

Superbowl Sunday

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A little wager turns into a whole lot more.

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Superbowl Sunday... another day where men can get drunk, gamble on sports and throw a pointless house party, and I don't mean the good kind.

I will start off by introducing myself as I'm not one of the egotistical maniacs that think "Hey, I'll just give a description of myself and then you will know who I truly am." My name is Christina or Chris for short, I am seventeen years old and I still attend high school. Although I'm a cheerleader at the school, I hate sport, especially football, but then again, I'm not your stereotypical cheerleader who loves to go out get drunk and crash with three guys in one night. I have a dorky younger brother who is sixteen, who shares the dark brown hair, and hazel brown eyes, as well as a slim figure. But his is mainly due to his lack of social life. He just lives on his damn video games, leaving the house just for school. What still amazes me is he lost his virginity before me, I know the exact time, date and place as he just wouldn't shut up about how he boned some smoking hot sorority slut when she was home from college. Gross I know...

But anyway back to this dull ass party. Sunday night, a night where I should just be able to kick back and relax, maybe with a nice chick flick with my girlfriends ready for school the next morning, overtaken by drunken middle aged assholes. My father's friends are just the worst when they are drunk. Like every group, my father had a buddy who got so shitfaced he turned into a pretty big asshole, but unlike most other groups my father's was pretty much everyone within it. As I said before I'm not too big on football but they all wanted Atlanta to win. I just cheered along with them each time some bullshit I don't even understand happened. The thing about this party that really scratched the surface of my skin though was Ben constantly muttering in my ear about every little thing. He is literally the most annoying little shit I know.

As the game reached the fourth quarter with New England winning by a field goal, my brother began to make little bets with me that Atlanta would win. It started with five bucks with ten minutes left. The

crafty fuck would put the wager up as it got closer to the end. New England went up by a touchdown within the two minute warning. I felt sure that this would be the end result. I began to tease him as the clock went down as I initially thought I was going to pocket thirty bucks. With forty three seconds left on the clock he upped the stakes once more. This time if I won, he would go down on me for half an hour, if he won likewise but obviously in his favour. I felt inclined to say no but who am I kidding? He wouldn't do this, surely? I'm his sister. With a smug look on my face I shook his hand in agreement. The game went tits up from that very moment. Atlanta edged closer and closer to the goal line, until finally they had scored a Touchdown. Instead of taking the game to overtime, they went for two points.

I was sure they were going to fail, leaving me the victor of the bet. The players took their position on the field and snapped the ball rapidly. The quarterback threw the ball to the further corner on the screen, where a dog pile occurred and caused major confusion for everyone. Thankfully in football they have little kiosks where they can view what had just happened. A loud cheer went up in the room as the video showed the Atlanta player catching the ball and keeping both feet in bounds. All I could think about was how I had just lost a bet to my younger brother.

After everyone had left to go celebrate, leaving my parents to clean up the mess, I climbed up the stairs to go get ready for bed. I walked past Ben's room, hearing him call me to go in.

"Remember our little bet?" he asked in his geeky little voice.

"You were serious about that?" I returned.

"Of course I was sis, I would love to see the experience you have gained from been a cheerleader." He said.

"A quick one though, none of this thirty minute bullshit, and you won't tell anyone." I ordered.

He pulled out his cock, which was already twitching hard, I thought to myself, "He wouldn't even be able to last thirty minutes, might as well just do it to see how long he can go for."

I climbed down onto my knees to begin what would be an ordeal. I began to lick the tip of his cock, mainly the eye and bit of skin below it, thinking this would make him cum quick. I flicked my tongue over both of these parts multiple times before moving on. I took the head into my mouth, running my tongue all over it whilst maintaining eye contact with Ben's. He looked down at me and gave my cheek a loving stroke as I sucked his head. Knowing that I wasn't getting the better of him doing these techniques, I started moving my head down slowly, taking the entire length of his cock into my mouth. He gasped with pleasure as my mouth encased his dick. His dick was pretty small and I could

comfortably hold my position there for at least twenty seconds without gagging for air. I felt sure the feeling of his cock in his big sisters throat would get him cumming straight away, but again he shocked me by keeping his sperm in.

Another plan was foiled, and I was a girl who never quit so it was now drastic measures. I licked my way down his shaft until I reached his warm, tense balls. Using my hands I lifted the shaft up, giving me easier access to his testes and cradled one of the balls whilst I sucked on the other. Some strange feeling came over me in this act. I just loved the feeling of his ball rolling around on my tongue. I closed my eyes as I did it. I felt my pussy begin to dampen as I sucked his ballsack. I moved my hand from his ball and placed it inside my panties to begin massaging my clitoris as I made my way back up from his balls back onto the shaft. I bobbed my head up and down softly, I knew what I was doing was wrong but in a strange way I began to enjoy making my brother squirm as I sucked him.

He put his hand behind my head and began to push down making my head bob more quickly and violently. Each bob left me gasping for air as he thrust his cock down my throat whilst my rubbing turned into fingering. I straddled my fingers as he fucked my mouth, which must have been a great scene to view, especially with just my bra, panties and 49ers jersey on. (This was the only team I knew in the NFL) His cock began to spasm finally, and his balls exploded, shooting a huge load down my throat. As I pulled my head off of his cock, continuing to finger, I licked my lips at him, as he squirmed on his bed.

Nothing would have prepared me for what happened later that night...