The Swan, Part I

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Brother teaches sister about sex

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THE SWAN (Part I)

My name is Logan and I buried my twin sister the other day. Her name was Sue Ann and she was 8 minutes younger than I was. She always said it made her feel safe to be the younger of the two. My pet name for her was “Swan” and people would ask why I called her that, and we would both smile and say it was private. Some people would guess it was perhaps a childhood name because I could not pronounce her given name when we were young, or perhaps because she grew up to have a very long and graceful neck. Actually it was neither of those things.

Forty years ago we were growing up on the family farm/ranch in the Texas panhandle a couple of miles outside of town. We were seventeen at the time. Our mother had passed away a couple of years before and it was just the two of us and our Dad. We had to be, and were pretty self-sufficient by the time we were seventeen. Our Dad worked long hours and we were expected to get ourselves up, etc. to go to school. The bus would pick us up at the road that fronted our farm about 200 yards from the house.

This story is the reason I gave her the name. As twins, and especially since our Mom had died, we had always been very close and able to tell each other everything. One day towards the end of our sophomore year, we were riding the bus home and I could tell that she was upset about something. When we got home I started asking her what the matter was and she of course said “nothing.”

I kept after her and she finally broke down and cried, saying she was ugly, she had braces on her teeth, none of the boys in school liked her, etc. I tried to console her, saying she wasn’t ugly, and it wasn’t her fault that the guys in school hadn’t figured out that she was nice looking and just slow to develop. I pointed out that not every girl in our school had big boobs, or was gorgeous. I pointed out to her that the Homecoming Queen last fall had been so flat chested two years before that she looked like she had been ironed out. That at least got a smile out of her.

I reminded her of the story of the ugly duckling that turned into a swan, and said she was going to be

every bit as beautiful and desirable as any girl in the school. At that point she asked me if I thought she was desirable. It caught me by surprise, but I said of course, and teased her by saying I liked skinny girls with small boobs. “Anything more than a mouthful is wasted anyway.”

Then she asked me if I had fooled around with any of the girls I had gone out with. I said, “Sue Ann, why do you want to know that?”

That’s when she told me, “The one guy I’ve gone out with a few times never even tried to get his hands on my tits, only kissed me once.” Then I found out that he asked Melissa (one of her friends) to go to the Spring Dance. So I told her that yes I had fooled around with a couple of the girls I went out with.

“What was it like, what did you do with them?”

“Are you sure you want to hear all this?”

“Yes. I want to know why nobody asks me to go out, and if somebody ever does, what to expect. Would you show me what you do with your dates?”

“Sue Ann, you’re my sister for God’s sake! I can’t do that with you. It’s not right”

“Why not? You hug me when we see each other, you give me kisses on the cheek, why can’t you kiss me for real, or maybe play with my tits. I play with them. I’ve even played with my pussy a few times. I just want to see if it feels different when a guy does it and I’ve been having trouble getting guys to see me that way.”

Well this was an entirely new side of my sister. One I didn’t know. While I was standing there, she suddenly leaned forward, put her arms around my neck and started kissing me on the lips. I started to loose my balance and instinctively put my arms around her. The next thing I knew we were sitting on the sofa and doing some serious kissing.

I looked at her and said, “Are you sure you want to do this?” Her answer was to take my hand and place it on her tit. As I said, they weren’t big but I later found out that they were A cups. As I started kissing her again, and rubbing her tits through her shirt, she started breathing more heavily.

“Oh, wow. Does kissing like this, do this to all girls?”

“No, just to the ones that enjoy it. Sue Ann, fooling around and having sex is fun. You will find out one day”

“You’ve had sex with your girl friends?”

“Yeah, a few times…but I intend to have more.”

“Logan, touch my pussy. I want to see what it feels like for real.”

“Sue Ann, we’re going down a dangerous path. Once we start this we might not be able to stop. I haven’t done this a lot with other girls, but I sure have enjoyed it when I did, and they sure seemed to enjoy it also.”

Sue Ann unsnapped her jeans and took my hand and slid it inside her panties. I could feel her curly pubic hair. I slid my fingers down until I could touch her clit. (You have to realize that I’m describing what happened from my now experienced point of view. Back then it was almost a case of the blind leading the blind.) She jerked as I touched it. I continued to kiss her and play with her tits with one hand.

“Sue Ann, lie down on the sofa, it will make it easier.”

She didn’t say a word, just slid down on her back, and then reached down and slid her jeans and panties down past her knees. This allowed me to cup her entire pussy with my hand and rub up and down. As I played with her pussy, her breathing got very heavy, and I could feel her pussy getting wet. I spread the lips of her pussy and gently started to slide my middle finger into her pussy. She jerked and clamped her legs shut, trapping my hand between her legs.

“Oh God, Logan, that feels so good. It never felt like this when I did it to myself. Keep doing it.” She spread her legs again, and I started pumping my finger in and out of her cunt. I could feel her hips start to pump her cunt up against my hand, so I slid another finger into her. I was curling my fingers up into her as I stroked her, and hitting what we now know as the G spot. When I hit that spot she went wild, snapping her cunt up against my hand and moaning, “Logan, what are you doing to me, you’re driving me nuts. Aaah, damn!” As she was thrashing, I felt some fluid squirt out of her cunt, which caught both of us by surprise. As she calmed down, she said “Logan, did I just pee on us?”

“I don’t think so. I’ve read in some magazines that some women squirt when they climax, and I think that’s what you just did.”

“Does that happen every time?”

“I don’t know. I’ve only fooled around with a couple of girls and I‘ve only fucked one of them a few

times. She never squirted anything. It’s not like I’m an expert at this. I’ve read about a lot of things, like all guys do, but I don’t have a lot of experience.”

At this point in time I had a raging hard on, one that wouldn’t go down, and it was very obvious through my jeans. Sue Ann asked if she could see what a guy’s dick looked like when he was turned on. I took a deep breath, unzipped my jeans and pulled my dick out of my jockeys. My dick is only average in size, maybe 6-7 inches, but since it was the first one my sister had seen, she was impressed. The head of my dick was slick with precum.

“Can I touch it?”

I took her hand and wrapped it around my dick. I started to slide her hand up and down. “Stroke me, Sue Ann, like this.

“What’ll happen if I do?”

“You’re going to make me come, just like you did. But when a guy comes, he always squirts. That’s how you can tell he’s come.”

She started to stroke me and it felt sooo good that I forgot she was my sister. I started pumping my hips. “Faster, Sue Ann, faster. Oh God, I’m coming!” As my balls exploded, jets of hot, white come shot into the air and onto my belly.

As I caught my breath, my sister looked at me and said “What else can you show me. What have you read about in those magazines you talked about?”

So I told her that I had read about different ways of fucking. That I had been over at one of my friend’s house and he showed me a book his parents had, called the Kama Sutra, and that it had all kinds of different positions in it.

I told her that I had read about oral sex and anal sex, but had never tried them.

“Oral sex. Is that what I’ve heard some of the other girls call a blow job? I’ve heard some of the older girls say that their boyfriends are always trying to get them to give them a blow job or to jack them off. What are those?”

“Well Sue Ann, jacking a guy off, or a hand job, is what you just did to me. I have to say that you did a real good job of it. Come on, Sue Ann, Dad will be home soon. We’ve got to get cleaned up.”

“Logan, can we do it again tomorrow? You were right, fooling around is fun.”

I was hooked. I didn’t think about whether it was right or wrong. All I thought about was what every teen age boy thinks about. Fooling around with girls and having sex. The fact that this one was my sister didn’t matter. “Yes, Sue Ann, we’ll do it again.”