

Stacy's Story

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I find myself attracted to my own brother!

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/stacys-story.aspx>

My name is Stacy and this is my story.

A few weeks ago I turned 25. I've been told I'm beautiful many times through my life, yet I was still a virgin. It was certainly not through a lack of offers, men of all ages threw themselves at me. Men, and women, would pretend to be my friend and then suddenly they would be asking personal and sexual questions about me!

I'm not a prude or anything, I just didn't want to throw away my virginity. At least that was the case when I had been younger. Now I was slightly ashamed of my virginity, people would say it was admirable but I felt like something was wrong with me as the offers of sex had dried up.

As I looked in the mirror the morning after my birthday I knew it certainly wasn't my body that put people off. I'm around the 5 foot 9 inches mark, not tiny and not tall. My best feature, so I'm told, is my long and shapely legs. I am slender, not so slender as to be confused with a skeleton like some models, but certainly not chubby by any stretch of the imagination.

My firm calf muscles and thighs are very well toned considering how much exercise I've never done. I've always wanted an ass like J-Lo but instead it is small, compared to the excellent rear of the singer. Sitting atop my strong looking and firm legs and my 'tight' (according to an ex boyfriend) ass are my small hips and small waist, I also have quite small breasts. I'm not flat chested or anything, my breasts are still a good handful. It was unusual for me to look at myself for so long but I wanted to confirm in my own mind that I wasn't off putting.

I sighed and forced a smile as I sat on the edge of my bed to pull my knickers up to cover my newly

shaved pussy. The reason I kept it shaved was simple, on almost every porn film I watched, the girls always had either trimmed or totally shaved vaginas. I selected some unflattering track suit bottoms and a long white t-shirt that came down past my slender waist. I tied a ponytail into my longish blonde hair (my second best feature) My hair grows very fast until it gets to just below my shoulder blades where it seems to lose energy and stop, at the time it had been cut a little shorter so it was about an inch above my shoulders.

That night while my parents watched TV downstairs I chatted to some friends online. I don't really go out much and, to be honest, I don't have many friends. I could have a full messenger list except to keep some people happy I'd have to lose some clothing (and some self-respect).

This night I was depressed, I felt like I was the only person who was alone, certainly the only person who was a virgin. I made excuses and turned off the messenger. As so many nights before this one I sank back into my bed and cried.

I was sat on my bed, I had pushed my computer table back against the wall. When I go on the P.C I pull the table towards my bed, then prop myself up with pillows so my back isn't always strained, I have a small bedroom so I need to get creative. It only contains my single bed, computer, single wardrobe and TV. When I push the computer table back it makes my room look a bit bigger and enables me to lie back on my bed and see the TV.

Tonight though the TV was off, I sat at the head of my bed with my head back on the pillow. I was deep in thought when a knock at my door startled me.

I must've jumped a mile!

"Come in", I said, trying to sound less upset than I felt, although my voice cracked and betrayed me. My brother walked into the room and looked towards the computer, evidently expecting me to be using it.

"Hey Stace, I wondered if I could..." his voice trailed off as he looked at me. "Are you ok?" his voice was softer now.

"Yea, fine, what was you after?"

"You sure?"

"Yes I'm ok I'm just...." My lip quivered slightly and my eyes dampened. "I'm..." my voice cracked again.

"Oh come here", he said, despite the invitation he came to me and hugged me tight, I brought my head up straight so my knees were close to my chest, his arms wrapping around the tops of my knees around to my back, I suddenly felt tiny.

"What's wrong?" he asked, still holding me and stroking my hair.

"I...I don't know", I lied, "Just feel a bit down tonight". He was still hugging me and I was enjoying the closeness.

We haven't always been so close, but as we grew older we became more aware of each other's feelings, of course there was the normal sibling arguments and name calling, some very nasty arguments, but as we aged, I don't know...things just got nicer. He's two years younger than me although he's a bit taller. He has thicker skin than me, to be honest it looks like, out of the two of us, that he's a few years my senior. As he grew past me he started becoming more protective and I started feeling more and more secure when we were together. Safe. That's it. It felt safe.

Despite the way I was feeling that night the 'safeness' gradually broke down my barriers and I felt like I could be honest, just so long as he held me.

"Well...I guess I do know, it's silly really, I'm just feeling a bit.....well a bit lonely, not like I'm alone obviously, I know you and them..." (parents) "are here but I mean like the kind of alone where....like...."

"You want a boyfriend?" He summed up what I'd been trying to blurt out with ease.

"Yea, I guess, It's been a long time and I miss..." His grip had loosened around me so I tugged at his arm, I needed the safety.

"I miss, the closeness", I continued, "You know what I mean?" He held me close again to my relief.

"Yea I know what you mean, I haven't had a girlfriend in like two years!" He was trying to make me feel better, I could tell. "I miss the closeness as well, is there nobody you're interested in?"

"No-one I like, usually they want to see me naked and that's it". I felt him shift his position. "Makes me feel like they're only after one thing".

"Do you want that 'one thing' too?" I was a little shocked at how intimate our conversation was getting.

"I don't know, I mean I....I guess so but I don't feel....attractive sometimes". That was it! The source of the bad feeling! I needed to be assured that I looked good, no, more like assured I look 'sexy'. I was suddenly aware that I wanted that assurance from my brother of all people!

He had released his grip on me, my legs had straightened and he sat beside me, we faced each-other and his hands were over mine on my lap.

"Stacy you are an attractive person, really you are. I know I don't usually talk like this but you are an attractive person". He looked at me and smiled.

"It's just...." I began before being cut off.

"Honestly, Stace, if you weren't my sister I'd totally go with you". My heart skipped a beat. "I mean, well you know, you're an attractive woman". Jeez, I thought, if you back pedal any quicker you'll trip over. His hand moved to my cheek and for a split second our eyes met. It seemed to last a lifetime but in that fleeting moment I knew we had both considered the same thought: Sex with each-other! I felt a slight twinge beneath my track suit bottoms.

A sharp bang broke the silence and we both jumped. It was the sound of our parents' bedroom door opening.

"We're off to bed now", mum's voice called, "see you in the morning".

"G'night", we said in unison. Our glances returned to one another, we both smiled as our heartbeats got back to normal. He let his hand fall from my face and down my arm, I took a silent sharp breath as he pulled it across my waist and onto my knee.

"I'm gonna get to bed", he said, "are you gonna be ok?"

"I'll be fine", I heard myself say. He stood up and quickly turned around, his back to me, it looked like he was re-arranging himself. Was he turned on? Had I given my little brother a hard-on? He faced me again.

"I'll see you in the morning then, if you need to talk or anything". (Or anything!?) "Just say, ok?"

"Ok". I stood up and put my arms round his neck and moved in close for a hug. Then I felt it. A bit of movement through his jeans up against the top of my thigh. My god, I thought, what does this mean? What do I do? My mind was screaming at me and then it was over, he stepped back and stroked the

hair that had fallen in front of my face back behind my ear. He gave me one last smile and then he was gone and my door was closed, but in my mind, a door swung wide open.

When my bedroom door closed I sat back down on my bed, breathless. I was suddenly very hot but the heat seemed to be coming from inside me. I stood up again and hooked my thumbs inside my track suit bottoms and let them fall past my knees to the floor in a heap around my ankles. My T-shirt draped down past my waist like a short skirt or a petite dress. I ran my hands down to the hem of the shirt and hooked my hands under to touch my bare stomach. I trailed my fingers down to the top of my panties.

Almost without realizing what I was doing I pushed the knickers down so they too laid at my feet, as soon as I did I felt the air touch the wetness between my legs and a shudder passed through me. I left my shirt on (I liked pretending it was a mini-dress) and lowered myself onto the bed. I leant back with my legs parting as I did. I touched myself there, as I had done so many times before, but this time was different, it felt like my juices were leaking out of my pussy, my wet fingers proved the feeling right. I examined my glistening fingers on my right hand while my left fell down in its place to my damp folds.

My eyes closed and my lips parted as my breathing became more shallow, while my hands got busy. My fingers slid up and down my lubricated slit. I used a little more pressure and my finger ran up the inside, parting the lips as they did. I brought my left hand up from my sex and sucked the moisture off them. The familiar taste filling my mouth, relishing it, before allowing it to trickle down my throat. I continued licking and sucking my fingers for a moment, then drawing them out, my saliva coating mostly my forefinger and middle finger. My hand fell back between my legs where my other hand was delicately stroking the top of my clit. I brought my legs up so that the two soles of my feet were parallel to each other with a few inches between, my wet fingers slipped down and slowly pressed against my most private opening.

My brain went into overdrive while I felt first one then the other finger I'd lubricated slipped inside myself, my right hand was stroking my clit harder now and I could feel my body aching for attention. My fingers working faster and faster as I finger fucked myself towards orgasm, imagining my brother was here...I stopped what I was doing.

I took both hands off my pussy and brought them to my face, I intended to cover my eyes but thought better of it. That one thought, the thought of my brother screwing me had knocked the wind out of me. I felt disgusting, my sex juice was still dripping off my fingers but where before I had longed to taste myself, now it repulsed me.

I stood up and wiped myself dry on a towel that was in my wardrobe. I felt like everyone, Mum, Dad

and Jake knew what I just did. What had I done? I asked myself. It was just a fantasy, I wasn't hurting anyone. The wrongness of it had turned me on but, oh god, I wondered if my brother had gone from my room because he thought I was teasing him. I didn't mean to, I felt him against me though, I pressed into him because I wanted to feel his hardness, and I had. I was filled with the desire to see him, to apologise.

So, forgetting my appearance and lack of underwear I left my room and walked down the hall towards his room. I was about to knock when I realised his door was ajar, I had a side view of his bed and could see him, he had his headphones on, connected to the TV. On the TV was a couple having very graphic sex and my brother was laid there, completely naked with his hand gripping his erect cock!

So I had turned him on, here was the proof! I know the porn was on but his eyes were closed. His headphones must have been drowning out every other sound because he didn't realise the door had creaked open. Seeing this sight sort of flicked a switch in my mind, because my brother was doing it, it meant that it's ok to do it, I can do it! This realisation in myself sparked some dramatic changes in my body, my heart skipped a beat and my pussy was very moist, much more so than before. I couldn't move, my arms and feet didn't move, I just stared. I stared at my sibling, totally naked, cock in hand. I stared at his TV, some leggy blonde getting her pussy devoured by a red haired girl. His eyes were still closed, oblivious to the scene on the screen, hearing only the sounds of sex while he (I'm certain) fantasized about me, his sister. He stopped stroking himself for a moment and brought his hand to his mouth, he allowed a string of saliva to gather in his palm the rubbed the wetness over his circumcised head and shaft, allowing his hand to slide up and down easier.

I could feel a cold sensation on my thigh that snapped me into action, I looked down and saw a bead of my juice running down my leg, I scooped up the droplet in my finger, moving it further up the inside of my thigh until I reached my soaking wet pussy. As soon as I touched that special place my knees buckled and I fought to keep my balance. Eventually I decided to squat in the doorway with my shirt bunched up around my waist with my pussy in full view. I could still see him easily, I swung open my knees and with one hand on the door frame to hold me steady my other stroked my soft, wet bulging pussy lips. I had never been this wet before. Briefly I brought my hand away and up to my face. I stuck out my tongue and licked the palm of my hand, my sweet nectar was in my mouth and over my lips and chin, urgently my hand went back down to my pussy.

Still crouched, with my mouth full of my juice, my scent filling my senses, I darted two fingers inside me. I couldn't believe this was happening, I was crouched down watching my younger brother jerk off on his bed while fucking myself with my hand. I stared at his cock and my pussy ached to be filled, three fingers were fucking me now. I risked letting go of the door frame and leant against it instead freeing my other hand, I was close, very close. While three fingers were buried inside me my other

hand went to my clit. I rubbed it hard and felt myself moving against my hand, trying to get further inside myself. His pace had quickened too, his hand was a blur and he leant forward tensing his muscles, this was it, I pulled my fingers out of my pussy, their work done for now, and crammed them into my mouth, my other hand rubbing my clit hard.

Then it happened, the sight of the milky liquid splashing out of his cock all over his stomach sent me over the edge. My hand stifled the scream as I felt my body take on a life of its own, I fell back on my ass as my pussy felt like it was exploding sending waves of pure pleasure out along my body. I'll never forget the feeling, my juices in my mouth, my hand on my clit, the sight of my brother's orgasm, the complete and utter 'wrongness' of it all, it all added to the feeling of intense pleasure.

I had to move. I stood and moved away from his room, my T-shirt soaking wet with sweat and my juices clung to my body, I walked away then looked back at the puddle I'd left.

"Shit".

I dived into my room and got the towel I used earlier. I wiped all over myself to get rid of the moisture and sweat. I pulled my shirt up over my head almost squealing as the fabric grazed across my sensitive and erect nipples. More drying and wiping. Then I threw on a set of pajamas, grabbed the towel and went back to the scene of the crime, I hunched over and scrubbed away when I saw my mother walk across the landing to the bathroom.

"You ok down there?" She asked looking puzzled.

"Yea fine, I just....spilled something here", I replied, then stood up and went back to my room saying goodnight as I went.

After I had a chance to clean myself up properly I got in my bed, rampant thoughts surged through my mind, relentless images of what I'd seen until I finally fell asleep.

About an hour later I was awoken to a quiet tapping on my door.

"Stace", came the whispered voice of my brother, "are you asleep?"

I smiled...

"I'm awake....."