

# Siblings Visit The Beach

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*Brother and Sister visit a beach....but it's not what she expected...*

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Eventually they got to their destination after a one hour drive, a twenty-minute walk and down a long, long set of stairs set into the cliff side. They had finally reached the secluded bay and the beach that John had found on the map.

John and Sarah were brother and sister, he 21, she 18. Sarah had recently split from her long-term boyfriend and John was 'free and single'. John therefore suggested that they have this sunny break on the island of Ibiza to "get away from it all" and Sarah had agreed. Just the two of them.

After two days on crowded beaches amongst the throngs, John had decided that this wasn't getting away from it all. So hiring a car they both looked at the map and, after some persuasion by John, decided this bay seemed ideal.

As she stepped onto the warm, golden sand, Sarah saw the sign. And gasped. "Look!" she sharply barked at John indicating the notice.

"Nude Beach Only," It read in big bold letters, along with other obligatory information in three languages with related symbols.

"Oh," John said without any anxiety. "Well I just guess that doesn't mean everyone has to be nude and there is no way I am heading back up those stairs and along that path just to jump in the car to find another beach. Let's just settle down and play dumb."

Sarah wasn't certain, and in fact didn't want to venture onto the beach at all, but after a few minutes discussion she reluctantly agreed. As there were only a handful of people on the beach they found a spot and stripping to bikini and shorts, they settled down. Sarah still expressed her reservations about the place, as it seemed that the bodies all around were bare with everything on show. John continued to pacify her whilst sitting up and watching the sizes and shapes of all the flesh around him and passing by.

“Look sis, we are old enough to accept each others nudity. After all we’ve seen each other unclothed in the past many times. And that bikini of yours leaves little to the imagination anyway. So, when in Rome or on a nude beach we should try and blend in.”

No sooner had he and Sarah finished settling down to a day’s sun worship when a shadow fell over them both. Looking up they saw the towering hulk of a bare man standing over them, his massive penis meat being the center of anyone’s attention. As the siblings sat up, the guy started to babble away in an agitated manner in, deep, guttural, German. He started pointing to the sign, his own glistening unclothed body and John and Sarah’s beach wear. It was obvious what he was saying: that this is a nude beach and if they were to stay here they should be undressed. After a few “Ja, Ja,”s from John the German strode away.

“Well that tells us,” John stated turning to Sarah. “Let’s whip ‘em off sis.”

Sarah was all flustered and started to pack her bags. “What! WHAT! Are you kidding? We cannot.... you know....strip. You’re my brother. We should go!”

“Look sis. Like I said, we have seen each other’s bodies anyway. So what’s with the coyness? Are you saying that if I wasn’t here you would whip off that bikini and show all to those on this beach? You don’t know if the people here aren’t horny guys, lesbians, perverts, or more. But because I’m here you don’t want to bare all. Look that sexy, tiny bikini shows off most of your horny body and hides very little anyway. It hardly covers your nipples and clit. Come on, take it off and relax.”

And with that, whilst Sarah was distracted with her packing, John reached for her bra clasp, unhooked it and pulled off her tiny yellow bra, leaving her plentiful, yet pert, breasts exposed. Sarah gasped and tried to cover herself but John grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms apart fully exposing her twin, generously proportioned, orbs.

“There. Now that’s not so bad is it,” John said as Sarah struggled. “Besides from my view point it is superb.” Eventually Sarah stopped her struggles and lay back, exhausted, making no attempt to cover herself any more.

“Sis you have such a hot body it deserves to be seen by all,” John softly whispered. “Look, if it makes you feel any better.....” And with that John lay back, lifted his hips and pulled down his swim shorts, taking them off completely. His cock was semi-hard as it bounced out.

“JOHN!” Sarah exclaimed.

“Oh come on sis, you’ve seen a few cocks in your time, haven’t you?” replied John.

“Well, not too many and it’s been a while since I last saw yours. And you are nearly erect!”

“That’s the affect your body has, sis. It’s hot. Well, sis, your turn now. After all this is a nude beach and you seem to be the only one with any, albeit a small piece of, clothing on. Come on remove that triangle.”

At first Sarah stuttered a “No,” but John persisted and put his hand on the string around her hip. Nevertheless, eventually she weakened and slowly taking her hands to each piece of string either side of her bikini bottoms, slowly pulled the thong piece off.

“Mmmmm, nice neat trim. I have to say, Sarah, you have one hell of a beautiful, hot body that any guy would worship and give and receive pleasure with. Scott just doesn’t seem to know what he is missing. He must be gay!”

“Well I’m pleased you appreciate it. Oh, and nice looking cock too, bro!!” And they both laughed.

As they put on their sun lotion, each turned to the other for help in those difficult to reach, parts of the body. When it was the other’s turn, the rubbing on of the lotion seemed more gentle than normal, more a bodily, sexual, massage than intense application of a cream. Both enjoyed each ‘laying on of hands’. But eventually they settled down to enjoy the sun.

For two or three hours the siblings chatted about life, they dozed for a while, they swam and they had a feeling of togetherness they had never felt before. John really enjoyed seeing his sister uncovered. He loved watching her pert, ample, breast mounds bounce, and seeing her trimmed bush and the center of mans’ desires below. He certainly found her lithe body an object of sensual desire. And more than once or twice, as he checked her out, he wondered how many guys had actually fucked and cum inside her. And as he wondered and imagined it happening, his own manhood grew to full stand. But she was his sister after all.

Sarah meanwhile had been checking out her brother’s athletic body, tight and muscled torso, and bulges in his arms and legs. But she had also sneaked many looks at his man member, wondering how many mouths had been on it and how many vagina’s it had been in. And how much it would spurt. Sometimes as they lay there on the beach or when emerging from the sea after a swim it was blood engorged: stiff and strong. When it was John didn’t seem self-conscious at all. Once she awoke from a short nap to see him asleep beside her but his cock was large and stiff and weeping pre-cum. She fought hard to stop herself from reaching out and taking it in her hands.

In early afternoon they lunched with the food and drink they brought. Brother and sister, side by side

and naked in the burning sun, sweat glistening on them. After a while talk (as it often does with teens and twenties) turned to sex. They chatted about how each masturbated to climax, he quizzed her on past boyfriends and her last ex, Scott, and she asked him about his conquests. And the chat got more and more lascivious.

Lying side by side, two naked hot, horny youths faced each other.

“So was Scott’s cock bigger and harder than mine?” John queried. By now, with all the horny chat, his meat was at full stand again and they both looked at it. “And how did it feel?”

Sarah blushed. “Well I can see yours gets very stiff, and quite often too!! And it seems bigger than Scott’s, or maybe the same size. I’m not too sure. But I don’t know how hard your cock is or how it feels compared to Scott’s.”

They both fell quiet for a few seconds. “So try it sis and see. Maybe you need a comparison test.” John goaded her as he broke the silence. He rolled onto his back his stiff rod bouncing as she watched it.

“Ohhh no, I couldn’t. It wouldn’t seem right. I can’t.” But in reality, her shyness over being naked in public, and in front of her older brother, had gone. The aura, the sun, the sensuality of it all had made her very sexual, almost frustrated.

John looked around. Whilst more people had ventured to the bay and beach, its secluded location meant that it was still sparsely populated with occupants being many yards apart.

“Hey, no one is watching us. It’s OK. It is our world we are in. Just us. No one knows who we are and no one cares. No one will know.”

As Sarah stammered a “No, it wouldn’t be right.” he took her hand and placed it on his solid, blood pounding cock. “Oh!” she exclaimed but didn’t remove her hand from the hot rod it lay on.

“Too late,” John laughed. “So try it.”

She looked around and realising no one was interested, took hold of his meaty shaft and slowly started to fondle it and to stroke it up and down whilst uttering, “We shouldn’t.” But she didn’t stop and carried on leisurely caressing and slowly rubbing his member up and down.

“Oh sis, that feels so good,” John drawled, praising her.

Her grip tightened and the massaging increased and became more purposeful.

“Your penis seems stronger and feels better than Scott’s,” Sarah whispered.

“You know how to do this don’t you. So how much, and how strongly, did Scott cum? More than me?” John asked looking at her and smiling. She was still on her side facing him, aiding her manipulations, lost in the taboo lust of it all.

“Let’s see, shall we?” Sarah lent forward and kissed him on the cheek, so he turned his head. Their lips met, strongly and their tongues danced in each others mouth. Deep French kissing.

She continued stroking his fully erect cock but her actions became more compelling and decisive. Up and down, time after time. John moaned and groaned, lying back and lost in delight of this act being played out on him. Sarah watched his enjoyment of this, pleased that she was giving such pleasure to her brother. Watching her hand take utter control of his feelings within his whole body, by the use of his sex pole, was sheer delight to him. When he looked up, he saw his cock head alternatively being laid bare and then covered as his foreskin slid back and forth over it. He reached down and held her pussy mound and she gently spread her legs as he dipped a finger, then two, deep into her cavity. It was drenched with her juices.

“Did you get this wet for Scott?” John queried as she continued.

“No,” she whispered. “That’s you. You made it that wet.”

The pair lay there as she continued her massaging until he started to sense the impending onrush. “Yes, oh fuck yes. Oh God, Sarah. I’m going to cum sis, yes, ohhh God, FUCK! YESSS.” John arched his back, his hips rotating, as Sarah increased her up and down pace on his cock. Then John’s body froze and the first globule, and rope, of cum shot from his cock slit. It landed high on John’s shoulder quickly followed by another volley of cream. Sarah laughed as his third blast landed on her cheek but it didn’t put her off her stroke and she kept up her actions on his shaft. More beads of seed shot from his slit covering his naked, sweaty torso. He moaned and groaned loudly at the pleasure of it all, as his spasms overcame him. However as the strength of his outpourings subsided his shots turned to a flow down onto his lower stomach as the cum emptied from his balls. His feelings were heightened by the sense of the event and the way his climax sensation washed over him.

During his orgasm he had inserted two fingers deep into Sarah’s pussy, which he finally withdrew as he returned back to normality. Satiated he, and Sarah, lay back on their towels both looking at his cum covered body as his breathing slowly returned to normal.

“Ten out of ten for the orgasm, the cum load and big blasts,” Sarah commended him. “Far better than Scott’s!” They both laughed.

As he lay there, Sarah started to rub his seed into his body, pausing only to squeezing the last drops from his cock slit. She mixed his cum with the sweat and lovingly ran her hands all over his nakedness until finally it had soaked into his skin.

For the rest of the afternoon they enjoyed the beach, the sea and the sun as would any other young couple. However it was noticeable that whenever each had the chance their hands would wander over the body of the other, especially taking the opportunity of intimate contact.

Later on, as the beach emptied they watched the last people leave the sandy bay. This only left John and Sarah. Had anyone lingered on the long climb of steps back up the cliff and looked back onto the beach they would have seen the remaining young couple deep in a passionate kiss.

Had they stayed longer and watched more the strangers would have seen the girl go down on the boy for a while before being pushed onto her back. Then they would have witnessed the boy climb between her legs and move forward on top of her. After a pause they could have imagined the boy’s cock slipping deep into the girl’s tunnel of love and would have seen the boy’s ass start to move up and down over the girl’s groin. Had those watching stayed longer still they would have seen the girl lift her legs and cross them on the boy’s back, trapping him in position, locking him for both their delights. After a while of this fucking they would have seen the girl shudder and the boy stiffen and then spasm, imagining his cock shooting the contents of his balls deep into the girl’s cunt, until they were both finished. No doubt those watching would have masturbated to their own climax with the eroticism of the scene below them.

Those watching would not have known that the couple were indeed brother and sister.

As they cleared up and put their swimwear and T-shirts back on John smiled inwardly. He was delighted that he had researched the best beaches to visit on that ‘Nude Beaches of Ibiza’ website. It was a big, inward, smile.

Nine months later.....

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