "Gary, I can't do that." I said as I resisted.

"Liz, please. Just for a second. I need you to help me with this." He was pleading with me. And his pleas struck a cord deep inside of me. I am a 'people pleaser' by nature; and I tend to do anything for anybody I love. And I love my brother; and at that moment, that love extended to a deeply passionate, and physical love.

After several moments of hesitation, I allowed him to guide me to the kneeling position in front of his rigid cock. And I knew that by allowing him to 'guide me to kneeling', I was agreeing to take him in my mouth; and deep inside, I had not really comes to terms with this agreement. I was not sure that I really wanted Gary's penis in my mouth.

With the shower hitting the back of my head and shoulders, I studied Gary's erection inches from my face. I was still intrigued by the purple tinted, mushroom shaped head that appeared to me separate and apart from the shaft.

The ridge that separated the head from the shaft fascinated me. The thick veins clearly visible down the 7 inch shaft gave the erection a harsher, more rugged appearance; making the penis appear almost 'muscular'.

With his penis standing straight up, the underside was plainly visible as well; revealing the thick urethra running down the middle of the underside of the shaft. This male tool was strangely beautiful to me. It represented a unique combination of strength, eroticism, and pleasure. I realize now that it had a strange magnetic appeal to me, touching me at a very core level.

I liked the male penis; and it gave me great pleasure to stimulate it and please it. I believe the female body is more aesthetically beautiful, with its parts tucked away neatly inside. But the male body screamed strength, power and eroticism to me.

I liked the thought that the male member takes the female; capturing and penetrating her, holding her in place until she accepts the seed from the male. Yes, the power that the male penis represents appeals to me even to today. And I was learning that I liked submitting to that power. I liked being taken. And while being taken in my mouth was frightening and overwhelming, it also had a strange appeal.

I leaned forward and kissed the head gently, without opening my mouth. I was not sure how to proceed. I was intimidated by this massive tool. I recalled the erotic aroma of Gary's semen this morning and the pleasant way this scent touched my core carnal desires; but actually putting a penis in my mouth was something quite different, far more personal.

I continued to stimulate the shaft while I contemplated what I wanted to do. I was unsure precisely what I was willing to do for my brother. I leaned forward and kissed the head again, this time a bit more passionately, parting my lips ever so slightly and allowing my tongue to contact the head. As my tongue gently swept across the tiny opening at the tip, I detected a taste with which I was not familiar. It was barely detectable and not unpleasant, but slightly bitter. I now know I was detecting the trace amounts of pre-orgasm ejaculate that some men seep out of their penis before they shoot.

I kissed down the underside of the shaft, before returning to the head. But I was still unsure if I wanted to place this into my mouth; to taste more of Gary's cock or not. And I was unsure if I could comfortably fit his girth inside me mouth.

As I kissed the head a third time, tasting the minor seepage from the tip again, Gary tried to push into my mouth, but I pulled back, still unsure how much I was willing to do.

“Oh please Liz. I need you to do this. I am so hard it hurts. Please, help me out here.”

I looked up and nodded ever so slightly. I wanted to do this for my brother. Gary placed his hands on the sides of my head and gently guided my head towards his rigid pole. I reached up and removed Gary's hands from the sides of my head. I needed to feel like I was controlling what I did and how much of him I took at a time. I did not like feeling like my head was being forced forward, or that his penis would be 'forced' into my mouth. If I was going to do this, I was going to do it willingly and at my own pace.

With Gary's hands now at his side, I slowly relented; I slowly opened my mouth to allow the head to slip past my lips. Gary moaned loudly as his penis penetrated my lips into my mouth. The shaft was thick enough that I felt like I was having to stretch my mouth and jaw open to allow the head to past by my lips. Initially, it was uncomfortable, but my mouth and jaw seemed to adjust to the intrusion rather quickly.

He was large, and the texture of the skin was incredibly smooth. I began licking and sucking; I started moving my mouth up and down, taking only 2 to 3 inches of him into my mouth. I could feel his hips rock upward to meet my movements, trying to push deeper in my mouth. I resisted trying to take him deeper in my throat; I feared that I would gag if I tried to take him any deeper. I preferred to stimulate the head using my lips and tongue.

I did not want to take much more than the head into my mouth. And to this day, when I 'give head', even to my husband, I make love to the head of the penis, but have never tried to 'deep throat' anyone. I will make love to the penis, but I do not like the thought of someone shoving their dick down my throat and making me gag. That is not sexy to me.

After only a few minutes of stimulating the head and allowing Gary to stroke in and out of my mouth with the head of his penis, Gary's breathing began to quicken. I knew instinctively that his arousal was increasing and he was approaching his climax. It was approaching decision time for me; Should I stop sucking now and complete the job "manually"?

My initial reaction was to pull away rather than allow him to cum in my mouth. But something kept me from disengaging my mouth, something kept me from pulling away. This was still my brother, the person whom I was closer to than anyone else on the planet. And, at that particular moment, the thought of pulling away from his semen seemed far worse than ingesting it. So I continued to stimulate

the head of Gary's cock with my lips and tongue while pumping the shaft, knowing that at any second he might ejaculate into my mouth.

Still, I was a bit surprised as I felt the first pulse of his penis and felt the sudden rush of semen appear in my mouth. I did not actually feel the semen shoot, but a large dollop of semen suddenly overwhelmed my tongue and mouth. In this concentrated volume, the taste was much stronger now; but the salty, bitter taste was still not unpleasant, just slightly overwhelming.

I held the first string of semen in my mouth as I decided whether or not to spit it out or swallow it. But in order to spit it out, I would have to 'disengage' from Gary's erupting member in the middle of his orgasm; and that did not seem right either.

In the instance during which I was deciding what to do with the semen in my mouth from the first string that shot from his penis, the second string erupted in my mouth, and I was forced to choose. I swallowed both spurts together. It was an intense, memorable moment. I had now ingested the most intimate essence of a man, his sperm; and it was my brother's sperm at that.

Rather than been repulsed, the knowledge of what I had just done aroused me. Gary's semen was inside me now. And it was safely in my tummy where it could not create any havoc trying to impregnate me; but still it was within my core. I liked that thought.

Having already cum earlier, the volume of his ejaculate was not enormous, but was still a pretty good sized load on my tongue. To my surprise, the taste of his semen was not at all offensive; in fact, I found he experience pleasant and exciting.

After he finished spurting his ropes of semen in my mouth, I kissed his penis several times before standing up. As I stood, another very small trace amount of white semen appeared on the tip of his penis. I smiled at the sight of his rigid cock with only one remaining drop of semen; the rest safely stored inside of his sister's tummy.

My tears had stopped and I tried not to look Gary in the eyes. And while I felt a little 'slutty' at the moment having just swallowed his semen, I also felt incredibly close to him. But despite this closeness, I had trouble looking him in the face. I was looking downward trying to 'digest' what I had just done. (pun intended)

Gary reached over, placed his fingers under my chin and raised my gaze to his, and said, "Liz, that was beautiful. I love you so much."

I wanted to tell him how much I loved him too; however, I did not respond. My conflict was quickly

returning as the lust and passion of the moment waned. I did not know what to say, so I remained silent for the moment. I then broke the silence with, "Gary, we should not be doing this. No one can ever find out about this." I said as stood up.

"Of course no one will ever find out about this. They would never understand the beauty of what we have. But Liz, it is beautiful. And I do love you." Gary was as sincere as he could be at that moment. And I knew he did love me, as I loved him.

I struggled with how to respond; and after a few silent moments, I still had no response for Gary. Yes, I loved him too. And that love was not just the love a sister typically feels for her brother; it was a passionate, deeper love. But I was not ready to articulate that yet. I did not even fully understand it yet. I am not sure that even ten years alter, I understand it now.

I decided I needed time to think. "You need to let me finish washing now", I said.

And Gary nodded as though he understood, and then kissed me on the cheek and left the shower to dry off. I realized immediately that Gary avoided kissing me on the lips after cumming in my mouth, not wanting to encounter his own semen. I found this amusing. Over the years, I have found that no man likes to kiss me after cumming in my mouth; their semen is fine for me to ingest, but they do not want to encounter it themselves. Men are peculiar creatures indeed.

Despite the guilt, I found this entire experience incredibly arousing and sexy. But I had no idea where this was heading. And although I knew it was wrong, I did not want it to stop. I did not think I could stop.

I washed my hair and body, and got ready for bed, and donned my night clothes and robe. My head was spinning. I felt like today I had completely lost control of my life, and its direction. I did not know how to return any normalcy to my existence right now. I was confused and conflicted.

coming soon: Chapter 4 - 'Gary's late night visit'