

Shy And Sensual Sister - Part 2: Tyler

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The story picks up right where part one left off.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/shy-and-sensual-sister-part-2-tyler.aspx>

“Dude... I saw you kissing your sister.”

My good friend Tyler said that to me on the phone, and it wasn't a Happy Birthday kiss he was referring to, it was a slow and sensual kiss at a bar Friday night in Port Jefferson, Long Island, but that's not the worst of it. The kiss was nothing compared to what he saw a little later; me and my sister Samantha, at least the silhouettes of us, having sex in the back seat of my car.

I denied the undeniable, never underestimate the power of it, for the length of our conversation until the end when I began to give in. We've been friends for eight years, I know he's not an idiot, and his eyes weren't lying to him, but maybe I could fudge the truth a bit because he didn't actually see penis entering vagina, he just saw Samantha sitting on my lap and her head bouncing up and down.

“Tyler, I don't want to talk about this on the phone. I'll tell you what really happened. You busy tomorrow night?”

“Nope, I'm free bro. This should be good.” He laughed. “See you tomorrow.”

So, that took care of Tyler for the time being, until Sunday night, but what about my sister. I wondered if I should tell her that he knew almost everything. That didn't seem to make much sense, what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her, unless Tyler decides to start telling everyone in the neighborhood, but maybe that would be the excuse my sister and I needed to run off to another state, or another country even, to begin our adventurous and forbidden life together. No, now I was being ridiculous. That sounded like a chick flick except for the incest part. I trusted Tyler as much as you can trust a good friend, I'd say about 92%.

I woke up about 10 a.m. the next day, Sunday morning. My parents were about to leave the house for their traditional Sunday activities: stores, shopping, lunch, and other pleasant stuff.

I was happy because it was the first time Samantha and I would be alone since the night we had sex, or made love, whatever it was. I wanted to talk to her and see what the overall mood was. I walked down the hall to her room and the door was halfway open, I peered in and she was sleeping uncovered on the bed, she may have been up earlier but dozed off again. The tv was on with low volume.

I entered the room, and she was wearing a matching pajama shirt and bottoms, they were white and decorated with a repeating pattern of a little girl sleeping in a little bed with sheep floating over her head. I chuckled to myself at the sight of my 27 year-old sister wearing such cute pajamas. She was facing my direction and her mouth was slightly parted, I could hear her soft, gentle breaths. She was a picture of angelic innocence, and I was reminded why I began to fall for this girl two days earlier while we were at the mall eating ice cream, sitting on a bench. I wondered what took me so long, I've known her for 22 years. Maybe because she's my sister, that could be it.

I sat on the bed, she shifted and her sleepy eyes slowly opened. She saw me, gave me a warm smile and stretched her arms above her head.

"Hi," she whispered.

"Hi."

Being that I'm a man, I noticed that the stretch move tightened the cotton pj shirt against her chest and I could make out the form of her soft, braless boobs. A nice sight.

"Where's mom and dad?" she asked as she rubbed the sleep out of her eyes.

"They went out to do their Sunday stuff. They usually come back around two."

She edged over to the opposite side of the full bed, implying she wanted me to lay there with her. I did and we laid side by side on our backs, absently watching the tv, not saying much of anything, just a few topical things here and there. Apparently we weren't ready to talk about the sex night, still feeling weird and uncomfortable about it. Obviously I wasn't going to tell her about the Tyler situation, no reason to bring that chaos into this peaceful moment.

She got up and walked to her dresser to have a drink of water from a bottle. Instincts kicked in and I got up and stood behind her, putting my hands on her waist. She flinched slightly and took a deep breath and leaned back into me so our bodies were pressed together. This felt so different than the other night, which was stressful and nerve-wracking. Having her soft and warm pajama body against

me in her cozy room was calming and soothing.

I smelled her long brown hair and buried my face in it, and I knew as soon as I kissed her neck it would be over for her, like most girls. I pushed her hair aside and caressed the back of her lovely neck ever so lightly with my lips, and her breaths got heavier. She squirmed her shoulders and swayed her head around, purring like a sex kitten, and I moved my hands up to her tits, cupping the under side of them, massaging them, and a powerful arousal flowed through my body. She pushed her tight, round ass against my now steel hard cock, intensifying my desire to make love to her, right now.

I nudged her forward and guided her toward the wall, until she was pressed against it with her arms over her head, as if I was going to frisk her. I reached down and pulled her pajama bottoms down, just enough so her smooth ass and upper thighs were exposed. It's a smallish ass, but it's delightful and cute.

"Wait," she said.

She went over to the window about a few feet to the right of her, and she pulled up the shades and opened the window, and put the shades back down again. She wanted to be able to hear if our parents came home. Smart. She went back to her spot leaning against the wall with her hands over head again, and she even stuck her ass out, ready and waiting. What a naughty little thing. I was still not used to seeing my normally shy, conservative sister oozing with sexuality like this, it turned me on so much.

I took my shorts down and let them drop to the floor, and she reached around and caressed my cock gently, making sure to get pre-cum on her hand and rubbing it all over. I jumped slightly the moment she touched it, her delicate fingers around my cock was a wonderful feeling. Time to go in, I couldn't take it any more. I grabbed my hard cock and guided it up and down the crack of her ass, she stuck it out further and I went lower until I was sloshing around the middle of her wet labia.

Her breaths were heavier now, and I slowly sunk my cock into her soaked, smooth pussy, and it felt so good to be inside her again, but now in the serene atmosphere of her room, lit with sunlight peering through the shades. She turned her head sharply to the side as if to try and look and I gently pushed into my sister's snug depths until my hips were pressed firmly against her ass, then I pushed in even further, moving my hips so my cock circled around exploring the entire surface of her warm, tender insides. Out of her mouth came a low, primal moan from the depths of her female being, and it was one of the most erotic and beautiful sounds I've ever heard.

I made slowww love to her, with long strokes, I pulled my cock out until only the tip was in her hole,

and then glided back in nice and smoothly without stopping until smushing her ass again. She made all different types of moans, ahhs, unns, and whimpers, her head was bowed low and her hair was a sex mess draping down and covering her face. She wiggled her legs to let her pjs fall down to her ankles, and I leaned back to get a view of her majestic legs. Bent over, hands against the wall like she was under arrest, back arched, ass sticking out, and she whipped her head up so her long hair fanned out across her back... she looked so fucking hot.

I studied the sight of my cock disappearing inside her, and then reappearing, becoming hypnotized by it, I got a look at her cute little asshole and I couldn't wait to one day get inside that tight thing. I felt my body building up to orgasm already, and I didn't know if I could hold off this time before she came. I hoped for the best as I picked up the pace and bumped and smashed her ass, my hands on her waist pulling her toward me making her ass jiggle and loving it. She breathed and moaned heavily now, trying not to be too loud because we were near the open window. Little did my longtime neighbors know what dirty and improper stuff was going on behind this wall.

My sight became blurry and my leg muscles tightened and blissful orgasmic energy filled my body as I was about to come. I pulled out just in time and jerked myself off, shooting streams of cum on her lower back and ass cheeks, I tried to get some in her crack and did, and smeared it around with my cock working it in. It looked so raunchy like some type of amateur porn movie, but even better, an incest one. As I internally collapsed I wondered if she came, but she probably did judging by the noises she made and her body movements.

She turned around and we kissed with her back against the wall, not worrying about the cum apparently. They were real messy saliva drenched kisses and we caressed our entire faces against one another. She rested her head on my shoulder and we hugged, and stayed like that for awhile. I wanted to say 'I love you', it was on the tip of my tongue, but I held back. No, too early, I was still so unsure about all this. Plus I wanted to wait and give her a chance to say it first. Let's see who holds out the longest. Then there's still the matter of Alyssa, the girl I was seeing... never mind that now.

"Did you come?" I asked her.

"Yeah. I think I was coming almost the entire time." She laughed softly.

Tyler. We met up later that night and went to a fast food drive-through so we could park, sit in my car and talk with privacy about my infamous night with Samantha.

"Here's what happened," I said as he listened intently. "My sister was feeling depressed that day so

we hung out, went to the mall, then went to Port Jeff, I figured it would help get her mind off things. We went to the bar and drank a little too much... and one thing led to another..."

I paused to eat a couple of french fries.

Tyler laughed. "And?"

I laughed too. "Give me a second for Christ's sake... Well, you saw it, we kissed. We were drunk, it just happened. I mean, you saw her, she was wearing that mini-skirt... she looked hot." I laughed again.

"No don't get me wrong bro," he said, "your sister is hot, no doubt about it. I'd definitely bang her."

"Hey, easy!" I got annoyed.

"Oh shit, you're jealous already too?" he said.

"No, but she's my sister, I don't want you talking about her like that, regardless."

"Alright," he said, "that explains the kiss, but what about what I saw in the car? You know what, I really don't care to be honest. Whatever happened happened, I'm not trying to be a dick about it. People get drunk, shit happens."

"Alright." I got quiet and began eating my hamburger.

He stared at me for a few moments and laughed. "I mean I still want to know, I'm just saying I'm not going to make a big deal about it."

I smiled with a mouth full of food. "You're fucked up." I forced some food down. "Tyler, do me one favor though, don't tell anyone about this. Nobody, alright? This is between me and you."

"I won't tell anyone, I promise. Come on man, you can trust me."

I eyed him. "Alright, we didn't have sex in the car. We had our clothes on and we were just dry humping... you know. We were drunk, horny, and just playing around. That's all."

I was hoping the windows were steamed up enough so he couldn't see Samantha's tits bouncing around.

“Dude, I saw Samantha’s tits bouncing around.”

“Bullshit, the windows were all steamed up,” I said.

“Not the back window. I got pretty close to the car, that didn’t look like dry humping to me. I’m sorry for spying, man. I think Samantha saw me and ducked, then a few minutes later, you were like, fucking. That’s what it looked like to me. But whatever.”

Deny, deny, deny.

“I’m telling you, it was dry humping, trust me. We had our clothes on. I’m telling you the truth. She was all over me dude, she was real horny that night.”

Blame, blame, blame.

We got quiet and ate for a minute.

“Okay,” he said. “Whatever, no big deal. So anyway, how was it... kissing Samantha?”

“It felt weird. Honestly though... not too bad. Yeah, she’s my sister, but she’s still a good-looking chick, let’s face it. How bad could it be.”

Tyler stared out the window as if he were pondering something. “You know, my sister Keira is kinda pretty.”

We both looked at each other and cracked up.

“Oh you’re fucked up,” I said.

“I’m fucked up? I didn’t even kiss her yet.”

“Yet?” I said.

He laughed. Tyler was twenty-two, like me, and his younger sister was eighteen and a spritely little thing, definitely bangable.

“I guess I can say this after what you just told me,” he said. “I’ve checked Keira out over the years. Her ass, her tits when she walks around the house with no bra. I’ve never imagined actually banging her though. Even saying that feels weird. Hmm...”

I laughed. Tyler was a good-looking guy and although he was 'too nice', he did well with girls, and if he wanted to seduce his sister I had no doubt he could do it.

"Be honest," I said, "you never once fantasized about Keira?"

He laughed. "Hm... I've wondered what she looks like naked. She does have a tight little body. Can't believe I'm saying this."

We ate in silence for a few moments.

"You know what?" he declared loudly, "I'm gonna try and bang that little brat!"

We both cracked up.

"Of course, it'll just be dry humping," he said as he smirked and rolled his eyes.

Later that night, me, my sister and my parents were lounging in the living room watching tv. The phone rings, and my sister goes to the kitchen to answer it.

She calls out to me from the kitchen. "It's for you." There was something not right about the tone of her voice.

"Who?" I asked her when I got there.

"Alyssa."

Shit. Alyssa. The girl I was seeing for the last few months. Two days earlier at the mall my sister asked me about our relationship, and I downplayed it, as if I could take it or leave it. That wasn't the truth. I really liked Alyssa, she was a sweetheart, and the previous few weeks things were heating up between us. There was no way I could suddenly dump her, and I had no desire to either. I quickly studied my sister's face before I grabbed the phone, trying to gauge her emotions, and she had the affected look of somebody trying to suppress something, as if she were trying too hard to act naturally. She didn't look even look at me when she handed me the phone and walked away. I watched her, knowing some type of hurt or jealousy or both was probably brewing in her body. Somehow my love for her deepened, knowing that she cared that much.

“Hi Alyssa...”