

Maybe Incest

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Losing my virginity to my (maybe) twin brother

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I was seventeen when I first met my brother. We were twins, separated at birth. I don't know why our mother gave me up, why she chose him over me, but I'm sure she had her reasons. The family that adopted me cared for me above and beyond anything I could have hoped for, and were completely honest with me about everything. Still, I have always felt something was missing, and wondering what my brother was like.

When I was in my second last year of high school, I transferred to a new school, a small Jr/Sr High in the inner city. I had one friend who came with me, Julia, and soon met up with others, a fairly large group of friends. School was not hard, small class sizes and close-knit students. The first few months were nothing special, homework, teachers, and of course, parties. Once a week it seemed, someone was throwing one. They were large, larger than our school alone, and I often ran into old friends. Life was good, but I had no idea what was to come.

There were always boys at these things, and although I found a few nice ones, some I even made out with a few times, none of them were enough for me to hook up with. A lot of my friends pushed me to, but I resisted, none of them felt right to me. I probably would have, but Julia and another of my friends, Emily, supported me whenever I needed it. They made sure I got home safe, even though I ended up stumbling in to my house drunk, sometimes high, supported only by one of the two, equally wasted.

Even though I never got anywhere with a boy, I still often arrived home with my sex drive revved up. That usually end with me getting frisky with whoever was with me. I would often cop a feel while having my weight supported, hugging tighter than I should, planting sloppy kisses on their cheeks. Julia would laugh at it, never freak out, but never encouraging. Emily would always play me back though, slipping a hand under my shirt if I grabbed her boob, and one night, as we feel laughing onto her bed, we shared a passionate kiss.

That was as far as it went though. I never considered myself a lesbian, and never did anything when sober, but to that time I had gone further with a girl then a guy.

Then one day in school, I noticed someone I never had before. He was tall, taller than most boys in the school, with thick hair a bit lighter than mine, and piercing blue eyes in a sculpted face. He hadn't been to any of the parties I had, not in any of my classes, but as soon as I saw him my heart skipped a beat. I stared at him as he walked by, and he glanced at me as he passed. He hesitated, almost stopped but kept walking. I noticed him glancing back once or twice. My eyes never left him.

"Alex? Alex, pay attention! Are you listening?"

I snapped back to reality. My friends were staring at me and I blushed slightly. The group broke up, and Julia and Emily flanked me, leading me down the hall. "You alright Alex?" Julia asked.

"Wha...Oh, yeah, sorry." I blinked trying to clear my head.

"See something you like?" Emily asked, jokingly.

I blushed deeper, brushing my long dark hair in front of my eyes. "Ahh...Maybe. Who is that?"

Emily frowned. "Him? Michael Cieslak. Hottie isn't he?"

I could only nod. Julia and Emily shared a look. "If you want, we can get him to come out this weekend. He keeps to himself, but if you start talking he's super nice."

That Saturday there was a party at one of the richer kids, Scott Chung's, house. Julia and I showed up together, and hung out, drinking and waiting for Emily. She finally showed up, in a tight fitting top and loose skirt over knee high suede boots. Emily always dressed overly elegantly, but she was super cute, with her short red hair and pouty lips. He was clutching Michael's arm, whispering in his ear, and for a moment I felt a flash of jealousy. I was shorter, long dark brown hair, and in my skinny jeans and oversized coat I lacked her womanly curves.

She smiled at me then, and I felt embarrassed immediately. She was my friend, offering to help. Well, maybe. I hoped it.

"Alex, this is Michael. Thought you too should talk." She winked at me, and her and Julia left.

Michael and I hit it off right away. He was slow to start talking, and I was nervous as heck, but soon we were sharing stories and jokes, laughing and drinking. The night went on, I was soon drunker than

him, and we moved into a dark corner of the house. He was the first boy I frenched, and the first to feel me up, there in the darkness.

Of course the party ended there, when Scott's parents came back early to find their home filled with drunken teenagers. We hightailed it out of there, and Julia drove us home, Michael and I in the backseat, trading kisses and fondling each other. We agreed to meet up the next weekend, and maybe try to get further.

That week was one of the nicest of my life. Michael and I hung out every day at school, and I started to feel a real connection with him. My parents noticed I guess; saw me happier than I had been. My mom asked about him, and I told him. She was happy for me, but then said something that almost upset everything.

"Hmm Cieslak? I think that's the same as your birth parents..." She didn't say anything else, obviously didn't think anything else about it, but that stuck with me.

After that things began making me think. Michael and I had so much in common, shared interests and plans, music, sports, classes, and the name Cieslak kept bugging me. I started digging into his life, asking him about his family, where he came from. Nothing really stood out, until he told me his birthday.

May 23, same as me.

I didn't tell him mine, but that night I went over everything he had told me. Born May 25, in the Foothills Hospital, same year, same time. Same last name. Same hair colour, same eyes, same facial structure. I knew I had a twin somewhere. Slowly I became convinced.

I was almost dating my own twin brother.

What was I going to do? I really liked him. I mean really. I wasn't going to say I loved him, but I was close. Of course I couldn't prove it, but what was I going to do?

The more I thought about it though the more I was intrigued. I started looking at things about incest on the internet, first on Wikipedia, then just searching for it. The more I found, the more it drew me in. The thought of brothers and sisters doing it was so captivating, so invigorating. I searched harder and longer into the night, long after my parents had gone to bed. I had never had a sibling before, and the thought of having one, and having sex with one got me wetter than I ever had.

I was shocked at first, frightened, but trembling. I stuck two fingers up my snatch and rubbed my clit

till I came. When it was over, I was convinced. Brother or not, I was going to sleep with Michael.

Saturday came and I couldn't wait. That night the four of us went to the party together, already high on life, and a bit drunk. It was at Emily's house, so we didn't have to worry about driving, or her parents coming home. We spent the evening drinking and partying with our friends, and before midnight Michael and I had snuck off into Emily's bedroom. We fell onto her bed, lips locked.

I pulled his shirt off, and guided his hands to my breasts. He grabbed them eagerly, pushing my shirt and bra up off them. I pulled him closer, wrapping my legs around his hips. I could feel his hard on under his jeans. I moaned into his mouth, tongues dancing.

He pulled away, looking me in the eyes. "Alex...do you...?"

I hesitated. Did I? I knew who he was who we were to each other but he didn't. Did I really want to have sex with my twin brother? Lose my virginity to him?

"Oh god yes," I whispered. But, still..."Wait, Michael, there's something I have to tell you first." I told him everything then, everything I had put together over the last week, all my suspicions. I couldn't look at him, was so close to bursting into tears. I don't know why I did, maybe it was the booze, maybe I just felt I had to, but either way it all came out, even my incestuous thoughts, how I still wanted it. "And, I need to know, even knowing all that, knowing we might be related, knowing I don't care if we are, do you, do you still..."

Michael remained quiet through it all, but finally spoke. "Do I still want to fuck you?" he reached forward, making me look into his eyes. "Yes. Alex, you haven't said anything to make me not want to do this with you. Even if we are brother and sister, I'd still want to fuck you, if you want to fuck me. It might be wrong, but then we might not be related. I would have thought my parents would have told me I was a twin. But we don't know, so let's say we aren't"

"Michael," I said slowly, staring at him. "I need to know though. If I am your sister, would you fuck me, knowing I'd fuck you if you are my brother?"

"Hell yeah," he whispered, leaning to kiss me lightly. "You're perfect either way."

I laughed, relieved. "Then let's do it!"

Michael grinned. His arms around me were trembling slightly. He reached down, undid my belt and my pants as I sat up and pulled my shirt off. My pants and panties were gone in an instant, and he bent down, nuzzling my pussy. I was soaking, legs shaking with nervousness. I wanted it, but I was

so scared. Would it hurt? What if it wasn't good?

He tentatively touched me with his tongue, and I gasped. Carefully he kissed me, moving down to press his lips against my lower ones. I moaned, and pulled one of his hands up to my breast. His tongue bumped into my clit, and I clenched my teeth. Oh I wanted this. I pressed my hands against his head, pulling him closer to me. My pussy lips opened up and his tongue entered me. He started tongue fucking me, flicking it in and out, and then sucking at my clit. I was trembling and shaking. The feeling was so much better than what I had ever done by myself, his mouth was tingling all my nerves down there. The touch of his body on mine was making my skin tingle, and his hand on my tits was making my breasts ache.

The feelings were amazing, but I wanted more, I wanted him in me. Everything he was doing was perfect, but it wasn't enough. I opened my mouth to tell him so, but then he stuck a finger in me.

I jumped in shock, and my cunt clamped down around it. His fingers were bigger than mine, bigger than anything I had put inside me yet. There was pain, but nothing compared to the pleasure. I bit my lip to keep from screaming, and he bit lightly on my clit. I came then, writhing in passion.

Michael stopped, unsure, but I pulled him up to me, kissing my fluids off his face. "Come on," I whispered. "Do it, fuck me."

Shaking, we pulled his pants off. Michael was as hard as a rock, and I wrapped my hand around him, touching him, rubbing him, feeling his stiff steel rod that I so desperately wanted inside me. I stroked him, watching how he reacted to my touch, pushed himself against my hand. I felt I should suck him off after he ate me out, but I wanted it inside me. I brought him down to my crotch, held his dick against my hole, still shaking from my orgasm. We looked into each other's eyes; I nodded, pulling him forward.

He sank into my warmth, and I sucked in a breath as his prick parted my flesh. He was stretching me, further than anything, more than I could handle. Slowly he moved forward, until he was buried to the hilt in me, and I could feel him lodge in the utmost reaches of my cunt. I held him there, not letting him move, hissing at him to wait, and praying for my body to adjust.

It did, slowly. I still felt like he was tearing me apart, but the pressure was so intense I couldn't think. My death grip on him slowly loosened, and he began to move, slowly and hesitantly, back and forth with his hips. Each movement sent a jolt through my body, each hypersensitive nerve ending firing with each little bump. I moaned and gasped, crying out in happiness and fulfillment.

He pounded me faster and harder, and I could feel another orgasm coming. He shock and gasped,

“Alex, I’m cuming, I’m going to cum,” and I pulled him tight, squealing as my body tensed.

“Oh yes, cum, cum in me, do it, do it now!! Ummmmggggh.”

I came, and he did a second later, spraying his spunk all over my tight little pussy. We collapsed together, falling down onto Emily’s bed, kissing and breathing loudly, the bare skin of our bellies sticking with each breath, covered in our sweat.

Michael pulled out, and we lay there, staring at each other, hugging. We curled up, and passed out, but before we did, he whispered, “Thanks Alex.”

And without thinking, I whispered back, “Thank you big bro.”