

# The Sister

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Jan 2012

*Naked and horny in the basement of a family I barely know, someone is watching.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/the-sister.aspx>

I didn't know what time of night it was when my fingers slipped between my legs. It was so easy, I hardly felt a touch of guilt. My fingers and soft folds were like lovers sharing a secret. My pussy craved my touch and the sticky sounds of my masturbation echoed in the empty basement of a stranger's house. I reflected on my strange evening as I rubbed my clit. I had been invited over to a nudist party by an amazingly hot girl who looked like Nastassja Kinski, and ended up almost getting it on with her father when she took off. I only sucked his cock, but the desire for his cock still lingered. The memory of his smile, his fingers through my hair, and his thick cock shooting cum all into my mouth turned me on. I moaned softly as I closed my thighs around my hand and pushed my fingers deeper inside. I was in college, but still a virgin. I didn't care about being a virgin any longer, and something inside me was craving sex constantly. I thought it odd that I craved it so much when I had never had sex. My clit responded to the deep pressure and desperate caresses of my own hand. When I came, it was with loud moans, and just a little crying. After my preciously sensual personal orgasm, I lay on the couch curled up like a lover unto herself. My hands between my soft soaked thighs. My legs curled under me, my small breasts crushed by my arms, and my face tucked down into my body gently weeping. I felt sorry for myself. I wanted to feel pitiful. Why was it so difficult to find happiness in something so simple? I wanted to get naked and have people admire and fall in love with me. Sure, it was selfish. But isn't a girl entitled to a little selfish desire from time to time? "I honestly didn't expect that." a small delicately female voice said, shocking me out of my self pity. I should have screamed, but I couldn't find the voice in the darkness. Instead, I jumped up with a start. I pulled up the sheet below me for protection, like a small girl afraid of the dark. My God, had I really been so wrapped up in my own personal pity I didn't notice someone come downstairs? I knew I had been alone after Rochelle's mother left, and after I finished my shower. I know for a fact no one was here when I turned out the light and lay down. Perhaps I fell asleep? I may have. I tend to get really sleepy after a bath. I knelt on the couch and peered through the darkness, rubbing my eyes and trying to make out the figure sitting in a chair across from me. I could tell she wasn't nude, vitally important information when sleeping in a nudist household. Her clothes were dark, I couldn't make anything out but a shape. The only thing I could see somewhat clearly were red lips, and they were smiling. "Sorry... I had to say something sooner or later, and I ... I didn't want to interrupt. Honestly I

kinda just woke up myself," the small voice said. "Who are you?" I asked. "Probably more appropriate for me to be asking, who are you, since this is my house. But don't freak out or anything, I know how it goes after a party. Personally I can't stand that nudist shit." she said. She paused and I heard more than saw her moving. She continued, "You must be one of Rocky's friends." Her voice was slurred from sleep or maybe she had been drinking, it was hard to tell. But she also had a singing quality to her speech, a musical frailness that I found inviting. "Don't worry. You won't be the first person I've seen naked... after all my parents are nudists. I'm Alice." "Oh yeah, Rochelle's sister," I said. I lowered the sheet and fell back into a relaxed kneeling position. My arms seemed to have nothing to do, so I put them on my knees. The way I was sitting felt silly, so I adjusted. I was obviously nervous and uncomfortable naked in front of her. "You seem jumpy. Would it help if I was naked too?" she asked, and didn't wait for me to answer. She stood up and pulled her top up over her head. In the dim light, I could see pale white skin against her off white bra. She dropped the top behind her and I caught a glimpse of her face. She was young! I couldn't quite tell how old, but she looked to be a teenager. She popped the clasp behind her, letting her bra fall down her shoulders. She caught it and pulled it off. Her breasts were tight, round, and very white. In fact, her nipples were so pale, I could barely even make them out. She rubbed at the underside of each breast, letting blood flow back in where the bra had left its mark. She was obviously comfortable with her body, far more than I was with my own. She turned away from me and pulled down her pants. Her underwear came down with them... just a touch, so that I could see the crack of her ass. God, what I wouldn't have given to have had just one tenth the genetic luck Alice and Rochelle had. I hardly had time to even see her panties before she reached up, tugged at them and slipped them down. Completely nude she was a vision of white in the darkness. Her sleek form was small, very small. Her breasts tight yet full, not huge like her sister's and mother's, but still nicely sized. Her crotch was completely shaved and only a small pink line of flesh hinted at the secrets hidden between her fit thighs. "So I guess you are a nudist too?" I asked. "No, actually... I'm really not. I mean, you know, like, I don't have any problem getting naked. My parents raised us to be naked, and I've seen my share of bodies. But, you know, I just get too interested in other things to be a true nudist." "Other things?" "Yeah, you know, like if I see a naked body that looks good, I don't want them to be just walking around in front of me, I want them to be on top of me," she said, and as she said this she moved over to come sit down next to me. She smelled of strawberries, and her body was even more youthful and beautiful up close. In the partial light, I could make out the features of her face. She was blessed in this regard as well. Her lips were full, her face round and doll-like, and her nose was the shape that made me think of angels. "So nudists don't like sex?" my voice trembled, hell, I was trembling. My pores were still alive from having just masturbated, my thoughts were still on sex, and she was so beautiful, and so close. I didn't get an answer, or maybe I did because her hand went to my small breast and cupped it. She gave it a squeeze and pinched the nipple. I felt heat flush through my body. I had been craving sex, but sex with another girl? If I was honest, I had thought about it ever since Rochelle had walked away from me earlier that same night. What if I had kissed Rochelle back? What if I had given myself over to this forbidden desire? Was it really so bad? I knew my parents wouldn't approve, but did I? Her mouth

closed over my nipple and the warmth that had been rising in my skin, flushed straight down into my crotch and wetness quickly followed. I hoped this girl wasn't going to stop. If she stopped half way through, I would scream. Her tongue worked around my hardening nipple with expert skill. She had obviously done this before. When I did nothing but continue to kneel there like a dumb virgin, she lifted my hand and placed it on her breast. I thanked God for her aggression. I would have never had the guts to touch her. But now that my hand was there, my thoughts were filled with wonder at the touch of another girl's boob. It wasn't as hard as I expected it to be. She was so tight and fit, I expected her breast to be rock hard. Instead, she was soft, perhaps even softer than my own. It was slightly more than my hand could cover and I felt her nipple harden in my palm. She didn't say a word but reached up, and grabbed my fingers, and forced me to give her nipple a tweak. As soon as I did, she moaned and her mouth covered my entire breast and sucked eagerly. It was an odd sensation. My nipple teased the back of her throat and she seemed to want to swallow it down, like she was starving for my breast. "Oh God, please," she moaned. Please what? I didn't know what she wanted me to do. As if to answer, she put her hand between my legs, and her fingers found the soaked folds of my tender swollen labia. She pushed her palm against my warm cunt, and pressed the base of her hand down against my throbbing clit. I was in heaven before her fingers even dipped inside me. I screamed. "Jesus, are you a virgin or something?" She asked. "Is that bad?" "God, you are? Really? I don't believe you. Like, really?" "Yes. Really," I said shamefully. It seemed so horrible to be so inexperienced. She had obviously had far more experience and she looked so young. Guess that's what happens when you grow up nudist. "Fuck. I almost came just now...shit me not! A virgin? Really? That is so fucking awesome. I'm going to enjoy this so much. I think I've just fallen in love," she said. I had no time to think, or to consider the situation. She pushed me down with more force than I thought possible and grabbed my legs, literally throwing them open! Her head dropped down, and I had just about one second to realize what she was about to do before her mouth closed over me. Fuck! Fuck, fuck, and fuck me again! I never thought it would feel like that. Sensations exploded through my entire body. My hands grabbed hair, my own and hers. My hips thrust forward and back, and she put her hands under me to keep my wetness pressed against her face. Her tongue knew what it was doing. She sucked and licked like she had a mission between my thighs. She grabbed my ass and hips and pulled, at the same time her tongue darted out and sank deep inside my folds. I was thrusting. I was humping. I was an animal in heat. I was anything but running away from this. I was going to cum. "Now. Fuck yes. Give it here. Cum on me. Fucking cum," she said, sensing my rushing orgasm. I had never heard anyone talk like this. The words coming out of anyone else's mouth would have taken me by surprise, but the words coming out of the sweet little face of this girl between my legs – I was hardly prepared for it, and it threw me over the edge. I closed my eyes and thrust my hips into her. For a moment I was afraid, afraid because when I cum, it's a mess. I'm not just talking a little bit, I cream and flow like a river. I was afraid she would be shocked, or worse still repulsed. So I was surprised when she launched herself over me. She pushed her sleek, naked pussy against mine and pumped into me. I didn't expect this and still it excited me and made the tensing and flooding of my orgasm even stronger. Her arms wrapped around me, and she pushed her cream covered face

into mine, and kissed me. I tasted my raw sticky juices on her lips and tongue. She moaned, and I moaned with her. We came together in a way I never thought possible. Our bodies moving together, our naked skin pressed so close we felt like one person. Moments later she was lying on top of me. Her legs intertwined with mine, like vines clinging together. We were twisted mess of naked flesh and creamy cum. I was blissfully happy and oddly still aroused. I felt a warmth inside me that felt like it would rip my heart open if she moved. I pulled her closer, clinging, hungry for her warmth. "Are you still horny?" She asked, as if reading my mind. "Yes," I said. "Well, as comfortable as this couch is..." she said, looking around the room, "why don't we go to my room." She pushed up on her elbows and the little distance between us made me sigh. I wanted to melt into her. She looked into my eyes and then in that little sing-song ultra feminine voice she whispered, "I would really...I mean, I want to be the one to, you know, like to be the one to take your cherry – if you would let me." I don't know why, but I just never thought about this. I had always, like most girls, assumed that it would be a guy who took my cherry. When I was younger, I had romantic dreams of some handsome actor picking me up, and taking me to his bed, and slowly undressing me...or maybe some mysterious gentleman I met while at an art show... Always there was taking to a bed, and always, always there was slow undressing. Most of all, it was always a guy. So the idea of Alice, this little doll-like girl I was falling for quickly...well, I didn't know what to say. "Why don't we just try going to your room first? I think a real bed would be heaven – but... honestly, I'm really tired," I said. I felt bad, but my roommate had left me with little sleep the night before, and I had no idea what time it was. My eyes felt heavy and my body was crying for sleep. Her warm naked body made me comfortable and I was ready to crash right there. The house was quiet as we made our way upstairs, and I was grateful. The last thing I wanted right now was for her father to see me heading upstairs with his daughter. I guess it could be said I'm a coward. I just felt like I could deal with all of this better after I'd had a good night's sleep. Her bed was amazing! Dark silks hung from a canopy bed. The bed looked like something from the 19th century. Most of all, it looked soft and warm and comfortable. I could see myself sinking down into the folds of the mattress already. I didn't really want to be rude, but I fell into the covers, pulled myself into a ball, and lost myself in comfortable bliss.