My Protector, Lover, and Brother

By Sucker_For_Lollies

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A broken hearted sister leans on her brother's shoulder for comfort.

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Today is going to be great. My boyfriend, Justin, is coming over to spend the night and my parents aren't going to be here at all. Adrian, my brother, might be here but he's always in his room. Plus I think he hates Justin really, and I don't know why. I always tease him about being jealous of me and Justin. Just like I'm doing right now, with only another hour to go till my boyfriend will be here.

"Oh Adrian why do you hate Justin? Seriously!"

"Uh...easy. He's an asshole. I can see it. And plus he's dating my sister."

"You don't know anything....Justin isn't an asshole. And if he was I think I would have noticed by now."

"Love can be blinding little sister," he said as he walked past me. He lightly brushed my shoulder sending a chill up my spine. Grrr how does he do that all the damn time? I know its wrong to feel like that with my brother but I sometimes cant help it. My brother is 19 almost 20 and he has the body of a god. Yes I've seen him naked....on accident. I turn my head and watch him walk out of the kitchen and put his headphones in his ears. Heavy metal I'm guessing from the electric guitar blowing out his eardrums.

"You're going to blow your head into bits!" I yelled at him but of course he just flipped me off and shut his bedroom door. Sometimes I feel like he hates me but then sometimes he treats me like a queen by his side. Which is kind of weird now that you think about it since he is my brother. The doorbell rings and I jump out of my thoughts.

"Coming!'" I run to the door and open it smiling wide. And there stood Justin with his wide grin on his face.

"Hi doll face. Miss me?"

"You bet," I jump into his arms and he spins me until we're in the house. He places me down on my feet again and closes the door behind him. I glance down the hallway and see Adrian glaring at Justin.

"Hey Adrian. Whats up man?" Justin says. But Adrian just nods his head and walks back into his room closing the door behind him.

"At least he was trying to be nice!" I yelled after him. I hate it when Adrian treats Justin likes that all the time.

"Hey its no big deal. You can't please everyone." Justin just smiled and put his arm around my waist and led me to the couch.

"We need to talk..." That never is good. Those words have got to be the most hated words in history. If you hear it from your parents it normally means the sex talk or you're in big trouble. But when it comes to this situation it normally means they're leaving you. We sat down and he just stared at the wall.

"Um...okay?"

"Well this isn't easy but I've been having an affair. You need to also know that she is pregnant." I sit there and let that soak into my mind. I start to choke on my words but I eventually get them out.

"How long?"

"Uh about a month maybe a little more..." He looks at me finally and sees the tears running down my cheeks. But he shows no emotion of guilt or pity. Maybe my brother was right.

"You telling me that you are leaving me for a girl that you've been with for a month and we've been together for a year?!" I started to scream at him and hit him with all my strength but he still shows nothing. He stands up and looks down at me with a blank face.

"Well no sex can make a guy do things that you would never expect." And he just shrugged "I guess you want me to leave since you're getting a little hysterical here."

"You mean we're over?"

"Pretty much. She has my kid. And I've lost my attraction to you." He was by the door now waiting for me to say something, when I didn't he just gave me that "You understand right?" look and walked out.

Right then everything hit me. He cheated on me and he just left me just now. The tears wouldn't stop rolling down my cheeks. I looked down the hallway again and found my brother there just looking at me. His face was sentimental but he wasn't sure if he should approach me or not. I stumbled over to him wiping my eyes. Finally I landed in his arms, I was safe.

"Now or later?" He was asking permission to say I told you so, trying to lighten the mood. I only coughed trying to laugh.

"Later. Please." I managed through my sobs. Next thing I knew he had picked me up off my feet and carried me into his room and laid me on his soft bed. He laid down next to me and I snuggled up next to him still sobbing. He just laid there with me stroking my hair and rocking me from side to side.

"I know it hurts honey but you deserve better." I looked up at him and stared in his eyes. Without realizing what I was doing leaned up and kissed him. I pulled back quickly surprised, he looked at surprised as I felt. But he leaned down and kiss me back, I moaned at the contact and I could feel a small smile form under my lips. I broke away.

"What are we doing?"

"Well what does it look like?"

"You know what I mean Adrian."

"I know its wrong but it feel good. I know you feel the same." The problem was I do feel the same. I've always felt this way but I had no idea he felt this way too. Since I didn't answer he felt it was an okay to go for it. He leaned down and kiss me deeper slipping his tongue past my lips to wrestle with mine. I tangled my fingers in his black wavy hair and pressed my body into him. I heard him grunt as he rolled on top of me. I felt his bulge nudge my inner thigh and I reached up and cupped it feeling it twitch through his jeans. He sighed and lowered his forehead on mine.

"Stop being such a tease Tink." He always calls me Tink. When we were little kids we played Peter Pan all the time. Just having him call me by my nick name made me smile. I slowly unzipped his fly, keeping eye contact with his the whole time. I pushed his pants down as far as the fabric could go, which wasn't that far, but far enough. His breathing sped up and I gently rubbed him through his boxers. He quickly placed his hand over mine making me rub him harder.

"God sis stop doing me like this. I might just blow right now."

"Oh no you won't." I pulled his cock out from his shorts and stroked it firmly but slow, he winced

slightly but then let out a long breath.

"That feel good?"

"You know it." He smirked and lifted my shirt and bra up to expose my 36 Cs. He stared down at my body for a while, making me feel self-conscious. But then he looked up at me and gave me a small smile and lowered his mouth to my nipple. I arched my back and dug my free hand into the bed covers while my other hand squeezed him gently. He groaned and gently nipped my nipple making me squeal and squirm underneath him. He removed his attention from my breast and went lower, spreading light kisses and bites down to my navel. His tongue swirled down and out of my belly button and he continued lower. I was unable to hold on to his cock, he was to far, but I was to curious to even protest the lost of having him in my hand. He went down to the waistband of my pajama shorts and instructed me to take of my shirt and bra so he could watch.

"You're a pervert!"

"And you are sexy. Now I said off. Or the pussy gets it." He used his index finger and pushed against my clit, continuing farther down to my whole. I jumped from the contact.

"And what happens when I do take it off? I'll still get the torture won't I?"

"Try it and see." I knew him better than anyone and I knew I would still get the relentless torture either way. I shrugged out of my shirt and bra and laid back down watching him. He just smiled and started to rub me through my shorts. I shivered and moved my hips against his hand. He then removed his hand and with his teeth slowly pulled my shorts down to my knees and used his hands to pull them off. I thought I would lose right then. I looked down at him to see the most funniest look on his face. It was mixed between surprised and "I will devour you!" I just couldn't help it I had to giggle.

"What?" I asked with a confident smirk.

"Since when did my little sister where thongs?!" I could swear his mouth almost dropped out of his head.

"Is that bad?"

"Yes and no. Yes because I know you wore this for Justin and no because I like it."

"Well Justin did buy it for me." And with that said he pulled my thong off me so roughly that I heard it rip.

"Adrian! That was my only thong! I liked it too." He glared at the torn fabric before he threw it at the trash can. It made it in.

"I'll get you a better one." He was then distracted from his sudden anger by my body. He looked me up and down with the most hottest glare that I felt like I made a puddle between my legs.

"God you're gorgeous." He spread my legs gently with one hand on my calf and he traced my pussy lips with the other. I gasped and arched off the bed. He smiled and then used the tip of his tongue to trace the seam. I grabbed his head by his hair and let out a small cry. His tongue swirled around my clit and licked gently then rough and then gently again. I thought I would lose it. He slid one finger inside me and then another. I pulled his hair some more, urging him on. His fingers slid in and out slowly at first, but as my cries grew louder and faster, his fingers became faster. I was dimly conscious of his other hand on my hip, pressing me down into the bed covers, or of my nails digging into his shoulders. And then I was aware of nothing but the need building within me, the tension coiling tighter and tighter. With one last suck on my clit there was my release, flooding me with warmth and light. I felt that I could have flown from the bed if Adrian had not held me so securely. I looked down at him through heavy lidded eyes and watched him lick his two fingers clean of my juices. Still feeling the after shocks sizzle through my body, he moved up my body and kissed me on the forehead. He leaned over the bed to his nightstand and pulled out a condom. He put it between his teeth and notice him watching him hesitantly.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" He looked at me with the most compassionate look in his eyes. I felt like I would melt. I couldn't say anything I just nodded yes. He tore the condom wrapper with is teeth, sheathed himself and entered me. I felt a small sharp pain followed by a wash of pleasure as my eyes rolled back into the back of my head. The pleasant sensation of my muscles stretching to accommodate him sent a fresh wave of desire through my body. He smiled and stroked my hair.

"You feel so damn good," he said, then began to move, long, deep strokes that filled me then left me craving more. I thrust my hips up to meet him on each return, and moved my hands down to grasp his ass, urging him deeper still. His hand trailed downward to my clit again and he teased me in time to his thrust. I closed my eyes and threw my head back, reveling in the increased tempo he set, feeling his body tense and muscles bunch beneath my hands. He whispered my name in my ear before he threw his head back with a loud cry and a fierce thrust that me open my eyes wide. I screamed his name and painfully dragged my nails down his back making him thrust harder. Finally after the after shocks were over he rolled me over on top of him and cradled me to his chest. We just laid there listening to each other's breathing.

"Now?" He asked.

"Fine..."

"I told you so." I knew he was grinning and I just rolled my eyes and went to sleep. Everything between me and my brother never changed except the now and then sex.

This was my first story so please comment. Let me know if it is bad or not please.