

Lessons in lust from Alison Part 1

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A young boy is tutored by a loving sibling

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My sister Alison is six years older than me and a total fox. Every summer I can remember boys from all across our neighborhood would gather at our poolside to fawn over her gorgeous bikini-clad body. I know a lot of people think it's weird to think of their sister like that, but I've never had any shame about it. As far as I was concerned, she was just like any other girl, though much hotter than most. To this day I can remember the greatest dream I have ever had as though it was last night. I was about eleven or so and I dreamed that I was lying in my bed and Alison appeared in my door. She was dressed in a short, revealing white nighty and staring at me with a naughty little smile on her face. "I thought I'd drop in to say goodnight," she said. Then she sauntered toward my bed. She planted her lips onto mine and then looked into my eyes with that same devilish smile. "I love you Gregggy," and then began kissing down the length of my body, pausing above my boxers. "Let me show you just how much." When I woke up a moment later I was in a pool of sweat and jizz. From that day on, whenever I jacked it Alison's face was in the back of my mind. When I was 13 she moved away to college and I was left alone with just my parents. Saturday was their "date night," leaving me with the run of the house and ample opportunity to indulge in my porn habit. They'd go out for a movie, dinner, and a few drinks and I'd plug in one of my favorites in the rec room and go to work on myself. The routine worked, for the most part, like clockwork. One weekend my parents decided to take a trip to the Poconos, and left the house at my disposal for two whole days. That first night I seized my opportunity and went all out. I busted open a bag of chips, some dip, two magazines from my stash, and a box of tissues. Then I plugged in my favorite movie: "Taboo 2." It's about a guy who's trying to have sex with his sister. By the end, everyone in their family has pretty much fucked everyone else. It's a classic of early 80's smut. I sprawled out on the rec room couch and unzipped my fly or easy access and began to absorb the movie. I wasn't in any hurry since, as far as I knew, the house would be empty all night. I didn't want to rush my enjoyment. Twenty minutes in I began to feel my pants tighten. I started running my hand above my crotch, feeling myself grow. My fingers had just begun to probe into my fly when I heard it: a muffled giggle followed by "Hi yah, Gregggy!" My blood went cold. My hand shot out of my pants and rocketed to my knees. "Allie?" "I guess you didn't realize I was coming home." She was grinning at me wickedly. She stood at the top of the stairs that lead into the rec room with a duffle bag by her feet. She was dressed in a white shirt, that revealed much of her ample C-cup bosom, and tight jeans that cut off at the knee. Her brown hair was cut shorter than the

last time I had seen her and fell just below her ears. Meanwhile all the blood that a second ago had been engorging my cock was now rushing to my face. “Wh- wha- what are you doing here?” I stammered. “Not having as much fun as you apparently,” she teased. “I’m on break. What, aren’t you glad to see me?” She started down the steps. “No, no! It’s just, um, oh my god!” I was as flustered as I have ever been. “Calm down, Greggy, it’s not like it’s the first porno I’ve ever seen. Looks like you have good taste.” I was confused now. She didn’t seem angry. She didn’t even seem embarrassed. As far as I could tell, she was just amused. “I, uh, huh?” She walked over next to the couch and looked at the screen on which the movie was still playing. “It’s one of the Taboos, isn’t it?” “Well, yeah, it is.” She walked around to the front of the couch now, still looking at the screen. Even in my confusion I still found my eyes glued to her body. “This was one of my faves when I was around your age. I just loved the forbiddance of it, you know? The idea of a mother fucking her son, a daughter fucking her father,” She sat down next to me and looked over at me smiling her devilish smile, “a brother fucking his sister. Know what I mean?” “Yeah, I do, that’s why I like it.” “When I was your age I thought I was going to set a record for jilling off to this,” she said giggling. I was dumbstruck. I couldn’t believe I was having this conversation and I was loving every second of it. When she glanced over at me again, she must have seen my amazement because she laughed again and said, “Yes, Greggy, girls get horny and play with themselves too, even your sister. So do you mind if I watch with you?” Was she kidding? Of course I didn’t mind! With the combination of the movie and this conversation I began to notice myself growing again. All I could bring myself to do was violently shake my head and stammer out, “No, not at all.” We sat in silence as the movie played on. Allie kept throwing funny looks at me. I meanwhile was paying half attention to the movie and half to her rack. I noticed her fiddling with her breasts over her shirt. She seemed to cup them lightly and draw circles over them with her fingers. She wasn’t blatantly playing with them, but it was obvious enough. My hard-on was raging now. I was trying to hide it, but not very hard. I wasn’t the only one getting excited. I could see the hard tips of her nipples jutting out through her shirt. She must have caught a glimpse of me peeking over at her because she turned to face me and, placing her head upon her fist, said, “Well, Greggy, your pants seem to be tightening. Is it the movie or is it all the staring at my tits you’ve been doing?” I smiled shyly, looked from the TV to her, and said, “a little of both, I’d say.” “Aw, that’s so sweet!” She leaned over and ruffled my hair and stroked my cheek. “I always knew you had a crush on me. It’s nice to know you still think your big sister is hot.” “Are you kidding?! Allie, you’re the hottest girl on the planet!” She laughed. “Oh, Greg, you’re so cute. Those junior high girls must go crazy over you.” I shrugged and looked away. “So Greggy, tell me, have you ever done anything like that with a girl?” She pointed to the screen where the son was in the process of licking his mother’s crotch. Sheepishly, I shook my head. “Nothing?” I shrugged, “Well, I’ve Frenched a bunch and I’ve felt a girl up before, but it was through her hoody.” “Aw! You poor thing.” She slid closer to me now and pet my cheek sympathetically. I felt a rush of excited anticipation welling inside of me. “Girls your age don’t know what they’re missing. When I was their age, my blow jobs were legendary. I guess they’re all teases nowadays.” I shrugged and nodded. My cock was barely inside my pants now and I made no attempt to hide it. “Well, Greggy, you’re a teen now, that’s a good age to learn about sex. Do you

want to?" I nodded frantically, "Yeah, I want to a lot!" She smiled warmly at me. She picked up the remote and hit the stop button. "Well, then, for starters," her fingers slid beneath the bottom of her shirt and a moment later her shirt was on the couch revealing two luscious, creamy tits topped by small pink nipples. "I'm not wearing a hoody, Greggy." My jaw was in my lap. A mammoth grin spread across my face and I laughed nervously. "You like those?" she said. "Here," she took my hand and began guiding it to her chest. "It's all right, it feels good when they're touched." My fingers spread across her breast. She sighed slightly, "mmm, play with them all you like; we have all night and this should be fun." I took her advice. My fingers explored her breasts cupping them, squeezing them lightly, delicately pinching her nipples, and tracing circles around them. All the while she stroked my unkempt hair, cooing softly in relaxed pleasure. I got bold and pinched her nipples harder. She took a deep breath and moaned ever so slightly. I loosened my grip. "Is that good?" I asked. "Mmm, yeah, that feels good, Greggy. I'm getting, mmm, all hot and wet. Do you like this?" I nodded childishly. She giggled a bit, "Good. Do you want to suck them? A lot of girls like to have them licked and nibbled and sucked." "Really?" "Mmm hmm. And you used to like it a lot, too. When I was a little girl, I watched mom breast feeding you when you were just a baby and you certainly seemed to like it them," she grinned at me and tapped on my lips playfully with her fingers. I grinned back and leaned forward taking her nipple between my lips. I suckled gently on it as my fingers played with the other one. "Mmm, that's good. Do that harder." I did as she told. I rolled my tongue around her nipples, bit them lightly as she smiled approvingly at me and complimented my technique. Allison's fingers slid down my back and under my shirt and she pulled it off of me. I played with her tits for about ten minutes and would have kept right on doing so if Allie hadn't placed her hand on my bare chest and gently pushed me back. "You learn fast," she said sounding proud. She rose up and stood in front of me. Her breasts, moist and pale, seemed to glisten in the half light of the room. She smiled at me and caressed my cheek. Her hands glided down her bare skin to the rim of her pants. "You ready to learn some more?" she asked in a hushed and seductive tone. I nodded eagerly. "All right then," she laughed. Her fingers worked on the button at the front of her jeans. She hesitated a moment, building the anticipation. Her smile widened as the cutoffs fell. "Maybe I should have warned you that I wasn't wearing underwear. I hope you don't mind, Greggy." I stared at her, beaming wordlessly. I silently took in the spectacle of her nude form. Her pubic hair was trimmed neatly around the slit of her puss, which seemed to be growing moist. She raised her arms slightly and began to turn around slowly to give me a full view of her body. "I hope you're taking notes, Greggy," she teased. Finally I blurted out, "Oh my God, Allison, you're so gorgeous!" She blushed and put her hand to her mouth. "Oh, Greg," she sat down next to me and placed her arm around me. She had her legs spread wide revealing herself. I must have been staring between her legs because she put two fingers beneath my chin and brought my gaze back to her eyes. "So Greggy, how much do you know about down here?" Her free hand glided over her crotch delicately. This stumped me for a moment. Breasts were simple, but all I knew of what was between a girl's legs was elementary at best. All I knew was what I had picked up from porn, health class, and from a small circle of friends. I shook my head and sheepishly said, "Not much." "That's all right," she cooed sympathetically, still gently petting herself. "We'll start with the

basics. Do you know what this is called?" I rolled my eyes. "Yes, Allie, it's a vagina, I'm not an idiot." She laughed playfully. "All right, smarty pants. But we aren't in school so there's no need to be so clinical. You can call it a pussy or a vag." I nodded obediently, "All right, it's your vag." With her free hand she took mine and steered it slowly between her thighs. "Here," she said softly as she placed my hand on her womanhood. I could feel the warmth and moisture of her lips. Her smile widened. "Feel how wet I am? That's what happens to girls when they get turned on. Like how you get a hard-on." Her eyes shifted to my crotch where my erect dick was waving proudly out of my fly. "Do you know what the clit is, Greggy?" "I've heard of it, but I don't know what it is." She moved my hand aside and spread her pussy lips slightly. Then she indicated a dark nub of pink flesh right above the opening of her vadge. "There it is," she said. Then, as if suddenly seized by an irresistible urge, she grabbed my hand again and positioned my fingers on her clit. "mm, yeah, just keep playing with it like that, Greggy." She released my hand. I caressed her slowly up and down. She began breathing heavily again. "Harder," she demanded in a breathy voice. I rubbed her more vigorously, feeling it grow harder and throb beneath my fingers. "ooh!" she exclaimed. I stopped. "Is that right?" She moaned, "Mm, yeah! Don't stop!" She was panting. Without hesitation I went back to work with the same gusto. I began to improvise, alternating speeds and circling her clit with my finger. All the while she squeezed me tighter and put her free hand up to her forehead. "ooh, oh god! Shit that feels good! You're a, uh, natural Greggy! Mmmh." I was emboldened by her praise and pulled her into me kissing her wildly. She returned that kiss, her eyes clenched shut and her face contorted in pleasure as I played on her clit. After a few minutes she broke off the kiss. "Oh god! Greggy, would you lick me?" Her voice was breathy. I just nodded obligingly and shifted off the couch. I'd seen this in movies a lot and had always been eager to try it. She spread her legs wider. I positioned myself between her knees and looked up at her, waiting for instruction. Quickly she spread the lips of her vadge further to give me a better view. "Just run your tongue on it Greggy. Up and down and around. You'll know if you're doing it right, trust me." I leaned in and as I got closer I smelled the sweet, salty scent of her juices. My tongue slowly ran the length of her slit all the way up to her clit. I pressed down hard, going up and down. I gained speed and wrapped my lips around it, sucking lightly, while my tongue went up and down. "Uh! Oh fuck! Greggy put your fingers inside of me while you do that, ooh!" Two fingers slid into her pussy one at a time and began pulsing in and out. "harder, Greggy! Mmm, rub the top of my vadge back and forth. Ah! Yeah, that's the spot!" Her hands disappeared inside my hair and shoved my face deeper into her crotch. She was moaning loudly and breathing fast. Her hands ran the locks of my hair and Allison's body began to writhe as my tongue and fingers continued their assault on her body. Suddenly I felt a rush of warm moisture inside her pussy and she began moaning louder still. "Oh, Gaawd! I'm fucking cumming! It feels so good!" I intensified, using my free hand to hold her in place while I sucked on her clitoris. Finally she grabbed the sides of my head and pushed me back. Her mouth was hanging open as she stared at me, panting. "Jesus Christ, Greggy! You're a talent, that was amazing!" I smiled up at her smugly, "I owe it to a great teacher." "Aww!" She took my hands and pulled me to my feet. "You have more to learn, Greggy, and I'd love to be your teacher if you'd have me." I beamed down at her and stroked her cheek. "You are the greatest big sister in the world,

Allie! There's no one on earth I'd rather have teach me about sex." She hugged my waist tight. Then her hands slid to the front on my pants. She began to unbuckle my belt and unclasp the button of my jeans. That's when she looked up at me and said it. "I love you, Gregggy," and then my pants and boxers fell to the floor, "let me show you just how much."

TO BE CONTINUED...