

# A Weekend With Little Sister

by [Daddycums](#)

*(mg, ped, inc, oral)*

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## Part 1

### Submissive Little Sister

Even expecting the most annoying sound in the world, I still gritted my teeth when I heard it.

"Hi, big brother!" my little sister Amy exclaimed enthusiastically as she ran up the street toward where I stood with several of my friends. School had let out for the day, and being Friday, most of the kids at the high school had already rushed home. In my case, however, I wasn't looking forward to spending the weekend alone with my obnoxious little sister.

Although her sixth grade class got out an hour earlier, she always insisted on meeting me in front of my school to walk me home.

I sighed in exasperation and rolled my eyes, ignoring the half-taunting grins of my friends. In the complex game of high school popularity, having a kid sister who didn't understand the rules was a severe disadvantage. I had been a freshman for less than a month, and already she had caused me no end of embarrassment, always showing up after school every day and even making me take her hand as we walked home. I got teased about that, a lot.

I tried to ignore her the best I could, but she trotted up to me from behind and jumped on my back, wrapping her arms around my neck.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. I hated when she did that. I bent down to set her on her feet, but as soon as she released

me, she grabbed my hand.

"Who's your girlfriend?" my friend Mike teased.

"Shut up," I snapped.

I glanced down at Amy. She wore a bright grin on her face as she gazed up at me, oblivious to the humiliation she was causing me. At least she was pretty, and not some ugly, fat toad, or the teasing would probably be a hundred times worse. Amy had long, light-brown hair and bright green eyes with long lashes. Her never-ending smile usually charmed those around her, but I just found it obnoxious.

"Looks like you two are in love," Mike said. He never passed up an opportunity to taunt someone, and with my sister here, I made an easy target.

Worse still, Amy didn't even pick up on it. "That's right," she said cheerfully. "I love my big brother, and he loves me."

I wanted to die. All of my friends snickered, and I knew I would never live this down. It wouldn't be so bad if not for the fact that she was so affectionate in public. Actually, I didn't really mind it so much in private, but out in the open where everyone could see, it was degrading.

"What's wrong, Rick?" asked my friend Jesse. "If you don't want to be her big brother, I'd be happy to take your place. Wouldn't you like that, Amy?" he asked. That was just like him; Jesse was the school's pervert. He'd probably fuck her if she let him, despite the fact that she was only eleven.

As usual, naïve Amy didn't pick up on it. "No thanks," she said. "I only need one big brother. Besides, Rick would never give me up, would you, Rick?"

I sighed again. "Yeah, sure," I replied. "Whatever you say."

"See?" Amy grinned.

Only my friend Jeff showed me any sympathy. "At least you have a little sister who likes you," he said. "My little sister Britney and I can't stand each other."

I didn't mention that that would probably be an improvement. At least then she wouldn't show up after school every day and embarrass me in front of all my friends.

"Anyway, I'll see you guys later," I told them. "Come on, Amy. Let's go home." We turned and headed down the street.

It was the same every day. Amy would walk home by herself after her school let out, then have a quick snack and return to fetch me at my school amid the taunts and jeers of all of my friends. I hated it.

Fortunately, it was the weekend, which meant I wouldn't have to worry about it for three more days. My

parents were going to be out of town all weekend, and this was my first time without a babysitter. That meant it would be just me and my little sister.

"Isn't this going to be so fun?" Amy asked enthusiastically. "We get to spend the whole weekend alone together."

"Yeah, I guess so," I mumbled. Actually, I really didn't intend to spend the weekend alone with her at all. With my parents out of town, this was an opportunity too good to pass up.

It's a well-established fact that men reach the peak of their sexuality about the time they're fourteen. That means that boys my age think about sex twenty-four hours a day. They would think about it twenty-five hours a day if they could come up with a way to do so.

With a mostly empty house all weekend, I figured it was time to do something about my libido, and I already had a plan in mind, a plan centered around a girl named Vanessa Moon.

She was in my home room class at school, and was one of my friends. Sometimes we would study together at lunch time, especially on days when one or both of us hadn't finished our homework from the night before. She was a really beautiful redhead, and friendly as well.

There was a major writing project with a deadline coming up soon, which gave me the perfect excuse to invite her over on Saturday to study. Maybe then I would work up the courage to kiss her. She had given some subtle hints that she wouldn't be entirely opposed to the idea. Unfortunately, I had never had the chance at school, being in a public place and all.

We arrived home to an empty house. Our parents had left for the airport a couple of hours earlier. Not surprisingly, my mom left a note on the kitchen table with all of the things she forgot to tell me before I left for school that morning, most of which were common sense.

I went to the fridge and grabbed a piece of pizza leftover from the night before. It was supposed to be for dinner, but there was still plenty left, and I was a growing boy after all. I wolfed it down (cold or hot made no difference to me) then reached for the milk. As I raised it to my lips, Amy said, "You're not supposed to drink from the jug, you know."

I ignored her and did it anyway. She sighed in exasperation, but said nothing more about it.

After I finished, I closed the refrigerator and headed back out to the front room.

"Now we can play!" Amy exclaimed with glee.

"I've got homework," I grumbled. "And I'm sure you do too."

"Can't we wait and do it later?" she asked.

I picked up the note that Mom had left. "Number three. Do your homework right away," I quoted.

"Aw!" Amy pouted, but she obediently reached for her school bag sitting in the corner. I grabbed mine and sat down on the couch. Not surprisingly, Amy sat down next to me.

Her homework consisted of a worksheet that she had to complete, and mine was a set of questions from my math book. We sat there working in silence, with the occasional interruption as Amy asked for help on one of the questions. Usually Dad helped her with her homework, but since he wasn't here, the task fell upon me.

A couple of questions were particularly hard, and I felt like a fool not knowing the answer to a sixth-grade question when I was already in high school. Fortunately, I could claim that I wasn't supposed to do her homework for her, and therefore I didn't have to give her the answers. Instead we looked it up in the book, and together we managed to get through the whole worksheet.

It took me another hour to finish my homework, for which Amy was no help at all. This was way beyond her mathematical skills. Eventually though, I got through it, and sat back triumphantly on the couch.

I figured now was a good time to call Vanessa. Because this would be the first time inviting her over to my house, I was a little nervous about it; she was a pretty girl after all. Still, we were friends at school, so there was no reason to believe she would turn me down. Leaving Amy on the couch, I stood up and went over to the phone. I had Vanessa's number memorized, despite the fact that I had only called her a couple of times.

Amy watched me with curiosity as I punched in the number and waited for it to pick up. It rang a couple of times, then Vanessa's familiar voice answered.

"Hi, Vanessa," I said. "This is Rick."

Amy's expression darkened as she heard me mention her name. It wasn't that she didn't like the girl; in fact, Vanessa was always nice to her. But Amy obviously suspected something.

"Hi, Rick," Vanessa said brightly. "What's up?"

"Well, I was thinking, you know that writing project we're supposed to be working on? I was wondering if you'd like to come over to my house tomorrow and--"

I cut off as I saw Amy shaking her head emphatically, a look of anger in her face.

"Hold on a second, Vanessa," I said, then put my hand over the mouthpiece. "Amy, what's wrong?"

"Don't invite her over!" Amy pleaded. "This is supposed to be our time alone together."

"Who says?" I replied. "I never said I would spend all weekend alone with you."

My sister got up off the couch and dashed over to me. She threw her arms around my chest. "Please, Rick?" she said. "I never get to be alone with you."

"Look, Amy," I told her. "I'm going to invite Vanessa over, and that's final."

"No you're not!" she suddenly exclaimed, then leaned down and pulled the phone cable out of the wall.

"Amy!" I snapped. "Stop acting like a spoiled brat! I was talking to Vanessa!"

I stared down at her, wondering what had gotten into her all of a sudden. She was being possessive, like she didn't want to share me with anyone else.

Then, as I saw that look of pleading her face, I had a shocking thought. Amy, my little sister, was *jealous!*

What did that mean? Did she love me as more than a sister? Did she want to be my girlfriend?

She probably didn't even know herself what she felt toward me. Most likely, she just wanted to spend some time alone with her big brother, and didn't recognize that maybe she loved me a little too much.

I had never really thought of her as anything but a bratty little kid, but now I began to see her in a new light. I realized that she really was beautiful in her own way. It was a childlike beauty, but that was all just a part of her charm. Her adoration, which I had always thought to be quite annoying, now seemed actually enjoyable.

"Please," she said again, almost in tears. "I've been looking forward to this weekend for so long. I'll do anything you want if you'll just spend this time with me."

*Anything?* I thought. That brought up some interesting possibilities. Here I was, a teenage boy with raging hormones always looking for relief, and I had been missing a golden opportunity. I should probably have abhorred the thought of using my sister like that, but right now I just saw her as a gorgeous girl who was willing to do anything for me.

"You said anything I say?" I asked.

Amy nodded, her eyes brightening up with hope.

"Even if it's something you don't want to do?" I asked, and she nodded again. "Even if it's gross? Like... eating a whole plate full of cauliflower?" (I knew Amy hated cauliflower)

"I'll even eat *two* plates of cauliflower," she insisted boldly.

"Okay," I grinned. "You've got a deal. You have to do everything I say, all weekend. We'll make tonight a test. If you do everything, and I do mean *everything* I say without complaint, then I'll spend the rest of the weekend alone with you. But if you refuse anything I say, then I'll call Vanessa back and invite her over for tomorrow. Agreed?"

"Agreed," Amy grinned.

"Good. Now plug the phone back in so I can call Vanessa and apologize."

Amy bent down and reconnected the phone. I dialed Vanessa's number again.

"Hello?" Vanessa answered.

"Hi Vanessa, it's Rick again," I said. "Sorry about hanging up on you. I accidentally dropped the phone, and it ended up yanking the cord out. Anyway, I was going to invite you over tomorrow, but then I remembered I had already promised my kid sister that I would spend all weekend with her. I don't know what I was thinking when I made that promise, but I'm kind of stuck now."

"That's okay," said Vanessa. "We can do it again some other time. Besides, I think it's great that you're spending time with Amy. Some brothers can't stand their sisters."

"Sure," I replied, feeling a bit guilty because her words hit a little too close to home. "So I'll see you at school on Monday."

"Yep. See you then. Bye."

"Bye."

I hung up the phone and turned back to Amy, who wore an excited look on her face.

"So that's that," I told her. "I can call her back at any time if I'm not satisfied."

"I'll make sure you're satisfied!" Amy insisted, keeping that enthusiastic smile on her lips.

This was an opportunity too good to pass up. Here I had this little girl who worshipped me and promised to do everything I asked, so I was going to take full advantage of it!

I had never been particularly cruel; perhaps that was why my little sister liked me so much. However, I had to test her and make sure she wouldn't back down at the first command that made her the least bit uncomfortable.

"Come with me," I told her, then headed back to the couch. I sat down, but motioned for her to keep standing. I lifted one of my feet.

"Take off my shoes and socks," I told her. She nodded happily, pulling off the shoe from my raised foot, then setting to work on the sock. Once that task was completed, I lowered that foot and lifted the other to let her do the same. Soon I had my feet bare.

"Now get down on your hands and knees and kiss my foot," I told her with a sadistic grin. To my surprise, she cheerfully complied. I had expected her to wrinkle her nose and at best quickly kiss it, then wipe her mouth with the back of her hand in disgust. Instead, she knelt down, took my foot in her hand, and kissed it over and over again.

She cradled it in her hand like it was the most precious object in the world and bestowed tender kisses upon it like a devoted lover. I sat there in shock for a while at her boldness. As she continued to kiss it, I realized that it felt surprisingly nice. I had never had a foot fetish before, but seeing her there worshipping it like that

almost converted me.

"Okay, that's enough," I told her gently. She set down my foot and stood back up, the same excited smile on her lips.

Still in awe at the enthusiasm of her ministrations a moment before, my mind was completely blank of what to tell her next. I had had several slightly degrading ideas in mind, but they had all seemed to vanish.

"I'm thirsty," I told her instead, the first thing that popped into my mind. "Go get me a drink of water."

Amy nodded obediently and skipped into the kitchen. I watched her go, still marveling at her submissiveness. It wasn't a quiet, meek, "yes master" sort of submissiveness, but an energetic and enthusiastic one. This was not a slave who obeyed out of duty or fear, or even respect, but one who obeyed because she wanted to please her master!

I still hadn't decided what I was going to do with her when she returned with a glass of water. I could adopt several roles here. I could be harsh, trying my hardest to get her to refuse my orders and therefore forfeit this game. Or I could be nice, just playing around and having fun with it. But I really didn't want to squander this opportunity, so I had to think up some way to really put her to use.

She sat there patiently awaiting my next order while I drank the water. Then I handed the glass back to her and told her to put it in the kitchen sink. Since it was getting close to dinner time, I told her to throw the leftover pizza in the microwave to reheat it.

A few minutes later we sat down at the dinner table, eating supper. Amy continued to smile at me. It was a little unnerving, but also a little exciting, knowing that I had my own personal slave for the rest of the weekend. I tried to think of all the ways I could get her to serve me, and came up with several fun ideas.

After supper, we retired to the living room again. I figured it was time to really put Amy to use. So far we had just been playing around, but I hadn't really gotten any true benefit out of my little slave. That meant that, considering the embarrassment she had caused me earlier in the day, she was still in the red. She needed to make me feel good for a while just to break even.

Instead of sitting on the couch, I sat down in front of it, then ordered her to sit on the couch behind me.

"Now give me a shoulder massage," I ordered. I could see her face light up with delight at the command, and she set to the task immediately.

Her tiny little hands felt wonderful on my shoulders. Between the dread of spending the weekend with her, the nervousness of calling Vanessa, and the mortification after school, the whole day had been stressful. However, all of that just seemed to slip away as she massaged me. She put her whole heart into the job, and I could feel the difference. She didn't just do it mechanically, but sought to make it as enjoyable as possible for me.

"Does that feel good, big brother?" she asked.

"It sure does, little sister," I replied, and although I couldn't see her face, I could almost feel her smile widening.

Now she was really making me wonder. I had thought to take advantage of the situation, but it sure felt like she was enjoying herself even more than I was. It was obvious that she adored her big brother; that much was clear from the way she treated me every day. Now that I thought about it, probably to her this was finally a chance to prove her love to me.

If that was the case, I wondered just how far she was willing to go. My pulse started to race at the prospects. I was going to spend a weekend alone with a gorgeous young girl who promised to do everything I said. Despite the fact that she was my sister, what horny teenager could resist taking advantage of the situation?

I still had to take it slow, though, or I might scare her off. I had to feel her out, getting a sense for how quickly I could make her mine.

"Hold on a minute," I told her, and she removed her hands from my shoulders. I casually slipped my shirt off and set it on the floor beside me. "Okay," I told her. "You can start again."

Amy started again, even more enthusiastically than before. Her hands felt twice as good on my bare skin as they had over my clothes. She apparently didn't mind this at all, so I had her work lower, massaging my back. I couldn't believe my luck; so far she had shown nothing but willingness to be my slave.

Her attentions were so relaxing that it wasn't long before I began to nod off. My head drooped, and it was all I could manage not to pitch forward.

"You look tired," Amy told me sympathetically. "Would you like to lie down for a while? You could lie here on the couch and put your head in my lap."

Not only was she obeying me, she was actually volunteering! I was more than happy to take her up on her offer. I rose to my feet momentarily, then sat next to her on the couch. She scooted over to the end, and I lay down lengthwise. As soon as my head rested in her lap, I sighed. It felt so nice and comforting. I could get used to this.

She smiled down at me and began to rub my chest. That was even nicer. Any stress I had felt earlier had completely disappeared, to be replaced by the peace and serenity of her tender touches. I gazed up into her pretty face, a smile of contentment on my lips. I was struck again by how pretty she really was. Up to this point, I hadn't thought much about it because she was my sister. But now that I really had a chance to look at her, I couldn't help but recognize her beauty.

With her gentle ministrations soothing me, I let my drowsiness overtake me, and soon fell asleep.



A short time later I awoke, still in the same position with her hand rubbing me all over the chest. Amy continued to smile down at me, and I realized that this was a look of adoration. Her desire to please me came from her love for me. *Just how deep is that love?* I wondered.

"I like watching you sleep," Amy commented.

"Mm," I grunted, too groggy to say anything more coherent. I wanted to lie there a while longer, but on the other hand, it was getting late and I was just wasting time. I still had plenty of things I wanted Amy to do tonight.

I sat up, noticing the look of disappointment on her face as I did so. I chuckled to myself. She wouldn't wear that look for long. It was about to be replaced by another look, of either delight or fear.

"That was nice," I told her. "So far you're doing wonderfully, Amy."

"I just want to make you feel good," she replied.

"Oh, I do. It feels great to go around shirtless on such a warm night. Oh, but I noticed that you're still fully dressed. You must be so hot."

"I'm fine," she said.

"Nonsense. We can't have you all bundled up or you'll overheat. Take your shirt off at once."

Amy giggled. "Okay," she smiled. Without another word, she slipped her shirt over her head. I gazed down at her cute little torso, so immature but already hinting at her future developments. She wore a little training bra, though she really didn't have much to hide yet. Her skin was fair, and maybe even a little on the pale side. She had the cutest, flat little tummy above her hips that were just beginning to round.

Her enthusiasm fueled my excitement. It looked like she was even happy to undress for me. Maybe she didn't recognize the implications. Maybe to her it was just a part of the game, and there was nothing wrong with it because I was her big brother. Still, I saw great potential here.

"Doesn't that feel nicer, Amy?" I asked her.

"It sure does," she said. "I've never taken my shirt off anywhere but in my bedroom before. But it's okay, because you told me to, and I have to do everything you say."

From her words and the tone of her voice, it sounded to me like she was trying to rationalize her actions. I could see that she understood that this wasn't something exactly proper. But if she was willing to go this far, perhaps she was willing to go a little further.

"I still think it's a little too warm," I told her. "I'm going to take off my pants."

Amy merely grinned.

"Actually, I just realized, isn't it the servant's job to dress and undress their master?" I rose from the couch and stood in front of her. "*You* take off my pants." I ordered.

She wasted no time, but immediately reached for the buckle at the top of my pants. She unfastened it, then her fingers went to the zipper, which she pulled down quickly. Without a word, she grasped the top of my pants and drew them down. I stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

My excitement had already had a physical effect on me, and my erection bulged through my briefs. Amy stared at it in wonder.

"You have something in your underwear!" she said, obviously not picking up on the truth. With a grin, she reached out for it.

"Hey!" I exclaimed, stepping back. Though I had hoped to get her in a position where she would touch it, and in fact do much more with it, she had caught me off my guard.

"Sorry," she apologized, but continued to stare at it with a grin on her face.

"Okay, now it's your turn," I told her. "Take off your pants."

She unbuckled and unzipped them, then slid them down without getting up off the couch. I stared in delight at her little cotton panties with hearts all over them. I could see the outline of her immature little pussy through them, the slight indentation down the middle where they pressed against her slit. The sight turned me on even more, and I knew I just had to see her completely naked.

Amy apparently enjoyed this naughty game we were playing. "We're in our underwear!" she announced. Then she chanted in a sing-song voice, "We're in our underwear! We're in our underwear!" She giggled as she did so.

"Okay, that's enough," I told her, and she quieted down.

I considered having her perform a slow strip tease for me to get the rest of her clothes off, but in her innocence she probably wouldn't even know how. No, I had to make it seem more natural for her to get naked in front of me.

My horny mind immediately hatched on a plan.

"It's getting late," I said. "I think it's time for baths."

"But tonight's not bath night," she insisted.

"It is because I say it is," I replied.

"Okay," she grinned. "Do you want me to go take my bath first?"

"Yes," I said. Amy got up off the couch and skipped toward the stairs. I followed her up to the bathroom. She was about to close the bathroom door behind her, but I put my foot in the way. She looked at me questioningly.

Instead of answering, I slipped into the room and closed the door behind me. I nodded toward the tub. Amy hesitated for just a second, then went over and turned on the water to start filling it up.

She stood there a minute watching it with her hands behind her back, balanced on one leg with the toes of her other making little circles on the floor. For some reason, that pose looked incredibly sexy to me. I could sense just a little uneasiness in her; normally she would probably have finished undressing while the tub filled, but she stood there in her underwear waiting for it.

She couldn't wait forever, though. Eventually the water reached the right height, and she bent down to turn it off. As soon as she turned the handles, she stood back up and faced me.

"I thought I told you to take a bath," I said. Amy stared at me for a couple of seconds, and I wondered if she was finally going to refuse. But instead, a naughty grin slowly spread across her features.

She reached around back and unfastened her bra. Without a word, she let it slip from her chest, exposing her cute little breasts to my eyes.

They were just the faintest hints of what they would be someday. Now they were basically just little swellings on her chest around her pretty little nipples. Although she was just barely starting to develop, to my inexperienced eyes her body was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Then she slipped her panties down to the floor, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Completely bare, her little pussy looked so soft and inviting. Her lips were completely closed up, so cute and childlike. I wanted to reach out and run my fingers up and down her slit, but I knew if I tried it before she was ready I would scare her off.

"My big brother's looking at me naked," she grinned.

Unfortunately, she didn't give me much time to admire her body, because she climbed into the tub and sat down. I watched as she began to wash herself, pouring water all over her back and chest. She picked up the sponge that we always kept in the bathtub, squirted some liquid soap onto it, and rubbed it over her body. She continued to gaze at me with a smile on her lips as she rinsed herself off. I watched the rivulets run down over her boobs, making them sparkle. It was such a wonderful sight, I knew I had to continue this little game.

"You know," I said, "I don't think there's time for both of us to have a bath tonight. Unless we both take our baths at the same time."

"Like we used to do when we were kids?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

That was all the encouragement I needed. I bent down and slipped off my underwear.

Amy's eyes went wide as she saw my engorged member. Then she giggled.

"What's that for?" I demanded, growing red. What business did she have laughing at my cock?

"Your dingaling," she explained, blushing when she said the word. "It's hard and pointy. And your balls are so hairy."

Actually, they weren't *that* hairy, not yet at least. I was only fourteen after all. But to Amy, who had only seen it years ago before I hit puberty, it must have looked like a thick coat of fur.

"Never mind that," I told her, approaching the tub.

"But why is it all hard and pointy?" she asked. "Is it always like that?"

"Not always," I explained. "It just gets like that when it's having fun."

"Is it having fun now?"

"It's having lots of fun."

I climbed into the tub in front of Amy and sat down.

"Do you want me to wash your back?" she asked.

Did I ever! Just the thought of her hands all over my naked body sent a chill down my spine. I nodded, then turned around in the tub. Amy wasted no time, but immediately grabbed the sponge, soaped it up, and rubbed it over my back. It was such a relaxing feeling as she dutifully and cheerfully washed me. Just like the shoulder massage, she was happy to do it for her big brother.

I could have had her do more. I could have had her wash my front, especially down between my legs. But I knew if I began that right now, I wouldn't be able to stop, and I still had big plans for her tonight. Instead, I merely relaxed and let her wash me all over the back.

When she finished, she surprised me by throwing her arms around my neck and pressing her chest up against me. "All done," she announced. It was so innocent, I didn't even know if she realized the implications of that hug. I could feel her little tits mashed into my shoulder blades, and they felt even better than her hands.

She kissed me on the shoulder then. "You know what, Rick?" she said. "I like being your slave. It's fun."

I had suspected as much. Amy had done her job happily and without complaint. I wondered if part of it was that it gave her an opportunity to do some things that she would never do on her own, like taking a bath with me. She could do it without feeling guilty, because it was just following orders.

We sat in the bath tub for a few more minutes, then I ordered her out. She stood up, which gave me a delightful view of her cute little pussy. I wondered what it would feel like on my cock.

I rose to my feet as well, and we reached for our towels. I told her that we had to dry each other off, so we spent the next few minutes running the towels all over each other. I made sure that my hands made "incidental" contact with her breasts, and even rubbed my body up against hers accidentally. If she recognized what I was doing, she made no sign, which was just as well. Probably to her it didn't mean anything; we were naked, which was a little naughty, but other than that it was all just perfectly innocent.

After drying each other off, we went across the hall to my bedroom and sat down on the bed next to each other. Amy glanced down at my cock again.

"Is your dingaling still having fun?" she asked with a grin.

"He sure is," I replied. "Do you want to know why?"

"Why?"

"Because he likes you."

Amy giggled at the joke. She was old enough to know that it didn't have a mind of its own. Me, I wasn't so sure. So far tonight it had been making most of my decisions after all.

"And I like him," she said.

"That makes him happy, because he thinks you're a really pretty girl. He gets all hard and tense because he's excited to meet you."

"What's his name?" Amy asked with a grin.

I thought for a second, then came up with a suitable answer. "Dick," I said.

"Nice to meet you, Dick," she greeted. She reached out and grasped hold of it, then moved it up and down like she was shaking hands.

"Oh god!" I groaned in pleasure.

Amy immediately withdrew her hand and stared at me with a concerned look on her face. "Did I hurt you?" she asked anxiously.

"No you didn't," I replied. "You just made Dick feel really good. He likes it when you touch him."

She reached out again and took my cock in her hand.

"Do it like this," I told her, then slipped my hand around hers and moved it up and down to show her how to jerk me off. I removed my hand, and she continued to stroke me.

I couldn't believe how good it felt. My own sister was giving me a handjob! She did it with enthusiasm, too,

staring down at it with a smile on her face and her eyes lit up with delight.

I groaned with pleasure as she worked me over. Although she was obviously inexperienced, her hands felt exquisite on my cock. Of course, part of that was because I had never had a girl do that for me before, but part of it was because she really got into it, happily stroking me.

If she kept it up for much longer, though, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out, and there was still so much more I wanted to do tonight. After a few minutes, I mustered my willpower and put my hands on hers to draw them away.

"Don't you like that?" she asked, disappointed.

"Oh god yes, Amy," I answered. "That was one of the most wonderful things I've ever felt."

Her face lit up in a grin at the words. "I'm glad," she said. "I want to make you feel good."

"I was just thinking, my dick isn't used to so much attention from such a pretty girl. You're going to tire him out."

"Well, can we do it again later?" she pleaded.

"Actually, we can do some more right now. Just not with your hands. You see, he's more comfortable with his own kind."

"His own kind?" asked Amy, confused.

"Well, the female version of his own kind," I clarified. "He wants to meet your cunny."

"My cunny?" she asked with a giggle, staring down between her legs.

"Yes. He's a little shy, so maybe you could show him how friendly your little cunny is. I think he'd like that."

"But how do I do it?"

"Just like you were doing with your hands. Here, come sit on my lap."

Amy spread her legs and straddled me. She put her hands on my shoulders, and I slipped my hands behind her back. She grinned as she leaned in and pressed her body up against mine.

"I like cuddles," she commented, in reference to the closeness of our bodies. She had always enjoyed snuggling with her big brother, and even now she sometimes crept into my bed after I had fallen asleep. This was a little different, since we were both naked. With the warmth and softness of her bare skin against mine, I was beginning to understand what she liked so much about it.

"Okay, so now rub your cunny up and down my dick," I told her. She grinned, and began to move up and

down. I could feel her smooth, hairless little outer lips pressed against my cock, spreading ever so slightly. Her little lips even parted a bit as she ran it up and down the shaft. I didn't try to go for penetration; that would probably be pushing things a little too far. Instead, I was content to just let her press the outside of her pussy against my cock.

Pretty soon I noticed Amy's breathing growing heavier and her face flushing. She had her eyes closed, and her mouth open slightly, and I realized that this must feel as good for her as it did for me. Her cunt had started out dry, but now it left a moist trail on my cock. I even heard some cute little moans coming from her lips.

The thought that she was getting aroused like that drove me wild with excitement. My bratty little sister Amy, who I had always thought of as a little girl, was a hot little vixen with the sweetest pussy imaginable.

I also loved the feel of her bare chest against me. Her movements down below caused a much smaller, yet still noticeable movement above, and I could feel her nipples hardening as they ground against my chest. Her tiny little, almost nonexistent tits nevertheless felt soft and fleshy, and I longed to touch them with my hands.

This was an opportunity that might never come up again, so I decided to be bold. I took my hands off her back and brought them around to the front. Her eyes opened wide when I let them slip onto her breasts. She drew back, allowing me better access to them, but she continued to rub against my cock.

She glanced down at my hands, then back up at me, a grin on her face. "You're playing with my boobies!" she exclaimed in delight.

"I like your boobies," I told her. "I just thought they might be feeling kind of lonely."

"That feels nice, Rick. This is even better than cuddles."

"It sure is."

I continued to grope her for several minutes as she rode me. Her tits, which weren't even a handful yet, nevertheless had a certain youthful appeal. I ran my fingers around the nipples, causing Amy to groan and shudder at the stimulation. She kept an open-mouthed smile on her lips as she breathed in deeply and let out little moans with each breath, and her eyes closed. It was a look of pure sexual pleasure that excited me beyond belief. Her lips were so cute and inviting, and I knew I just had to feel them wrapped around my cock.

"Okay Amy, stop," I told her. She opened her eyes and her smile of satisfaction turned to a pout of disappointment.

"But we were having so much fun," she said.

"Remember, you have to do everything I say."

"Oh, all right," she replied, still pouting.

"Now stand up," I ordered. She obediently rose to her feet and stood before me, her hands clasped behind her back.

I gazed up and down her body for a second, admiring her little childlike form. At eleven years old, she was already the sexiest girl I had ever seen.

"My dick really likes your cunny," I told her. "You did good there. But now he's in the mood for something else."

"What do you want now, Dick?" she asked with a grin, staring down at my engorged member.

"He wants you to be his girlfriend," I told her.

Amy giggled. "Really?" she asked.

"Really."

"So what do I have to do?" She sounded just as eager and enthusiastic as ever.

"What do boyfriends and girlfriends do?" I asked her.

"Um... hold hands?"

"Yes, but you've already done that. What else?"

"Um... go on dates?"

"Yes, but that's not really practical in this case. What else?"

"Um..." She stared down at the floor, her face growing red, and I knew she had come up with the answer I had in mind. "They..." she said, then almost in a whisper added, "kiss."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed.

"You mean you want me to kiss your dingaling?"

"Why not?" I said. "You and Dick are already good friends, aren't you? And he thinks you're really really pretty."

"Do I have to?" she whined.

It was time to be firm with her. "Well, if you're going to complain about something as simple as this, I guess you weren't serious when you said you would do everything I asked. I'm going to go call Vanessa."



"No!" she insisted. "I'll do it. Please don't call Vanessa. I want you to play with me all weekend."

*I want to play with you all weekend too, I thought. Of course, you and I might have different ideas of what "playing" is.*

I decided to lead her along, to scare her a little. That way I could be sure that she would follow my every command obediently.

"No, it's too late," I told her. "You said you would do everything I say without complaint, and you just complained. So you lost your chance." I started to get up off the bed.

Amy immediately jumped on me, pressing her body up against mine and embracing me. I heard her sniff, and wondered if she was crying. "Please Rick, give me another chance," she pleaded. "I'm sorry I complained. I won't do it again. Please?"

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her. My ploy had worked. I felt bad about nearly bringing her to tears; I really did love her, and didn't like to see her hurt. I kissed her on the forehead, then pushed her gently away from me and gazed into her eyes with a loving smile. "Do you promise?" I asked.

"I promise."

"And you'll do everything I say without complaint, all weekend?"

"All weekend," she confirmed. "I just want to have this time with you all to myself. I don't even care what we do, as long as we're together."

"Okay," I replied. "I can see that you're sincere, so I'll let it slide this time."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, hugging me again.

I had never liked to hug her before, which was unfortunate because she tried to hug me all the time. But now, holding her in my arms like this, with our naked bodies touching each other, I decided that I liked hugs after all.

But there was something else I wanted, so after a minute or so I pushed her away again.

"Isn't there something you're supposed to be doing?" I told her.

She smiled and nodded, then climbed up off of my lap. She knelt down in front of me and stared at my cock. "Hello, Dick," she grinned, getting a kick out of this little game we were playing. "Do you want me to kiss you?"

I took it in my hand and shook it up and down as I said in a squeaky voice, "Oh, yes! I really want you to kiss me, Amy."

She started to giggle uncontrollably at that, and I couldn't help but join in. It really was absurd, after all. I removed my hand and thrust my cock forward.

Amy managed to get her laughing under control, then reached out with both of her hands and grasped it gently. I watched in excitement and fascination as she leaned in and bestowed a kiss right on the tip.

"Oh my god!" I gasped at the thrill that it sent through me. Amy smiled up at me, then returned her attention to my swollen member. She kissed it again gently, this time on the side. As she continued to put her lips all over it, I couldn't help but notice the similarity to the way she had kissed my foot earlier in the evening. It was tender, it was gentle, it was almost worshipful.

This was by far the best thing I had ever felt in my entire life. My gorgeous little sister actually had her mouth on my cock! She was kissing it all over, from the base all the way to the head, not missing a single spot.

I could have been happy just having her do this all night, but I wanted more. I shuddered in anticipation as I realized that if I asked her to, she would let me cum in her mouth! That was an opportunity I had never had before. No girl had even seen my dick before, much less given me a blowjob.

"Okay, that's enough, Amy," I told her. She drew back and gazed up at me with a smile on her face. "You've made Dick very happy," I said. "You're the best girlfriend a dingaling could ever have."

Amy giggled again at the joke. But I wasn't through with her yet.

"Now he wants to play a game with you," I said. "You're going to play make-believe. Doesn't that sound fun?"

Amy nodded with a grin on her face.

"Okay," I continued. "I want you to pretend that he's an ice cream cone. A strawberry ice cream cone." I knew strawberry was her favorite flavor. "Can you do that for me?"

She nodded. She placed just a single hand at the base of my cock this time, holding it straight up, just like she would if it were a real ice cream cone. Then she opened her mouth, leaned in, and gave it a lick.

If I thought the kisses were pleasurable, the licks were... well, I was in too much ecstasy right now to think of a suitable word, but needless to say, I loved it. It was especially thrilling when she licked me on the underside of the head, the most sensitive spot. Considering her position, that happened frequently. She occasionally pressed her lips to the head and sucked, not enough to take it into her mouth, but more like a kiss. It was a typical way to eat an ice cream cone, after all. Whenever she did that, I couldn't suppress a groan of pleasure. Amy ignored the sounds I was making, concentrating her full effort on her imaginary treat.

I was leaking precum like crazy by now. The first time she licked and came away with a drop of it on her tongue, she wrinkled her nose in disgust. I told her it was just part of the ice cream, and she accepted that

answer without any further objection. In fact, once she knew that I wanted her to do that, she seemed to get excited about licking up the fluid. She actually seemed to enjoy it!

If she kept this up for much longer, there was no way I would be able to hold back my orgasm. There was one more thing I wanted, though. I didn't want to cum anywhere but inside her mouth.

"Okay, you've done very well, Amy," I told her, and she drew back with a proud look on her face. "Now I want you to pretend it's a lollipop."

"Isn't that just like pretending it's an ice cream cone?" she asked.

"Kind of the same," I conceded, "but it's a little bit different. Let's see if you can figure out the difference."

She grinned, then shifted her position a little. She still held my cock at the base with one hand, but she pointed it forward instead of straight up. That made sense; an ice cream cone had to be held vertically but a lollipop didn't.

She began licking around the head again, and for a minute I thought in disappointment that she hadn't thought of the most obvious distinction between how one ate an ice cream cone and how one ate a lollipop. I was prepared to tell her directly, but I preferred to have her figure it out on her own. That way it would be her idea, and she would enjoy it all the more because it wasn't something I had made her do.

After about thirty seconds of licking, she slipped her mouth over the head, and I knew that my fantasies were about to be fulfilled.

From the very first suck, I was in heaven. The licks were ten times better than the kisses, but the sucks were ten times better than the licks! With each motion of her mouth, waves of pleasure washed through me. I was lost to that pleasure now, unable to think. The stimulation was almost too much to bear.

I gazed down at her beautiful face, with my cock disappearing into her mouth. I loved the little dimples that appeared on her cheeks when she sucked in, especially since they coincided with each wave of pleasure. She attacked my cock with enthusiasm, perhaps so wrapped up in the make-believe that it didn't even occur to her what she was really doing.

Then she lifted her eyes and gazed into mine with those big, beautiful, childlike eyes, so innocent, so trusting. It was a questioning look, as if asking whether she was doing it right, whether it was making me feel good. There was a kind of adoration there, a submissiveness that told me that all she wanted in the world was to please me.

I realized then that, despite her childlike face and body, she knew exactly what was going on. It was no longer a game to her; she really did want to make me feel good. She was a little sister who loved her big brother and would do anything for him.

I smiled down at her with encouragement, and she smiled back. She took the base of my cock in both of her

hands and sucked with determination, eager to bring me over the edge.

It didn't take long. Her hands, pussy, and mouth had already been stimulating me for longer than I had thought I could hold out, and now with her in the ultimate submissive posture, happily giving me pleasure with no thought for herself, I stood no chance.

"I'm going to cum," I warned her. "I want you to swallow every last drop." She gave me a smile to tell me she understood, then lowered her eyes and focused on the impending orgasm.

The pleasure spiked, running up toward that climax. I held it back as long as I could so that it would peak as high as possible, then when I could do no more, I let it happen. Amy's eyes opened wide as I shot the first spurt into her mouth. I saw her throat contract as she gulped it down, an instant before the second spurt fired. She swallowed this one just as eagerly. Again and again I released into her mouth, and somehow she managed to keep up with me. She swallowed over and over, taking everything I gave her.

The orgasm wasn't just physical for me, but emotional as well. As she obediently drank down my cum, I realized just how much she cared for me. She had been willing to give me the most intensely pleasurable experience of my life. She was the best little sister a big brother could ever have.

"Oh Amy, I love you!" I gasped. "My beautiful little sister!"

Her eyes welled up with tears then, but they were tears of joy. I understood her now, and knew why she always met me at school, why she always tried to hug me even when I didn't want her to, why she wanted to spend the weekend with me. Her love for me was beyond that of a sister for a brother. She was my devoted lover. And now I realized that all this time, when I had thought her so obnoxious and annoying, *I* was the one at fault. *I* had been the one to reject her, to grumble and complain when she did nice things for me, to push her away when she tried to hug me. All she wanted was to please me, and I had refused to grant her such a simple little wish.

I collapsed back on the bed, exhausted and spent. Amy let my cock slip from her mouth, then climbed up and lay down on top of me, her hand on my shoulder and her head against my chest.

"Cuddles?" she asked, her first and only request since we had started our little game. I was more than happy to oblige her. I slipped my arms around her back and held her tightly to me.

"You've been so wonderful tonight," I told her. "I don't know why I ever considered inviting Vanessa over when I can spend the weekend with you. I don't even care about making you do everything I say."

"It's okay," she told me. "As long as it makes you happy, it makes me happy."

"You know something funny, that's exactly the same way I feel about you. I just didn't realize it until now."

"It's about time you figured that out, you dummy," she teased.

"I really do love you, Amy. From now on I'm going to prove it. I don't care what my friends think; my little sister is more important to me than them anyway."

"Do you mean it?" she asked, tears returning to her eyes.

"I mean it. In fact, I just thought of a great way to show you just how much I love you."

"How?"

I grinned, then kissed her once again on the forehead. "Tomorrow," I told her, "I'm going to do everything *you* say."

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## Part 2

### Dominant Little Sister

Even expecting the most beautiful sound in the world, I still smiled when I heard it.

"Good morning, big brother," my little sister Amy cooed, and I opened my eyes to gaze upon her adorable face smiling down at me. We lay naked together in my bed, relaxing in the warmth and softness of each other's bodies. I had awakened ten minutes ago, but it felt so nice to lie here with Amy in my arms that I hadn't attempted to get up yet. Amy had rolled over on top of me, her head raised above mine and her hair spilling down to one side, tickling my cheek.

I thought back on the game we had played last night, the sexy game that led to her sucking me off. The look on her face now reminded me of the look of adoration she had worn as she bathed my feet with kisses, and later did the same thing to my cock. She had done it all with eagerness and enthusiasm because she loved her brother more than any sister should.

After that we had mostly just cuddled, lying together with our arms around one another. Gazing at her beautiful face with its childlike innocence, I had wanted to do more. I had wanted to make love to her, to fill her body and make a woman out of her. But I couldn't do that to her. Maybe before I realized just how much I loved her, I might have been able to go through with it, to make her give to me the most precious thing she possessed. She might even have agreed, because it was all a part of the game after all. But she wouldn't have understood what that meant, and now that I wanted to be the best big brother in the world to her, I had to refrain. Despite our snuggling and hugging and sleeping nude together, Amy was still a virgin.

I was too, for that matter, unless you count having been brought to orgasm by my sister's mouth. Maybe yesterday I might have been willing to go all the way with her, but now that I realized just how much I loved

her, I knew that I couldn't do that to her.

That didn't mean that I had no urges. Waking up to the sight of a very gorgeous and very naked little girl had already taken its toll on my body, and I couldn't deny just how excited she was making me. She noticed it too, and with a giggle she slipped her hand around my swollen member. "Does Dick want to play?" she teased.

"I think Dick's just happy to see you," I replied. Amy giggled again.

"Good morning, Dick," she said, then leaned down and planted a kiss on the head, causing me to groan.

"He really likes getting kissed, doesn't he?" she asked.

"You bet he does. Anyone would love to be kissed by you."

She beamed at the compliment, then returned her attention to my cock, kissing it all over and eliciting more groans from me. After last night, she was not only intimately familiar with that region of my body, but apparently obsessed with it. I certainly had no complaints.

Unfortunately, she ended too soon, leaving me groaning. She lifted up her head with a wicked grin on her face.

"Oh come on, Amy," I said. "You can't just leave me like that. It's not fair."

"Hey, *I'm* supposed to be the one giving orders today," she said.

"I know, but--"

"Are you going to break your promise to your little sister?"

"Hey, that's not fair."

"Well, are you?"

"No," I conceded. "What is your first command, Mistress?"

She giggled. "You don't have to call me Mistress. Amy will do just fine."

"Okay. What is your first command, Mistress Amy?"

"No, just Amy."

"Okay. What is your first command, Just Amy?"

"Hey! Stop teasing me!" she grinned.

"I'm happy to obey that command. Now what is your *second* command, Amy?"

"Stop being so formal."

"Okay. I was getting bored with that game anyway."

"All right. Now it's time to go take your shower, young man," she told me in a tone reminiscent of the one our mother used when she wanted us to do something.

"Okay mom," I said.

"You're teasing me again," Amy insisted. "Don't you love your little sister? Don't you want to be nice to me?"

She was certainly manipulative, but then, I had put her in that position.

"Oh, I do!" I hurriedly exclaimed. "Sorry about the teasing. Forgive me?" I flashed her a pleading look that might have worked if our roles were reversed, but in this case just made her break out into uncontrollable giggles.

"Okay, I forgive you," she said. "But you'd better go take your shower now."

"Yes sir!" I saluted her. Considering that we had taken a bath together last night, a shower wasn't strictly necessary, but I decided not to point this out, especially since as soon as I headed toward the bathroom, Amy followed.

I couldn't help sneaking a few peeks as she walked. Her almost nonexistent breasts had almost no jiggle to them, but the tiny amount that there was moved in the most delightful way. I really wanted to put my hands on them and grope them all over, but I knew I had to behave or I wouldn't receive the reward she promised me. Of course, she might just order me to fondle them anyway, so I probably wouldn't miss out on anything by waiting.

I opened the shower curtain and turned on the hot water, turning around to stare at her body as I waited for the water to heat.

"Are you going to take a shower with me?" I asked her bluntly. We really had no reason to be shy with each other any more.

"Do you even need to ask?" she replied, brushing past me to step into the tub. I immediately followed her, closing the shower curtain behind us. I pulled the latch on the faucet and stood there as hot water sprayed down over both of us from the shower head.

I could get used to this, I decided. I would have to look for more opportunities to stay home overnight alone with Amy, just so we could shower together. I loved the closeness of her beautiful young body in the confined space, and the sight of the water glistening on her skin. I couldn't help staring at her petite little nipples, so close and so delightful. I wanted to just reach out and squeeze her breasts in my hands.

"Staring at my boobies?" asked Amy with a grin.

If she was trying to embarrass me, I wouldn't give her the satisfaction. "You bet I am," I replied.

"Naughty naughty Rick," she said. "Rick likes staring at boobies."

"Rick is a fourteen-year-old boy," I said in my defense. "All fourteen-year-old boys like staring at boobies."

"Does that mean when I meet you after school, all your friends are sneaking peaks at my chest?"

"Probably," I shrugged.

"Even Jeff?" she laughed.

"Probably."

"Even Mike?"

"Probably."

"Even Jesse?"

"Absolutely." I was pretty confident in giving such a definitive answer, since Jesse was about the biggest pervert I had ever met. Still, he was fun to hang around with.

"Well then, maybe next time I'll wear a loose tank top and 'accidentally' give them occasional glimpses of what's underneath," Amy joked.

This was a side of my little sister that I had never seen before. Sure she was affectionate and flirtatious, but only with me, and it was never quite so blatant. Certainly she had never suggested that she would flash my friends. She was probably just playing around, but I wasn't entirely sure.

"It sounds like you're just as naughty as I am," I told her.

"I must have picked it up from my big brother."

"But seriously, Amy, you should probably be careful about teasing boys like that. I wouldn't want you to get into any kind of trouble."

"Is that the truth, or are you just jealous?"

"Probably a little of both. I don't even want to imagine what might happen if you found yourself alone with Jesse."

"Better to be alone with you, huh?" she smiled.



"After what happened last night, I'm not sure I'm much better. But as long as you're having fun, I guess it's all right."

"Thanks, Rick. I appreciate you looking out for me like that." She threw her arms around my neck and pressed her chest against mine. Had we been wearing clothes, it would have been perfectly innocent, but naked as we were, it was quite an enjoyable and erotic feeling. I wrapped my arms around her back and hugged her tightly, luxuriating in the soft, damp, and hot sensation of her lovely young skin on my own.

All too soon, Amy pulled away, to my disappointment. She even turned away from me. While she had a lovely backside and the cutest little fanny, the front was so much more delightful that I was disappointed at not being able to see more of it at the moment.

Then my interest picked right back up when she said, "Rick, will you wash my back?"

Being a typical horny fourteen-year-old, there was no way I was going to pass up such an opportunity to put my hands all over her body. If being her slave meant that I got to touch her like that, then I wanted to submit to her every desire. I grabbed the liquid soap, squeezed some onto my hand, then reached out and rubbed it on Amy's back. She sighed as I rubbed her gently but vigorously, working up a nice lather all over her back. The slipperiness from the soap made the feel of her skin on my hands even more exquisite. If I had my way, I would grab her, wrap my arms around her, and press her to my chest, rubbing her not with my hands, but with my own body. My hands would seek out her chest, resting on her cute little tits, working the lather into her soft flesh. Some of the soap from her back would run down her ass and collect on my cock, which would have nowhere to go except between her legs. She would press back against me...

It was a nice fantasy, but if I let myself go like that, I might not be able to control myself. My cock would be only inches away from that forbidden place where it so desperately wanted to go, but I knew that that was definitely off-limits. Amy and I might have all other kinds of naughty fun, but that was where I drew the line; I could never do that to her. She might never forgive me.

Besides, today it was all up to her what she wanted me to do. I was her slave, after all. And I certainly enjoyed running my hands all over her back side. If that was as far as she wanted me to take it, I would still be happy.

That was especially true when I finished soaping up her back and lowered my hands to her cute little ass cheeks. She giggled as I massaged and kneaded them, having all kinds of fun playing with her like that. She stood unmoving for several minutes as I fondled and groped her; apparently she was having as much fun as I was.

Then she stepped forward out of my grasp and turned around, standing under the hot water to rinse away the soap. I watched with excitement as a bit of foam from her shoulder slithered down the front of her body, slowing down as it reached the swelling of her upper chest, then depositing itself on her nipple, where it hesitated for a moment (I really couldn't blame it; I would have done the same thing if I were a bit of foam), then dripped off of the tip onto the floor of the tub.

I had been semi-hard ever since waking up, but at the moment I was like solid granite. Amy glanced down, and grinned at the physical manifestation of the state I was in. "Having fun?" she asked.

"I just love to serve my mistress," I replied. "Just being this close to you is like a dream come true." Okay, I really was laying it on thick, but Amy knew it was all in fun.

"Well aren't you the sweet-talker," she teased. "One thing's for sure; you definitely have the right attitude. Maybe I'll have to reward you later."

"The lollipop game?" I asked hopefully.

"Maybe," she replied. "In the mean time, since you seem to like serving me so much, you shouldn't have a problem washing my front now."

"Hell yeah!" I exclaimed.

"Watch your language," she scolded playfully.

"Sorry," I apologized. "What I meant to say was, 'Fuckin' A!'"

"Hey!"

"Just kidding," I laughed, then grabbed the soap before she got the idea of using it to wash my mouth out. I poured some on my hands, and Amy stepped forward out of the spray so I could do my job. I wasted no time, but immediately started lathering up her breasts. It wasn't the first time I had touched them, but that did nothing to lessen the thrill of running my hands over the fleshy mounds, groping and fondling them and feeling them slip and slide through my soapy fingers, and especially listening to Amy giggle at the naughtiness of it all and at the erotic sensations I was giving her. Not surprisingly, the nipples were my favorite part, and I made sure to squeeze and tweak them between my thumbs and forefingers until they grew solid and puffy under my hands. Even then I kept toying with her breasts; I wasn't going to stop until she told me to.

"Hey Rick," she eventually said. "Aren't you going to wash the rest of me?"

"There's more of you?" I asked. "I was having so much fun that I completely forgot."

"Well, you'd better get the rest before the water goes cold. Besides, I still have to wash you too."

With that kind of motivation, I hurriedly squeezed some more soap on my hands, then rubbed it over her shoulders, her neck, and down lower to her flat little stomach. Knowing that this was an opportunity too good to pass up, I then knelt down in front of her and worked on her legs. At least, my hands did. My eyes were focused right on that pretty little slit between. Hairless, undeveloped, and tiny, it was still more beautiful than any of the mature ones I had seen in my numerous sessions of browsing online porn. Maybe it was because it was the first one I had seen for real. Maybe the thrill of the forbidden lust for my sister intensified the

excitement. Or maybe (disturbing thought) I just preferred them that way.

Since her instructions had been to wash 'the rest' of her, I figured that meant between her legs as well. At least, if she tried to stop me I could make that a reasonable excuse. I reached out and ran my finger over the slit.

"Ooh!" Amy squealed in delight. That sounded a lot more like a yes than a no to me, so I rubbed her all over, playing with the damp, slippery smoothness of the lips and trying to tease the little button at the top out of its hiding place. Amy especially liked that, but she liked it even more when I pressed my middle finger inside her until I reached the barrier over the entrance, the guardian blocking the gate to heaven. It was then that I regained control over my hormones. That part of her was not for me. It belonged to a man in her future who could afford to love her the way I couldn't.

I rose back to my feet, noticing a look of disappointment on Amy's face that the fun couldn't continue. At least, it couldn't continue in that direction, though I had no intention of giving it up completely. I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a soapy, slippery, and very pleasing hug, along with a kiss on her forehead.

Amy then had me turn around so she could wash my back, which felt nice but not as nice as the pleasure I anticipated when she washed my front. I certainly hoped she would take a long time on that, or at least the lower part of my anatomy. When she told me to turn around again, my erection was already as hard as could be. Amy glanced down with a sly smile, but decided to start at the top instead, to my dismay. She rubbed soap all over my shoulders and arms, then my chest, spending some time playing with my own nipples like I had played with hers. I had never thought of my nipples as particularly sensitive, but with Amy teasing them like that, I changed my mind in a hurry.

She continued down my body, soaping up my stomach and rubbing my belly. I waited with rapidly diminishing patience as she spent extra long washing me between my navel and the line of hair below, no doubt teasing me with the anticipation.

"All done," she finally announced, removing her hands. I groaned in frustration.

"Oh come on, Amy!" I exclaimed. "You can't just leave me like that."

"What?" she asked with playful innocence.

"You have to wash me... lower."

"I don't *have* to do anything," she grinned. "I'm your mistress, and you're just my slave."

"Please?"

"Please what?"

"Please will you wash me lower?"

"Say, 'please Mistress.'"

"Please Mistress!"

"I don't think you meant it."

Amy knew she had me right where she wanted me. Well, I was willing to play that game if it would give me the relief that I so desperately needed. I knelt down again, placed my hands together in a begging gesture, and said, "Please, my beautiful, sweet mistress that I adore so very very much?"

My sister giggled. "That's more like it," she said. "Stand up."

I did, then watched as with agonizing slowness Amy squirted some more soap on her hands. Then she grabbed my cock and started pumping it up and down.

"Oh, thank you, Amy!" I gasped. "That feels incredible!"

"See how nice of a mistress you have?"

"You're the nicest mistress ever!"

With all the anticipation and the sudden slippery pleasure as Amy pumped me, I didn't last long. After only about two minutes of stroking, I succumbed to the pleasure. "Ew!" Amy giggled as I spurted sticky ropes onto the floor of the shower beside her. She had stood off to the side the whole time, partly because it was the best way to get a good grip on me but maybe also because she knew what the end result of her pumping would be.

"See?" she asked after I calmed down from my orgasmic high. "Now you can't say your mistress never did anything nice for you."

We spent a couple of minutes rinsing the soap off under the water, but by that time the water was starting to get cold, so we stepped out of the shower and dried each other off. We took a lot longer to dry than usual, mainly because it was really just another excuse to put our hands all over each other. Though technically the towels did all the work, we both made sure there was plenty of incidental skin-on-skin contact. My libido might have been down for the count, but that didn't mean I couldn't enjoy the feel of Amy's youthful, silky-smooth skin.

Eventually we finished, and left the bathroom.

"Now what do you want me to do, Amy?" I asked.

"Go fix me breakfast," she commanded. "Bacon and eggs and toast and orange juice."

"Um... do you mind if I get dressed first?" I asked.

"Yes I do mind," she replied. "You're not allowed to get dressed all day."

"But the grease from bacon splatters," I told her. "If it just gets on my shirt that's fine, but it will hurt like hell if it gets on my bare skin."

"Okay," she conceded. "You can put on some clothes first. But when you bring the breakfast back here, you'd better be naked again."

"That's all right with me," I grinned. I liked seeing Amy's nude body, and apparently she liked seeing mine. Normally I would have been totally humiliated to be caught naked by my little sister, but today, it just meant that she was more likely to use my nudity to her advantage, to have all kinds of fun with my body. And anything she considered fun, I was likely to consider fun too.

I threw on a tee shirt, a pair of sweat pants, and a pair of socks and shoes, then made my way into the kitchen. I've never claimed to be the best cook in the world, but I knew how to fry up bacon and eggs. In my opinion, every teenage boy should know how to fry up bacon and eggs. We had oranges on hand, but I didn't have the patience to squeeze them, so I just pulled a can of concentrate from the freezer and mixed it up in a pitcher. Amy probably wouldn't even be able to tell the difference anyway.

Ten minutes later, I called Amy to breakfast.

"In here," she called back. So she wanted breakfast in bed. Fine. I grabbed a tray, served the food onto two plates and poured two glasses of orange juice, then returned to my room, where I found Amy sitting up in my bed, propped up against a pillow pinned behind her to the wall. The blanket rose only to her waist, leaving her tiny little tits exposed to my view. Although my stomach had begun to growl in anticipation as I fixed breakfast, I suddenly had a desire to taste nothing but those beautiful little mounds on her chest.

Unfortunately, she put a quick stop to it as I attempted to crawl into bed with her. "No, this is my bed today," she insisted. "You're just the servant. You go eat over at your desk."

That was disappointing, but on the other hand, from my position across the room I had a perfect view of her upper body throughout the entire meal. I was entranced by every motion she made; even simply ones like lifting her fork to her mouth. There was a certain grace, a certain fascinating way that every motion in one part of her body affected every other part. The way it all fit together was almost like a dance, with those two young fleshy orbs always at the center.

She caught me staring, and flashed me a sly grin. I grinned back, but refused to look away. Let her think I was some kind of pervert. Hell, I *was* some kind of pervert to be looking at my sister like that. Right now though, I didn't care. Let the world condemn me for my unnatural desires. Let hellfire and brimstone burn me to a cinder. All that mattered to me right now was the sight of my gorgeous little sister, naked from the waist up and showing off the cutest little 11-year-old body imaginable.

After breakfast, she had me take the dishes back into the kitchen and throw them in the dishwasher. Then I returned to the bedroom to see her yawning and stretching, an erotic sight indeed. Even after the thorough

stroking she had given me earlier in the shower, I found myself growing hard again.

Amy glanced between my legs and smiled at the reaction she was having on me.

"So what are you thinking about right now?" she asked in such an innocent voice that I knew she did it just to tease me. Actually, it was pretty obvious what I was thinking right now, but I decided to tease her right back.

"I'm just wondering if the football game last Sunday would have turned out different if the quarterback hadn't thrown that interception."

"Yeah, like I really believe that's what you're thinking," she laughed.

"What? You asked. You know men are always thinking about sports."

"That's not what I heard," she snickered. "Anyways, forget about the game. Tell me what you think about *me*," Amy demanded. "And remember, I'm still your mistress, and I can be nice or really really mean to you."

"I think..." I said. "I think you're pretty."

"Just pretty?" she asked with a playfully offended tone.

"Well, tell me what you want me to say."

"Say... 'I think you're the most beautiful girl in the whole world.'"

"I think you're the most beautiful girl in the whole world," I repeated. Amy giggled.

"Now say, 'I think you're even more beautiful than Vanessa Moon.'"

That was pushing things. I had been friends with Vanessa for a long time, but lately I had been developing certain feelings toward her that were deeper than mere friendship. Still, since this was just a game, it really didn't matter what I said. They were Amy's words, not my own.

"I think you're even more beautiful than Vanessa Moon."

"Now say, 'I'm in love with you, Amy.'"

"I'm in love with you, Amy," I said. She giggled again.

"Really?" she asked.

I couldn't pass up the opportunity to tease her. "No, not really," I replied. "I just said it because you told me to."

"Hey!" she exclaimed. Then she laughed. "Just you wait. I'm going to get you back for that."

"Ooh, I'm really scared!" I taunted, and she stuck her tongue out at me.

"Now say, 'I want your body, Amy,'" she told me with a naughty giggle.

"I want your body, Amy."

"Ooh, you naughty boy! Now say, 'I love every part of your body.'"

"I love every part of your body."

"Now say, 'I love your boobies.'"

"I love your boobies," I grinned. Amy burst out into girlish laughter at that, obviously thinking it was hilarious. But she wasn't finished with me yet.

"Now say, 'I love your pussy,'" she demanded.

"I love your pussy," I repeated. She laughed again, even harder than before. She was really having fun with this, and to tell the truth, so was I.

"Now say, 'I want to kiss your boobies.'"

"I want to kiss your boobies," I replied.

"Okay," said Amy with a sly grin.

"Okay?"

"Okay, you can kiss my boobies." Still grinning, she flashed me a challenging look, as if daring me to disobey her. Of course, I wasn't about to disobey this command. Amy's 'boobies' were still almost nonexistent, but what she did have were extremely appealing, and I wasn't about to pass up this opportunity to put my mouth on them.

I lowered my head, opened my mouth, and let my lips close around one of her nipples. I sucked it in, letting my tongue run all over it.

"Hey!" Amy exclaimed. "I said kiss, not suck."

I drew back and grinned at her. "Sorry. It's just that you have the most suckable boobs I've ever tasted."

"Oh yeah? And how many boobies have you tasted?"

"Including yours? One." I lowered my head and gave a quick lick to her other nipple. "Two," I corrected.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "You sure you haven't tasted Vanessa's? I'll bet you went up to her and said,

"Vanessa, I would looooooooooove to suck on your boobies."

"I did, but she just slapped my face," I joked.

"Ooh, really?" Amy squealed in delight. "Does my big brother Rick have the hots for Vanessa Moon?"

"Nah, she's just a friend," I replied. "There's this other girl, though... she's only eleven, but she's absolutely adorable and has the most gorgeous body and totally suckable tits. She goes by the name of Amy."

"Oh, I know her!" said Amy. "She's your sister, isn't she?"

"You won't tell her, will you?"

"Don't worry. Your secret's safe with me. As long as you do everything I say today."

"That's the plan. Speaking of which, didn't you tell me to kiss your boobs?"

"I sure did."

"Well, if I have to," I playfully groaned, then leaned down and began kissing her all over her breasts. This time I didn't focus just on the nipples, though my mouth found its way there plenty of times. I made sure to pay attention to every square inch of her tits, not that there were too many square inches to pay attention to just yet. In a few years it might be a bigger job, but right now, they were still small and petite and so very very cute.

I couldn't help myself, but occasionally let my tongue "accidentally" brush against her skin as well, especially when my mouth was currently working on her nipples. Amy didn't seem to mind, not that I had expected her to.

"I'll tell you a secret," I said after worshipping her breasts with my lips for about five minutes. "I wasn't just following orders when I said I love your boobies. I really do love them."

"I'll tell you a secret too," she replied. "My boobies love you right back."

"So maybe they should be my girlfriends," I smiled.

"Both of them?"

"Why not?"

"Because I only have one boyfriend. It's not fair." She was referring, of course, to my cock. She had agreed to be its girlfriend in a game quite similar to the one we were playing right now.

"Tell you what," I said. "Since you're being such a nice mistress, maybe I'll let you have two more boyfriends. There are a couple of other guys down there feeling kind of lonely."



She glanced down between my legs, then suddenly burst out laughing as she realized what I was talking about. "Okay, it's a deal," she agreed.

I suddenly grabbed my little sister's breasts. "Hello, Amy's boobies," I said. "Would you like to be my girlfriends?"

"They both say yes," she grinned.

"Good. Now I think I'll give a kiss to both of my girlfriends." I leaned in and planted a kiss right on each nipple. That, of course, wasn't enough for me, and I began kissing her all over the chest again.

She unfortunately called it quits a couple of minutes later, to my disappointment. "That's about all the attention your girlfriends can handle for a while," she explained. Grudgingly I released her.

We spent the rest of the morning watching cartoons on TV. For all the growing up Amy had done recently, she was still in some ways a little girl. Although I had long since given up on cartoons in favor of more mature activities like computer games, I certainly didn't mind sitting naked on the couch with my arm around Amy's shoulders and a blanket thrown over the top of us. I can't say I paid much attention to the shows at the time; all my attention was on my little sister. It was too bad that she was covered up, because I would have loved to stare at her all day like I stared at her during breakfast. But having her right there next to me, right in my arms, with her skin touching mine, was a worthy consolation prize.

It was almost too bad when the last of her favorite shows ended and she climbed up off the couch. On the other hand, since she made no move to get dressed, I couldn't really complain. I continued to stare at her cute little body whenever I got the chance, which was often.

She had me make her lunch, if you can count throwing a couple of TV dinners in the microwave as making lunch. We sat down at the kitchen table to eat them.

After lunch, we spent some time just lying together on the couch and cuddling. I lay down first, then Amy crawled on top of me and rested her head on my chest. I was back to full hardness by this point, and who could blame me? Amy made no mention of it, even with my cock pinned between her body and mine. She could feel every square inch of it, of course, which felt particularly good for me. Unfortunately, all she wanted to do was take a nap, not that that really bothered me. I wrapped my arms around her and massaged her back as she lay there, lazily drifting off to sleep.

I wasn't particularly sleepy myself, so I just stared up at the ceiling and enjoyed running my hands all over her body. Even if I hadn't promised to serve her today, I would have been happy to volunteer to massage her like this, just lying here with her in my arms, watching over her as she slept, keeping my little Amy safe from nightmares and bogeymen, from cares and worries, from anything that might interrupt her sleep. Let her slumber peacefully as long as she wanted; her big brother would stand guard over her.

I thought about how my attitude toward her had changed over the past day. Just twenty-four hours ago, I couldn't stand her. Now, I just couldn't seem to get enough of her. I had always loved her, but it wasn't until recently that I had really understood what that meant. It meant being happy when she met me after school, despite the teasing of my friends. It meant wanting to spend the weekend with her instead of inviting over someone like Vanessa Moon. It meant playing games like this where I followed her orders, not because she held anything over me but because I *wanted* to please her. Most of all, it meant sacrificing my own wants and desires to make sure she knew how much I cared for her.

When she woke later that afternoon, we spent some time just cuddling. Then Amy, still very much a child, wanted to play some more traditional games. We had a few board games in the closet, and we played them until supper time. I let her win every single time. By the end it was obvious that I was throwing the game, but she played along and playfully taunted me about it anyway. I pretended to be angry and flustered, which just egged her on. In the end, she just threw her arms around me and said, "it doesn't matter that you keep getting beat by your little sister. I still love you." Even if I hadn't just been pretending, that would have made it all right.

We never did get dressed that day. Even while playing board games we did it naked. Amy agreed to let me get dressed to fix supper, then had me strip down again before we ate. Amy decided to get romantic and instructed me to bring out a couple of candles so that we could have a candlelight dinner. I had to admit, in the soft and subdued lighting, she looked particularly beautiful.

After eating, I cleared away the plates, then we adjourned to the living room again. Amy wore a somewhat mischievous grin on her face, and I could tell she was in the mood to get naughty again. I certainly wasn't about to complain.

"Let's see..." she said. "What to do with you now..."

"I have an idea," I grinned.

"Let me guess. The lollipop game?" she asked.

I nodded enthusiastically.

"Is that all you ever think about?" she laughed.

"Can you blame me?" I asked. "I'm a teenage boy, and you're a very cute girl."

"Well, too bad, because you're still my slave and I get to say what we do."

"Fine," I grumbled teasingly.

"You don't sound too excited about serving your mistress," said Amy.

"What I meant to say was, now what shall I do, my beautiful, sweet little mistress that I adore so very very

much?" I asked, using exactly the same words I had used in the shower that morning.

Amy giggled. "That's much better," she said. "Since you're being so polite, I'm going to reward you."

"Oh thank you, Mistress!" I exclaimed in absurdly over-the-top enthusiasm.

"Let's see..." she said, as she thought. "I know. Since you said you love my body, I'm going to let you kiss part of it."

"Your boobies again?" I asked hopefully. Tasting those sweet, tiny yet beautiful orbs was just about the best reward I could ever imagine.

Unfortunately, Amy had something else in mind. "Nope," she told me. "You didn't earn *that* much of a reward. But don't worry. You said you love every part of my body, so you shouldn't mind kissing my foot." She plopped down on the couch and stuck one of her feet out toward me, wiggling her toes.

Needless to say, I was quite disappointed. It wasn't that I had anything against Amy's feet in particular; they were shapely, clean, small, and dainty. On the other hand, they were feet. I had had my hopes on a more intimate part of her anatomy. I considered making a face or groaning in disgust to tease my little sister, but then I remembered yesterday when I had ordered Amy to do this exact same thing, and she had done it enthusiastically, lovingly, even worshipfully. I knew now that she had kissed them like that as a sign of just how much she loved me. To do any less for her would imply that I didn't love her as much as she loved me. Maybe she knew that. Maybe this was a test. If so, I was determined to pass.

I knelt on the floor in front of her and took her foot in my hand. It wasn't so bad, I decided. A couple of days ago I would have been disgusted at the thought of ever kissing her feet, but right now, I just saw them as a part of Amy's body, the body that I loved so much. I brought it to my lips and planted a tender kiss on the top, just above the toes.

Amy giggled, obviously amused. I wasn't doing this to make her laugh, though. I wanted her to know just how much her big brother cared for her. I kissed her foot again and again, trying my hardest to keep the same worshipful expression on my face as she had yesterday when she did this same thing to me. As I did, I realized that this was surprisingly enjoyable. There was something strangely appealing about her cute little feet, though perhaps it was just that they were attached to her long, shapely, and gorgeous legs. Or maybe I really did just love every part of her body.

I didn't just kiss her foot; I massaged it too. That was something Amy hadn't done to me yesterday, so I figured the extra effort would show her how much I wanted to please her. It seemed to work, because I heard a contented sigh escape from her lips, and when I glanced up I saw a peaceful and serene smile on her face as she leaned against the back of the couch. I loved seeing that expression on her face, especially with the knowledge that I was the one who put it there. Perhaps Amy had just been teasing when she said that this would be a reward for me, but at the moment it really did feel like a reward. I was learning an important lesson from this experience, that sometimes it's far more rewarding to give than to receive.

"Now go higher," she grinned. I glanced up at her for a moment, then followed her instructions and let my lips gradually wander up to her ankle. I held her leg in my hand as I planted kisses all over the bony knobs on both sides. Amy's ankles were thin and tiny; it almost made me wonder how she could support even her minuscule weight without breaking them, especially when she enthusiastically skipped down the street to pounce on her big brother after school, a habit that until recently I had found quite annoying. I had a suspicion that after this weekend, I probably wouldn't mind so much.

"Higher," she ordered again, and I smiled. Now I was up to her legs, those beautiful and slender legs that I admired so much. Although she wasn't involved in any organized sports, Amy had an athletic body merely by virtue of being so energetic all the time. She never walked when she could run. It was particularly evident in the supple shapeliness of her legs, which were somewhat muscular though not overly so. There was still a softness about them that was quite pleasing, and in her nearly prepubescent state, she had only the finest covering of downy hair on her legs that did nothing to mar the silkiness of her beautiful skin. I kissed her shin lovingly and adoringly, enjoying the closeness of her body, the feel of her leg on my lips and even on my cheek as I brushed against it to take advantage of the position I was in.

That wasn't the only thing that made me happy right now. There was also a certain anticipation as I wondered just how high Amy would want me to go. Maybe a couple of days ago, the thought of getting that close to that particular part of her anatomy would have had me retching, but considering how excited I was growing just to be able to kiss her legs, I wondered how much more wonderful it would be to move on to a more intimate part of her body.

But would she let me? Would she really want me to do that to her? She had done something similar to me already, and considering that she wasn't opposed to playing the lollipop game, I just might get my wish!

"Higher," she commanded, and I moved just a little closer to my goal. Now I was at her knee, surprised at how delighted I was to be kissing her there. I decided to have a little fun with it, and gave it a squeeze, eliciting a shriek from Amy, followed by a giggle. She had always been ticklish there.

"Oops," I grinned, not that I had the slightest chance in hell of convincing her that it was an accident. But when I returned my lips to it and bathed it with my kisses, I'm sure she was willing to forgive me for my momentary bit of fun. Besides, in a few minutes I planned to give her such pleasure that she would forget all about all of my teasing and tickling and anything else I had done to her that she didn't like.

She was already getting excited, I could tell. She had her eyes closed and her head thrown back, with a cute little open-mouthed smile on her face. Occasional minuscule tremors shook her frame, tiny quakes running through her as I kissed her leg. It couldn't be all from the direct stimulation; she was probably thinking the same thing I was, about the treats that lay in store for her as soon as I finished my journey.

All in good time. Though I desperately wanted to just skip the whole rest of the trip and dive right into that luscious mound that beckoned me, I loved the idea of drawing it out as long as possible, teasing her almost to a frenzy before giving her what she wanted.

Of course, that was really all up to her. She was the one setting the pace, and I could do nothing but obey her wishes.

"Higher," Amy breathed. As she did so, she spread her leg to the side so that I had to kiss the inside curve of her leg. By this point, it was obvious just where we were headed. I could barely contain my excitement; I had thought her "boobies" were so sweet and tasty; I could hardly wait to get my mouth on that delightful little hairless peach between her legs. How exquisite it must taste!

Eager to get to it, I leaned down and started kissing the inside of her upper leg, starting with her knee and working slowly upward to the softer flesh. With one of my hands, I supported her leg, while with the other one I massaged her just above where my lips touched her skin. I listened to her breathing, noticing that it was growing heavier. I glanced up and let myself revel in the sight of her breasts rising and falling with each breath, especially the tiny and almost imperceptible jiggles. As I continued to kiss up the inside of her leg, growing ever closer to my goal, I could hear little mewling sounds occasionally escape her lips. That sound excited me almost beyond belief. A couple of days ago I might have found the sound whiny and annoying, but then, a couple of days ago I found everything about Amy whiny and annoying. Now, though, those noises made her sound so vulnerable, so innocent, so feminine.

As I approached the crease between her leg and her mound, I experimentally stuck out my tongue and brushed it so gently against her skin. Amy literally jumped at the contact, giving an audible gasp of excitement. She spread both of her legs wider, putting the beautiful sight between them on display for my eager eyes. I couldn't remember ever seeing anything so beautiful as that sweet, hairless thing, just waiting for the pleasure that I desperately wanted to give.

Almost imperceptibly, as if not daring to speak her strongest yet naughtiest desire, Amy whispered the word that I had been waiting for, the confirmation that she wanted this as much, if not more, than I did.

"Higher," she breathed.

So my little sister Amy wanted me to do the same thing to her today that she had done to me yesterday. I think I wanted that almost as much as she did. I placed my hands on the insides of her thighs and gently spread her legs even further apart to give me all the room I needed to work. Then I lowered my head and placed a kiss right on that sweet, bald little slit between her legs.

Amy let out a moan as a shiver ran through her body, stronger than the ones that had struck her before. She was so cute the way she lay there with her eyes closed and her mouth open, so vulnerable and so lost in anticipation and pleasure. She was my mistress, but right now she was a slave to her own body.

Then again, so was I. Even if I wanted to resist her charms, I knew I lacked the willpower. I just had to taste her over and over again.

I gently stuck out my tongue and ran it lightly against one of her outer lips, causing her to gasp in delight. Then I repeated the motion on the other side. Finally, I ran my tongue right up her slit, reveling in the taste of the sweet nectar that leaked from her body in her aroused state. Amy whimpered in lust as I did so, then

unconsciously moved her hands down and placed them on the back of my head, pressing me down toward her beautiful bald pussy. I opened my mouth and engulfed the whole thing, sucking on it powerfully yet gently and causing her to squirm and moan some more.

My mouth wasn't the only part of my body that was active. My hands massaged her thighs, adding to the pleasure that I gave my baby sister. I wanted her to know that my attentions to her were not just because of the game we were playing, but because I loved her so much that I would do anything for her. I wished I could make her entire body feel better than it had ever felt before.

As I thought of that, I wondered if maybe that were actually possible. At eleven years of age, had Amy ever experienced an orgasm before? She had always been possessive of her big brother, even to the point of having no interest in other boys, and I knew from fondling her in the shower that she was still technically a virgin. But that didn't mean she couldn't have given herself these feelings.

Whether that were the case or not, I intended to bring her to orgasm today. I liked the idea that it would be the first time for her, but even if that were not the case, the thought of teasing her over the edge like that filled me with lust and desire. I wanted her to know the depth of my love and my devotion to her pleasure.

I attacked her with vigor, though still keeping it gentle. My lips and my tongue ran all over her smooth little mound, teasing and toying with her body and driving her into a frenzy. I could tell by the way she squirmed and wriggled, the way she moaned and whined and gasped and cried out, the way she tightly held my head between her legs with her little hands, as if trying to shove me right inside her body. I knew she wanted this, perhaps more than she wanted anything ever before. And I wanted to give it to her.

I spread her outer lips, then dove right in with my tongue, causing a squeal of delight from Amy. I tasted her all over, inside and out, lapping up her fluids like the sweetest ambrosia. I moved up and teased her clit, sending convulsions of pleasure through her body. Perhaps they were little orgasms in and of themselves, but I had it in mind to give her one great big one that she would never forget.

For my part, I was in heaven. To think, all this time I had been missing out on such ecstasy, because I was more worried about the opinions of my friends than about the love of my little sister. Amy should have been on the forefront of my mind every day. Well, I would make up for lost time from now on. Amy and I would explore the world of sexual pleasure together, learning all about how to please one another with our hands, our mouths, and our entire bodies. I still couldn't quite bring myself to take her virginity, but there were so many other ways we could make each other feel good that it really didn't matter.

"Oh, Rick!" she suddenly cried out, and I could feel her body tensing. I knew this was it; I knew that I had just about accomplished my goal. Amy was about to discover just how much pleasure her body could take, and it would all be because of the love of her big brother.

I picked up the pace, tonguing her deeply and rapidly, with unbridled zeal in my passion. I attacked her clit mercilessly, as if trying to draw the orgasm out of her by sheer enthusiasm. Amy's legs were off the floor by this time, suspended in the air to the side of my torso. Her fingers were buried in my hair, grasping it

painfully, but at the moment I didn't care. My only concern was giving her the most intense orgasm she had ever felt, if in fact she had ever felt one before.

Finally she let out a long wail as her climax exploded through her, and her body tensed up as it seized control of her. She held that position for just a second or two, then she gave one last shudder and collapsed back on the couch, totally spent. I lifted my head and smiled at her, though she had her eyes closed as she panted in sheer exhaustion. After a couple of minutes, she turned to the side and lay down on the couch, curling up into the fetal position. I continued to kneel beside her, but leaned over and planted a tender kiss on her forehead. Then I slipped my hand onto her back and began to gently rub her there. The sighs that escaped her lips were all the motivation I needed to keep massaging her like that for as long as she wanted me to.

After the longest time, Amy opened her eyes and gazed dreamily into mine with that cute little smile that I enjoyed so much.

"Rick, do you love me?" she asked.

"Of course I love you," I told her.

"You're not just saying that because I'm your mistress and you're supposed to say things like that to me?"

"Amy, you are the sweetest, prettiest, and most adorable girl ever. I may not have realized it until recently, but I'm so glad I'm your big brother, because it means I get to spend time with you like this. Forget Vanessa, forget all the other girls at school; I belong to you now."

Amy smiled and sighed, then gave me a hug.

"Then I want you to do something for me tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?"

"Because then you no longer have to do everything I say. It has to be when I know you're doing it because you love me and not just because you have to. It's something big and important, but it would mean so much to me."

"What?" I asked.

Amy drew back and looked me in the eyes. "I want you to have sex with me," she said.

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## Part 3

### Tempting Little Sister

Even expecting the most exquisite feeling in the world, I still groaned when I felt it. An intense pleasurable feeling between my legs pulled me out of my slumber, and I opened my eyes with a smile. I lay naked in my bed, staring up at the ceiling with my little sister's head buried between my legs. She had thrown off the blankets and had already set to work waking me with a blowjob.

She didn't even have to be asked this time. No games, no coercion, no playing master and slave. She was doing it because she wanted to. I, of course, wanted it just as much, or perhaps more, than she did, but it thrilled me that she had taken the initiative this time. Amy could sometimes be bratty, sometimes possessive, sometimes demanding, but right now she only wanted to please her big brother.

I was pleased. *Damn*, I was pleased! It really didn't surprise me or catch me off guard, considering how intimate we had become in the past couple of days, and especially the way she had snuggled with me last night when we went to bed. She hadn't been content to just lie there next to me, or even to wrap her arms around me. No, she had been quite active, groping and fondling me and insisting that I do the same to her. Even if I hadn't promised to do everything she said yesterday, I would have been more than happy to agree to that particular demand.

She had certainly been enthusiastic, which I attributed to childlike curiosity. By now we had spent a day and a half together without clothes on, but there seemed to be no end to her passion for exploring my body. Of course, I couldn't claim to be the most sexually experienced teenager myself; never had I met a girl so willing to let me touch her like that. We both had been learning a lot about the opposite sex in the last thirty-six hours. If my own feelings were any indication, Amy was like a child with a new toy. Actually, that was exactly what I had been for her the whole day yesterday, not that I had any complaints.

That enthusiasm hadn't waned. Her head bobbed up and down rapidly as she sucked and licked my cock, just like it was a lollipop. I reveled in the intense pleasure that she gave me, and in the knowledge that she enjoyed doing it to me. I couldn't help but let out a groan, and Amy glanced up and noticed that I was awake. Her face broke out into a wide grin, or at least as much of a grin as she could manage with her mouth wrapped around my dick, and I smiled back.

I loved my little Amy, my cute and cuddly little sister. It didn't matter that I was fourteen and she was only eleven; she was still a beautiful girl, and so very very sexy. Apparently she wasn't as naïve about sex as I had thought at first, and having now experienced her first taste of it, she was hooked. Of course, I was in a similar state, especially now with her giving me such thrilling pleasure.

Having just awoken, I didn't have the strength or willpower to hold back, so I didn't last long. At the first sign of the mounting pressure in my loins, I warned Amy that I was about to cum. Truth be told, I hoped she would keep right on going, and to her credit and my delight, she did. Instead of drawing back or releasing me, she just continued sucking, gazing lovingly into my eyes to make it clear that she was doing this as a sign of just how much she adored me.



That look put me over the edge. I grunted as my cock jerked in her mouth, erupting with passion. I watched in marvel as her throat contracted over and over again, swallowing it all not just with stoic resolve, but with that same enthusiasm with which she had pleased me with her mouth. She actually enjoyed it!

After it was all over, I closed my eyes and relaxed in the post-orgasmic euphoria, the pleasant exhaustion that always follows such a climax. Amy lay down beside me and cuddled up next to me. Somehow I found the strength to lift my arm and wrap it around her, hugging her body to me.

"I love you, Rick," she told me.

"I love you too, Amy," I mumbled without opening my eyes.

*I love you too, Amy.* The words echoed in my mind. I loved my little sister. Perhaps I loved her a little too much. Most of society would say that what we were doing with each other was wrong, but I just couldn't bring myself to believe it. Until recently I had been the worst kind of brother, the kind that ignores or marginalizes or doesn't want to have anything to do with his sister. What had changed my attitude was, quite frankly, sex. I had used her body for my own carnal desires, an unpleasant thought when I looked at it that way. But in the end, it had worked out all right. I hadn't hurt Amy; on the contrary, I had let given her a chance to explore her sexuality in a safe environment, a place where she could experiment without fear or worry. Why should anyone call it wrong, when it had done far more good for her than letting her explore those feelings with someone who might not be as gentle or caring?

But with the fall from the erotic high also came guilt. Not for what I had done, but for what I was about to do. True, Amy had asked me to do it, but she was only eleven years old, and could hardly be expected to understand all of the consequences of her request. I hadn't exactly agreed, but by my silence I had implicitly given her the idea that I would follow through with her request. But how could I take the virginity of my own sister?

Part of me honestly believed that it was just a natural progression from what we had already done to each other, the logical next step. Why shouldn't we consummate what we had begun a couple of days earlier? I would enjoy it, she would enjoy it, and we would never have to wonder about it again. We would never have to ask ourselves the question that had haunted men since the dawn of the human race, "What if?"

But part of me also knew that Amy was too young. She didn't understand, *couldn't* understand, what it meant. To her it was all just a game, just like we had been playing all weekend. She was still a child, still innocent and naïve, still experiencing her first puppy love. There were so many things she needed to learn first, so many lessons to prepare her for one of the most important decisions of her life. She trusted me, and she was right to do so, but she needed to become a little less trusting, a little more cynical. She needed to learn not to fall for the first boy who paid attention to her, or for the boy who was handsome but not at all nice, or for the most popular kid at school. She needed to learn to cope with the embarrassment of rejection, or the thrill of success. Hell, half of those things *I* still didn't understand fully. All I knew was that if I truly loved her, I would give her time to discover those things. Maybe in a few years, if she came to me again and asked me the same favor, I would agree. But not now.

This would change our relationship; that much was certain. Truthfully, I was a little afraid of that. I had just recently begun to actually like her again, after spending a couple of years being embarrassed by her. This change that we had gone through was new and exciting and wonderful, and I didn't want to give that up. But what would happen if we had sex? It would turn us both into something different, and I wasn't sure I wanted to find out what that would be.

There was another problem, too. I was her brother. Yes, that meant she had a childish adoration for me, but it also meant that with the stigma of incest, she might one day feel ashamed of what we were doing. If we just fooled around a little, it might not be too bad, but she would never forget her first time going all the way. How would she feel in ten years, or twenty, with the pressures of society telling her that this was wrong, and all the while knowing that her virginity had been taken by her brother? How could I do that to this precious little girl who loved and trusted me so much?

What a time to develop a conscience! With Amy lying naked beside me, curled up in my arms with her beautiful young face so close to mine, with her lovely preteen body so close to me, I wondered if perhaps I was already too late. Should I have even taken the first step a couple of days ago? Did I really, honestly, truly believe that what I had done to her the right thing for her?

*I love you too, Amy.* Once more the words returned, and I realized that that was the answer. I loved her, and although I wasn't the most experienced or the most wise or the most knowledgeable, I knew that as long as I let my love for her guide my actions, I would make the right decision.

I would not take her virginity after all.

I sat up, causing Amy to roll off of me. She remained lying lazily on the bed, gazing up at me as I swung my legs over the edge and sat there, wrestling with my thoughts. With her position sprawled out on the bed with that smile on her face that seemed to be a permanent part of her features, she looked so cute, so vulnerable, so beautiful.

"Amy," I said, "I need to talk to you about something. This is serious."

"Okay," she said, sitting up and climbing onto my lap. That felt *way* too good.

"Look, Amy," I told her. "You know I love you, right?"

"I know," she smiled, throwing her arms around me and giving me a hug. "I love you too."

"Good. So you need to understand something. I can't take your virginity."

"Why not?" she asked, with the disappointed look on her face that I had expected.

"Because that's something special, and it has to be at the right time."

"It's the right time now," she insisted.

"No it's not. Amy, I've loved playing these sexy games this weekend, and I hope we can keep doing it. But this isn't a game anymore. Once you lose your virginity, you can never take it back again. You need to know what you're getting into before you give it up, and I don't think you're old enough to understand that yet."

"I am too! I'm not as dumb as you think I am."

"I don't think you're dumb. I think you're pretty smart. But what happens in a few years when you fall in love with someone handsome and kind and gentle and sweet, and you want to give him something special to show how much you love him?"

"I'll bake him some cookies," she giggled.

"Amy! I'm being serious."

"Then seriously, I don't want to fall in love with someone else. I just want you."

"I wish it were that easy. I'm doing this for your own good, and one day you'll thank me. I just don't want you to make a decision that you'll regret for the rest of your life."

"Why would I regret giving my virginity to the handsomest, kindest, gentlest, and sweetest boy in the whole world?" she asked.

"You just have to trust me on this."

"No."

"No?"

"No. I've made up my mind, and you *are* going to have sex with me."

"Amy..."

She cut me off with a kiss. Then she drew back and grinned mischievously. "I'll bet I can get you to change your mind before the end of the day," she said.

"This isn't a game," I told her.

"Just because you know you won't win."

I sighed. This wasn't going well at all. The last thing I needed was for Amy to get competitive. She apparently didn't understand how serious this was. Well, I had said my piece, and that was that. Still, I couldn't deny that her nude body looked so tempting, even after my recent orgasm. It would feel so good to take her in my arms and love her exactly the way she wanted.

"I'm going to take a shower," I told her.

"Okay," Amy smiled enthusiastically.

"Alone," I qualified. "I need some time to think, and I need some time away from you."

She looked hurt, and I felt bad about what I had said. "Why?" she asked.

"Because you're just too damn irresistible," I replied, trying to lighten up the mood. It seemed to work, because the smile returned to her face.

I climbed out of my bed and headed toward the bathroom. Amy looked like she wanted to follow, but fortunately she obediently stayed where she was. Truth be told, if she had insisted on showering with me, I wouldn't have had the will to say no. I wasn't lying when I called her irresistible.

I closed and locked the bathroom door just in case she changed her mind later, then used the toilet and started the water in the shower. As soon as it was hot enough, I climbed in.

I spent a couple of minutes just standing there letting the water cover me, relaxing me and washing away all of my worries. There's nothing like a hot shower to clear the mind, and right now I needed my mind clear. I needed to be calm, composed, and ready to face my little sister with the resolve not to give in to her. For her own sake, I had to be strong.

Suddenly, the shower curtain opened. "Surprise!" Amy exclaimed with a big grin on her face.

"Amy!" I said. "What are you doing?"

"You didn't think I would let you take a shower all by your little ol' lonesome, did you?" she asked.

"But I locked the door."

"All it takes is a butter knife to pick the bathroom lock," she explained.

One thing I had to say for her, she certainly was determined.

I sighed. "Get in," I conceded.

Amy stepped into the tub, and I moved over to give her room. She slipped past me to the hot water, and I noticed that she deliberately rubbed up against me in the process. She gave me a sly wink and a grin, then stood under the water and let it dampen her hair and body. I watched with appreciation as she bathed, staring at her sexy young body. She was still a little too young to have hair anywhere below her neck, giving me an unobstructed view of her just-budding breasts and cute little immature mound. Her skin was silky smooth, so tender and so beautiful, and that shapely little W-shape between her legs was still one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen.

*I could have that, I realized. She wants to give it to me. It's only my own stubborn conscience that keeps it from me.* I had to be careful; those thoughts were dangerous. I couldn't afford to let myself think them too

much, or I would end up giving in, causing untold damage to my little sister. No, I would have to be content to just look, and maybe fondle a little.

Apparently Amy liked to fondle just as much, because just as I was thinking that, she reached out and grabbed my cock. "Does Dick want to come out and play?" she asked with a giggle.

"I think Dick needs a shower," I replied, playing along. "He's been feeling kind of dirty lately."

"I'll bet he has!" Amy said. "I like it when Dick gets dirty. I guess we'd better get him all nice and clean." She reached for the soap.

From the first moment that she touched me, I knew it wouldn't be long before I climaxed. My mind was pretty sure that my little sister had just given me a blowjob, but as far as my body was concerned, it might as well not have even happened. Her hands felt too good on me. For all her pretense of just wanting to "wash" me, her motions made it clear that she had something a lot more naughty in mind. I closed my eyes and let it happen, luxuriating in the feeling of her tiny hands pumping up and down on the most sensitive part of my body, sliding along the shaft with the slickness of the soap.

I could get used to this, I decided. It might have all started as a game, but I wanted to keep experimenting with my little sister. I wanted to keep looking for new ways to give each other pleasure. There was one line that we couldn't cross, but there were plenty of things we could do on this side of that line. I wondered how long it would be before our parents left us alone for the weekend again. Or maybe just for a few hours. That would be plenty of time. Yes, plenty of time.

Suddenly, Amy let go, and I groaned in frustration. "All clean," she announced.

"Oh come on, Amy!" I exclaimed. "You can't just get me worked up like that and then stop."

"I don't intend to. I just don't want you going off early. Not until we go back to your room and do it properly."

I knew exactly what she meant by that.

"You know I can't do that," I insisted.

She shrugged. "Suit yourself," she said. She rinsed off her hands, then slipped past me to the other end of the tub, opened the shower curtain, and stepped out.

*The little brat!* That was the first thing that entered my mind. Then I realized that I probably deserved that. I was the one who had started these sexual games, getting Amy's hopes up and not following through. She was just giving me what I had given her. Still, a little sexual frustration was better than making a mistake that would haunt her for the rest of her life. Besides, once I had a chance to calm down, I could see the humor in the situation. I had created a monster. Amy had always been a tease, but just in the last couple of days I had given her a new way to torment me.

I still needed time to cool my hormones, so I stayed in the shower another five minutes. I tried to think of anything but sex, anything but my little sister, and in the end it worked, because my cock eventually deflated. Only then did I turn off the water and step out of the shower. I reached for a towel to dry myself, taking extra long because I needed to stay away from my sister as long as possible right now to steel myself for more of the same kind of teasing.

It was a good thing that I did, because when I returned to my bedroom, I found Amy lying there on my bed, her legs spread and one of her hands rubbing between them.

"Just warming myself up for you," she said with a sly grin.

I couldn't help but burst out laughing. "You're not exactly subtle, are you?" I asked.

She kept that grin on her face as she said, "I'm not trying to be subtle. I'm trying to be irresistible."

"And you're doing a great job," I said. "But Amy..."

"But what? Don't you want to make your little sister feel good?"

"God, do I ever!" I exclaimed. "I'll tell you what. Since you've obviously gotten your hopes up, I don't want to completely disappoint you. I'll give you what you want, but just not *how* you want it. Besides," I added, "I owe you from when you woke me up."

"Okay," she sighed. "I guess it's a nice consolation prize."

I knelt between her legs, placed my hands on the insides of her thighs and gently pushed her legs open a little further. I took a moment to inhale her delicate aroma, so clean after her shower but with the unmistakable scent of her arousal. It was such a delicious smell, one that I would love to get used to. But more than the smell, I wanted a taste of her.

I lowered my head and stuck out my tongue, gently brushing it against her young, immature slit. Amy let out a gasp, and her whole body quivered at the sensation. I loved it. Not giving her a chance to calm down, I licked her again, causing a similar tremble to run through her body. I lapped at her over and over again, running my tongue all over her young, hairless mound, savoring the heavenly flavor.

My tongue sought out her little clit, flicking against it then tracing circles around it. Judging by the almost cat-like mewling coming from my little sister's mouth, I could tell that she loved that most of all. I loved it too; I loved to hear those sounds and feel her young body against my tongue and taste her sweet nectar.

Regardless of my vow not to take things too far with Amy, this was something I could do for her. She loved it, and despite not receiving any physical pleasure, I loved it nearly as much. At least we could make each other feel good in this way.

I spent some time just kissing her as well, giving my lips a sample of what my tongue was experiencing.

Although it wasn't as intensely pleasurable for her or for me, it felt somehow just a little more intimate. I decided that I liked intimate.

I also used my tongue to drill inside her pink feminine opening, not too far because she was still a virgin, but just enough to taste her inside just like I tasted her outside. Amy seemed to really enjoy that too, perhaps even more than she had enjoyed it when I had done this to her last night. I suspect that she was fantasizing that it wasn't my tongue, but another part of my anatomy, that was inside her. I probably shouldn't have encouraged that fantasy, but she just tasted too damn fine for me to stop now. Besides, I could sense from the increase in her wriggling and the volume of her moans that she was nearing orgasm, and I didn't want to rob her of that.

I did, however, move up to her clit, which was by now fully exposed. I lapped at it quickly and mercilessly, overjoyed that I was about to give her such pleasure. When she squealed in ecstasy, I knew that I had done my job; I had brought her over the edge. The knowledge that I had given my sister such joy was almost too much for me; I was on the verge of climaxing right there despite not having been physically stimulated.

Eventually I pulled back, smiling up at the face of my little Amy as she beamed at me with unbridled adoration.

"Mmmmm..." she hummed. "That was a great warm-up."

"A great warm-up to what?" I asked.

"I think you already know."

"I told you, Amy..."

She burst out laughing. "Just kidding," she said. "You're so gullible sometimes, Rick."

That may have been true, but I was pretty convinced that she would have followed through if I had taken her up on the offer.

Amy was her usual bubbly and cheerful and affectionate self the rest of the morning. There was something sexy about her cheerfulness, but maybe that was just because it was teasing and flirtatious. She was just discovering her sexuality, after all, and even though she might not understand what she was doing, she really was working her charms on me.

Or it could just be that seeing her continuously naked was keeping me in an aroused state, and I interpreted anything she did as sexy.

She sat next to me at the breakfast table, and constantly came up with excuses to reach across the table for the sugar bowl or napkins or orange juice, most of the time standing up and stretching her body out in front

of me. Being so young, she wasn't as curvaceous as she would be in a few years, but what she did have she used to the fullest. For an eleven-year-old, she certainly knew quite a few big-girl tricks. I spent the entire meal almost painfully erect.

It didn't help that as soon as I got up from the breakfast table, she jumped on my back and insisted that I give her a piggy-back ride. With her tiny boobs pressed up against my shoulder blades and her sweet little pussy lips against my lower back, I would be a fool to say no, despite the fact that I was still full from breakfast and she was a little heavier than was comfortable. I had her adjust her arms so that she wouldn't choke me, then walked around the house with her on my back.

She wasn't just content to do that, though; she used it as an opportunity to give me kisses on the cheek and neck. Again, I knew she was just flirting with me, but I wasn't complaining. Worse (or better, depending upon your point of view), her legs wrapped around my hips put her feet right in my crotch, and although she was careful not to kick me, she did tend to rub her feet against my erection a little more than could be explained by accident. I knew what she was doing; I think she knew that when a man gets worked up sexually, it becomes extremely difficult for him to control himself. I probably should have put an end to her games, but I was enjoying myself too much.

I carried her for more than was probably healthy, but it felt just too good for me to worry about the growing ache in my back. But unfortunately, even an eleven-year-old girl gets heavy after a while, so I eventually had to sit down on the couch and have her scramble off my back.

If I thought that was the end of our playing though, I was mistaken. She rose to her feet and stood in front of me.

"Cuddles?" asked Amy, reaching out for me and giving me that cute little puppy-dog look that she knew I couldn't resist.

"Okay," I conceded. I expected her to sit down next to me and wrap her arms around me, but instead she hopped up on my lap, straddling my hips. I gasped as she pressed her body up against mine, especially her hairless little mound squeezing against my erection. She threw her arms around my neck and hugged me tightly.

Damn, she felt good! Although she still had plenty of room to grow, she was still soft in all the right places. I knew I would never get tired of feeling her like this.

I wrapped my own arms around her back and hugged her, and we sat there for the longest time enjoying the intimacy and closeness. Despite my reservations not to take things too far, I wasn't about to let go of her before she let go of me first. I wish I could say I just liked to hug her in a platonic, non-sexual, big brother kind of way, but the truth is, I was getting hornier by the second.

It grew worse when Amy began to move. It was just small, almost undetectable motions at first, so subtle yet so very stimulating. In the beginning I thought it was just the natural movements of our bodies as we breathed, the rhythmic expanding and deflating of our chests and the motions in the rest of our bodies that



resulted from it. I could feel Amy rise up ever so slightly against me, then sink down. Then up, then down again. I could feel it in her chest, her cute little immature chest with those small yet deliciously soft breasts that were now rubbing against me, ever so slightly.

But it was far more apparent, and far more pleasurable, down lower. My cock, stiff beyond belief, was nestled between our bodies. Against one side I could feel my own belly, but against the other were the delicate and soft lips of Amy's young pussy. Every motion caused those lips to stroke me in tiny, gentle movements. I might not have even noticed except for just how sensitive I was down there at the moment. My nerves were all tingling like crazy, especially on the underside where Amy rubbed me with her young and sweet outer lips.

I could feel those lips part slightly, spreading around the shaft. Had she been a couple of inches higher, they would have caught the tip of my cock, drawing me inside her the way she wanted. I was so tempted to give in, to just grab her, lift her up, and impale her on my stiff erection. It would have been so easy. She wouldn't complain; she would love it as I thrust inside of her over and over again until I exploded deep within her body. She might even thank me afterward. Why did I have to be so stubborn about this?

Suddenly she shifted her weight, lifting up a couple of inches. Before I could react, she reached down between us, grabbed my shaft, and pointed it toward her waiting opening.

"Amy!" I exclaimed.

"Oops," she giggled.

"Oops?"

"Yeah, it was an accident, I swear."

I swatted her hand away, and she reluctantly sank back down on my lap, fortunately in the same position as before with my cock pinned between our bodies.

"Can't blame me for trying," she sighed.

"I told you before, this isn't a game," I insisted.

"Okay, we can just do regular cuddles," she said, pressing her body tightly against mine as she hugged me.

With both of us nude, there was really no such thing as regular cuddles, but now was certainly not the time to argue semantics. I embraced Amy and continued to run my hands tenderly all over her back.

*It doesn't have to be this way, I thought. You could let her do it. She practically raped you just now. If you gave in, Amy wouldn't blame you. Hell, she'd thank you! She's not the only one who wants it; you want it just as much, if not more. Just because she doesn't understand what she's getting into doesn't mean that it would hurt her. Maybe she's right. Maybe it would be the best thing for her. You can't deny that you would enjoy*

*every second of it.*

But I could deny that it would be good for her. I silenced the metaphorical devil on my shoulder and stubbornly refused to give in. No matter how much I wanted it, no matter how good it would feel, if I loved Amy I would deny myself that pleasure, and save her from herself.

Just then, the phone rang. Amy hopped up and skipped over to it, showing her usual enthusiasm. She picked up the receiver and put it to her ear. "Hello?" she greeted. "Oh, hi Mom. Are you on your way home? Okay. About three. Got it. Yep. Rick and I are having lots of fun." Then she laughed as something their mother said was obviously funny. "No. He's been really good to me this weekend. He's finally acting like a big brother should. All right. We'll see you at three. I love you. So does Rick, although he would never admit it." I playfully stuck my tongue out at her, and she flashed me a teasing grin. "Bye, Mom," she said into the receiver, then hung up the phone.

"What was that laugh for?" I asked.

"She was shocked that you were actually spending time with me."

"I think she'd be more shocked if she discovered *how* I was spending this time with you," I laughed. Amy did too.

"So Mom and Dad will be back around three. So you still have plenty of time to take my virginity." She said it teasingly, obviously treating it as a running gag.

I groaned, playing along. "You really don't give up, do you?" I asked.

"You're going to give up first," she told me. "You already said I'm irresistible." Then she flirtatiously batted her eyelashes at me. It was so obvious and over-the-top that I couldn't help but laugh.

"So anyway," I said, deliberately changing the subject, "I think we should probably get dressed just after lunch, just in case they come home early. I don't want to think of what might happen if they caught us naked. That still gives us time--"

"For you to--" she interrupted playfully, but I had expected that and cut her off early.

"For us to have fun," I said.

Amy laughed. "Okay, okay," she conceded. "Speaking of having fun, I have a great idea."

"I think I know what it is, and the answer's no."

"That's not what I meant," she said. "Lie down."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I want to give you a massage," she replied.

"Okay!" I agreed immediately, remembering how nice it had felt when she had massaged me on Friday night. I got down on the floor, then spread out on my stomach.

"No," said Amy. "On your back."

This was just getting better and better! I rolled over, smiling as I stared up into the beautiful face of my lovely little sister.

"Now put your hands behind your head," she instructed. I followed her orders, enjoying this little game of hers.

"And now we'll start off this game with... a tickle!" she exclaimed, thrusting her fingers into my armpits.

I'm ashamed to admit that I shrieked like a little girl when she did that, causing Amy to burst out laughing at my reaction. I laughed too, but whether that was from the humor of the situation or merely because Amy refused to stop tickling me, I don't know. I did, however, reflexively throw my arms down to trap her fingers so they didn't have much room for motion. Still, there was enough to continue tickling me, so I grabbed her arms and shoved her away from me.

Now it was my turn to go on the offensive. I reached out and tickled her sides, where I knew she was particularly ticklish. Her reaction was much the same as mine, except that she fell backward and kicked out at me with her feet. Her heel accidentally connected with my chin.

Immediately she realized her mistake.

"I'm sorry, Rick!" she said. Though my jaw hurt, there was really no harm done, and the look of anger that must have been on my face immediately softened. Amy sat up and scooted over to me, then wrapped her arms around me in a hug. "Forgive me?" she asked.

"I forgive you. It was my fault anyway. Let's not tickle each other anymore, all right?"

"All right," she said. "So if I promise not to tickle you, will you still let me give you a massage?"

"Sure," I smiled. "Although maybe you should start with my chin. After that kick, that's the part of me that needs it the most."

Amy immediately leaned in and kissed me on the chin, right where she had previously kicked me. "How's that?" she asked.

"All better," I said. "Is that how you're going to massage the rest of me?"

"The rest of you isn't hurt," she replied, to my disappointment. For an instant, I had the strangest desire in my entire life; I actually wished she had kicked me between the legs. It would almost have been worth it.

"I have another idea though," she said. "Lie down on your back again, but this time, close your eyes."

"You're not going to tickle me?" I asked.

"No, I'm not going to tickle you."

"I don't know if I trust you," I joked.

"You don't trust your little sister?" she asked with a teasing little pouty face.

"Not after what happened last time."

"Well then, look," she said, then stepped back, put her hands behind her head, and closed her eyes. "See, Rick? This is how much I trust you. Can't you at least trust me a little bit?"

I can't deny that for a split second, I considered tickling her anyway. That thought was immediately replaced with guilt at even thinking that. Maybe three days ago I would have followed through with my diabolical scheme, but not anymore. Amy was showing love and trust for her big brother, and I could never be so cruel as to betray that trust, even in fun.

Instead, I leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips. It was just a quick peck, not particularly sensual or romantic, but it was a kiss nonetheless. I couldn't remember the last time I had kissed her, at least on the lips. Not in many years, certainly.

Amy opened her eyes, her face lighting up into the widest grin I had ever seen. She couldn't have been more obvious if hearts started appearing around her head. I already knew she was smitten with me; she wanted me to take her virginity after all. But I loved seeing this confirmation of her affection. I think when I was honest with myself, I was just as smitten with her as she was with me.

"Rick," she said. "Would you... would you do that again?"

"You really want me to?" I asked. Amy nodded.

I leaned in and kissed her again, but this time she threw her arms around my neck and held me tightly so that I couldn't pull back. It was a useless gesture though; the last thing I wanted to do was end it. I kissed her sweetly and tenderly, realizing that this might be another first for her. For all I knew, she had never kissed a boy before. Not like this, anyway. With that in mind, I wanted to make it special for her; she deserved nothing less.

I found her in my arms again a moment later, our bodies pressed together as we kissed. It took on a new meaning this time though; before it had just been "cuddles" with perhaps a dash of sexuality because of our lack of attire. Now it was the embrace of two lovers, two people who cared nothing of the rest of the world and wanted only to please each other. I loved Amy, Amy loved me, and at the moment, nothing else mattered.

I was almost sad to see it end, and surprised when she was the first one to draw back. She had always been so affectionate with me, and until recently I couldn't even stand her. If I had had to predict which of us would break the kiss first, I would have chosen myself.

For an instant I felt disappointed, like perhaps Amy didn't love me as much as I thought. But then I realized that this had nothing to do with Amy; it had to do with me. *I* had wanted that kiss to keep going.

"Now let's get on with your massage," said Amy. Although I kind of regretted not getting to kiss her more, I liked the idea of the massage even better. I lay back down on my back, though this time I kept my arms at my sides, just in case.

To my surprise, Amy threw one of her legs over me and straddled my thighs. Just like during the cuddling, she ended up with her pussy lips right over my cock. I was about to warn her that that wasn't such a good idea when she leaned forward and began to rub my shoulders. I stared up into her beautiful and adoring young face, with her long hair thrown over one side to hang down beside my head, and knew that I didn't have the heart to tell her to stop.

I sighed as her tiny little hands worked over my shoulders, relaxing me. I had half a mind to suggest she become a professional masseuse, just so that I could have her do this to me all the time.

As she massaged me, she gently rocked her hips back and forth. As before, it was at first almost imperceptible. In fact, I wondered if she was doing it deliberately, or if it was just a natural counter motion to her hands on my shoulders. But bit by bit, the motions grew more pronounced, taking longer and covering more area.

I knew what she was doing. The phone call had interrupted our "cuddles" before, just when things were getting good. So naturally she wanted to continue where she left off. Again, I considered telling her not to do it, but with the way I was feeling, if she refused to stop I don't think I would have had the willpower to insist.

When she lay down against me and started kissing my chest while still keeping those rocking motions, I knew for certain they weren't just incidental. Still I let her continue, especially since her lips felt so good on my body. For an eleven-year-old girl, she was certainly a seductress! Maybe there was an instinctual knowledge in all girls about how to seduce a man. It might be dormant in their early years, but Amy was certainly making use of it now.

She rose back up after a few minutes and ran her hands all over my shoulders, chest, and stomach. She even let her fingers brush against the tip of my cock that was peeking out from beneath her body.

By now, she had pretty much given up on all pretense of hiding the motions of her hips, and was rubbing against me quite vigorously. Her sweet little pussy lips had spread around my cock again, leaving trails of moisture on the shaft as she humped me. I knew we were practically having sex, and somewhere in the back of my mind I also knew that I should put an end to this, but I couldn't work up the willpower to tell her to get off of me.

"Rick," she breathed, and I could tell by the sound that she was as excited as I was. "Let's... Let's... Let's do this right."

"Oh God, Amy... I can't..." My willpower was quickly breaking down, and I found myself more and more wanting to give in. I had already been pushed far beyond what I had expected to be able to endure. I was a horny teenage boy, after all; only my concern for Amy's welfare had gotten me this far.

"Yes you can," she said. "Come on, Rick. I really really want this."

"But you don't understand--"

"No, it's you who don't understand," she insisted. "You think I'm a little girl. You think I don't know what a big deal this is. You think if I do this, I'll regret it. You think one day I'll feel ashamed about what happened. You think I'll look back on my first time with disgust and embarrassment instead of fondness and happiness. I'm not stupid, Rick. I know what I'm doing. I know that I love you, and that you love me. You might have been a real jerk to me these past couple of years since you got it in your head that little sisters are annoying, but that's not the real you. I remember when we were younger, when you didn't mind me so much. We used to play together and have all kinds of fun doing it. Why do you think I've been hanging around you like a lovesick little girl, even when you're so mean to me? Because I want my big brother back, that's why. Not the jerk you've been pretending to be. Well, guess what? I found you again this weekend."

I was shocked at her speech. Here was this eleven-year-old girl, still a child in my eyes, talking like an adult. Not only that, but there was not a hint of naïvete or innocence about her, all the things that made up Amy. Was it possible that this whole weekend, during all of these sexual games we were playing and all of the naughty fun that we had been having, she had known exactly what was going on? Maybe she knew even better than I did.

"But what does that have to do with me taking your virginity?" I asked.

"Everything. You want my first time to be special. So do I. That's why it has to be with you, and that's why it has to be now. I need to know that you really do love me, that this whole weekend isn't just one big game, and that you won't go back to being a jerk again tomorrow. How could my first time be any more special than if you do it to show me that no matter how you've treated me in the past, you will always love me."

"Amy..."

"Please. I need this, Rick."

I reached up and cupped her cheek. She closed her eyes and nestled against the palm of my hand. She was so beautiful, so caring, so sweet. Now I could see the real Amy, just like she had always been able to see the real Rick, even through the layers of defenses I had built up around myself. She knew me better than I knew myself, and maybe, just maybe, she had known all along that in the end I would give in.

I rose to a kneeling position, then slipped one of my hands beneath her knees and one behind her back, then

stood up, lifting her into my arms, causing her to giggle.

"I think it will be a lot more comfortable in bed," I said.

Her eyes opened, and she stared at me with glee. "You mean...?" she asked.

"That's exactly what I mean," I said. "If this is what you really, truly want, then I want it too."

"Oh god, Rick!" she breathed. "I--"

I cut her off with a kiss, then carried her back into my bedroom, the place where we had had so much fun this weekend, learning to love each other. Now we would consummate that love, like we were always meant to. Yes, I knew now that it was supposed to be this way. I had been so stupid not to see it.

I gently laid her on the bed, giving her another kiss. As soon as I drew back, she closed her eyes and sighed. I spent a moment standing above her and admiring her beautiful young body, sprawled out on my bed like that, waiting, ready. Then I knelt down next to the bed beside her hips and lowered my head toward her pussy.

"Not like that," Amy said.

"It's just to warm you up," I replied.

"Oh. Okay," she smiled.

As I had done that morning, I opened my mouth and brushed my tongue against her lovely little hairless lips, causing her to gasp. This time I focused less on the button on the top, and more on the slit below it. I wasn't trying to get her off, after all, but to prepare her for what was to follow. I ran my tongue all over the whole area, both moistening her and at the same time lapping up the juices that were already flowing. I nearly trembled in excitement at the thought that in a few minutes I would bury my cock in her sweet young pussy. My little sister, my little Amy.

With my fingers, I gently massaged her between the legs, gradually relaxing her and loosening her up at the same time. I couldn't claim to be the most experienced lover in the world; I was only fourteen after all, and this wasn't just Amy's first time. But I let my love for her guide me, and I suppose that that helped me to do it right. Though my cock almost ached with anticipation, I ignored it and concentrated on warming up my little sister.

I listened for the sounds she made that were starting to grow familiar to me. Her heavy breathing, punctuated with cute little high-pitched whimpers, moans, and gasps. I also recognized the tremors running through her body, and the way she squirmed on the bed. I loved those reactions I was causing in her body; it meant that she enjoyed what I was doing to her.

My tongue penetrated inside her slit to that barrier that I would soon breach. I spread her open with my thumbs and licked all over the pink tissue between her lips. Amy responded by spreading her legs wide,

opening herself to me with eagerness and anticipation. In my inexperience, I wasn't sure how much I needed to warm her up, but it sure seemed to me like she was ready now.

I drew back, then climbed onto the bed, at first lying next to her. I gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Now you know, it's going to hurt the first time," I told her.

"I know," she smiled. "I told you I'm not stupid. But that's okay, because it's you who's doing it. I know you won't hurt me any more than you need to."

"That's right," I told her. "I wouldn't hurt you at all if there was any way to avoid it." I kissed her one last time, then rolled over and positioned myself above her. Amy spread her legs as wide as she could to give me access to her, and I reached down to place the tip of my cock against her opening. I pressed in gently, and the lips spread around the tip. Amy groaned, but it sounded more like a groan of pleasure than of pain. I hesitated then, not wanting to take it too fast and catch her off her guard.

"Amy, I'm going to go in now," I told her.

"Could you... could you do it on the count of three?" she asked.

"That's a good idea," I told her.

"Can I count?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you, Rick. Okay, here goes. One... two... two-and-a-half... two-and-three-quarters..." I couldn't help but chuckle at that, and she joined me in the laugh. I was glad that she was relaxed enough to joke around like that. To be honest, I think I was more nervous than she was.

"Okay, for real this time," she said. "One... two... three!"

I lowered my weight onto her body, pressing into her with firm but not violent force. For a moment, her maidenhead strained against the intrusion, then suddenly it gave way, and I felt myself plunging deep inside her.

Amy sucked in her breath, her body tensing up with the pain. I immediately froze, not wanting to go any deeper until she was ready.

"Are you okay?" I asked her tenderly.

"You were right," she said. "It hurts."

"I'm sorry."



"No, don't be sorry, Rick. I want this. I'll be fine in a minute. Can you just wait for a little bit?"

"Of course. I'll wait as long as you want."

"And can you... can you kiss me again?"

"You don't have to ask me twice!" I grinned, then lowered my face and planted a deep, loving, and passionate kiss on her lips. Even in her pain, Amy managed to smile. When I finished kissing her lips, I didn't pull back, but instead moved in to kiss her on the cheek. She turned her head to the side by way of invitation, and I took her up on the offer, kissing all over her cheek, chin, forehead, and neck. I even nibbled on her ear a little. Amy just continued to smile as I planted little tokens of my love all over her face.

After a few minutes, I felt her experimentally clench her thighs, squeezing her pussy around my cock. Seeing that it wasn't as painful anymore, she said, "Rick, I want you to go again."

I pressed gently deeper inside of her, taking it slowly as she got used to me. I kept it shallow for the first few thrusts, but penetrating just a little further each time. At first I was more concerned with making sure I did everything right, perhaps worrying about it a little more than I would have if I were more experienced. Then the pleasure took over, and I let go of all my worries.

It felt amazing. It was hard to believe that I was actually inside my little sister. The walls of her pussy gripped me tightly, like a slick, wet, soft massage with every thrust. I loved the heat of her body, the softness of her skin, and the beauty of her cute little face so close to me. We didn't just have sex, we also hugged and cuddled at the same time, just like we had been doing all weekend. There was so much more to this than just the act. I understood now what it meant to truly love her.

I kissed her again, but this time she opened her mouth and pressed her tongue against my lips. For a moment I hesitated; I had always thought that kind of kissing was disgusting. But then, I had never tried it before. And since this was all about making Amy's first time as special as possible, I decided to forget my own feelings and let her do what she wanted.

I opened my mouth and felt her tongue enter it. Experimentally, I brushed my own tongue against hers. It wasn't that bad. In fact, it felt kind of fun. Kind of naughty. I decided to let my inhibitions go and enjoy it. I toyed with her tongue for a while, even slipping my own into her mouth. Her lips closed, and she bit down, very gently on it, causing me to immediately pull back.

Amy giggled at my reaction to her teasing, and suddenly I realized, sex didn't have to be serious or dramatic; it could be playful and teasing and fun, just like the rest of our relationship. Understanding that, I knew then that all of my previous worries and reservations were wrong. This really didn't change my relationship with my little sister after all. She was still the same cute and adorable little girl that I loved so much. She wasn't the only one just learning about sex; I had just learned an invaluable lesson.

All during this time, I continued to thrust into her. She had long since progressed beyond pain, and seemed to enjoy it more and more as time went on. At first she simply breathed heavily and occasionally gasped, but the

longer I thrust, the louder her breaths grew, until she began making those sounds again that I loved to hear. Each squeak, each whimper, each moan fueled my excitement. I suppose I sounded much the same, though I was too engrossed in the sight, sound, and feel of her to pay much attention to myself.

I loved everything about her, every inch of her body and every little piece of her personality that made up what she was. I had so many fond memories of her, and not just from this weekend. I enjoyed the memories of playing with her as a child, and even how affectionate she was when I became a teenager, though I would never have admitted it until recently. Now that I thought about it, I really did like when she met me after school or jumped on my back or insisted that I play with her. I had a girl who loved me more than anything; why should I look elsewhere for companionship?

I couldn't believe how many emotions I was feeling right now. Memories, love, and physical stimulation all surrounded me, filled me and gave me a moment of pure joy. This eleven-year-old girl, so young, innocent, and naïve, had somehow succeeded in showing me what true happiness was.

"Rick!" she cried out, and I knew she was starting to peak. So this was it. I was about to show her the most intense pleasure that a girl could experience. Just the thought of that set me off too, and I was thrilled to realize that we were going to experience that pleasure together. I continued to thrust, but held back the release as long as possible. I wanted to make sure that I took care of Amy before myself. It was far more important for her to get off than for me.

I needn't have worried. I felt her pussy contract around me, her whole body stiffening up as it overcame her. The cute little sounds coming from her lips ceased entirely, and for a moment time itself seemed to stand still. How long did it last? One second? Two? Three at the most? It seemed like an hour. Then all at once, the tenseness went out of her body. A sound escaped her throat, a cross between a sigh, a groan, and perhaps even a bit of a scream.

At the same time, my own pleasure spiked. I felt my cock pulse, over and over again inside of her as my orgasm hit me. All of the memories, love, lust, sights, sounds, feelings, even the taste and smell of her hit me all at once. It was almost too overwhelming for me. Could a person die of too much joy? I felt like I was on the verge of it right now.

Then the moment passed, regretfully but hopefully not forever. There would be other opportunities, I knew. We lived in the same house, after all. We slept in separate beds, but with only a single wall between us. We would have to go behind our parents' backs, of course, but that still left us plenty of chances to get together. I wasn't going to give up sex with my little sister now that I knew what it felt like.

I rolled over off of her, which she took as an invitation to curl up against me. I wrapped my arms around her and smiled.

"Amy, I've been wrong about you," I told her.

"Of course you have, dummy," she teased. "Took you long enough to figure it out."

"I think my biggest mistake was in thinking that you're a little girl. You're not, you know."

"Yes I am," she smiled. "'Cause if I wasn't a little girl, I wouldn't need my big brother so much. And I like needing you."

"I'll tell you a secret. Sometimes big brothers need little sisters just as much. They just don't know it."

"So then you're not mad that I made you do this?" she asked. "It doesn't bother you?"

"At first I was worried that this would change things between us, but now I can see, it's only made them better. Amy, I want you to know that you're more important to me than anything in the world. You're right; I was a dummy to ever think you were annoying."

"Yes, you were a dummy, but I'm glad you got over it. All that matters is that you're my big brother."

"And you're my little sister." It was true. It didn't matter what my friends thought, or how this would affect my social life, or even if I would ever get a "real" girlfriend. It was enough that I had Amy as my little sister. My submissive, dominant, tempting, and most of all, my beloved little sister.

**THE END**

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