

Meagan's Desire

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Meagan's lust for her brother finally comes to its conclusion.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/meagans-desire.aspx>

Meagan picked herself up off her bed. Her breathing was still heavy, but it was slowing down considerably. She picked up a hand mirror and glanced in it. The redness was leaving her pretty, youthful face. Bending down, she grabbed her underwear and short shorts and pulled them up.

"Meagan?" came a call from outside the room.

"What?" asked Meagan.

"Can I grab the car keys? I'm going to John's."

"Sure," said Meagan. Quickly, she adjusted her messy hair, and pulled the straps of her tank top to the side so that it fell down even further, revealing the very top of her bra. Likewise, she adjusted her shorts so that the thin line of her panties showed. She then unlocked the door and her brother Tim walked in.

Tim was a year older than Meagan and she had been madly in love with him ever since they were adolescents. He was about an inch short of six feet, with a slim but muscular build and messy brown hair.

"Where are they, Meagan?"

"Here, I'll grab them." She ran over to the corner of her room and bent over to pick them up from the floor, showing off her ass and panties to her brother. He appeared not to notice.

"So, what are you doing at John's?" asked Meagan in a flirtatious voice.

"I just need to grab the video game I lent him and I'll be right back," said Tim, failing to even recognize his sister's flirtations.

"Well, have fun," said Meagan, hugging him slightly.

"Thanks," he said, turning and leaving.

"I love you," she whispered, when he was out of sight.

Meagan went to the bathroom and undressed, preparing to take a shower. She looked at herself in the full-body mirror and was confused by why her brother failed to find her attractive. Every part of her seemed to be designed for love, from her womanly hips to her firm, C-cup breasts to her bubble-shaped, wonderfully tight ass. Her face looked young, and her medium-long brown hair framed it beautifully. Why didn't her brother want her?

She climbed into the shower, turning the water on. It was scalding hot, just the way she liked it. Soon, all of her worries were forgotten...

Ten minutes later, she climbed out of the shower, drying herself off. She pulled up her panties and was about to strap her bra on when the doorknob turned and opened. It was Tim.

"Oh my God," he said, looking at his sister in only her underwear. "I'm so sorry."

"No big deal," said Meagan. "We used to bathe together, remember? It's nothing that you haven't seen."

"Meagan, that was more than ten years ago," said Tim. "Back then you weren't so- I mean, you didn't have- I mean, you hadn't-" Flustered, he left the room.

Meagan smiled to herself. Perhaps he did notice her after all, he was just too shy to do anything about it. That would have to change.

After dressing, Meagan headed up to her brother's room.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

Tim grunted. "Just a minute." She heard sounds of rustling, and then he opened the door. The first thing she noticed was that his zipper was down, and that his face looked red and flustered. Hmm...

"Hey, big brother," said Meagan. "I was just wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight. "

"Hang out?" asked Tim.

"Yeah," said Meagan. "We used to be so close, but it seems like in high school we've drifted apart. I just want to spend some time with my big brother before he heads off to college."

Tim still looked kind of surprised. "Well...okay, sure, sis. How does 7:00 sound?"

"It sounds great," said Meagan, glancing at the clock on her wall. She had less than an hour to prepare. She hugged her brother. "See you then," she whispered into his ear during the embrace. He

had a bewildered look on his face as she left the room.

Meagan went to her room and got to work right away. First, she applied liberal amounts of her most alluring perfume. Then, she selected her tiniest bra and panties, struggling to pull them on. She put on a white button-down shirt, choosing not to button the top two buttons, which revealed her chest almost down to her bra line. She also made sure that she was wearing a dark-colored bra, so that it was clearly visible through the shirt. Next, she grabbed a tight black skirt and threw it on. She was happy to see that it accentuated the curves of her perfect ass. She applied finishing touches to her makeup and brushed her brown hair so that it shone behind her head. Finally, she grabbed her pink bikini from the dresser and put it in her purse. She had a feeling she'd need it later on. She glanced at herself in the mirror. She looked gorgeous, but was it gorgeous enough?

She met her brother at the door a minute past seven. He took her in and his mouth dropped open. "You look really... really nice," he stumbled.

"Thanks, bro," said Meagan, extremely pleased with his reaction. "Should we get going?"

"Sure," he said, a little awkwardly. They headed out to his car. "So, Meagan, any good ideas for what to do tonight?"

Meagan smiled. "I'm sure we can think of something. You eaten yet tonight?"

"No, not yet. Let's take care of that."

They headed to a pizza place, where a discussion about their childhood days soon ended the awkwardness between them. Meagan noticed that Tim's pizza kept missing his mouth, he was staring so much at her.

"Remember that one asshole you used to go out with?" asked Tim. "Sam something?"

"Sam Hollis? In eighth grade? That was a long time ago, bro."

"I know, but I hated that guy," said Tim. "He was always acting so cool, like he'd done everything with every girl in the world. He hadn't done anything with anyone. He was in eighth grade."

"Well, I did break up with him at the freshman homecoming," reminded Meagan. "When he actually did try to make a move on me."

"What a bastard," said Tim.

"Well, it happens a lot," admitted Meagan. "This is the first time in a long time that I've had dinner with a guy who's not trying to feel me up."

Tim smiled. "Well, you never know what I'll do," he joked awkwardly.

"Oh, bring it, big brother," said Meagan. "I've got half a bottle of pepper spray right here in my purse."

"Only half a bottle?"

"Well, remember Jeff Jackson?"

"You're kidding me."

"We were both drunk," explained Meagan. "He came at me, I don't know what he was going to do, and I panicked and got him. We haven't talked since."

"Good. He's an asshole."

Meagan noticed a pattern. "You think every guy I've been with was an asshole."

"Yeah, well I'm sure you'd feel the same way about my girlfriends. If I ever had any."

Meagan smiled. "Yeah, how long has it been since Monica?"

"Three years. Freshman year."

"Why's that?" asked Meagan, interested.

"I don't know, I just feel uncomfortable talking to girls sometimes. It's always so awkward when I go on dates."

"This doesn't seem awkward," pointed out Meagan.

"You're my sister. It's different."

Meagan smiled. "Not that different." She spent the rest of the meal staring into her brother's deep blue eyes, her attraction to him bordering on painful. All of her actions were automatic; at least, until the meal was over. Tim offered to pay for her. She refused, but it was a nice gesture.

She could tell everyone thought they were boyfriend and girlfriend as they were leaving. Tim seemed oblivious to this, but it aroused Meagan further, she walked a little closer to him and, just as he opened the door, grabbed his hand.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Don't worry about it, it's a brother/sister thing," she told him. "What, does it make you feel uncomfortable?"

"A little," admitted Tim.

Meagan smiled, and led her brother's hand in her hand across her perfect ass. "How about that?"

Tim's face was a little red. "Uh, yeah, kind of..." They reached his car, and got in. She could tell Tim was glad when she released his hand, and when she looked at it she saw that it was wet: her brother's palms had been sweating from nervousness. So had hers, now that she thought about it.

"Let's go to the park," said Meagan. "I kind of want to just be with you... you know... in private."

They drove their in silence, parking in the gravel parking lot and stepping out. Meagan adjusted her skirt so that her panties were visible; she hoped that her brother would notice. The two of them walked in silence briefly, until Meagan, squinting, looked off into the distance and said:

"Shit, I think that's Jeff. Jackson."

"The guy who tried to make a move on you?"

"No, another Jeff Jackson. Here, I know it's kind of awkward, but can you do a favor for me?"

"What?"

"Hold my hand. Just pretend to be my boyfriend. If he thinks we're going out, maybe he won't bother me."

Tim sighed. Meagan could see the apprehension on his face. She was scared too, but just as much excited. She had always dreamed of being Tim's girl, and even pretending made it seem all the more plausible. She grabbed his hand and they continued walking.

"Hey, Meg," called Jeff jeeringly. He was with one of his friends, and they both had cigarettes lit up. Jeff let loose a puff of smoke annoyingly close to her face. "What you doing here tonight?"

Meagan didn't return the smile. "Just taking a walk here with my boyfriend Tim."

"Tim, huh?" asked Jeff, looking suspicious. "I thought you said you had a brother named Tim." He took a step closer.

"A brother? No way. I've been going out with Tim for almost a year." She didn't dare glance at her brother to see the expression on his face. His palm had become sweaty again. She didn't blame him. Jeff Jackson was a creepy guy.

"Bull shit," Jeff said. "I know a couple when I see one, and you two aren't a couple. You're brother and sister. I can tell. You've got the same eyes and everything."

Meagan suddenly realized what it would take to make Jeff go away. She had wanted it for almost as long as she could remember, but she hadn't imagined that it would happen like this. Still, she was excited.

"If he was my brother, would we do this?" she asked. And then she moved her face, and her mouth, towards her brother. Her mouth pressed against his, and she was glad to see that he didn't back away. Still, his eyes were surprised as she looked into them. She wanted to give him a reassuring look, but she was in too much bliss... slowly, his mouth opened, and their tongues began to move together... she was French kissing her own brother... she let out a muffled moan without even intending to... and then, after about ten seconds, they broke apart. Jeff and his friend were staring at them with disbelief, confusion, and maybe even a hint of jealousy.

"Let's go," Jeff's friend finally suggested. "We can find some girls who will date outside of their family somewhere else." Jeff still looked pretty dumbfounded, and his friend practically dragged him away.

Meagan was left alone with her brother once again. She had never felt more awkward, and couldn't meet his eyes.

"Um... thanks," she mumbled. "No problem," he replied. She realized suddenly that they were still holding hands. Neither was making a move away.

"Do you... do you think they're going to leave us alone now?" Tim asked.

"I think so," said Meagan. "They don't want to mess with you, apparently."

Tim smiled. "I don't think that's it." They started walking again, still hand in hand, a little closer together than they had been before the incident.

"Meagan, can I ask you a question?" asked Tim after about a minute's silence.

"Sure," said Meagan.

"You spend so much time trying to ward guys who want you away," said Tim. "Have you ever, I mean, actually..."

"I'm a virgin," said Meagan.

"Why? Why haven't you ever just decided to go with some guy?"

Meagan laughed nervously. "I guess I'm just waiting for the right one."

"Someone in particular, or is this just a man in your head?"

She would have loved to admit right there how madly in love she was with him. How she held her

breath every time he spoke, how she couldn't stop staring at him, how her pussy was currently soaked wet just from imagining doing anything with him. But she couldn't tell him that now, and risk scaring him away. Not after they had come so far in just one evening.

They approached the park's pool, which was closed until Memorial Day weekend, which was next week.

"Want to go swimming?" asked Meagan.

"Sure," said Tim. "I don't have my stuff, though."

"No prob," said Meagan. "Just wear your boxers. Or go naked."

He smiled a little, taking it as a joke. Meagan went behind a bush, unbuttoning her white shirt and black skirt, and then her bra and thong. She put on her pink bikini top and bottoms, tying the top on herself. She then approached the pool and jumped in, splashing water everywhere.

When she resurfaced, she saw her brother staring at her. She looked down. The tiny bikini accentuated the curves of her body, from her tight abs to her round ass and thin waist. He was staring at her perky tits, though, and when she looked down she saw why. Her bra had come down, showing off one rock-hard, perfectly placed nipple. She gasped and pulled her bra up.

"Showing it off already?" joked Tim. "The date isn't even over yet."

"Shut up," said Meagan, splashing him. He responded by splashing her back, and a war had begun. After going back and forth a couple more times, Tim grabbed her midriff and began taking her to the deep end to dunk her. She screamed and grabbed his leg, and down they went in the water together, her pressed against him. She felt her front push against his, and realized that he was hard. As his hard dick under his boxers pressed against her pussy under her swimsuit, she let out a moan. As they surfaced, Meagan grabbed him again and pressed her body up against him, causing him to go under again. She hoped this would make him get even harder, she was not disappointed.

"Meagan, what are you doing?" he asked, as they surfaced again. She was still clinging to his body.

Meagan had lost all control of what she was doing. "I love you," she whispered passionately, kissing him full on the lips. Their mouths opened, and they were French kissing, just like before- he lost his balance, and they were in the water again, but neither could stand to let up the passionate embrace- finally, they resurfaced, and breathing heavily, they broke the kiss for an instant.

"Oh, God, Meagan," said Tim in a stunned voice.

"Tim..." said Meagan. Then, on a whim, she pulled down his boxers. His dick stood a full seven inches long. She ground her pussy up against it, and he let out a kind of groan. "Meagan..."

She whipped her brown hair around her head in a way she knew boys found very attractive, and planted another long kiss on her brother's lips. She was still grinding her pussy against his cock, and now she was moaning heavily. Within a few seconds she had reached her peak, and suddenly realized that she was cumming. A split second later, Tim let loose a final groan and did the same, straight into the pool. She could trace the white moving through the clear and wondered vaguely whether it would just dissolve, or if it would be visible somewhere in the pool next week when it opened and cause everybody to evacuate. It hardly seemed to matter to them.

"Meagan..." Tim began.

"Tim, I love you," she interrupted. "I've loved you for as long as I can remember. You're the guy that I've been waiting for. Let's go home and fuck all over the kitchen, the living room, Mom and Dad's bedroom, I don't care. I don't care that you're my brother, either. I want you so bad."

"God, you're beautiful," he said, kissing her on the lips. She was sure that her makeup was all smeared, but he didn't seem to care. They embraced for another fifteen seconds and finally broke apart. Without words, Meagan ran and grabbed her clothes, throwing them messily on. She only buttoned one button on her shirt. Tim threw his clothes on and the two of them took off running for the truck, afraid to stop for fear that passion would once again overtake them and they would make love right there, in the middle of the park. Five minutes later they reached the car. Their faces met and they made out for another minute, but finally with a huge effort of willpower they pulled away from each other. "Come on, let's go home, big brother," whispered Meagan passionately. Tim thrust the keys into the car and it roared to leave. He traveled all the way home ten miles per hour faster than the speed limit, while Meagan forced herself to keep her hands away from her brother's pants.

Meagan thrust the door to their home open and they came in together, holding each other and kissing hotly. She saw a note on the stove from their parents: WE WILL BE HOME AT MIDNIGHT. She glanced at the clock. It was five to eleven. They still had almost an hour.

Breathing heavily, Meagan looked across the room to her brother. His boner extended a full seven inches from his body, pushing his shorts away from his body. My chest started heaving. Slowly, with barely any control, he approached her and wrapped her in his arms, and they began kissing like we had been earlier. His dick pressed hard against Meagan's abdomen, and she let out a moan as her pussy became soaking wet, drenching her panties. Tim ripped her shirt off as she pulled down his pants and underwear and began to finger his dick. He let out a moan, "Oh, little sister..."

"You're cock's so big," she whispered, continuing her hand job. Meagan may not have had much sexual experience, but her natural instinct and enthusiasm combined to make up for it.

Tim glanced down and was surprised to see his cock nearing eight inches. "It's never been this big before," he said in wonder. "It's all because of you."

"Mm, your cock likes your little sister?" asked Meagan. "You're a pervert, big brother. An incestuous pervert."

"And you're a sick slut, little sis. What kind of girl seduces her own brother?"

"Oh, Tim...take off my bra..." He complied instantly, pulling it away from her and tossing it carelessly on the floor. Her perky, medium-large tits popped out. Her nipples were perfectly placed and hard as diamonds. As Meagan continued to give him a hand job, he began caressing her tits with her hands, and then licking and sucking them.

"Oh, shit, Tim, yes... come on..." She had never dreamed that this much pleasure was possible. She was being driven insane with desire. She needed to lose her virginity there and then. Abandoning her hand job, she pulled her brother's shirt off. Then, she pulled down her skirt and panties. These acts took a combined total of less than five seconds.

She stared at her brother, a picture of a beautiful woman wildly in love. Her body seemed to be beckoning him, calling him in, from her sparkling eyes to her hard nipples and heaving chest. "Take me, big brother," she informed him breathlessly.

Tim's face was displayed shock and amazement. After being unlucky with girls for his entire high school career, his unimaginably beautiful sister was begging for him. He too was breathing deeply, and his muscular frame was in a "ready" pose. "Meagan," he said breathlessly, and thrust.

She screamed as he penetrated her and took her cherry, but her pleasure and desire overwhelmed any pain she felt. Tim barely seemed to notice. He pushed even deeper, and she let out an almost inhuman moan of pleasure. The two of them collapsed onto the kitchen floor, fucking wildly. Their thrashing movement caused a pile of papers on the counter to be knocked onto the floor, knocked over a wastebasket, and shook the lights. Neither one of the siblings noticed. Meagan's face was one of complete wonder and ecstasy. Tim, just as excited, forced his body against her faster and faster. She was so tight, and wet... and she was fast becoming tighter, and wetter...

"Oh God, Tim..." said Meagan. It was all she was capable of saying. Her moans increased as she thrust her pelvis up and down, acting out of instinct rather than knowledge.

She bucked one more time and screamed as she had her first orgasm, her cum spreading all over her pussy and Tim's dick. Tim withdrew moments before he cummed. He sprayed his jizz first in between her tits, then on her waist, and finally shot several loads into her open mouth. He was amazed at the amount of cum he had just produced.

"Meagan?" he asked. She said nothing. He examined his sweaty, cum-covered sister and realized that she had fainted from her body-wrenching orgasm. He was confused about what to do. He glanced at the clock and saw that it was already almost 11:30. Figuring a shower might wake his sister, he picked her up by her shoulders and dragged her into the bathroom. She was remarkably light, and he marveled at her beauty. She was everything he could ever want in a girl.

He propped her up in the shower and turned on the hot water. The cum and sweat began to wash off,

and her eyes fluttered to life. He was terrified. What if she was disgusted by what she had just done, or blamed him for it? What if she never wanted to talk to him again.

"Meagan?" asked Tim uncertainly.

His gorgeous sister picked her body up, staring at her brother uncertainly. She seemed confused about how she had gotten to the shower, but suddenly she looked down and saw her brother's still erect cock. Recognition flooded into her eyes. She picked herself up and pressed her body against her brother's, moaning as they made out for the fourth time that night. He tasted his cum in her mouth.

"Oh, Tim," she whispered passionately. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, sis," he said. "But sis...this is so wrong..."

Meagan kissed him again. "I know...but so hot..."

He began rubbing his sister all over her body and she let out more high-pitched moans of pleasure.

"We're going to fuck again, aren't we?" she moaned.

"I think so," he said.

"Well," she said, pressing her gorgeous body against his and fluttering her long eyelashes, "let's go."

They fell to the floor again. This time he was on the bottom and she inserted herself on top of him, in the cowgirl position. With her tits just barely touching his chest, they began fucking for a second time.

"Oh!" shouted Meagan, as she rode her brother. "Oh!"

"Yeah! Little sis! Ride me!" Her wet, horny body continued to bounce up and down, pressed against him. Once again, she was experiencing ecstasy of kind she had never felt before.

As she approached her orgasm, he flipped her over so that she was once again on the bottom and he was on top. She moaned harder and faster as he fucked her with incredibly ferocity. "Cum into me, little brother," she whispered. "Right into your little sis's pussy."

"But Meagan," said Tim, looking into his sister's screwed up, pleasure-filled face. "I don't have a condom."

"I... don't... care..." She was in so much bliss, she could barely put two words together. Once again, her pussy became tight and wet, and she cummed. But this time her brother was right with her, sending load after load of semen into his sister's orgasm-wracked body. Once the orgasm stopped, they laid there in the shower, still making out.

"Oh my God," said Meagan.

"I know," said Tim.

"I just had my period two weeks ago," she said. "You might have just knocked up your own sister."

"Hot," Tim replied.

Meagan kissed him as they heard the clock outside ding twelve. "I love you, big brother. Our parents will be home soon."

"I love you too, little sister."

They heard voices from the kitchen. "Oh, shit," said Tim. "All our clothes are out there. They'll come in here and find us naked together. What do we do?"

Meagan smiled. "What we've been doing the whole time," she answered, taking her brother's cock in her hands and moving it towards her mouth. "What else?"