My Sister, My Domme

By JessicaX

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A continuation of my story My Sister, My Mistress

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/my-sister-my-domme.aspx

My brother followed my orders to him. He never spoke to me about what we had done. That was the way I liked it. My relationship with my brother would remain unchanged. That is, until we were alone with each other.

While Jack never talked to me about the sexual relationship we were forging, he did talk to his LushStories Mistress at great length about it. Jack never suspected that I had discovered his predilection for BDSM by snooping through his computer. Nor did he suspect I had discovered his Lush Stories persona, Submale287, and had become his “Mistress Leta.”

I was becoming obsessed with thoughts about dominating my big brother sexually after 18 years of being his normal, socially acceptable, little sister. Now all day long, all I could think about were all the sexy things I wanted to do to him. I couldn’t wait until bedtime, when I would retire to my room and become *Mistress Leta*.

Laying naked in my bed, I cruised numerous BDSM web sites, becoming more and more aroused by this new world I had entered. While I waited for Jack to log on to Lush, I developed plans to further sexually dominate my big brother.

“Hello Mistress,” Jack had finally logged in.

“Good evening worm,” I typed, “how did your evening go with your sister. I expect a full detailed report.”

Jack delivered a good report, in delicious detail, of what we had done the night before.

“You said you were blindfolded worm. How can you be sure she was naked?” I questioned him.

“I could feel her nudity against my skin mistress,” Jack answered.

“But you *did* see her nude when I had you sneak into her bedroom while she was asleep,” I asked.

“Yes Mistress,” Jack quickly replied.

“Tell me again,” I ordered, “I don’t remember what she looked like. Be clear in your description.”

“Yes Mistress,” Jack continued, “Jenny is beautiful at 5’ 7”, 133 pounds, with long black hair streaked with red. She has stunning light blue eyes and 34A breasts. That night I saw she shaves her pussy, but couldn’t see much more in the light I had, Mistress.”

“Small tits,” I criticized, “don’t you wish they were bigger, you little worm?”

“Mistress, I think they are perfect. I almost came when she rubbed them over my thighs last night,” Jack defended.

“Is your little cock hard now worm,” I wondered, “as you tell me about your sister?”

“Yes Mistress,” Jack answered.

“You are not to touch it,” I ordered, “Is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress,” Jack typed, but I could almost detect a little whimper in his message.

“I have new orders for you worm,” I directed, “you are to buy a leather cock sling for yourself and a three piece leather sleeved bikini for your sister.”

“But Mistress,” Jack responded, “I don’t know where I could get these.”

“Be a man, you little worm, their are sex shops everywhere and places on line,” I told him and added, “Maybe I should end our relationship you worm.”

“No, please, I will get them somehow Mistress,” Jack pleaded.

“Very well.” I continued, “When you have them, ask your sister to wear the bikini for you and in return

you will model the sling for her. If she agrees, you are to obey her as you would me. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Jack obeyed.

“I want a full report from you when you have done this you little worm,” I demanded.

“Yes, Mistress,” Jack replied, “but what should I do if she refuses?”

A few moments later, the screen only showed, *Mistress Leta seems to have left the conversation*.

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I had become fascinated and excited by items I had seen online. I wanted to buy some to use with my brother but, I was afraid my parents would discover them if I had them shipped to my house. Therefore, I decided I would visit, for the first time in my life, a sex shop.

I had seen some shops downtown, but they weren’t in very nice areas. Luckily, I found one online way across town in a suburb I had never heard of. That was fine by me, because I sure didn’t want any one I knew to see me shopping there.

I wasn’t quite sure what to expect as I pulled into the parking lot of *Delicious Pleasures.* I was a little frightened, but also more than a little excited. I don’t know what I expected would happen inside but by the way my pussy was feeling, I was ready for anything.

I took a deep breath, for courage, and pulled open the door. I was overcome by a flood of very pleasant orders. The smell of new leather, some kind of jasmine oil, and a flood of fragrant candles of many varieties filled the air. As I took it all in, an older woman with graying hair and looking remarkably like Mrs. Butterworth stepped forward.

“Hello my dear, may I help you?” she asked, sensing my embarrassment, she added, “First time visiting our little pleasure palace?”

“Yes, it is.” I softly mumbled still looking around and seeing things I had never seen before.

“Is there anything specifically you are looking for dear?” she sweetly asked.

I was ready for this, “My boyfriend and I have been talking about, well wondering about, a small flogging whip that we had seen online. I thought it would be fun to get him one for his birthday next week.”

“Of course,” she said with a twinkle in her eye, “I have just the thing for you over here.”

I followed her over to a display full of a variety of little whips similar to what I had seen online. She offered one to me.

“This is the style I started with when I was about your age,” she said with a wink and a smile. “The handle is handmade with a soft goat skin and the whips are made of soft suede, don’t you just love the smell?”

I had to admit the smell was intoxicating and she had picked one for me that was black and red to match my hair color. It was soft to the touch but I could feel its painful potential. It was just what I wanted.

“How much is this, ma-am?” I asked.

“Oh please call me Deloris, sweetheart,” she sweetly responded. “This one sells for $59.99.” She saw my disappointment, and quickly added, “But since you are a new customer, I can offer you a 33% discount if you purchase over $100 worth of merchandise.”

“Why thank you Deloris, my name is ... Leta,” I countered, “what would you suggest to someone who is new to all this?”

“May I ask who will be using the flogger, dear?” she asked with such a sweet and innocent demeanor I couldn’t resist her.

“I will,” I said with a boldness that surprised me.

Deloris sweetly smiled as she said, “Oh my dear, you are a girl after my own heart, I have been keeping that hubby of mine in check for almost fifty years with my little flogger! Men are so easily keep in line with a little leather and a flash of skin.”

I found her absolutely delightful. She was like the grandmother I had never known, only a kinkier version. I was completely at ease with her and asked, “What would you recommend?”

She stared at me for a few moments, and said, “You promise not to be shocked Leta?”

“I can’t promise that, there are things in here I can’t even begin to imagine, but I promise you I won’t be offended.” I told her, “What is it?”

“Follow me,” she said with that twinkle again in her eye, “This is the most wonderful thing, Leta. It has been the key to my happiness and his for years.”

Deloris reached under a counter and set it in front of me.

“A rubber penis?” I asked, disappointed and amused. “Deloris, I know what a dildo is...”

“Oh, this is more than that,” she interrupted, “look more carefully.” She held it up for me to examine. “This is a silicon ball gag with a dildo for him. This strap holds it in place, this end goes in his mouth, and this wonderful end can go anywhere you wish it to go. Best of all, it shuts him up. He won’t be able to say a single word.”

I started to laugh as I imagined this large silicon penis growing out of my brother’s mouth.

“How much?” I asked.

“This sells for $49.99,” she quickly added, “I will sell both this Ball Gag and the Flogger to you for $75, as an introductory price.” She picked up a felt blindfold and added, “I’d make him wear this when you play Leta. It is my gift to you!”

How could I refuse? As she wrapped up my purchases, she held the gag and looked at it for a moment, “Oh Leta, my dear, this will soon be your best friend. I promise you!”

With a wink, she handed me my purchases. I left the store happy the bag was a simple blue plastic without a screaming ad for Sex-toys-r-us written all over the outside.

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Later that night in my room, I carefully examined my purchases. I fondled the flogger’s handle like it was a cock, stroking it’s soft leather handle. The handle was also stiff, like an erection. I noticed my face in the mirror of the dresser next to my bed. My face was flushed and I could see my erect nipples stretching the cotton of my shirt.

I ran the handle down my shirt, across my breasts, teasing my hard nipples and then down my body along the inner thighs of my jeans. I unbuttoned my shirt and moved the handle across my exposed nipples exciting them even more. I moved the handle back down to my jeans and pushed the handle firmly against my denim covered pussy. Using a familiar rocking motion against its stiffness I was becoming incredibly excited.

I quickly undressed and in the full light from my bed side lamps, I laid back on my bedspread and slowly and gently dragged the soft suede tails of the flogger across my body.

Slowly sweeping the tails across my neck, I spent some time running the tails back and forth across my breasts, and then down my stomach. I ran the strips of suede down one thigh, with some of them sliding down to my inner thighs and brushing against my pussy. I moved to the other thigh and repeated the motions up and down my body over and over again.

I continued this heavenly exercise until I found my body rising and falling the meet these sensuous suede strings of pleasure caressing my body. I then started to run the handle along the swollen lips of my pussy. Teasing myself and feeling its stiffness at my entrance.

The feeling was unlike any I had ever experienced with a simple dildo. The long tails rubbing across my thighs as the handle began to slowly enter me was beyond description.

I decided, if I was going to do this, I would go all the way. I gently slapped the tails against my breasts. It felt good. I slapped them a little harder. It felt a little better.

I slapped my pussy. It felt even better. I raised my knees up and let my legs fall open fully exposing my swollen cunt to the increasing force of the flogger. My hips pushed forward meeting each lashing until I couldn’t stand it anymore. I pushed the handle inside me.

I was so close to a powerful orgasm that only a few thrusts and pressure against my enlarged clit sent me over the edge.

I lay panting on my bedspread. I looked at my flogger. I was beginning to understand.

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At breakfast the next morning, Jack and I got the news of another *date night* set for that evening by our parents.

Outside, as we walked our dog Tobie, Jack asked if I was going out tonight.

“I was thinking about going to a movie with Jill (my lifelong bff),” I told Jack. “Why?”

“I bought you a gift and I would like to give it to you tonight,” Jack added. “When we are alone.”

“Well, we are alone now, why don’t you give it to me here,” I teased him, knowing full well he probably had purchased the leather bikini Leta had ordered him to get me. “What did you get me a gift for anyway? It’s not my birthday.”

“Does a brother need a reason to give his little sister a gift?” Jack defended.

“You do. What did you do Jack, hit my bike with the car?” I egged.

“Look, if you want to stay home tonight,” Jack explained, “you will get a present. It is up to you.”

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“Have a good time,” we both shouted to our parents as they closed the front door heading out on their date.

“Okay, where is it? Give me! Give me!” I squealed, mimicking the excitement of Tobie about to get his doggy treat.

Jack went to his room and retrieved a nicely gift-wrapped box. I was impressed.

I quickly ripped open the box, just like I had always attacked presents since I was a little girl on Christmas morning.

I faked angry annoyance as I held up the tiny leather bikini bottom saying, “What the hell is this Jack? A pirate’s eye-patch?”

I enjoyed watching my squirming brother. He was either flushed with excitement or embarrassment - probably both.

“Please, won’t you wear this for me?” he pleaded.

“Are you out of your mind big brother? Why not just ask me to get bare naked?” I teased.

“Would you?” he said with slight embarrassment.

“No!” I faked disgusted anger. I should be an actress, I thought proudly to myself.

“I’ll wear this for you, if you wear that for me,” he begged as he pulled the little leather and metal cock sling out of his pocket.

“And just what the *hell* is *that thing*?” I half laughed and screamed. I was thinking a Tony Award would now be appropriate for this performance.

“It’s a cock sling,” he sheepishly stated.

“A what?” I voiced, with tempering anger and a hint of curiosity. Definitely an Oscar would also be in order, I thought.

“It’s a cock sling Jenny,” Jack quietly restated with a voice filled with embarrassment and near defeat.

It was time to reestablish my new sibling superiority over my brother. “Take off your clothes and let me see.”

“Will you put on the bikini for me if I do?” he asked.

“You are trying to bargain with me? You little bitch! Take off your clothes now and show me your new cock sling!” I shouted at him, physically right up in his face, though his face was a head higher than mine.

I watched as my brother slowly undressed for me. I enjoyed his nervousness and his obvious arousal when his cock bounced up and out of his boxers as he pulled them off. I watched in fascination as he put on the cock sling.

I had to admit, it really displayed his package nicely.

I ordered him to go to his room and wait for me spread open on his bed.

I stopped off at my parents room and grabbed four of my Dad’s old ties from the back of his closest. I entered my brother’s room and saw his disappointment that I had not changed into the bikini. Without a word, I tied him spread-eagled, to his bed and left.

I took the leather bikini to my room. I watched myself in my mirror as I slipped the little leather bra over my breasts and adjusted the bikini bottom over my pussy. I slipped on the sleeves and picked up my flogger. Pretty damned hott, I thought to myself as I slapped the tails across my hand. Pretty damned hott.

I picked up the gag ball dildo and hid it behind me in the leather strap around my waist. I walked into

Jack’s room. His eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw me and my little flogger friend.

“Good god Jenny...” he started to say.

I cut him off, “Not one word out of you bitch! Nod, if you understand.”

He nodded as I slowly started to run the soft tails of the flogger over his body. I whirled them around his erect cock that was displayed so nicely to me. I watched it twitch with each touch of the flogger.

I continued this for a few minutes and then started to slap his cock with the flogger. Each slap a little stronger than the last. Jack started moaning in ecstasy.

“I said to be quiet bitch!” I reminded as I pulled the gag out from behind me.

Jack’s eyes opened as wide as saucers at the sight of it.

“Open your mouth bitch,” I ordered as I fixed the gag in his mouth and set the strap. I watched Jack’s eyes stare down the length of the silicon penis now sticking out of his mouth. I started to lick it and suck on its head, giving it the best blow job I had ever given any cock, as he silently watched with his eyes only inches away. All the while, I was lightly whipping Jack’s erection with my flogger.

I gently lifted his head and whispered in his ear, “You don’t want to see what I am going to do next.” I slipped the blindfold Deloris had given me over his eyes.

Knowing he couldn’t see me, I took off the leather bikini. Wearing only the leather sleeves, I felt powerful and sexy as I looked at my older brother laying helpless and exposed in front of me.

Kneeling between his open legs, I carefully examined his body. I admired the way his cock looked, presented to me in leather and metal. Using the flogger, I moved it from side to side as I examined it. I spoke, “Is this what you like bitch? Do you want to be your little sister’s bitch?”

I increased the strength of the flogging of his chest, stomach, and penis. With each increase in intensity, his hips raised his exposed genitals to meet the oncoming shower of suede. The pleasure he was experiencing was evident in his moans and whimpering.

Changing my position slightly, I straddled his leg and began to grind my soaked pussy into his knee. All the while alternating between gently stroking his body with the tails of the flogger to snapping the whips against him leaving faint pink steaks across his flesh.

Tossing the flogger aside, I began to rub my body against his. I teased his cock with my breasts as I slowly pushed down on him. I slid myself slowly up his body feeling his hard penis pushing against my tummy as my tits rubbed against his nipples. “Don’t you dare cum yet you little bitch,” I warned him.

I straddled his hips, sliding further up his body. His erection glided along the wetness between my legs so tantalizingly close to entering me. Oh god, just a slight shift and he would slide right inside me. I wanted it so badly, but I was in control! I slide further up his hard body, leaving that wonderful pleasure pole behind.

My face by his, I started to fondle and suck the silicon cock sticking out of Jack’s mouth as Jack’s moans and hip thrusts increased. All the while slowly sliding up his body until I straddled his head.

I slowly lowered myself onto that solid silicon shaft. Holding onto the headboard, I started fucking my brother’s face like a woman possessed. Close to cumming, I rotated my position with my back now to the headboard. I picked up the flogger and began to alternate slapping my brother’s throbbing erection and slapping my little tits that were now bouncing up and down as I humped the cock in my brother’s mouth.

As I came I cried out, “Cum with me now you little bitch!” I slapped his cock as it erupted with rope after rope of creamy cum shooting everywhere.

Fully satisfied now, I collapsed across his body. Sliding down his cum soaked torso until my face rested along side his slowly pulsing penis, I watched as the last few drops of cum came out his helmet and slowly dripped down his shaft. Our bodies slowly recovering as we finally caught our breath.

I moved up along side him and gave him my final orders of the night, “Do not move for five minutes after I untie you. Clean up everything and put my things in the bottom drawer of my dresser. This never happened and if you ever speak of this to anyone you be very sorry bitch.”

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The next evening, I was up in my room listening to music, when my best friend Jill popped in. This was usual for her, my mom always let her in and sent her up - just like her mom did with me. We chatted for a while until Jill caught a glimpse of suede fringe sticking out the bottom drawer of my dresser.

“Did you get that hippie purse we saw at the store?” she asked as she pulled open the drawer to

examine the new find.