

Sister, Brother and Lust

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I have a sister 2 years older than me, and there's always been occasional sexual tension between us. It came and went over the years and didn't amount to anything significant, and dissipated as we entered our late teens and I became interested in girls and she got a boyfriend or two. However, it never truly went away completely and was lurking dormant in the background, until one night that is when she was 20 and I was 18.

My mother and father stayed the night at my grandmothers so we had a rare occasion when we had the house to ourselves. My sister and I had nothing to do so we milled around the house and eventually settled in to watch tv together. We talked a lot; I consider my sister a "cool chick" and I enjoyed hanging out with her, although it happened less as we got older. Late in the evening our conversation heated up and drifted off into the subject of marijuana. At the time I occasionally smoked pot with my friends, and I decided to tell her about it. She was shocked, and I admonished her not to tell mom and dad.

"Don't worry, I wont."

I trusted her, we were good about keeping secrets and looking out for each other. She admitted to smoking pot a few times herself and I was surprised as well.

Little did she know I had two joints in my room leftover from a recent night with my friends. I got a crazy idea... how about we smoke one? It'll be sneaky and fun. At first she was reluctant because she thought it would be weird being high in front of me.

I said, "Oh, come on, live a little!"

After some convincing, she relented and so as not to stink up the house we went out to the shed in the backyard. There was no light so we brought a flashlight. We lit it up and smoked it. Passing a joint back and forth with my sister was unique, it felt like a small bonding experience.

When we got back in the house her face was red and her eyes were squinty. We were nice and stoned and we laughed a lot. After some wandering around my sister decides she wants to play the

card game Uno for some reason. So we go up to her bedroom to listen to her radio and CDs and we sat on her bed and played Uno.

Okay, I looked at my sister sitting there and I became intrigued. She had on snug blue jeans and I liked the way they defined the private curves between her legs depending on her position. Being high made the sight even more desirable and I kept glancing over there. She was wearing a regular t-shirt and I was even getting aroused that I could make out her bra straps. I think she caught me checking her out a few times.

When I'd win a hand she would lightly punch me on the shoulder or leg. I detected some flirtiness to these little punches. I started doing the same to her. For awhile there was a lot of stoned laughing, punching, and me glancing at her boobs and hips. We got bored with Uno and she walked around the room looking at her stuff. I was sitting on the bed crossways and leaning my back against the wall. Suddenly she jumps on the bed like a little girl would and plops down right next to me, and pushes me with her shoulder. I pushed her back. Hmm, she's in a playful mood, this is the most physical contact we've had in a long time. I was fascinated by all this and getting aroused.

I pushed things further and started poking and tickling her. She kept telling me to stop but it was one of those half-hearted "stops". She poked me back and "accidentally" went dangerously close to my cock area a few times. I looked at her tits pushing against her shirt and I got the overwhelming urge to touch them. They've grown to a nice size, not big, average sized, but ample and inviting. I took a risk and lightly poked the side of her tit.

"Hey! Don't touch my boob!"

She didn't say this in a mad way but in a teasing playful way. She pretended to fight me off and appear shocked. Now I wanted to grab the whole thing. Should I cross this line? It's my sister! This is crazy, but the forbidden aspect made it fun. Might as well try it at this point, my hand was aching for it. I waited for an opening and put my whole hand around her tit and squeezed a bit. My sister's tit! Felt great, so soft and round. She opened her mouth in feigned horror and swatted my hand away.

"Oh my god!"

She gets up to escape my out of control hands and goes to her closet. Damn, maybe I went too far and the games were over. I was waiting for her to lash out at me but it didn't happen, she was still smiling and seemed to be enjoying this cat and mouse game as much as I was. I was horny now and wanted to keep it going. We were still high as kites. I watched as she faced away from me looking in her closet.

“Turn around, I’m gonna get changed” she said.

I didn’t listen and she takes off her t-shirt anyway. I was stunned and my eyes were like laser beams on her beautiful back.

She unhooks her bra! She’s giving me a show of some sort, this is awesome. She takes it off and I couldn’t see anything from my angle except a glimpse of side boob. I sat motionless staring with my jaw hanging open. She puts her hands on her tits to cover them and spins around! Holy shit. What a sight. She kept spinning around and then turning back quickly. She looked so hot in her jeans, no shirt on and her wavy brown hair resting over her bare shoulders. She gets a long pajama shirt out of the closet and puts it on, and unbuttons her jeans and slides them down. A smooth, sexy move, and I watched her slender legs shake free from her jeans.

She makes a comment like "Did you like the show?" Nothing like this ever happened with us but with the weed and everything we were in a rare mood. In the past we played a few subtle sexual games, but they were quick and fleeting, tonight, the sexual tension in the room was thick.

She runs and jumps back on the bed and sits next to me, cracking up the whole time. Oh, this is gonna be good, I had easier access now. I had conflicting forces coursing through my mind and body, resistance and fear because it was my sister, but that same forbidden fact also increased my desire.

She wanted to smoke the other joint, but I didn’t want to ruin it and leave this position. She insisted and we went back out in the shed to smoke the rest of it. During our smoke session I made a bold move and stood behind her and grabbed her hips. I didn’t think and just did it.

“Uh, excuse me” she said playfully, but to my surprise she didn’t move.

She swayed her hips with my hands on them and we passed the joint like this for a minute. This is hot. Are we going to be embarrassed in the morning and regret this? Who knows, I was too stoned to care that much, but the thought stayed nestled in the back of my mind. I got even bolder and pressed my cock lightly against her ass. Felt erotic as hell. Now, she moved. Oops, too far I guess.

We went back in, completely baked now. We ate something because we had severe munchies, and she disappeared up to her room again. I didn’t follow immediately, but I assumed she was waiting for me. It can’t be over yet, but you know what, make her wait a bit and get worried I might leave her hanging. I can play games too. I eventually went up and her room was dim now, she must have lowered the lights. She was fiddling around with her CDs and I got back in my spot on her bed and hoped for the best. Sure enough she sits right next to me. Okay, here we go. Her tits looked delicious without a bra, and I sized up the rest of her body. She was like a juicy steak dinner and my mouth

was watering. Sister or not, a hot chick is a hot chick. She obviously noticed my wandering eyes and enjoyed being the center of attention.

I had an idea.

“Why don’t you flash?”

“Nooo.”

“Come on, one time.”

“Why?”

She looked down at her tits and cupped them with her hands over her shirt. She held her shirt down tight to make them clearly defined. I watched intently. I was building up the courage to grab them again, and I finally did. She swatted my hand away but I kept going back. Finally, she fake sighed and put her hands down and watched me as I explored the finer points of her luscious tits. Soft and braless they felt incredible, that it was my sisters tits magnified that a million times. I grazed my fingers back and forth over her hard nipples.

“Having fun?” she asked, obviously a rhetorical question.

She got quiet and her facial expression changed to a more serious look. She was heavily enjoying this. I couldn't believe this was happening.

This went on for a minute until I started feeling her legs. I wanted to feel her mound so bad right now. I expected her to stop me but she only managed a weak “ah ah ah”, so little by little I traveled further up her leg and under her shirt, until I grazed her mound. She lifted up her shirt to reveal her white panties, and when she did that I knew there was no turning back. We were both giving up our resistance and letting it happen. Everything went faster now. She opened her legs a bit and I ran my finger up and down her clit area. She was breathing more heavily now and her pussy was giving off tons of heat.

Surprisingly she gets up and lays on the bed with her head on the pillow, in a way that implied she was waiting for me to take her body. Unbelievable. She had a full bed so there was a decent amount of room. I resumed exploring her body and she reached down and felt my hard cock over my shorts. We were deadly silent, the music was playing in the background however.

I slid off her panties, and every major move I made I was waiting for her to stop me, but she didn't.

She appeared to be shy and embarrassed so she pulled her shirt down to cover herself. I worked my way up kissing her legs, and nudged my way to her pussy. She opened her legs wider and there it was. She was shaved and it was gorgeous. Seeing her clit and labia was startling. My sister's clit. This is surreal.

I licked up and down her pussy, and she arched her back and began exhaling strongly. Her pussy was soaked and tasted wonderful. I breathed in her intoxicating female scent. I feasted on my sister's pussy like it was my last meal, and she pushed her hips forward and buried my face in it. She might have come a time or two, it certainly looked like it as she made noise, squirmed around, and her legs tightened.

Eventually she leans up and tells me to stand up. What's this all about, could it be? She sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned and unzipped my pants and pulls them down with my boxers to reveal my hard cock. It felt weird and erotic that my sister was seeing me naked. She pulls me closer to her and starts giving me a blow job. Incredible. So good. This wasn't the first time I got a blowjob but never anything like this. Nothing compares to seeing my cock sliding in and out my sister's mouth. Which is why I wasn't going to last long. Being high made the sensations more intense.

As my breathing got heavier she gets up and grabs a towel from the bathroom. I guess she isn't going to swallow. Oh well, can't have everything. She resumed sucking, even more passionately now, cupping my balls, stroking, everything, as I held her head and made love to her mouth. This is too much, I started blowing my load. I didn't tell her and some got in her mouth, but she moved away and jerked me off on her tits. I came like mad, the best orgasm I've ever had by far, even better than my first time having sex. She cleaned me up gently with the towel and at that moment I felt love for her, more than sisterly love. She was such a doll. I couldn't believe it, this is like a stoned dream or something.

She put her panties on and disappeared to the bathroom to wash up. She came back and said she was exhausted and wanted to go to sleep, but before I left she hugged me for a few seconds, a nice warm embrace. Wow, I didn't expect that. I left her room and went to bed myself.

The next morning I felt strange and anxious. What a night. If for some reason my mom and dad ever found about it - nevermind the weed smoking, that we could recover from - but the sexual things, forget it. It would be lifelong humiliation.

Later in the day my sister got me alone and told me, "Don't ever tell anyone about that."

She had a serious look on her face and made me promise. She probably had the same uncomfortable feelings as I did about the whole thing.

Years went by and we never did talk about it. I thought about it often, and two things began to bother me: we didn't have actual sex, and that we pretended the whole thing didn't happen. Especially after that final warm hug, how could we walk around and live our lives and not acknowledge it once, ever? You mean to tell me it was just a one night aberration? I know we're brother and sister, I get it, to someone reading this they might be thinking, "Gross!", but you had to be there to understand. It happened so naturally. There was more to that night than just the physical, there was some emotional bonding there. I don't know, these thoughts nagged at me.

Five years go by, I was 23 and in my own apartment, a small place, and my sister calls me up. She lived in an apartment too and was now 25 years old. We hadn't been talking that much the past year or so, we had our own lives with relationships and jobs and all that. We got into a groove and spoke for over an hour catching up on everything, it was a nice conversation. The mood was right and I wanted to bring up what happened that night. I was nervous and didn't want to make her uncomfortable, but we've been walking around the pink elephant in the room for long enough.

"Remember that night we smoked two joints?"

"Oh jeez.." she sighed.

She sounded reluctant to open up this can of worms but I persisted. We made some jokes about our various stoned shenanigans and she avoided the central issue, ya know, the small detail of us slobbering all over each other in her bed.

"You never told anyone about that right?" she asked.

"Definitely not. It was a great night though."

"Shut up."

"It was."

She was silent.

"I'll never forget that, especially that one thing," I said.

"What thing?"

“Put it this way, when you sat on the edge of the bed and made me stand up in front of you.” Boom.

“Shut up!”

“Why? No one is listening to us.”

“You never know. I was so high that night I didn’t know what I was doing. Anyway, do you smoke now? I hope not.”

“Rarely.”

Her attempt to change the subject wasn’t going to work on me and I decided to drop another bomb. “One thing about that night that bothered me though.”

“What.”

“I was disappointed we didn’t have sex.” Bam. A megaton.

“Oh my god... ”

Silence from her, then she said, “That would’ve been too risky anyway.”

“True. What if it wasn’t risky? Let’s say, hypothetically.”

She laughed, then sighed. “Who knows, I was so gone anything could’ve happened.”

She was trying to blame the weed for everything. “You weren’t *that* gone. Come on. We were both... into it.”

“Yeah, but I felt bad enough as it was afterwards... if we did that then...”

“Why did you feel bad?” I asked.

“Hellooo, you’re my younger brother. If anyone found out... anyway, we shouldn’t talk about this.. on the phone.”

I decided to listen to her this time and drop it, for now. But I was well aware of the opening she left me.

“We should get together and smoke a joint again... for old times sake, haha.”

“Haha.”

“Seriously.”

“Well, I don’t smoke anymore either but... yeah. Let me know.”

Beautiful. “Alright, I’ll let you know.”

We had some more talk and then said our goodbyes. All in all a successful conversation because the bombs I dropped let some air out of tension balloon, even though she was being evasive and tried to blame everything on the pot. Yes, we were high, but come on, it's not like we didn't know exactly what was going on. The pot actually brought out something that was always lurking inside us both. She initiated a few things herself, like the mini strip show she gave me. Then again, maybe it meant more to me than it did her, and I should get over it already. The fear of humiliation if anyone found out is apparently strong in her. Perhaps that eclipses everything else.

She didn’t seal the door on anything with her open ended answers though, she was cautious but... curious. She had a boyfriend for over a year now and according to her things were “pretty good.” Oddly, after we talked the thought of him banging her gave me subtle pangs of jealousy. As for myself, I was seeing a girl for about 5 months at the time. So, considering everything, at the very least it would be nice to see her and hang out again some night. By the way, later that night she texted me a smiley face :-)) which I thought was cute.

We had phone communication the next month or so, but nothing was brewing, we were busy and caught up with stuff. Finally we had a call where the conversation was good and the subject of getting together came up again. We settled on a night when we were both free, boyfriends and girlfriends wouldn’t be around, and she’d come over to my place. I managed to get a small bag of pot too.

The night arrives and she comes over. As soon as she walked in the vibe was strange. You could feel the apprehension in the air. It was great to see her though and she kissed me on the cheek which was sweet. She looked cute as always. She brought over some food and a can of frozen Pina Colada mix and rum. Excellent.

We ate, talked, and drank. I told her I got the pot, and thankfully she didn’t flake out on me and was open to smoking some later. I put on music and the drinks loosened us up. Nobody brought up that fabled night as of yet, we were both a bit stale and.. straight. And now it’s time.

“Let’s go smoke some.”

We went to my car because we didn’t want to stink up my apartment. It was brisk out. We passed the joint back and forth and it was pretty cool sitting in the car with my sister...kind of..romantic.

The stonedness set in, we went back inside, and she made more Pina Coladas. Now I was feeling nice. A song she liked came on and she casually danced in the center of my living room, nothing dramatic, just some sexy hip and arm swaying, but enough to know she’s feeling nice too. I sat on the couch and watched her with a smile on my face like Mr. Cool Guy. She sauntered over and danced in front of me for a moment. Hot, now things were cooking. She sat back down when the song ended.

“So.. you were disappointed, huh?” she said.

“Disappointed about what?”

“You know.”

“Um, no, I don’t know.”

We were cracking up now, being high the slightest thing set us off.

“That night,” she said.

“What about it?”

“Oh jeez. What you said on the phone recently.”

“What did I say?”

Cracking up some more. I was playing coy on purpose, it was fun.

“You don’t remember the conversation we had on the phone?” she asked.

“Yeah, I remember... you told me about a new dish set you bought... what else..”

“Haha... no..... I mean about...that we... ugh forget it.”

“You mean that we didn’t have sex?”

“Shhh!” Her eyes widened. “Yeah that. You said it.. bothered you.”

“Yep. What about you?” I asked.

“Mm... like I said..it was too risky.”

“And like I asked, what if it wasn't risky?”

No answer..

“Well?”

“Yes”.

I laughed. “Yes what?”

“Yes, it bothered me too.”

“That we didn't have sex?”

“Yes! Yes!”

Phew. Finally. Finally! It's like pulling teeth. She's my sister but she's a typical girl, it's so funny, charming too.

“I know,” I boasted.

She smirked. “Anyway, too risky.”

“That's what condoms are for.”

“You're crazy.”

We got quiet. The sexual tension was rising.

“I'm your sister.”

“You're not just my sister though.”

“What does that mean?”

I was reluctant to spill the beans about this. I didn't want to sound too corny and vulnerable and ruin my 'alpha cred'. So I said “forget it.”

“No, what? Tell me.”

“All right, that night.. actually specifically.. right after the, ahem, blowjob... I felt like, affection for you.. or love or something.” I internally cringed, I was afraid the feelings weren't mutual. She got quiet for a moment to contemplate.

“Psh. That was probably just post blowjob love.”

I laughed.

She said, “You know when I felt that?”

“When?”

“When we were in the shed smoking, and you stood behind me and put your hands on me. On my hips. It was cute.”

“Aw.”

We sat in silence and basked in our pleasant moment of shared emotional honesty.

“Let's do a shot.”

She got the rum and I got two shot glasses and we did a shot together. Sweet. As we were standing there I looked her up and down and made it obvious. She smiled, shook her head and pushed me as she walked away. Man did she look good. Now, the sexual tension was through the roof. I can't believe this is happening again, I swear I thought it never would, but here we are. Then again, she really isn't kidding, it is risky, not to mention wrong, taboo, we're both with someone etc. It's so bad, this.

I went over to my radio and was looking through my CDs. She joined me and we discussed what to put on. She playfully pushed me with her shoulder when I made her laugh. I waited for her to look at me, when she did I slowly leaned in to see what she would do. She didn't move. Our lips met. After

some moments of wonderful light kissing, we opened our mouths and started tonguing. It was beautiful, I got lightheaded. First time kissing my sister, and there's nothing like it. We stopped and looked at each other until she turned her head and walked back to the couch and sat. I followed Ms. Hard to Get, sat down and put my arm around her. I surveyed her body and she looked like a hot juicy steak again. Desire burned inside my body.

I decided to throw her a curveball.

“Don’t worry babe, I don’t want to have sex with you.”

She looked at me surprised. I called her ‘babe’ for one, which was odd.

“Me neither... like I said...”

“I want to do something else.”

“Oh yeah, what?”

“Let’s take a shower.”

She gasped.

“It’ll be fun, come on.”

“Together?”

“Haha, yes together.”

I prodded and nudged and held her hand.

She was speechless.

I let that sink in for awhile and she says “wait...wait...” she goes to the bathroom and closed the door. After an eternity she opens the door with nothing but a towel on, a red face and a big flirty grin. She disappears back in. “How do you start this shower?”

Yes! I went in and turned on the water and got it set to a good temp, meanwhile she was standing next to me in a towel driving me crazy. Yes!

“All right let me get in first and... I'll let you know.”

“All right.”

I grabbed a towel, got undressed in my living room and was losing it with anticipation.

I sat on the couch and waited. Typical, she was taking her sweet time.

“All right,” she yelled out finally.

This is it, the big one. I go in the steamy bathroom, drop my towel, and felt awkward being naked. She's seen me before, but still. I've seen her too, but this is different, it's going to be in a fairly well lit room, in the shower, not to mention we're still brother and sister and that 'strange' feeling never goes away.

I step in and she's covering her tits with her arm and her pussy with her hand. She was blushing and looked shy as hell. So cute. She kept glancing at my hard cock. I stood up close to her and gently removed her arm from her tits. I did the same with her other hand, and now she was fully exposed. I stepped back to take it all in. Glorious. My sister, the innocent girl I grew up with, naked, wet, and stunningly beautiful. This is otherworldly.

I got close again and of course, washed her tits, and she soaped up and stroked me. We switched positions so I could get under the water and get my hair wet. When we embraced she stood on an angle so my cock stayed clear of her pussy. Being in the light and wet made me realize how trashed I was, but not to the point where I was incoherent and sloppy. Enough for something like this to happen. I sucked on her wet tits and she alternated between watching and throwing her head back. She loved it. My cock kept threatening to go between her legs, although I was fully aware that it wasn't a good idea. As we said: “risky.” But you know what happens when people are fooling around, they lose control.

She went down to blow me. Amazing, she even looked up at me a few times and said, “mmm.” After awhile she got back up and we tongued. I broke down and worked myself between her legs, not inside though, and she let out a few moans. I let it sit there without moving, but I couldn't hold back any longer and rubbed against her clit as our tongues swirled around each other. Surprisingly she didn't stop me, so much for all the risky talk. With all my might I managed to not slide it in. No way, now that would be just stupid. I needed to fuck her now though.

“Come on.”

We both left the shower and she dried off and sat on my couch with the towel. She looked ravishing especially with her hair wet.

I got the condoms and decided to forgo my bed, I wanted to screw her right here on the couch. I put it on, leaned in front of her and pulled her forward. "I'm your sister", she whispers. I looked at her like she was nuts and we both cracked up again. Yeah, as if we were going to stop at this point. She moved the towel, and I ate her delicious pussy to moisten her up and get her ready, I did some tongue fucking and that got her soaked. I slid my cock in slightly and she opened her mouth and exhaled loudly. I eased in slow as I looked at her face. Our eyes met and we had a 'moment'. I felt love between us.

Finally. After all these years of pent up desire it was happening. After some slow love making, I picked up speed. The faster I went the more her mouth opened and the stronger her breaths got. I got to the point where I was banging her good. We'd periodically check the condom to make sure it was still on. I grabbed her thighs and pulled her toward me so I could fuck her harder.

We needed a new position. I laid her on the couch and went missionary. Now we were passionate. I could tell she wanted to moan loudly but couldn't because we were in an apartment. She regained enough composure to remind me to pull out when I came. I went slow again because I wanted to look in her eyes as we made love. Our eyes met and it was hypnotic. Hers looked dreamy and glassy, like she was lost in ecstasy. We were falling in love.

I devoured her tits and looked down at her body like a hungry animal. This put her over the edge and it looked and sounded like she was going to come. She opened her mouth wide, held my back tight, leaned her head forward, and gave one final big exhale. Magical, I made my lovely sister come. I was ready and I pulled out and took the condom off. I leaned over her and she stroked me, and I blew my load all over her stomach and tits. Best orgasm ever, not even close, better than the blow job she gave me years ago.

We embraced for awhile to catch our breath. She said my name.

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"I love you too."

A quick epilogue: My sister and I met up and fooled around for about 5 months after that, but it was very difficult to manage. We were paranoid about getting caught, so we never met in our apartments and instead snuck off to hotels every few weeks. Trying to do that when we both had girlfriends and boyfriends was damn near impossible. That it wasn't just about sex caused problems, we were in love, which put a strain on our own existing relationships. We talked about it and we couldn't imagine a life where we became lovers openly. Being shunned by family, the taboo, all of it... we didn't want a life like that. We were just two normal people who happened to have a forbidden secret. Well, we considered ourselves normal anyway. So we came to an agreement and decided to end it completely.

I'm 27 now as I write this, which makes it four years since we fooled around. We still talk occasionally and still love each other, but we're discreet and keep it deep in the background. As far as I know, nobody has a clue. She's been with a guy over 2 years now and they'll most likely get married. We're both still young, so it's possible we might have experiences again, who knows. Judging by the high divorce rate, I'll probably be the one who has to 'comfort' her if that happens, if you know what I mean. If so, I'll write about it ;)