

# What about my sister?

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*How will I explain this to my sister?*

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The doorknob turned and I closed my eyes. He walked in, stripped his shirt and the sound of him unbuckling his belt made me open my eyes. I knew it was wrong. I knew I should have told him to stop, to tell him the truth, but the lust I felt for him was unbearable. He opened the covers slightly and I could feel his eyes on me. My half-naked body was right there, ready to be devoured by him. I couldn't though. I shouldn't. I turned to face him, to tell him that he'd mistaken me for my twin sister but as he looked into my eyes, his dark green eyes piercing into my soul while a smile curved around his lips, I couldn't say anything. Instead, I let out a slight moan as I looked his body up and down. His perfect body right there in front of me. His softly tanned skin, perfect abs and pecs and thighs and shoulders, neck, lips...Everything was right there for me! How could I not be selfish? I was hoping it was a dream. A beautiful wet dream in which my sister never finds out, no matter what I did. I pinched my thigh hard, hoping to wake up. I whimpered slightly, but when I opened my eyes again he was still there. More naked than ever. He got into bed and quickly pulled me close. He kissed me passionately and I couldn't help but to kiss back. Our tongues met and he gracefully massaged mine against his. I pulled him in even closer, thirsty for him, and I slid my hand down his beautiful chest and onto his stomach until I reached his boxers. My hands found their way around so easily, it felt like I'd known his body forever. But he wasn't mine. He was my sister's! Even so, we continued kissing. I didn't wanna pull away. His mouth tasted fresh, as expected. The smell of his skin was arousing me even more and I couldn't help but scratch down his side gently. He pushed me onto my back and leaned his upper body over mine, his legs still against the bed as he pinned my hands along my head, pushing me harder into the bed as he kissed harder, deeper. Moans escapes my mouth, lustful moans. Oh how badly I wanted him, and he knew it. His hands were gently opening my legs enough to get between them, and I let him control my body casually. I pulled him on closer and he followed my need as he started to slide my shirt up my stomach and up above my boobs. He started kissing up my stomach softly, biting here, sucking there until his head was only inches from my nipples. I moaned once more and he smiled. My skin was absorbing his warm breath as he was brushing his lips against my left nipple. Teasing it gently, letting his tongue flick over it from time to time. My moans were getting louder, more intense, and I clamped my hand over my mouth. He took my nipple between his teeth and shook his head softly as he looked at me. He reached up and grabbed my

wrist, pulling my hand away from my mouth. He breathed, "I like it when you moan for me, please don't keep quiet. I want to see how much you enjoy me," and he let go of my hand. I slid them over his back, tracing soft circles while he began sucking my nipple into his mouth, shaking his head from side to side as he slid his lips lower and lower, sucking more and more of my boob into his mouth. I whimpered, my body covered in goosebumps and I couldn't keep myself from sliding my hand down into my panties. He saw my action and switched to my other nipple, getting my chest as wet as he possibly could. He was flicking my nipple, biting, sucking, nibbling at it. My legs spread wider under him as I began to rub my fingertips against my lips, my eyes closing gently while my body relaxed more and more into the bed. Before I knew it, my hand was moving so fast in circles, rubbing over my clit that it was bumping into him. My eyes flew open and I looked at him, feeling slightly panicked that he might know who I was, since my sister might not do these things with him. He saw my expression and laughed a cheeky laugh before pushing his delicious lips against mine again. I wrapped my arms around his waist and pulled him as close to me as I could before sliding my hands down the back of his boxers and grabbing onto his ass, feeling his perfect round butt tense. He looked at me, slightly surprised and I smiled, not knowing what else I could do. He bit his lip and started kissing my neck as my hands were exploring more and more of his body. I wanted to know every inch of him by the end of the night. And maybe, just maybe I would tell him that I wasn't Claire. That it was her sister. But I would need a lot of guts for that. He began kissing down my neck, shoulders, chest, and before I knew it his head was under the covers completely. My legs spread more involuntarily and I pushed my hair back out of my face and kept my fingers around it, not knowing what I'd do if my hands were free. My other hand was wrapped tightly around my bedsheets. I felt him suck on my inner thigh. His teeth bit down hard into it and I yelped, but he kept going. He started sucking at it hard, sliding his tongue all over the part of skin that he bit. He was making out with it, and it drove me insane. I arched my back, spread my legs more and pushed down, my pussy slightly closer to him. I heard him inhale deeply and then groan in pleasure as my smell overwhelmed his nostrils. He quickly switched from my thigh to my pussy, diving his face hard into it. I moaned and pushed my hair back more, pulling it backward slowly as my hips began to move in circles. He slammed me down against the bed and slid his tongue over my wetness. He bit at my clit hard before sucking it into his mouth. He spread my legs as far apart as he could and traced his mouth from my clit to my hole continuously. He slid his tongue deep inside me quickly, and due to my wetness, it was not a very difficult task. My hole quickly dilated to take the shape of his tongue. His thumb was pressed against my clit and he brought his other hand down. He opened my pussy lips, pulling them far apart as he tried to open his mouth wide enough to take all of it in. He was moaning too, now. My hip movements were getting rougher and rougher, pushing hard against his mouth. He bit hard at my pussy and I screamed from pleasure. I was about to cum, and he knew it. He quickly slid two of his fingers inside me and started pumping them in and out. I was sweating, burning up with lust and desire as I sat up on my elbows and watched him. I began to cum, his fingers getting covered in juices easily, but he only pumped faster and faster, his tongue pushing against his fingers to taste my cum before sliding his body back up to me. My pussy was throbbing, I was panting, sweating, and I wanted more. It felt like he was reading

my mind because he pulled my feet toward him, moving my head from the pillows so that I'm layed down flat completely. He stood up on the bed and the bulge that was pushing against his boxers was bigger than expected. He pushed his boxers down and stepped out of them before walking closer and closer to me, squatting over my chest, his dick poking straight up. I sat up slightly and ran my tongue over the shaft. He grabbed the back of my head and held it up as he pushed the tip of his cock to my lips. I opened my mouth, eager to taste more and more of him. He watched me as I wrapped my lips tightly against his shaft, sucking on it softly, moaning really quietly before biting at it gently. He looked at me and groaned again before starting to move back and forth really slowly, pushing as much as I allowed him to before pulling back. My tongue was following his thrusts, moving down against the bottom of it. The tip of my tongue pushing hard into his skin as my fingernails dragged themselves up and down his open thighs, scratching them gently. He began to quicken his pace, moving back and forth faster, his head almost penetrating the back of my throat. I closed my eyes tightly, trying my best not to gag but he pulled out in time to let me breathe. He pulled his cock out, a bridge of saliva formed between my lips and his cock and I looked up at him, whining quietly, wanting more. "Please.." I begged and he smiled. He pushed his dick back into my mouth and I grabbed the bottom of the shaft in my hand, stroking it gently as my mouth worked it's way around its other half. I connected my thumb and index finger, his cock between them as I started sucking harder and harder, moaning into it as he began to thrust again. He was moving fast and my lips were wrapped tightly around him. He pushed my head back down against the bed and groaned as he began to fuck my mouth quick and hard, and I knew that the control he tried so hard to keep over himself was gone. He was moving his hips quickly up and down, pushing hard at the back of my throat, holding it deep there, my breath cut off. I pushed my hand against his hips but it was useless, he wouldn't move. I started choking gently and he smiled, before he began thrusting back and forth once more, the tip of his cock now throbbing before he pulled out, holding on tightly to my hair as he began to cum, covering my lips, neck, chest and nose with cum. I couldn't help but lick my lips and it tasted just the way I had imagined it would. He collapsed on top of me and wrapped his strong arms around me, his cock still throbbing against my thigh as I looked at him. "I.. Have to tell---" I started, but he interrupted my sentence with a soft, gentle kiss. "This should stay between us, Ana," he whispered.