

Here's a story...

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Step brother and sister grown up

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When I was six my parents split and quickly married new spouses. I found myself as part of a new blended family when I shared time at my father's new house. We weren't the Brady Bunch by any stretch, but we all got along well. My new step brother and sister were somewhere between my siblings and close acquaintances. In many ways we grew up together and over the years we came to think of each other like brothers and sisters do. We sometimes played. We sometimes argued. But mostly were just each doing our thing.

The Marsha in this family was my slightly older stepsister Carrie. As a younger brother, imagine my confused interest at watching my new sister grow up before my eyes. There was an extra level of intrigue to all things involving privacy. While seeing my real sister undressed seemed perfectly boring, getting peeks at Carrie in various stages of undress was an ongoing pursuit. Apparently Carrie felt the same confusion. I had the pleasure of experiencing it on a family trip we made one summer to my grandparents house. I was 16. Carrie was just a few months older.

With such a large group, there weren't bedrooms for everybody at the house during our visit. Sleeping accommodations for the kids was a series of cots set up in the living room and den, side by side by side, bunkhouse style. Girls in the living room. Boys in the den. After the usual day of family activity... sightseeing, shopping, visiting local relatives, etc., we all returned to the house and prepared for an early bedtime. Grandma and Grandpa were early to bed, early to rise kind of people. So... when in Rome... off to bed we went. Cots were set up and everyone retired to their quarters for the rest of the night. After a long period of unwinding and fooling around, pushing my father's patience to the brink, my brothers and I finally settled down and drifted off to sleep.

A short time later I was awakened by someone standing over my cot. After the fog of my sleep cleared I could see it was Carrie. She was standing there in her large t-shirt quietly nudging me awake. I started to speak, to ask her why she was bothering me, but before I could get the words out she crawled onto my cot with me with a quiet "shhhhhh..." She climbed above me, straddling my torso with her legs while facing me. Her long hair dangled down into my face. She slowly moved her head down near mine and asked in a whisper, "Do you want to kiss me?"

In my stunned amazement I managed to quietly blurt out "yes." I didn't know what to do so I simply followed her lead and kissed back. She was older and a girl, so I was somewhat terrified. After a few

minutes of kissing we got more into it and she asked me if we could french kiss. Again I followed her lead and we began to slip our tongues into each others' mouths. At that point I went from being terrified to being incredibly aroused. My cock immediately got hard inside the skimpy underwear that was all I was wearing.

We kissed for a long while, stopping periodically when we would get momentarily freaked out by a noise in the house. The thought that someone was up in the house and on the verge of finding her in my cot was paralyzing. We would stop, stay quiet and listen to make sure nobody was coming and that my bothers in the nearby cots were still asleep. Then we would start kissing again.

After a long period of kissing she asked me if I wanted to touch her breasts. Of course, my answer was "yes". I moved my hands up and felt them through her t-shirt. I had spent my early teen years trying to get peeks at her tits, with only occasional brief payoff. This was a fantasy come true. I was amazed at the size of them outside of her bra. As I touched them her nipples stiffed in my fingers. We kissed some more while I rubbed my hands over her tits and all over her body. With my new found permission to touch her body, I also explored her legs and ass. Her pussy was still forbidden territory. I didn't want to push my newly found good fortune.

Eventually she settled down to lie beside me. We kissed and played all night with periodic breaks to run back to her cot and wait out somebody roaming in the house to go to the bathroom or get a drink. Each time she would return and we would continue again. Eventually, I got bold and ran my hands under her t-shirt to feel her tits without cover. They were delightful. My first and still most memorable encounter with actual breasts. At some point I tried to get her to take her shirt off but she wouldn't for fear of being caught naked in my bed. At times while we kissed she'd nonchalantly touch my legs and even my throbbing, erect cock. But, alas, all she wanted that night was kissing.

Eventually that night she made her way back to her bed and went to sleep. My hard on raged for hours. Each night for the rest of the trip I lay awake in my cot waiting for her to appear. She never did. It was an incredibly frustrating time for the remainder of the trip. But the seeds were planted for further adventure as we got older....