

# Our Secret: Part Two

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*If any has not read the first part, you need to do so first before you read this. It will make more sense if you do.*

*Our Secret: Part Two*

Well, here I am again. Sitting at my desk, my laptop open, and my journal projecting on the screen. This is yet another entry about Misty and me and our secret. I still feel like it is not “our secret” any more since I am writing about it, but I am the only one that has access to this laptop, so I feel reasonably safe. If anyone breaks the code to my laptop, it would be my sister, and well, she already is part of the secret.

After a most sensual shower and busy day trying to avoid each other, but was unsuccessful, supper had been devoured and Misty and I had both gone upstairs for the night. I had already finished my shower before supper, so I laid on my bed doing my homework while Misty took one. I left my bedroom door open on purpose.

I was writing down an answer when I heard the bathroom door open. I looked up. Slowly, Misty began to pass by. Dressed in her floral robe, she looked in my room as she went and smiled. I remember that smile. I remember not only the smile, but the expression on her face. Misty’s expression was what said it all. She was ready. My sister was hot and aroused. I also knew that she did not have a stitch on under her robe. I read that much on her face. And I was ready. I could feel the tingle in my cock that made it lengthen.

I waited until Misty was in her room. I knew she had not closed the door though, as I did not hear the latch. I got up, walked over to my mirror, brushed my hair slightly and then I exited into the hall and made my way to Misty’s room. When I got there, I stood in the doorway. She was laying on her bed, the robe still wrapped around her, but it was untied. Misty knew I was on the way.

I recalled Misty looking at me and smiling that sensual smile. That smile that we shared. I stood there, taking her in, remembering what she looked like under that robe and I could not wait to feel her body next to mine. I walked into her room and gently closed the door and turned the knob that locked it.

I walked over to my sister. She stood up. The robe came open slightly, revealing her naked body underneath. One of her small mounds popped out. So perky and taut, her small breast looked content to expose itself. And the nipple that made up the middle of it, was hard and erect. As I got closer to her, my eyes stayed on the one breast that had popped out. My intention when I reached her? To reach inside her robe and feel that breast.

As I got to her, I put my right arm around her back, pulled her close to me, and my left hand found the breast that peeked out from behind the robe and began to massage gently. Misty moaned and I covered her mouth with mine. I remember my sister's lips tasting like strawberries. Her mouth was hot with desire. Her nipple reacted under my palm by getting harder. It was not the only thing getting harder. My cock was almost at full attention under my boxers. I pulled Misty closer to me as I caressed her breast, and I could feel my erection rub her inner leg near the spot it wanted to get in. Misty moaned again under my lips. Misty was more than just aroused. She was ready.

Misty pushed away from my body and let the robe fall to her bed. Her nakedness now permeating through the room, it made the room more desirable. It made Misty more desirable. Misty came back to me and grabbed my tee shirt at the bottom edge and pulled it over my head. She threw it on the floor. I pulled down my boxers and stepped out of them. Misty sat on the edge of her bed. She looked up at me, smiled and then leaned back and spread her legs. Her crease was just as I had last seen it this morning in the shower. Plump and engorged, her labia were showing, so full and aroused. Misty was almost literally dripping with wetness she was so aroused. She was ready for me to enter her. I was ready to enter her. I had to feel her hot pink supple walls wrap around my hard cock.

I took my hands and grabbed her smooth legs at the knees and spread them a little wider. I pulled her body closer to the edge of the bed, where her ass could almost fall off. I looked down. My cock was right in line with her sexual lips ready to split them open. Before I did, I looked at Misty, her hot body laying there on the bed, her legs spread wide between my waist. Misty's small perky breasts forming perfect conical shaped cones as she laid there. The middle of them hard pink peaks. I felt the tip of my cock rub Misty's moist pussy. The slickness of her getting on the hard head of my sexual organ. I knew she felt it too. She cringed slightly.

I remember, it was about this time, that I began to have second thoughts. The shower with my sister was one thing. Fucking my sister was another. I knew it was not normal, but we had grown up together, we knew each other the most, and it only felt right that we needed to do this. But on the other hand, my mind was saying no. I knew I had to make sure before I actually entered her.

So, before I could actually go through with it, I took my hard cock in one hand, used the fingers of my other to spread open her pussy lips at the top to expose her tiny clit. Misty moaned a very sexual moan as I exposed her clit. I touched its pinkness as it stood out there, finally uncovered. As I touched it, Misty jerked a little from the touch. With her clit now showing, I was ready to test just how far we would go. In a move that mocked thrusting, I slid the underside of my hard shaft over her clit, moving it forward like I was entering her hot cavity. Slowly, I slid it back, in the same manner, feeling her sexual knob against the underside of my hard cock. Misty's first reaction was to close her legs. Then as I slid over the top of her clit again, her legs spread open even more, a long sigh exited her

mouth, and her hands gripped the sheet. I remember repeating the process four times. I wanted to make sure she was ready. I could tell that she was.

But to be on the safe side, I asked her, "Are you sure about this Misty?"

I remember what her face looked like as she looked up at me from her lying position on the bed. Her face was sensual and stricken with desire. She wanted me to fuck her.

Misty did not say a word. She smiled, a very sexual sly smile, and shook her head in a yes motion. I did not say anything back to her either. Misty just lied back down on the bed, turned her head to the side and waited.

I paused for a second to position myself. I looked down and her pussy was literally pulsing. And it was damp, but not dripping. Slowly, I entered her. I felt the pliable walls of her opening spread around the head of my cock, perfectly forming itself around me as if it was a mold. Misty moaned deeply. I heard her suck in air through her mouth as I went further inside. I remember how warm and inviting her pussy was. Misty was not tight, but I took my time entering her. I wanted to feel her warm moist enclosure surround my hard member. Finally all the way inside her, Misty's cavity fit me like a glove. I looked at her laying on the bed. Her hands gripped the sheet, she was biting her bottom lip as if trying to hold in a sexual roar, and her eyes were closed. And all I could think was how beautiful my sister was as I fucked her.

Slowly, I began the process. In and out, in and out, I slid inside Misty's hot moist sweet spot. My sister felt so good as I invaded her private place with mine. And her vocal tones were mesmerizing as I pounded into her. Without missing rhythm, like a song, she sang sexual choruses that resonated delight and filled my senses. Misty's vaginal muscle wrapped around me, enveloping me with a fluid filled stanza. I had always loved my sister, but at that moment, the moment when I was inside her, I had not realized how much I loved her. Misty and I were sharing a moment that brought us even more closer together as twins.

I watched Misty's body on the bed as I pushed into her. Her breasts, small as they were, still shaped perfect cones. Her nipples, hard and erect in the center, pointed her arousal like missiles. As I pushed into her hot canal, her body slid on the sheets, her breasts jiggled slightly, and Misty moaned in rhythm. I moaned with her at times as she grasped my hardness with her soft pink enclosure. I began to think of the other girls that I had been with and how they felt, but they did not compare to my sister. It was safe to say that Misty was the best that I had ever had.

I slipped out of her wet slit, not on purpose, and as I did, Misty groaned and suddenly sat up. She smiled and grabbed me by the arms and pulled me down onto her bed. I was now laying face up and Misty's body was straddling me. My cock was standing at full attention. I remember Misty positioning herself just right and then saying, "Now it's time I fuck you!"

Then, I felt Misty lower herself onto me. I watched as her engorged sexual lips split open and took my hard cock all the way inside until the outline was sitting against my skin. Misty began to rock back and

forth, rubbing her clit upon me. Misty let out a series of gasps as her pink knob rubbed against my hot surface. Inside, I felt her supple cage give as she rocked. Misty was getting the most of both sexual worlds. She was feeling me inside her and polishing her tiny sensitive nub at the same time.

I recalled what her body looked like as she rocked back and forth upon me. Her body was tight, her breasts were perky and her nipples were still hard. Occasionally, she would touch them with her fingers. When she did, Misty moaned even more. To add more, I leaned up at times and embraced her slim frame, cupping one of her small bundles with my hand. As I massaged it, I felt the nipple become even more rigid. Every so often, an "Oh God," escaped her lips. My sister was in her own little heaven.

I leaned back down, Misty still rocking upon me. Then, without warning, Misty's body tensed as she rocked down on me, her inner muscle clamping tight over my long shaft, and with a loud "umph" from her mouth, my sister let her orgasm go. I felt the pulses of her pussy on me and I watched her clit retract with each pulse and then touch my skin again. With stimulation from inside and outside, Misty came before she could warn me or even herself.

I remember how intense it was. After Misty had let her orgasm happen, a small puddle of sexual fluid formed between me and her. My sister's body went limp with desire. I watched as she raised herself off of my still hard cock, and when she removed herself from me, her pussy was dripping. My cock was glistening with her sweet love juice and as she dropped her body beside mine, Misty saw how my cock shined from being inside her wetness. She smiled at me, grabbed my throbbing hardness with her hand and said, "I want to see you cum!" and she began stroking me.

God it felt good too. Just as good as being inside her. Her hand slid gingerly over my cock, her lubrication being the gliding element. As she stroked, I felt her nipples brush against my side. The stiffness of them hot and sensual. I began to feel the spasm inside my spine form. My balls began to tighten. I remember thinking how she made me cum in her mouth in the shower that same morning and how it felt when I expelled all my goodness onto her tongue. Misty did not see me cum then. Her lips were wrapped around the head of my cock so she could suck me dry. This time, she had a full view. And a view it was going to be. I could feel how strong it was building.

Up and down, her hand went, her slickness still providing the lubrication. I was almost there. My cock got harder in her hand. The tip now a deep crimson color. I could feel the ridges of my hardness in her hand as she stroked slowly and tenderly. Then the tingling began. My balls rose close to my body. They felt like they were being drawn inside me. The tingling got deeper. I tried to hold it off as much as possible, but it was no use. I felt the spasm at the base of my shaft. Misty saw my reaction. She knew what was getting ready to happen. My sister stopped stroking for a second, looked me in the eyes and I recall her saying, "You're close. Don't hold back. I want to see you cum. I want to know I please you."

I remember moaning, grunting a loud grunt, and then felt the spasm ignite the flow. Misty felt it with her hand and I watched her expression as my load shot out of my cock in a stream of at least a foot high. I recall Misty's eyes opening wide as my cum shot out. Then she stroked lightly making the

subsequent spurts land where the first shot did. I lied upon the bed, my body now reeling in the pleasure that my sister gave me. Then, I felt the glide of fingers on my abdomen. I looked, and Misty was taking her finger and sliding it through my man juice that landed there. Slowly, she brought it up to her lips and inserted her finger. She licked it clean. God, I remember just how hot that was.

Then I watched as Misty leaned down and stuck out her tongue and let the tip glide through my cum that landed on my abdomen. Suddenly, I heard the slurping and sucking in, as she cleaned up all that had evaded me.

After that, I remember my sister crawling up to me as I lied on her bed. Like we were lovers other than twins, she took her arm and wrapped it around me and kissed me on the lips. I kissed her back. We laid together on her bed, holding each other and loving each other. Little did we know it would be the start of our secret.

And to this day, our secret has been safe. It's our way of knowing and loving each other. Since that night, our secret has become a habit. There is not a week that does not go by where we have sensually shared ourselves. Is it wrong? I surely don't know. But to me, our secret sure feels right.