

# The Princess And The Bad Boy

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*The sexual tension between my sister and me reaches the breaking point*

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"Wow, what a bitch."

After that announcement I walked away from my sister's room and down the hallway.

"Asshole," she calmly answered and closed her bedroom door with an authoritative thud.

That may sound like a brother and sister hating each other, but really it's the opposite. Deep down I knew my eighteen year-old sister liked when I called her a bitch, and although I preferred "jerk", I liked it when she called me an asshole. It meant I touched a nerve and had the balls to rile up the princess, and that's what she was. My sister Keira is a hot chick, straight up. Or if you'd prefer the more gentlemanly way of putting it, a fine piece of ass. She is my sister so I'm not supposed to notice these things, but I can see quite well with my man eyes and she's a spritely bundle at about five-foot-three with a skinny and tight little body. She's received endless attention from guys, even our Dad panders to her, and all this hotness and attention over the years bloated up her ego like a hot air balloon.

Enter, me. As her older brother at twenty-two and resembling a more masculine version of Jude Law (that's probably being too kind to myself, but let's go with that), I was the only one in the family who never treated her like a princess. I didn't tip-toe around her to prevent any kind of tantrum, instead I needled, teased, provoked, tormented, and occasionally even insulted her. However, I'd often throw in flirtatious charm, caring and vulnerability to soften her up. A nice mix. Ultimately, I think she appreciated that I wasn't yet another male doormat and panderer intimidated by her looks.

Through all the antagonism and bickering we had a strong bond, we loved each other as brother and sister and trusted each other too. Underneath her bratty exterior was a sweetheart of a girl. Way underneath. I knew her far better than anyone else and I think she liked that.

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I sat on the living room couch in a mischievous mood and couldn't resist pushing the issue and teasing her some more. I walked back to her bedroom door and peeked in with a big grin. She was laying there with little blue shorts on, tight enough to define the sexy lines and curves of her hips and

between her legs, and also a white tank-top with no bra underneath. The flesh tone of her medium-sized tits and the dark pink of her nipples were vaguely noticeable. Her dark and beautiful long hair fanned out beautifully on the white pillow. Sister or not a man never becomes fully used to beauty, and she was extra desirable that day laying there with her cute bitch-face on.

My silly and disarming grin as I leaned in made her laugh.

"I'm telling Dad you called me a bitch," she said in a bratty voice.

"Go ahead, he'll agree with me. I'm telling Mom you called me an asshole."

"Yeah, she'll-

"Agree with you. Good one. You're so quick."

"Shut up!" She yelled and threw a stuffed teddy bear at me while laughing.

I caught it and walked in, and abruptly changed the subject like I normally do.

"Anyway, are you still going to Rob's party tonight?" I asked her.

"Yeah, I think so. You?"

"Yeah."

We talked about the party and who we were bringing. I was going solo and she was bringing her boyfriend of four months, Darren. They had a rocky relationship, he was a good-looking guy but he was only nineteen and the poor young man had no idea how to deal with my sister, or women in general for that matter. She walked all over him.

Then I said something to her and right after it came out of my mouth I thought it may have crossed the line even for me.

"So what are you wearing tonight, are you gonna slut it up or wear normal clothes?"

Her jaw dropped at my rude comment and she looked for the nearest thing on her night table to throw at me. It turned out to be a Rubik's Cube. A quirky fact about my sister is that she knows how to solve the Rubik's Cube in less than two minutes, and for some reason I found that attractive. The colorful cube came flying toward my face and it got past my poor block attempt and hit me on the side of the head. It hurt because the corner landed first.

"Ah, fuck!" I blurted out and put my hand on my head to quell the pain.

"Oops," she said, sounding a little nervous.

Being hit in the head with a hard object brought out an anger in me and I sprang over to her on the bed and jumped on top of her. She laughed as I straddled her hips and grabbed her wrists to pin them over her head. It was a struggle but I overpowered her after a few seconds. Our breaths intensified and she was smiling at me with a curious anticipation in her eyes.

I gave her a steely gaze and said, "you better stop throwing things at me."

"Then don't call me a slut."

We stared at each other in tense silence, and an unexpected charge went through me at the close-up sight of her pretty face, her probing, intelligent brown eyes, her moist lips, and her perky, cute nose. I glanced at her sexy collar bones and down to her tits, soft and squeezable underneath the tight white shirt. An urge came on so strong it bypassed any rational thought and I knew nothing could stop me. I bent close to her face and I kissed her. As my lips pressed onto hers we both kept our eyes open staring at each other in shock. Breaking the lifelong sexual barrier between us with this incredible brother and sister kiss was like smashing a thick concrete wall with a huge steel wrecking ball.

She didn't turn her head or pull away, or seem disgusted in any way, just shocked. We finally separated. I leaned back but still held her wrists and neither of us said a word, our short breaths the only sound in the room. A heated brew of lust and desire boiled inside my body for this sexy creature formerly known as my off-limits sister, and also a relief that she didn't have an "ew creepy!" or horrified look on her face. She broke the silence.

"What the heck did you do that for?" she said.

"You needed that," I answered, trying to come up with something arrogant on the fly.

"Oh, did I? What the hell? You're-"

I planted another juicy kiss on her lips before she could finish. And once again she didn't turn her head, instead she actually leaned into it. That increased my horniness to dangerous levels and I let go of her left wrist and grabbed her tit and squeezed and massaged. My God what a revelation. I never expected a tit could feel this amazing. My hand was burning with delight from the sensations of the soft, squishy mass and her hard nipple against my palm. My sister's tit, I never thought in a thousand years I'd be touching it like this.

She pulled her mouth away from mine and her eyes widened and her jaw dropped at the audacity of her ballsy brother and his hand.

"Max!?" she said my name in astonishment.

I couldn't build up the nerve to go any further. The word *incest* flashed through my mind and I felt awkward and weird. I had to stop before I did something I might regret for the rest of my life. I

removed my shaky hand from the plump mass and got off her, but kept my calm and cool and hid my nervousness. I walked toward her door with an eager and confused hard-on under my shorts and picked up the Rubik's Cube. I casually tossed it to her and she caught it, speechless and looking like she had seen the ghost of incest present.

I got to my room and closed the door and began pacing back and forth, practically hyperventilating. Did that just happen? After a few minutes of trying to organize my racing thoughts and overflowing sexual energy, I calmed down and sat on my bed. A few things became apparent to me right away:

- those two little kisses were the best kisses I had ever experienced.
- that tit was the best tit I had ever felt.
- she liked it, a lot. She wasn't grossed out at all.
- I knew why I did it and where the confidence came from to suddenly kiss my sister.

She wanted it for years. I had always detected it by the way she looked at me, and a million other subtle things girls do when they're trying to send you a message with maximum coyness. We both existed in a state of denial about it because it's incest—it's freaky, gross, fucked up, sick, twisted, wrong, this, that. But it was there, it couldn't be denied, I kissed her, and it was amazing.

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Later that night I stood in Rob's backyard chatting up two girls I knew. His party had a lot of people thankfully, it wasn't one of those small intimate affairs. I liked big, loud parties because I found it much easier to socialize. As the three of us held our beers and had a nice time talking, flirting, and laughing, I noticed I was having trouble focusing on the conversation. I hadn't seen my sister in about an hour and she was on my mind all night because of the dramatic events between us earlier. She may have been at Joey's house, Rob's next-door neighbor who was also throwing a party. People were moving back and forth between houses.

I turned my attention toward the sliding back doors of Rob's house, about twenty feet away, and was startled at the sight of my sister standing there staring at me. She didn't look happy for some reason, but I smiled and waved to her. She was cute and elegant in a light, peach-colored summer dress, sexy because the length was close to her hips, but still a more conservative look than I'm used to seeing from her. What a doll. I wondered if my earlier 'slut it up' comment had something to do with her choice of attire, that maybe she was wearing it for me. That was probably wishful thinking. Her dour expression remained set in stone, not even cracking a smile as she turned and walked away without returning a wave. Obviously, something was very wrong, and I had a good idea what it was. This was so out of character for her.

After a few more minutes of the conversation I was now barely engaged in, I excused myself from the two girls and began the search for Keira. As I walked through Rob's busy and noisy house I passed

by chicks who seemed primed for guy attention but I couldn't gather up the energy to care. My entire being was concentrating on finding my sister. I was worried about her... and I missed her. These thoughts and feelings were strange and almost embarrassing, but they were so strong that ignoring them wasn't an option. I went next door to Joey's house and walked through the front door.

There she was sitting on the couch in the living room, facing away from me and not noticing my entrance. A warmth permeated me from the sight of her, but the dark and lonely look on her face made her appear physically ill. I walked over and sat on the couch, squeezing in between her and her friend Mia, who also looked perturbed. Keira glanced at me then looked away.

"Okay. What's wrong over here? Did someone die?" I said, smiling to try and lighten the mood.

My sister immediately got up and walked away and went upstairs.

"What the hell happened?" I asked her friend as I watched my sister's sexy legs disappear up the steps.

"Look outside in the backyard near the pool," she answered.

I got up and when I got to the back door I saw my sister's boyfriend talking to a group of girls, having a grand old time. Ah ha, as I suspected. I was a bit disappointed actually, the idea that it was me she was jealous of lost some merit. I went upstairs and searched around, there were a few people mingling up there and I asked one of them if they saw my sister. They pointed to the bathroom down the hall. The door was closed and I knocked.

"Keira, you in there?"

"Go away," was the gruff answer.

I looked around and thankfully no one was paying attention.

"Keira, open the door. Come on."

After a few moments of silence I heard a click. I turned the doorknob and walked inside. She sat on the bowl with the seat cover down, her eyes a red and watery mess with runny makeup. She looked vulnerable and adorable.

"You okay? What's wrong?" I asked.

"Just take me home Max, I want to get out of here."

"Okay, but can you tell me what the heck is going on?" I asked as I leaned against the sink and folded my arms.

She shook her head in disgust. "You're all the same. One asshole after the next."

"What the hell?"

"That fucking asshole boyfriend of mine down there... he's got a lot of nerve. Who does he think he is? All night, from the minute we got here he's been talking to girls right in front of me. He's lucky I haven't made a scene. But I don't want to embarrass myself anymore more than he's already embarrassed me. You know what, I don't give a shit about that idiot anyway. I don't even know why I'm with him. I'm done," she said and threw up her hands. "Please take me home."

"Okay, calm down first."

"Don't tell me to fucking calm down!" she yelled suddenly, and I felt a quick anger rise within me.

"Shh!"

I let a few moments pass then hit her with it.

"What do you expect?" I said.

"Excuse me?"

"What do you expect? I don't blame him. You've treated him like garbage the past four months."

She stared at me in shock. "Oh, that's great. My own brother isn't even on my side? You're supposed to go down there and kick his ass!"

"I ain't your white knight, running around cleaning up your messes. You bring this shit on yourself. You better take a look at yourself in the mirror, see how you treat people, especially boyfriends. And your brother for that matter. I can take it, because I know your game."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yeah. It's a miracle guys stay with you at all. Stop acting like a goddamn princess, go out with a guy like me who doesn't take your shit, and maybe this wouldn't happen to you. What are you afraid of?"

She looked at me as if she were seeing me for the first time, apparently trying to think of some retort but instead taken aback and speechless after my stern little lecture. I was surprised I said it as well. I remained silent for a good while to let it all sink in.

"You're lucky you're kind of hot," I finally said to break up the tension.

"You're an idiot."

"I prefer 'jerk', not idiot. Thank you," I said sarcastically.

She let out a quick laugh and shook her head. It was at least nice to make her laugh a bit, the tension in this bathroom was still thick.

"You're no better," she said. "Don't stand there and act like Mr. Innocent."

"Mr. Innocent? I still don't get why you're mad at me too and were giving me dirty looks."

She rolled her eyes and stared away from me toward the window, annoyed that I was playing dumb. It remained unsaid, but it was now obvious she was jealous that I was flirting with girls after our kiss, a kiss that apparently meant a lot to both of us. My affection and desire to have her in my arms deepened.

"You're full of shit," she said quietly. "If you think I'm gonna be another one of your, what do you call it, pump-and-dumps, you're crazy. Just take me home."

She got up and began walking toward the door and man I was shocked that came out of her mouth. As she was about to pass me I grabbed her waist and pushed her against the sink. Before she could say anything of protest I planted another kiss on her beautiful mouth. It was an angry kiss, and once again I got absolutely no resistance from her. The vibe was heated and we escalated quickly into frantic tongue kissing. I could sense us both saying *finally* in our thoughts. My eyes were closed, and the bathroom and Joey's entire house party began to fade from my mind, except for a pleasant blur of pop music drifting into my ears. My sole focus was the taste and wetness of Keira's saliva and the sublime contact of our warm tongues circling around each other. I still had my hands on her waist and she moved hers to my shoulders, and the kiss was as natural and loving as if we were boyfriend and girlfriend who had sneaked off to the bathroom like horny kids. It was a long time coming.

*I want to feel my sister's pussy once and for all.* The thought of that sent an excitement through me, and my eager hand drifted down and between her legs. I caressed up and down on her dress and over her soft mound and she took a deep breath through her nose. Our kiss intensified—a series of wet and messy lip locks then frenetic tongues then lip locks again.

The curve and softness of a pussy, there's nothing quite like it, and I'm here to tell you there is nothing at all like having a handful of your own sister's pussy. My middle finger nestled in and pushed the thin cloth of the dress and her panties inside her slit. She opened her legs wider for me and we stopped kissing so she could look down in fascination at her brother's illegal hand.

*She must be so wet.* She watched me as I reached down with two hands and lifted up her pretty little dress. The vague sound of voices from outside caused us both to look toward the bathroom door. I know I locked it, but my sister nudged me away and went over to check. When she turned back to face me her unsettled expression said *we shouldn't be doing this*. Before the electrifying sexual tension fizzled I went over to her and she allowed me to lift her dress over her head, leaving her standing there in only light peach panties. Apparently this dress required no bra and her tits were a

delicious feast for my eyes. Sexy as the hottest hell. When I reached my hand down and under her panties her body collapsed into me from the contact of my hand against the soft, warm skin of her pussy. I gently worked my finger in the center between her slippery labia and then sunk into her wet hole. It was wonderful to cross that sacred threshold and explore the warm confines of her glorious pussy. She hugged me tight and breathed heavily. Finally making her own move, she grabbed the hard bulge in my shorts and rubbed me up and down.

I decided that we had to move faster, we were committing incest in a friend's bathroom with a mess of people in the house. Insane. I pulled her panties down exposing her lovely pussy and I stared at it entranced. My sister's pussy, there it was, shaved. Wow, what a charming and cute little thing. I could tell she liked that I was seeing it, she didn't blush or cover herself. She kicked off her panties and I picked her up from her ass to sit her on the sink counter. I hurriedly pulled my shorts and boxers down, exposing myself to her. She smiled at the erotic sight of her brother's hard cock.

As I moved closer to her she wrapped her hand around my thick pole and caressed to and fro with a gentle touch, making me shudder. She rubbed the tip between her exotic pussy lips and on her clit and then near her soaked opening. While holding her legs up and open, I pushed in and sunk deep inside her, causing her mouth to drop open and her back to arch. I'd never felt such a stark juxtaposition between right and wrong. This was incest, allegedly an abomination, yet my cock sliding into my sister's pussy was the best thing I'd ever experienced, some type of otherworldly thing, way beyond any sex I had before.

We both stared at the hypnotic sight and listened to the wet noises as I glided smoothly in and out of her eighteen year-old tightness. I settled into a slow and steady rhythm concentrating on the beautiful sensations traveling from cock throughout my body. I studied her dark-pink clit, in a perpetual state of awe that I was laying eyes on the most intimate part of her body. My gaze moved to her angelic face but she wouldn't look back at me. I figured she was embarrassed that we were doing this, that her own brother was making love to her, in a bathroom at a party. That risky fact intensified everything for me, however. To try and get her to look at me I began guiding her hair behind her ear, and it worked. When our eyes met I felt as if I were starring in some overly dramatic romantic film (an x-rated one), because there was a powerful love passing through our eye contact. I was happy this was so much more than quickie physical sex.

I pulled her head toward me and we kissed softly as I continued the smooth penetrations. Pushing in deep, pulling out to the tip, and back in deep again pressing my hips into hers. My cock was well lubricated and glistening from her sisterly secretions. The lovely girl was a completely naked body on the sink, long dark hair a stark contrast from her tan skin, legs in the air and spread, and I was reminded that the most beautiful thing in nature is a nude female. Your nude sister is off the charts. My mouth found its way to her sensitive nipples and she began to lose control when I licked and sucked them. Being fucked and sucked by her brother was too much and a few audible and primal moans escaped past her lips. We were both too overwhelmed from the intense pleasure to be concerned about the reliability of Joey's bathroom door lock. *Knock, knock.*

"Anyone in there?"

Holy shit. My sister and I turned our heads sharply toward the door. It sounded like Darren, her boyfriend. She jumped off the counter and leaned her back against the door and looked at me with a scared shitless expression. My own fear was interrupted by the still startling sight of her naked body, the curvy form of her legs leading up to that adorable slit between them, and the impossibly round form of her tits. I figured we were in this bathroom for about twenty minutes now, way too long but not that bad. We were just talking, that's all.

"Keira, you in there?" Darren called out.

I joined her near the door, my cock still hard and begging me for a return to the action. I shook my head yes, signaling her to answer.

"Yeah."

"Oh. Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking all over for you. Mia told me you were up here."

"I'll be right out."

"You okay? She said you weren't feeling good."

"I'm fine."

With the sudden urge to bring this scenario to outrageous levels, I grabbed my sister's naked hips and turned her around until she was facing the door. I pulled them back and bent her over and she pressed her hands against the door to hold herself up. She looked at me and stifled a laugh, stunned at what we were doing. You want revenge Keira? Couldn't ask for a better way to do it. I slid my cock up and down her fine ass and then sloshed around her wet mess of a pussy, and shoved my hardness right inside her juicy hole.

My sister was game.

"Darren? You still out there?" she said as I began quietly fucking her from behind.

"Yeah. Hey, let me in, I have to take a piss. What are you, throwing up? You weren't drinking were you?"

"Nah, I haven't had... one drink," she said and stumbled on the words as her hot pussy accepted my forceful thrusts and her tits swung back and forth. "You having a good time?"

"Yeah. Pretty cool party," he answered. "You disappeared and I was wondering where you went."

"Sure you were," she said sarcastically.

"What does that mean?"

"You know... what it means," she said, sounding a bit breathless from my fast and relentless strokes.

"No I don't. Are you mad at me? If so I'm sorry. What's wrong? Please tell me," he said pathetically, already reverting back to his weak ass self.

Flirting with girls in front of my sister was the best thing he could have done for their failing relationship. It was me who gave him that scandalous advice before we came to the party. He asked me for help and I had no problem providing it because he was a good guy and he meant well. I also knew it was probably too late anyway. It wasn't a big deal, it's not like I told him to cheat on my sister, just some harmless flirting. I figured it was his best chance to light a fire under her ass and take back some control in the relationship. Except I didn't think it would end up being me lighting a fire under her ass with my fiery cock-assault in this bathroom. But she wasn't in there with me because of his jealousy games that night, it could have easily been him if he knew how to play his cards, it was his nice-guy onslaught the preceding four months. She was hungry for bad boy cock, and although I wasn't a true "bad boy", whatever that it is exactly, I knew better than any guy how to tame the hot and wild chick she was. We both knew it.

I was now pummeling her pussy hard enough that you could hear the light slapping sounds against her ass and her sex exhales near the door. The music was fairly loud outside, but this was still chancy. I didn't care, I almost wanted him to hear. That I was fucking my sister in this crazy situation was turning me on like mad. I felt an orgasm coming on and he kept asking her to open the door, but her own oncoming storm of an orgasm was preventing her from answering. She turned her head to the side and her mouth was wide open and her eyes unfocused and she began scrunching her face. The thrill of bringing Keira to orgasm made me dizzy and high and I watched intently every line, movement and blissed out expression on her face.

"Are you going to let me in or not?" he asked.

Seeing my bent over and naked sister abandon self-consciousness and go through the quiet facial contortions of a powerful orgasm brought me to the heavenly edge and I pumped and pulsed and came inside her. I pictured the spurts upon spurts of hot cum all up inside and around her pink inner flesh. Gobs of it. My cock became too sensitive but I kept pumping to get it deep inside her.

"I'm going back downstairs," Darren said. "I'm not going to stand here all night. I don't know what the heck is wrong with you."

When we recovered, my sister and I hugged. There was no time for a lovefest so I kissed her on the forehead and we hurriedly got cleaned up and dressed. I wondered how we were going to nonchalantly escape out of there, but I realized I didn't particularly care who saw what. I actually wanted her boyfriend to know I was in there. She was my girl now.

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After telling my sister I'd meet her at my car, I collected myself and walked out, leaving her to finish fixing her makeup. Darren was standing at the top of the stairs talking to a few guys and I went over to them. He was shocked to see me.

"You were in there too? What the fuck?" he said to me.

I remained calm. "Come on. Take a walk with me."

We went downstairs and to the backyard to a more remote spot so we could have some privacy, but mainly to give my sister a chance to escape to the car without him seeing her. That's what she wanted.

"Yeah, I was in there," I explained. "She was upset and I was trying to calm her down."

"Great," he said, exasperated. "I did what you told me to do. I was ignoring her all night and talking to chicks. Well, that backfired. Great advice, thanks."

"No man, it didn't backfire at all. It's the best thing you've done since you've been together. Of course she's mad, but an angry reaction is success, you had her crying in there. The problem is, I think it's too little too late."

I went on to explain to him the situation and that he should not contact her for awhile to let things settle.

"... anyway," I said, "I gotta go, she's waiting for me. Later bro. Remember, don't be calling her tomorrow with a slobbering apology, or you'll be right back where you started. You have a ride home right?"

"Yeah. Wait, where is she? I want to talk to her."

"Damn, did you even listen to a word I just said?"

"Okay, okay."

We shook hands and I walked away.

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I went to the car and started it up, but sat in silence with Keira for a few moments before I put it in drive. She gazed outside the passenger window, apparently lost in thought and trying to come to terms with this crazy incest night.

"Did you talk to Darren?" she finally asked.

"Yep."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you were mad at him, but after I fucked you really good in the bathroom you felt much better and would call him tomorrow."

"What?!"

"I'm kidding."

After I told her a heavily altered version of the conversation, I remembered her referring earlier to not wanting to be a "pump-and-dump", and it bothered me that she thought I would feel that way about her, as if she were some random hook-up at a party. I loved my sister too much to play that type of game with her.

I reached into my shirt pocket and took out a fake red rose I bought earlier at a gas station. It was a cheap little thing about two inches long. I figured if I hooked up with a girl that night at the party I'd give it to her. Just something cute and amusing to do.

"Keira."

She looked over at me.

"I got something for you," I said and held out my hand.

She took the little rose from me and crinkled her face in surprise as she looked at it, then smirked with a shy expression.

"What's this for?" she asked.

"Eh, I was waiting for a special girl to give it to, and that turned out to be you."

The line was so corny that I put the car in drive and pulled away quickly as if to try and escape from the corniness. From the corner of my eye I could see her glancing at the rose, then me, then outside the window, and back again. Finally she spoke.

"Thank you," she said with a sweet sounding voice.

I beamed inside. But she wasn't done.

"Jerk."

"That's more like it," I said.

We both laughed and rode the rest of the way home in a warm silence.

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