

Virginia

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Sure, you could say that she is my sister. But that is just a word, like table or cow. At least that's how I would like to think of it. But is it right to think of her as less than my sister? Maybe it is the fact that she is my sister that I find her so attractive. It is the thrill of sticking it to the taboo culture. If she wasn't my sister, perhaps I wouldn't even notice her.

Her name is Virginia . We have different mothers. I was born to our father's first wife and Virginia to his second wife, a Venezuelan immigrant. At sixteen, Virginia is 7 years younger than me. She possesses all the qualities that probably attracted my father to her mother in the first place. Thanks to her multiracial heritage, she flaunts a light bronze complexion and a petite structure, which carries with it an overwhelming exoticness that just drives me up the wall. Her breasts are round and full, large for her age, but not near large enough to be found repulsive. Her cleavage seems to just hang in front of my face all the time, tempting me with its slight jiggling at each move she makes. Her body abruptly slims below her breasts, revealing a flat and smooth midsection, normally exposed due to her short shirts and low cut jeans. She has wide, curving hips that just compliment everything else. Her v is often discernable, wide and tempting, beautifully settled between her legs. Then there is her flawless round ass. It is the kind that makes you want to clench your fists and moan. It stretches her jeans tight, curving into her muscular, but feminine thighs. I just forgot, she has a head too! She has jet black hair, often hanging loose around her neck. Her outstanding widow's peak doesn't overshadow her beautiful face, equipped with large brown eyes that seem to scream of her innocence and youth. Her nose is flatter and wider than mine, probably another thing she picked up from her mother. Her lips..... oh yeah. Mmmmmmm. That young lady has quite some lips. I can't quite explain what is so outstanding about her lips, but that they seem to be shy; they seem to be held back, as if she needs something to let them free.

Now that I am out of the service and living at my father's house, I see a lot of Virginia . Since we have a considerable age difference, and I lived with my mother for most of my life, we really don't see each other as siblings. Our relationship would be more like one you would find between friendly cousins. Since I am not as authoritative as her parents, or as distant as her friends seem to be, and since I am her only sibling, she usually unburdens herself on me. I don't mind, I enjoy helping people. She also comes to me for homework help, and I naturally oblige. Recently, she began learning that her friends aren't very outstanding people. Virginia is very mature for her age, and decided to stop affiliating herself with many people that she used to spend her time with. She fell out of the "in" crowd at school, and began spending much more time at home. Since I have been working nights at my new

security job at the local mall, I would see her every day after she got home from school. My father works until nine, and Virginia 's mother doesnt get home from her new job until almost ten. So Virginia and I began spending a lot of time alone together (oxy-moron?). But that was alright, because I seemed to be doing a good job of keeping my strong attraction to her under wraps, or under sheets rather.

One day, I think a Tuesday, I was watching Jeopardy. As I was laughing at some Bostonian who didn't know who Henry VIII's father was (the most obvious answer is the right one), Virginia trots on in the door, home from school. We share idle chatter about our day. By now I'm watching the news about a rapist whose sketch bears a striking resemblance to the anchor man, and Virginia says she would like to use the TV. I don't want to give it up. She lunges at the remote, which then turns into a friendly wrestling match. I'm struggling to get the remote back from her while she giggles. She ends up on her back on the floor, remote still in hand, while I have mounted her and have her hands pinned to the floor above her head. She flashes me a mischievous grin. She is completely unaware of the fact that her left nipple is hanging out. Her areola is a delicious brown, round and her stout nipple is erect and staring me right in the face. I suddenly get hard. I don't just mean hard, I mean rock hard. My breath is just taken away. Now I don't mean to brag, but 9 inches of rock hard cock can't be hidden by a pair of jeans. I immediately jump off of her, and walk upstairs, trying desperately to keep my desire under control. I sit in on my bed and contemplate. I have to have her. I have to. It is not worth it to keep this bottled up. There is nothing wrong with sex. Some may say that sex is an animal thing to do, but quite the contrary. I believe nothing can be more human than to have a burning desire for another being, one so intense and so pure that it can only be expressed through sex, for no other reason than the fact that you want that person. That's it, I WILL have her. She may be my sister, but nothing, not even an outdated social taboo can stop me. I wish, or hope, that she might feel the same way.

I took a nap to put my mind at ease. I woke up around six and put on some Marvin Gaye. He can cure any sour mood. As I'm bobbin with the Motown man, Virginia walks in. "you were asleep earlier, I didn't want to wake you up". She plops on my bed next to me. Oh god, she is laying next to me in my bed! "What is with you and Marvin Gaye?" she asks. I respond, "I firmly believe that the only person that can tell you how you feel better than yourself is Marvin Gaye". "Really?" she responds sarcastically. "Let's try that out". It just so happened that **Lets Get it On** was playing. "He isn't telling me how I feel" she says. "Sure he is, you just don't know it". We share a moment of eye contact, which prolongs. We just stare into each others eyes, lying side by side on my bed. *If we've got to be here, let's live*. I kiss her. I just did it. I embrace her lips, the lips that were too shy to show themselves. I can tell she likes. She was waiting. She was waiting for this moment also. Without a word, we keep going, putting some tongue into it and getting intense. The album stopped, and now we could only hear ourselves breathing. I can feel her getting into it. She is breathing deep, pressing her breasts against my chest with each breath she takes. Several minutes pass. I am now on top of her, massaging her tongue with my own, slowly sliding my hand across the smooth skin of her belly. I start rubbing her near her pant line with my fingertips, and she shudders. She has probably never felt

anything like this. She is clenching my back. I can feel her nails. My hand slowly slides up her body, underneath her shirt. She is not wearing a bra. Cool. I savor the moment that my hand touches her breast. I can tell that it is a new feeling for her, being groped. But she seems to get comfortable with it. I unlock lips for the first time to remove her shirt. There they are, in their full glory, all to me. I begin to massage them with both my hands while sucking on her ear. She is getting very aroused. Her eyes are closed, her hands still clutching my back, her hips starting to thrust a bit. By this time I have been rock hard for a while, and I know she can feel my cock. It has been rubbing down by her crotch. I move off her ear and start working the neck, then to the breasts. I could just savor them for the rest of my life. With two hands and my mouth, I have a field day. Now that I think about, I probably went a bit too far with the breasts, but that's just the way I am. After playing with her breasts for a while, my cock is screaming. I yell out loud, "AHH.....my balls hurt! I am way too damn hard!" It was true. They hurt like hell. I had heard about blue balls, but nothing like this had ever happened to me. A large grin grew across her face. "Lean back" she says. I do so, and she starts undoing my pants. My cock was about to explode. My balls were in agonizing pain. She was slowly unzipping my pants. This was quite possibly the greatest anticipation that I had ever felt in my life.

She pulls out my cock and looks shocked. She was clearly expecting something she could handle. She looks up at me. I shrug. She gives me a smirk as if to say "ill try" and thrusts my cock into her mouth. It was incredible. She was amazing for a beginner. Her lips slid up and down my shaft, taking it in as deep as she could. The warm sensation of her mouth made me moan. She was working with the tongue, being sure to give some attention to my head on the way up. It was very wet, just the way I like it. She slobbered all over my cock and kept her mouth tight, pushing me to the edge. I felt it coming. As I was on the verge of splurging, I gave her a courtesy tap which she ignored and just kept going. I hit the peak and shot and eight roper into her mouth. Still sucking on my cock, she took it all in and sucked my dry, making a slurping noise as she pulled my cock out of her mouth. She still had my cum in her mouth, and after swishing it around with her tongue, took a big gulp and swallowed all of it. As she was licking her lips, I heard my father walk in the front door downstairs. As I was still lost in the ecstasy of the moment, she threw on her shirt. "I think I she be getting to bed, ill see you tomorrow". She flashed me a wink and walked out the door. I made sure to admire her ass as she walked away, thinking to myself, "I want more".