

# Sibling Holiday Part One: The week before

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*A sister shaves herself and masturbates for her brother*

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I stood naked in my bedroom, the door firmly locked. Even to my own eyes, the sight was arousing. My breasts were firm and had developed enough to more than fill my small hands. Although they felt weighty, they stood out nicely and my nipples pointed upwards. I ran my palms under them and lightly fingered the tips. God they felt sensitive. I rolled the nipples in my fingers and felt them harden even more. Slowly I slid one of my hands down my belly and toward the tiny triangle of hair between my legs. The brown hair had a nice natural shape; just enough to make me feel womanly.

Running my finger lightly over my slightly exposed clit I quivered with the strong sensation I felt. As I drank in my own image, I couldn't help but feel, even at 16, that I looked every bit as good as the best looking girls in the magazines I had discovered under my older brother's bed. I lay back on my bed and imagined I was posing for a magazine photo shoot. I lay slightly propped on my pillows with my legs together and slightly twisted to the side, as I had seen many girls do in those photos. Then as I watched myself in the mirror, I slowly parted my legs and gradually exposed my open pussy to the world.

I imagined men looking at me in a magazine and felt aroused by the thought of them seeing my most intimate place; moist and open to their view. I imagined the photographer looking turned on, with an erection straining his trousers, as he crouched before me, snapping away. The thought of my body affecting men that way added to my arousal. Gradually as I visualised the man, he morphed and became my brother. This was not completely new to me. For some reason my biggest turn on always seemed to involve being looked at by my brother.

I started to finger myself for my imagined audience. As I did so; in my mind he put down his camera and took off his t-shirt and started to undo his jeans. He undid the buttons one by one, he had no underwear on, and so gradually his pubic hair came into view, and then finally his rigid cock. In my mind he stood up and the jeans fell free, leaving him as naked and exposed as myself. Our eyes locked onto each other, as I slowly pushed a finger inside myself and he started to stroke himself. He stepped closer until he was looming over me. In my mind he pressed the shaft of his erect penis against my pussy, pushing it between the palm of my hand and my clit. His hard length was now lying

along my pussy. Then he started moving slowly, brushing his head against my clit and rubbing his shaft along the length of my moist lips to lubricate his cock.

Our eyes were locked; both of us feeling heightened with the awareness of this forbidden contact. Then he placed his head against my lips and pushed incredibly slowly until he was fully inside me. I now actually had two fingers inside myself and every thrust of them was a thrust of his hard cock. My hips were gyrating around my hand and my other hand was now frantically tweaking my nipples, as I imagined him roughly groping and feeling me all over. Suddenly wave after wave of orgasm washed over me and with every quiver I milked my fingers, as if I was sucking every last drop from his rigid cock. I lay back panting on the bed, still gently touching my hard little clit.

Once I had got my breath back, I stood up again. Right where was I, oh that's right I was trying on all my old swim suits ready for next week's family holiday. My mum had told me she wasn't wasting money on new things, if I already had perfectly good ones that still fitted. I picked up a black all in one speedo swimsuit first and slipped it on. This was one of those sport ones with the high sides on the leg. However my body had changed greatly in the last year so that the suit was now so tight that it was pulled up into my pussy almost obscenely. Every fold was clear to view. The effect was added to by my lingering dampness.

Furthermore my breasts were trying to escape out of the top and sides. The material was so thin and pulled so tight that I might as well have been naked. Ever small detail was clear; from the contours of my nipples, to the texture of my little tuft of pubic hair. All in all the sight was very nice and already I was starting to feel aroused again. The trouble was that the straps bit into my shoulder painfully. Shame, as I would have enjoyed the look on a certain someone's face as he tried to hide his expression on seeing me in this. I had recently become aware that my brother was looking at me a lot, and I had been surprised to realise that I found this quite a turn on.

Recently I had become much more sexually awakened and this had a number of results. I started wearing less around the house and found myself getting turned on when I knew my brother was furtively eyeing me up. Like the other morning when I sat on the sofa in a long t-shirt nightie and casually opened my legs while pretending to be engrossed in watching the TV. From the corner of my eye I could see him staring transfixed at the exposed crotch of my cotton panties. When I decided to get up and walk past him to the kitchen for a drink I could see his face looked red and he had a cushion on his lap. I smiled to myself in satisfaction.

When I returned he had gone to his room. I knew why. I had also become a lot more aware of my brother's physical presence. He had a lean sporty body and I had seen enough to work out he was quite well endowed. I had also learnt to tell when he was masturbating in his room with the door locked. For a while now I had found my own masturbation filled with thoughts of him doing it. One

time when I was certain he was doing it in his room I had purposefully fingered myself, finding arousal in knowing we were both getting off at the same time.

I peeled off the tight swimsuit and picked up another outfit. I went through them all, but none looked just right. Some were too childish looking and some no longer lined up right on my body now that it had some curves. Damn, if I had to get a new one, my Mum would insist on choosing it, and arguments would no doubt ensue. Then I remembered I still had an unworn string bikini, bought a couple of years ago, somewhere in the back of my wardrobe. I remembered it being made of stretchy white material and at the time, I hadn't even worn it anywhere because it looked too baggy and the empty triangles on my chest had embarrassed me.

I had felt silly trying to wear a grown up style bikini looking like an undeveloped young girl. I located it and pulled it on. It had string that tied at the back and then two strings at the top of each triangle that tied at the back of my neck. Once I was tucked in, I was very pleased. The bra showed a bit of bare breast at the sides as well as a good bit of cleavage. My breasts strained against the material nicely, and the effect was very sexy. Once I had tied the very low cut bottoms satisfactorily at each side of my thighs, I drank in the image. The front triangle was unbelievably small and low on my crotch, and as I moved, I felt the back panel riding up my shapely buttocks.

As I imagined being ogled by loads of men on the beach, I felt another tingle. The only small detail that didn't look right was the small tuft of hair on my crotch peeping above the bikini bottoms. I decided, for the first time in my life, I would have to trim it back. However, with what little I had, the amount left would barely be worth keeping.

Another arousing thought crossed my mind. In my brother's magazines, many girls were completely shaven. In fact, it had previously occurred to me, that so many of them had naked pussies, that maybe that was my brother's preference. Truth be told, I had found looking at those girls to be quite a turn on. In fact it was strange that despite enjoying looking at them the most, the idea hadn't even occurred to me to shave myself. Now that it had, an even bigger thrill ran through me. I idly ran my hand down my crotch and through my little tuft.

Did I dare to shave myself at my age? If my college friends saw me in the showers after sport, I might be laughed at. However if I did it now just for this holiday, it could probably grow back by the end of the summer break. I just could not get it out of my mind. The thought of being bald and even more exposed down there was just making me incredibly horny.

I quickly shoved my dressing gown on over my bikini and snuck out of my room and into the bathroom. Once the door was locked, I threw off the robe and started running the bath. While it ran, I located a can of shaving foam, a new razor and some scissors. I slipped off my bikini bottoms and sat

on the toilet to remove as much hair as possible with the scissors. As I started trimming, the hair fell neatly into the toilet bowl. Once I felt I had trimmed enough, I stood up and surveyed the image in the mirror.

Already I looked almost bald, except at very close up. Just the thought of what I was doing was making my pussy tingle with the feeling of an approaching orgasm. With the bath ready, I turned off the taps, removed my bikini top and climbed in. To start with I just let the warm water soak in, whilst idly rubbing my swollen little clit. Before I got too aroused, I sat up on one corner of the bath, out of the water and applied the foam to my crotch. Just the act of lathering myself up, felt very sexy, and I enjoyed a few moments fingering myself in the slick foam.

Then using the razor I started to make a few slow and steady swipes across my mound. With only three movements, what was left of my tuft was gone. Then I parted my legs a lot wider and looked at the harder to reach bits down the sides of my pussy. Luckily, there was virtually no hair there anyway, so with a couple of careful motions, I seemed to have got it all. Slowly I lowered myself back into the warm clear water to rinse off and reveal the finished article.

I sat back on the corner and held a shaving mirror between my legs so I could see clearly how I had done. The result was better than I could have hoped for; there were no marks on my skin, and not a single hair was visible. My still slightly swollen pussy lips and clit were now completely visible, and just yearning for some attention. I pulled out the plug from the bath to let the water drain away, and reached for the nearby bottle of baby oil. I poured some oil into my hand and then started to spread it all over my smooth pussy.

The slickness of the oil combined with my hairless pussy was the biggest turn on I had ever felt. In my mind I imagined being caught naked like this by my brother. Being caught naked, in itself might engender sexual thoughts in him, but if he saw I was shaven, it would be on another planet. Suddenly I had a desperate urge to be seen by him right away. I rubbed the oil in a bit more so it wouldn't run down my legs and then shoved my robe back on, with the bikini stuffed in the pocket.

Once back in my room I dressed in a short strappy summer dress. It was a loose design that ended quite high up my legs, only just covering my bum. It had a low back and very thin straps, so you could not wear a bra with it, but I was easily pert enough to do without one. I did not put any knickers on, and shoved my feet into my fabric sandals with the high rope wedge heels. These had laces that crisscrossed up my calves, which I felt were quite sexy, they also made my legs look nice and long and I was sure I had once caught my brother eyeing me up in them. I went down the stairs feeling incredibly exposed, with no knickers on and my now bald pussy all oiled up and only just above the hem of my summer dress.

I found my brother lying on the back lawn on a rug. He was lying on his front in some low slung denim jean cut offs, and as it was a nice summer's day, he had no shirt on. His jeans were low slung and loose fitting, so there was a lovely view of the tops of his bare muscular buttocks, and it was apparent that he was not wearing any underwear. A book lay discarded to his side and he was resting his chin on his crossed arms. I could see he had his personal stereo on and could just make out the sound from the earphones. As he wore a straw trilby hat and sunglasses, I couldn't gauge his reaction as I stepped out of the back garden and onto the patio.

I pretended not to notice him and sat on one of the loungers on the patio, with my feet towards him. I pretended to be just taking in the sun and let my eyes half close. Very slowly I let my legs move slightly apart. I could feel the cool air on my bald pussy and the sensation of it on my swollen and oiled lips made them tingle. I looked out of the corner of my eye to see if my brother had noticed. With his wraparound shades, it was hard to be sure he was looking the right way. If he had, he would have seen quite a sight.

My smooth legs were now further apart and my shaven pussy must have been totally clear to see. The thought of his view and what it might be doing to him, was getting me incredibly horny. I could not believe what I was daring to do. Just to make sure I had gained his attention; I idly pretended to scratch the inside of one thigh, allowing my dress to be completely pushed out of the way. Out of the corner of my eye, I was sure I saw his jaw drop.

Right then I knew I had his attention, I slowly moved my hand higher, as if the itch was moving. By now, I was rubbing the top of my thigh, right beside my bare pussy. I slowed the rubbing motion and gradually moved my hand toward my shaven sex. I almost whimpered as my fingers made electric contact with my bare pussy lips under my brother's silent gaze. Before I knew it, I was fingering myself for my brother's viewing enjoyment. I gazed at his face, but he seemed powerless to move. I took his stunned silence and unmoving open-mouthed look as encouragement to carry on.

I raised my knees a little to improve the view and started to rub my clit with increasing speed, occasionally moving my finger up and down my lips and even opening myself to his view whilst pushing a finger inside. By now, his silent voyeurism was as much of a turn on as if he had decided to join in. It was like he just wanted to let me provide the show, while he didn't miss one bit of it. My other hand was squeezing and massaging one of my breasts through the very thin material of the dress. My nipples were by now so erect that they were clearly visible through the very thin cotton. Involuntarily I started to move my hips in a circular motion, rotating around my now busy hand. With my other hand, I pulled the dress right up my waist baring myself completely to above my belly button. Then it returned to my aching breasts, pushing the straps off my shoulders and completely bearing my aroused nipples.

As I feverishly rubbed my clit I was letting out involuntary whimpers, my hips pushed up, moving my heated sex up to meet my hand, until as I neared my orgasm I started to bite my bottom lip with the power of the sensations. I started to feel wave after wave of orgasm wash over my arched body, my exposed belly was fluttering with involuntary spasms as each one hit. I stroked myself on and on, until I was so sensitive I could not bear anymore. The motion of my stroking hand and my gyrating hips gradually slowed, and then with a final shudder I stopped and let out a long sigh.

As I lay sprawled there, almost naked, my red and open pussy looking wet and swollen, I refocused on my brother. Still he gave no reaction.

"Well?" I asked him slightly annoyed "maybe I deserve a similar show from you?"

It had been my desire to see him masturbating for a very long time, and I told him as much. Still he said nothing; in fact his slack jawed expression was starting to look a bit daft. I pulled my straps back up and over my breasts, and stood, so my dress fell back into place.

Slowly I approached him and squatted in front of him with my bare pussy just inches from his face. Very carefully I removed his sunglasses. My suspicion was confirmed. His eyes were closed, and now that I was nearer I could hear from his breathing that he was sound asleep. I had to smile to myself, after the show I had put on, thinking he was seeing it all. I carefully slid my still damp hand inside the back of his jeans and gave his gorgeous bare bum a little caress, before heading back in the house with a plan for the holiday forming in my mind.

Part 2 of this 6 part story coming soon. I would love to hear if this turned you on.