

The Second Generation

My name is Daniel Paul Marshall.

I'm named after my Dad, Dan, and his best friend, Paul.

I have a sister, Janet Kelly, who's named after our Moms best friend, Janet, and our mom, Kelly. I just call her 'Sis', though she calls me "Danny".

I say "our mom", but when we were growing up, we actually had *six* women that helped raise us. There was our biological Mom, Kelly, and five friends of hers and Dads: Jan, Robyn, Susan, Sandra, and Candice. Those five friends were so much a part of our lives growing up that Sis and I grew up calling them "Momma ____". Then, on top of all of that, there were a few years where we had **another** of Mom and Dads friends watching out for us — a girl from the Philippines by the name of Marilyn, whom we loved as much as any of the others.

You might think that growing up with all these different people around, we'd have gotten confused, or think that none of them actually *cared* for us — but that's not how it was. Even when we were little, me and Sis, we KNEW that we'd get the same treatment from any one of them about anything: whether it was a scraped knee, or one (or both) of us had done something we shouldn't, Sis and I knew that the one dealt with it would do pretty much the same thing as any one of the others. That fact was further reinforced the **one** time we tried to play one of them off against the others: we'd asked Jan if we could do something, and when she told us 'no', we went off to ask Sandra — who told us 'yes'. It never occurred to Sis and me that they might actually compare notes, so when it came out what we'd done, the resulting punishment pretty well cured us of trying it again. When we got a little older, Sis and I were actually surprised when we learned that other kids *didn't* have that many people to turn to — and even felt sorry for them. Being brother and sister, and learning what we did from Dad and Mom and all the rest, Sis and I got along pretty good the whole time we were growing up; we shared secrets, went on adventures together, usually got into trouble together, all of it. Sure, each of us had our own friends, too — but were perfectly willing to spend time with each other.

But the single most significant figure in our lives growing up was our Dad. It wasn't until later in our lives that Sis and really **understood** just *how* lucky we were to have him.

No matter what he was doing, no matter the time of day, no matter what it was, we didn't have a doubt in the world that we could go to Dad and have his full, undivided attention for whatever it was we needed or wanted him for. We weren't afraid to ask him any question, there wasn't anything we weren't willing to talk to him about. We KNEW that whatever questions we had, Dad would give us the best answer he had — and if he didn't know the answer, he'd admit it and find the answer WITH us. We KNEW that he wasn't going to lie to us, or make promises he couldn't or wouldn't keep, or anything like that — which only made us trust and believe the things that he DID say. It was like that with all of

them, and particularly Mom... but most of all with Dad.

I still remember when, in Sixth grade, one of the kids in class started picking on me. He was bigger than I was, and I was reluctant to fight back: after an incident in First grade, Dad had told me that I shouldn't get into fights with other kids. Dad (or Mom, or any of them) never hit me or Sis; even the few spankings we got when we were little were pretty short and mild. It was the way all of them talked to us and treated us that made me and Sis want to stay out of trouble, and sorry for it when we got into trouble anyway.

The other kid — Tommy was his name — kept after me and after me, always finding ways to mess with me: stepping on the back of my shoe so that my heel slipped out, tripping me on the playground, punching me when he thought no one was looking, stuff like that. I know that our teacher, Miss Hampton, saw him doing stuff to me a few times, and I even said something to her about it once, but she never made him stop.

Finally, one day, Tommy did something, and I decided that I wasn't going to put up with it any more — so I knocked him down and started beating on him.

Of course, it didn't take long before Miss Hampton saw what I was doing, but I still managed to hurt Tommy and make his nose start bleeding before Miss Hampton and one of the other teachers got me off of him. From there, it was off to the Principals office, where I had to sit outside while they called Mom and Dad. Tommy came in a few minutes later, with a start on one HELL of a shiner, after the school Nurse took care of his bloody nose.

I figured I was going to be in trouble with Dad for getting into a fight — but, boy, was I wrong!

When Dad got there, they had me sit in the room, too, while they told Dad what happened. Dad sat real quiet while they talked, and I could see that he was listening to them the same way he listened to me and Sis: paying *complete* attention to what the Principal and Miss Hampton were telling him. When they were done, he asked "Have either of you asked him **why**?"

The Principal told Dad that it didn't matter, but Dad told him "Maybe not to you, but it does to me" before turning his head to ask me "Son, why were you beating up that other boy?"

I told him about how Tommy kept doing stuff to me, and when he asked, told him how long it had been going on, too. Then he asked if I'd told anyone about it, and I said that I had — to Miss Hampton, even though she'd seen Tommy hit me a few times.

When Dad looked at the Principal and Miss Hampton again, both of them looked kind of scared before Dad asked Miss Hampton "Is what he said correct? That you've seen this Tommy bothering him? And that he told you about what was going on?"

Miss Hampton kind of stammered a little while she said that she had, and that I had.

Then Dad looked at the Principal and asked "Why did you even call me in here, then? Didn't you bother to find out what the hell was going on before you decided my son was guilty? Was it too much trouble for you to ask his teacher what SHE knew? Or to try to learn what prompted the fight?"

The Principal tried to tell Dad that none of that mattered — that all he cared about was that I'd been in a fight with another boy, and hurt him.

Without raising his voice, Dad just told him "Good! Maybe getting hurt will teach the little bastard not to mess with other kids! Is the boy I saw outside the one?" The Principal said that that was Tommy, and Dad said "That boy is a quarter again the size of Daniel. So after his teacher ignored the bullying by a larger kid, THEN didn't pay any attention even after Daniel brought the problem to her attention, *now* you're going to get your knickers in a bunch? I don't think so! My son has tolerated being bullied by a bigger kid **despite** his teacher knowing about the problem AND being reminded of it. You heard him yourselves: it wasn't until today, several weeks AFTER it started, that he decided that he didn't want to be pushed or hit any longer and took matters into his own hands *because he didn't think anyone else was going to do anything about it*. If the problem got bad enough that that was the only recourse my son felt was left to him, you are NOT going to punish him for YOUR delinquencies."

The Principal tried to tell Dad that the school had a 'no tolerance' policy towards violence — but Dad interrupted to tell him "No tolerance, my ass! If your policy was really 'No Tolerance', the the first time this... *person* had seen the other kid hit my son, you'd have had HIS parents in here THEN, instead of me, now. If you're not going to enforce a 'policy' quickly and consistently, then there IS no 'policy' to BE enforced, and you've got no right to claim one."

Miss Hampton started looking worried, but the Principal told Dad that no matter how much he protested, I was going to be sent home for 3 days.

Dad got an expression on his face I'd never seen before — the Principal and Miss Hampton both turned real pale before he told them "If you do, the next thing that happens *after* that will be my lawyer filing a suit against not just both of you, but the school district AND the School Board — for letting you two run around without adult supervision. If this idiot has been ignoring what MY son has told her, I'll bet she's been doing the same with other kids; and I'll bet that if SHE'S doing it, the other teachers are, too. Are you willing to wager your careers that I'm wrong? That my lawyer can't find other parents whose kids have been bullied? Do you really think that the School Board and district are going to back you if this goes to trial? Are your pockets deep enough to pay the jury award we're likely to get?"

The Principal paled slightly before he told Dad "It would take years for something like that to come to trial, if it ever even made it that far — long after your son had served his suspension. Am I supposed to believe that you'd really let it go that far? And put that much money and time into it?"

Dad just laughed, and answered "I'm **perfectly** willing to go that far, just for ME. What do you think I'm willing to do for my *son*? If you think I'm bluffing, try calling me!"

I didn't believe that the Principal could ever look scared — but I saw it then. Miss Hampton was sitting in her chair real still and quiet, like she was afraid someone was going to notice her. Dad just sat there, smiling, and looking at the Principal.

The Principal finally looked away and said "I don't take kindly to threats, Mr. Marshall." Dad answered him by saying "And I don't take kindly to bullshit, Mr. Swan — which is exactly what you've been

trying to shovel at me since I got here. If this dipstick" — Dad gestured toward Miss Hampton — "had done HER job, and you were doing yours, this entire situation would never have come up. But it has, and I'm not going to let you two incompetents push payment for your mistakes off onto Daniel. YOU screwed up, so it's only right that YOU pay the price, not him. I expect the other kid has already learned HIS lesson."

Several seconds went by before the Principal finally said "Very well, then. Considering the circumstances, I think we can forego punishing Daniel for what happened today. But if he gets into any more fights, I can't say that I'll be as tolerant next time."

"If he gets into another fight and you've got *reasonable proof* that Daniel was at fault, I won't have any problem with that. But if you don't..."

"Yes, well, there's no reason to get upset about something that hasn't happened, is there? Miss Hampton, would you like to return to your classroom with Daniel now?"

She just nodded her head, and quickly stood up. I knew I was going back to class with her, so I stood up, too. But before we left, I turned to Dad and said "I'm sorry for making trouble, Dad."

He looked at me for a second before he told me "Son, you didn't *make* trouble — you just showed me where some trouble already **was**. You're not going to be punished for what happened today — here, or at home. I told you that I don't want you to fight, and I mean it. But if someone else is doing things to you, and the adults around you won't help, I'm not going to let you be punished for protecting yourself, either. You did everything you know you're supposed to, and it isn't your fault if other people aren't doing the things *they're* supposed to."

After that, Miss Hampton and I went back to class. I don't know how much longer Dad stayed in the Principals office; but after that, I remember that all of the teachers were real enthusiastic about watching out for kids hitting and picking on each other, and that a few kids got suspended during the rest of the year for bullying.

While we were growing up, besides each other, Sis and I both saw Mom and Dad and the others naked at different times. And like I said before, all of them were perfectly willing to answer our questions; so Sis and I pretty much grew up figuring that there wasn't anything mysterious or 'dirty' about naked people. As part of that, we also grew up learning about sex and love — and the difference between them. Mom and Dad were the ones that told me and Sis about what would be happening to us, and our bodies, well before puberty hit either of us.

I doubt anyone reading this will be surprised that at one point we were discovered comparing parts (or lack thereof). Mom and Dad didn't get upset with us; they just made sure that neither of us was forcing the other, and told us to be careful.

Naturally enough, there came the point (roughly midway between our 12th and 13th birthdays) that I discovered just how much pleasure I could give myself when I had my first climax. That singularly memorable event was soon followed by a number of repeats. I didn't figure anyone else knew, but it was several days later when Dad and Mom sat me and Sis down for a little talk.

They started off by saying they figured we were old enough that we had realized just *how* good touching ourselves could be, and that they didn't think there was anything wrong with doing that. Then they went on to say that not everybody agreed with them, so that our masturbation wasn't something that we should be talking about to just **anybody**. Finally, they told us that while they knew that masturbating and making ourselves feel good that way wasn't wrong, it wasn't something that we should do *too* much. I hesitantly asked how much was 'too much', and Dad just smiled and answered "If it starts to hurt, or it's ALL you want to do, that's too much".

When the conversation was over, Mom and Dad reminded us that they were going out for a little while, and wouldn't be home until later. Sis and I both told them we'd be fine; I was glad when she came into my room after they were gone — I knew that she wanted to talk to me about what they'd said as much as I wanted to talk to her. It was years later before I figured out that they'd likely gone out *just so* Sis and I could talk about what they'd just said...

The first thing she said was to ask me "Do you know what that was all about?"

I hesitated a bit too long, and she quickly demanded "Come on, Danny! Tell me what's going on!"

I finally told her "About a week ago, I was, you know, touching myself, and it started feeling better and better. I kept doing it, and the next thing I knew, I had a, uh, a climax. It felt *really* great, and I've done it some more times since then. I guess Mom or Dad figured it out". It never occurred to me at the time that it was a pretty fair bet that the stained and somewhat crusty clothing that I used to wipe myself off afterwards would be noticed when laundry was done.

Sis just sat there looking at me for a little bit, not understanding what I was talking about — at least, not really. Sure, we'd been *told* about all this stuff — but there's one BIG difference between hearing about it, and actually experiencing it. Heck, it wasn't until after I'd done it a few times that *I* made the connection between the 'climax' or 'orgasm' that I'd heard about, and what had happened.

When she finally mostly understood what I'd meant, she exclaimed "You did? **Really**? What was it like? What happened? Can you do it any time you want? Why didn't you *tell* me? I've been touching myself more and more, too — but I haven't had THAT happen, yet!"

When Sis finally stopped to take a breath, I managed to tell her "Yeah, I did — really. I can't say what it was like, just like Mom and Dad told us THEY couldn't describe it. Yeah, I can do it almost any time I want. I didn't say anything about it for a couple of reasons: first, because *I* was still learning about it; and second because you haven't talked to ME about stuff like that, much, either."

She had the decency to look a little embarrassed about that last part. Growing up, the two of us had been about as open with each other about things as two people COULD be — I'd proudly shown her when I started growing pubic hair, and she'd been just as happy to show me the first faint swelling of her nipples when she started developing breasts. But somehow, somewhere along the way, that kind of sharing of information had decreased dramatically. It wasn't all *her* fault, of course; but when she'd demanded to know why I was keeping things from her, I'd figured it was appropriate to remind her that she hadn't been real forthcoming, either.

Looking a little shame-faced, Sis told me "I guess neither one of us has been talking much, have we?"

"No, not really. I miss it, sometimes."

"Me, too", she replied, earnestly. The two of us sat there in silence for a few seconds before she hesitantly asked me "Uh, Danny? If I, uh, if I let you look at me, and watch while I do that, would you let me look at you, and watch you?"

Since she was one of the girls that I thought about — actually, THE one I thought about the most, since I already had an idea of what she looked like — the idea of being able to get myself off while **actually** looking at her was all I needed to answer "Sure, Sis".

Before I could ask her when she wanted to, or anything else, she stood up and started unbuttoning the blouse she was wearing. In a matter of just a couple of minutes, she was standing there nude — unashamed, but visibly nervous as the look she gave me invited me to really *look* at her.

And look, I did.

At the straight black hair on her head that she kept trimmed to just past her shoulders, to the light brown eyes and facial structure she got from Mom. Farther down, I was pleased and surprised to see that her bust had developed more than I'd thought from seeing her in clothes: though still small because she wasn't done growing yet, her breasts were still full for her size, and capped with light brown areolas that were about the size of a quarter. From the center of each, her dime-diameter nipples extended slightly — though as I looked at them, I could see them getting longer. The rest of her body was on the slender side of medium: there was a graceful curve to her waist and hips; her legs were long, trim, and gently curved. At the juncture of her lower belly and thighs, I could see the small dark wedge of her pubic hair. It wasn't very big, but even from where I was sitting, I could see that it was thicker than I would have thought — though not so thick that I couldn't see the cleft of her sex, underneath it — and obviously soft.

When I looked into her eyes again, she smiled and turned around so that I could have a look at her from the back, too. There weren't the distractions that the front of her had, and it didn't take me long to decide that she had a particularly nice-looking ass: small, obviously firm globes that I decided I could be content to sit and look at for *hours* at a time.

I was still delighting in the sight of it when she turned around again. When she looked at me, I simply told her "You look **great**, Sis!"

Looking both relieved and pleased, she told me "Thanks, Danny. I've actually been a *little* worried about how I look, even after everything Mom and Dad and all the others have done to tell and show us that I don't have to. But you've never, **ever** lied to me; so if you tell me I look good, then I know that it's okay."

"Honest — you've got nothing to worry about, or be ashamed of!" I assured her, making her smile.

Then it was time for me to stand up and get naked, too.

While we'd been growing up, Sis and I had reached a kind of *modus vivendi* for the dares and deals we

had with each other: if it was anything 'multi-part', then we'd 'leapfrog' in the doing of it. If there had been, say, 5 things involved, one of us would have done A. The other one would do A and B, then the first one would do B and C, followed by the second doing C and D, and so on. In this case, the deal was that both of us would let the other one look at us naked AND watch us masturbate. Since she'd gotten naked first (letting me look at her), then it was my turn to reciprocate in the looking part, followed by letting her watch me bring myself to climax. Then she'd let me watch her as she pleased herself, bringing us 'even'.

Just as it had been with her, it wasn't any big deal for me to take my clothes off in front of her — we'd simply seen each other (along with everyone else in the household!) naked too many times. Granted, it had been a while for her and me, but it still wasn't anything major. Once I was naked, I just stood there, just as she had, letting her look me over — including my semi-erect penis. When her eyes got to that part of me, I could swear that I saw her nipples get even longer than they already were.

I waited until she looked into my eyes before turning around, and waited as long as I figured she had before facing her again. When I looked, it was blazingly obvious that her areolas were puckered, and her nipples erect.

When I moved to the bed, she gave me a strange look and asked "What, you're going to bed now?"

I grinned and told her "No, not going to bed; at least, not to sleep. I was laying down the first time it happened — that, and I figured that if you wanted to watch, you could see better that way. You can sit wherever you want — it's up to you."

After I'd gotten myself situated, she told me "I... I think I'll get on the bed with you. I want to see better."

I just nodded my agreement, and it wasn't but a few seconds later that she was sitting next to me. A few moments later, she was positioned even with my hips, facing my head. When I looked into her eyes, she blushed faintly before telling me "If you're okay with me watching you, then it's only fair that you get to see me good, too" before she leaned back to rest on one elbow, and spreading her legs. Between them, I could see that the small thatch of pubic hair I'd seen before didn't go all the way to the bottom of her cleft. In fact, it thinned out dramatically; stopping well short of where I could see the entrance to her vagina, which was bracketed by her thin inner labia. I could also see that her clitoris was starting to appear out from under its hood, and that the entrance to her womanhood was faintly glistening. A few seconds later, I began to detect a faint odor that seemed to reach its fingers up my nostrils and take over my brain; it took a little while for me to realize that it was *her* — that what I was smelling was the heady aroma of aroused female. That it was my own sister, and she was aroused because of ME... that only seemed to turn me on even more; I could feel my cock getting longer and harder without my having to do anything but lie there and enjoy the sight and smell of her.

Apparently, she was experiencing much the same thing: as my penis got closer and closer to full erection, I could see Sis' inner lips get a little longer and thicker, and the area between them getting even more shiny from her oils.

Between the sights and smell of her increasing arousal, I didn't have the slightest hesitation about

wrapping my hand around my cock and slowly stroking it. In short order, I was fully erect — something that prompted Sis to tell me "Danny! I didn't know you could get so **big!**", which only added to my excitement.

Even though I had the idea that that wouldn't be the last time I got to look at her naked that way, I still wanted to make the occasion special, and memorable. I quickly decided that the best way to do that was to take my time about getting myself off. So as I slowly stroked my erect penis, I was using the opportunity to try and memorize the sight she presented to distract myself from the pleasure I was giving myself.

Still, there was only so much I could do to delay the inevitable: HER visibly increasing arousal was adding to my own stimulation, and the aroma of the juices starting to leak out of her started me thinking about what they might taste like — which got me started thinking about getting my head between her smooth, firm thighs and sampling it. And **that** thought only fanned the flames of my arousal.

Sis seemed to realize what was happening, and I watched as her hand finally slipped between her legs. After dipping the tip of one of her fingers into her opening slightly, she used it to begin rubbing the small nubbin of her clitoris — and releasing a soft moan. It wasn't long before each of us was giving the other a show such as neither of us had seen before, and feeding off of each others increasing arousal. As young and inexperienced as I was, though, there was only so much I could do to try and put off the inevitable.

Try as I might to delay it, there finally came the point where I passed the point of no return; not long afterwards, I heard myself exclaim "Sis! I'm going to shoot!"

I heard her reply "Yes, Danny! Do it!" — and a few seconds later, felt myself begin having the *second* most intense climax of my short sexual life: the first wad of my cum nearly landed on my throat, it erupted from the end of my cock so hard. The second hit my chest only a little lower on my body; from there, the remaining jets of my semen were launched with less and less force, ending with the last few spurts coating my hand.

I was amazed when I saw her suddenly freeze, then begin releasing a series of deep moans in time with the spasms I could see taking over her body.

Just as it had been when I'd smelled her, it took me a few moments to realize that what I was seeing was my own sister having her first-ever *orgasm*; between the thoughts of being privy to watch it, and knowing that she was having it as a result of watching **me**... well, it was *almost* enough to get me hard again: I could feel my cock trying to harden, even after what I'd just experienced.

With the passing of the more powerful waves of her release, Sis all but fell backwards onto my bed, gasping for air. I didn't figure she was actually having any kind of problem, but she was still my sister, and I loved her, so I quickly moved to sit up and spin around on my butt so that we were 'facing' the same way. Looking down at her, I could see that her face and shoulders had a faint blush. I watched carefully as her breathing gradually slowed, and was looking into her face when her eyes opened up.

Seeing me looking down at her seemed to give her something to focus on; after a moment, she looked into my eyes and gave me a smile such as I'd never seen before she enthusiastically declared "Oh, *Danny!* That was just **wonderful!**"

Still concerned, I asked "You're okay?"

The smile never left her face as she answered "Oh, I'm WAY better than just 'okay'! I just had an *orgasm* — my first one EVER, and it was so much better than I ever even **thought** it could be."

I couldn't help grinning at her as I said "I kinda figured that was what happened. I didn't know what it was, at first, and I started to worry a little bit before I realized."

She didn't have any kind of visible reaction to what I said; instead, she just told me "What you were doing... you know... I could SEE that you were getting excited, and it took me a little while to figure out that you were getting that way because you could look at ME — and that only made *me* more excited, too. Then I realized that you were getting that way because **I** was, and we were, like, **HELPING** each other that way. Then, when you finally squirted... **I knew** it was because of me, and when I got to watch it... Well, it just got me SO excited, and then all of a sudden it just *hit* me, and the next thing I knew, I felt SO good..."

My grin got even wider before I answered "Yeah, that's kind of like how it happened with me the first time. Makes you want to do it again, doesn't it?"

"Oh, god, yes!" she exclaimed, before blushing slightly.

A few moments later, she looked up at me again and hesitantly asked "It... it looked like you were going slow, at first, but then something happened, and I could tell that you were going faster. What changed?"

Then it was *my* turn to blush slightly; she saw it, of course, and asked "What? What is it? Tell me!"

"I, uh... I was, um... I started thinking... thinking about you."

She got an expression on her face I'd never seen, and I quickly tried to explain "I was looking at you, you know, your vagina and everything, and I could see how wet you were. And I could smell it, too" — she looked embarrassed at that, and I hurried to say "No, I *liked* it — the way you smelled, I mean. It made me **real** excited, and it made me start to wonder..."

"Wonder *what?*!"

"Wonder if it tasted as good as it smelled", I managed to answer, then went on to say "I, uh, I started thinking about what it might be like to, um, you know... *taste* it."

She laid there just looking at me long enough that I was starting to get worried when she told me "I could smell myself sometimes, too. *I* kinda liked it, but I was afraid that was just me — I was worried that anybody else would think it was bad. I, uh, even tasted myself, a little, one time; I kinda liked it, but I figured that tasting and smelling were pretty much the same thing. But when *you* tell me you liked it... well, I guess it's okay, then. Have you... have you ever..."

It took me only a moment to realize what she was getting at, and I answered "Yeah, I tried it a little, like you did. It was a little salty, but that's all."

A few moments went by before I asked "Would you let me taste what you're like? You can taste me, too, if you want..."

It took only a second for her to smile and answer "Yeah, I'd like that!"

She lifted the hand she'd had between her legs up to my face; as it got close, I could again detect the scent of her — I readily took her by the wrist and brought her fingers to my mouth, breathing in the aroma that was hers. I didn't hesitate to stick my tongue out and lick some of the abundance of her oils. In about zero seconds flat, I decided that I liked it: her juices were thin, but fresh and slightly musky. Seeing the vaguely worried expression her face, I paused long enough to give her a smile before opening my mouth and taking her entire finger inside as though it were a stick of candy.

As my taste buds were reveling in the taste of her, Sis reached out to take MY hand — the one that was pretty well coated with my jism — and move it to her face. I watched as she tentatively stuck her tongue out and used the tip of it to collect a small blob of my semen before it disappeared into her mouth again. A second later, she smiled up at me, letting me know that she found the results of her little experiment acceptable before she went about licking my hand and fingers clean of my juices.

When we were finished, both of us just grinned at each other for several seconds before she told me "I think you taste pretty good!", to which I replied "And me, you...", making both of us start to laugh.

I moved to lie down next to her, and the two of us rolled over onto our sides so that we were facing each other. Taking my hand in hers, Sis told me "Danny, what we just did... you know, looking at each other, and watching and everything... it was nice. REAL nice. Not just for the sex part of it, but for the other, too — the being brother and sister, and being *friends* again. I didn't realize just how much I missed that part until you reminded me."

"I missed it, too, Sis. The sex stuff... well, that felt pretty darn good" — she interrupted to tell me "I could tell!" with a smile — "but it's the things like now, us laying here and holding hands and everything, that really matters to me."

The two of us laid there for several seconds, just smiling and looking at each other. As we did, I thought about how much I loved her and how pretty she was — and finally leaned forward enough to give her a kiss on the tip of her nose. Surprised, she asked me "What was that for?"

"I just wanted to let you know that I love you, Sis. Not for what we just did, or anything like that; but just because of who you are, and what you're like, inside, and everything."

I could see her eyes start to get wet before she told me "And I love you, too, Danny — for the same reasons. I remember one time, when we were still little, I heard some of your friends giving you a hard time about letting me come along when you were going to do something. You didn't fuss or argue with them, or anything — you just kept telling them that if you went, then I got to go, too. It didn't matter to you that I was a girl, and they were your friends: I was your *sister*, and that was all there was to it. You guys were going off to catch frogs or something, so I said I didn't want to go; but it made me so happy

and proud that you weren't going to leave me behind just because THEY wanted you to." With that, she leaned forward and kissed me — but on the lips, instead of the tip of my nose, as I'd done to her.

Except that her kiss wasn't just a quick peck, as mine had been. Instead, her lips stayed on mine for several seconds; long enough, in fact, that I felt myself beginning to respond to the feeling of her lips on mine, and where her body was touching me: her nipples pressing against my chest, her small pubic thatch tickling my lower belly, and her firm thighs touching mine. The last thing I wanted to do was frighten or upset her, but I couldn't help but put my arm around her. Only a moment later, she reciprocated — then went on to gently pull me closer, something I eagerly cooperated in even as I felt my penis getting close to full erection again. I *knew* she could feel it, and even though I wasn't worried about it surprising or offending her, I was still surprised when I felt her lift one leg slightly and wriggle around until she'd gotten it 'trapped' between her legs and resting against her cleft.

Even as that was happening, the intensity and passion of our kiss was escalating from the mild affection between siblings and toward the passionate desire that two lovers would share.

With the increasing intensity of our kiss, neither of us hesitated to begin touching and caressing the other. It started with us limiting ourselves to the others back and sides, but soon reached the point where each of us had our hand on anything we could reach on the other. Just as Sis was grabbing *my* ass, I was discovering that hers was as smooth and firm as it had looked, and seemed to be curved to fit my hand **perfectly**.

I was disappointed when Sis finally broke off our kiss; but that disappointment was quickly replaced with joy when I realized that she'd only moved back enough to let her get her hand on my chest: it left enough room between us that I could mirror her actions by investigating her developing mammarys. I couldn't get to both, but the one that I **was** able to reach was a delight. Warm under my touch, it had a spongy firmness that somehow complimented its smooth surface. I found myself fascinated by the tactile difference I could feel between the skin of her breast, her areola, and the hard nubbin of her nipple. As I gently stroked and squeezed the mound of her breast, and softly pinched and pulled on the nipple at its peak, I could feel an increase in the warmth and wetness where my erect cock was lying along the cleft of my sister's sex; and that, too, added to my increasing pleasure and excitement.

Both of us were fully aroused and softly panting when I felt myself begin moving my hips so as to stroke my erect cock in the tunnel formed by the juncture of her thighs and mons. As good as it felt to my body, a part of my brain was telling me that I shouldn't be doing it: that I'd scare her, or make her think I was trying to actually get inside her, or make her angry with me, or *something*. But try as I might, I couldn't seem to stop myself from doing it — it simply felt too damn good.

It wasn't until Sis pushed herself away from me with the exclamation "No! We've got to **stop**!" that I realized that SHE was enjoying what BOTH of us were doing as much as I was.

Embarrassed at just how far we'd gone, and what we'd been doing with each other, I laid there for a few seconds before I hesitantly told her "I... I'm sorry, Sis. I shouldn't have let things go that far, or done the things I was."

She turned her head to look at me, and I could see the surprise on her face before she answered "No, Danny, it wasn't just you; it was ME, too. Dammit, I **liked** it! Not just what I was doing to you, but what you were doing to me — kissing, and touching, and... and even... that other part. Danny, I *want* to do stuff like that with you! You're my brother, and I love you, and I **know** that you aren't going to make me do anything I don't want to do, or don't like."

Well and truly confused, I asked "Then why did you move away, and say we had to stop?"

Regretfully, she told me "Because it was too much, too soon."

Seeing that I needed more explanation, she went on to say "Danny, I mean it: I **DO** want to do stuff like that with you. I want to learn what feels good for me with you, and learn what **YOU** like, and how we can make each other feel good like that. I just don't want to do it all at one time, or in one night, is all. I want us to go *slow*, and take our time so that we can really **enjoy** it — not just the things we do, but the **LEARNING** them, too. This should be special between us because it's **US** learning and doing, not because of the what we do. Danny, if it ever happens that the two of us make love, I want it to be because both of us **KNOW** that it's the right time and place and thing for us — not because both of us were horny, and got hot enough. You understand?"

When she put it that way, I *did* understand. While Sis got Moms looks, I was pretty sure she'd inherited Dads smarts; I got Dads appearance, but Moms brains — and if Mom wasn't as smart as Dad, she didn't miss it by much. It usually worked out that Sis figured things out a little bit ahead of me; but once she started to explain something, I caught on to what she was saying easily enough. So when she told me **WHY** she wanted us to stop, it made perfect sense to me; and because of how close we were, it was easy enough for me to agree.

While I was going through what she'd said, Sis waited patiently until I was done. I told her "Yeah, I understand what you're saying — and you're right: it *would* be better if we went slower, and took our time." I couldn't resist the temptation to tease her a little bit by asking "So what do you think... stretch it out over a week, or so?"

It only took her a moment to realize that I **WAS** teasing, and give me a Look — one that I'd heard Dad call 'the Goober look', as if she was saying 'You are **SUCH** a Goober!'

I laughed when she did it, and it was only a second before she started laughing with me. When both of us had calmed down again, she said "You know I meant something a little longer than that, Danny. Like a month, maybe", teasing me right back. I knew that there **WAS** no schedule, as such, of course: whatever intimacy that developed between us wasn't going to happen except when and if **BOTH** of us were ready, without regard for anything as mundane as a calendar or clock.

Remembering that Mom and Dad hadn't said just how long they were going to be gone, I lifted my head to look at my alarm clock — and saw that nearly an hour had gone by. Sis saw what I was doing, and turned her head to look, too — and realizing that we *probably* shouldn't be found the way we were, both of us sighed with the knowledge that Sis should leave my room. The funny part was that both of us did it in almost exactly at the same time, and in the same way, which made us look at each other and laugh

a little.

Without saying anything, both of us got off my bed and went over to where we'd left our clothes. As we got dressed again, each of us watched the other, both of us with a happy and loving smile on our faces.

In the weeks and months that followed, Sis and I gradually opened up to each other again, both in what we were willing and able to talk to each other about, and physically, as well.

While it hadn't been any big deal for us to catch each other going into or coming out of the shower or tub (we shared a bathroom), our freshened intimacy made such events happen more often and last a bit longer, since we'd take the opportunity to kiss, and exchange a little friendly touching.

With each session, we learned more about each others bodies. Not just the obvious things like how big or hard my penis got, or the way Sis' nipples would pucker; but what each other liked, and how we responded to different kinds of stimulation. We didn't know it at the time, but each of us was learning how to be a good *lover* — to take our time, and to *enjoy* the discovery process without putting any kind of 'pressure' on the other one. We talked about it once, when we were older, and both of us admitted that learning what we did from each other had done **wonders** in making our sex lives with *other* people pleasant and enjoyable.

There were only two things that interfered with the fun Sis and I had.

The first was her menstrual cycle. That it happened didn't bother her in the slightest, as far as being ashamed or embarrassed about it — in that respect, Mom and the others had had a positive influence. Rather, it was the fact that it was 'messy' for her that bothered Sis. Naturally enough, I didn't have a clue, but I was eventually able to convince her to help me understand by letting me look and touch and smell and all the rest when her period started one time. When I was done, I told her that I agreed with her that it was 'messy', but that there wasn't anything about it that really *bothered* me. She was ready to believe me once I took some of her menstrual blood and 'painted' a happy face on my chest; after that, the two of us took our first shower together, and masturbated each other to powerful releases.

The second thing that got in our way was related to the first: Sis *was* having periods, and thus could conceivably get pregnant. While we weren't anywhere near actually having that kind of sex with each other, that we might eventually reach that point was in both our minds. We were honest enough with each other that we talked about it a few times; being the donor and not the recipient, there wasn't a whole lot I could contribute toward finding a solution. I did offer my own thoughts on the matter — condoms, for example — not so much out of an interest in actually having sex with her (which, I admit, I was starting to think about), but rather to try and help her solve a problem.

Even while both of us were aware that we would possibly engage in coitus at some point, there was plenty for us to learn and do along the way. While we started out with masturbating ourselves while the other person watched, it didn't take us long to start trying out other things, as well.

Our first discovery was that as nice as it felt when we touched ourselves, it was even better when the **other** one did it for us: Sis' smaller, softer hand felt better on my cock than my own did; and she wasn't afraid to tell me that my fingers between her thighs and hands on her breasts pleased her, too.

After our mutual masturbation sessions, both of us delighted in sampling the others sexual secretions — which eventually led us to try sampling them directly from the source...

Mom worked with Dad at his engineering business. Sometimes they had to work late, or go in on a Saturday, to stay on schedule; but whenever Sis or I had some after-school thing going on like a part in a class play or some sporting event, one or both of them was **always** there.

But this particular day, neither one of us had anything like that going on, so Mom and Dad had gone in to finish up some project they were working on, leaving me and Sis home alone. After we'd finished our chores — we were charged with general cleaning; which one of us did what was left up to us — the two of us were sitting in the family room watching some nature program on TV when they showed a short clip of two animals mating. At that age, I was capable of sprouting an erection when anything even VAGUELY erotic or stimulating happened, so that brief scene on the TV soon had me tenting the front of the pants I was wearing.

I looked over at Sis, and was mildly surprised to see that it must have had a similar affect on her, since I could see where her nipples were slightly denting the light shirt she was wearing (without a bra, further adding to my arousal). Her eyes shifted to look at me, and she must have known what *I* was looking at because her gaze dropped to the bulge in my pants. I dragged my eyes up to her face, and saw that she was smiling.

When she saw that she had my attention, her smile got bigger before she said "It looks like you liked that as much as I did. What do you say we help each other out?" The sudden increase in the bulging of my pants was all the answer she needed, and she quickly stood up and took her shirt off. Holding it in her hand, she started walking toward me, saying "Come on — let's go to my room..."

That was all the encouragement I needed, and I quickly moved to follow her toward her room — and delighting in the way her ass moved as her long, trim legs moved us along.

Once we were in her room, she tossed her shirt off to one side before turning around to face me. When I didn't immediately start taking *my* clothes off, she got a grin on her face and reached for the waistband on the shorts she was wearing — knowing that I wanted to watch her undress before I did the same for her. When her shorts, then panties, joined the shirt she'd been wearing, she raised her arms over her head and did a pirouette for me before moving to lie down on her bed.

I quickly shed my shirt, but took my time about getting my pants and undershorts off so as to give her a little bit of a 'show'. I knew that it was having the desired effect when I saw the peaks of her breasts pucker, and her nipples erect even more.

When I was as naked as she was, I stood at the foot of her bed and looked at her for a few moments to take in the sight of her. Knowing what I was doing, she grinned and raised her arms over her head again, stretching herself out and spreading her legs slightly to give me a good view before asking "See anything you like?"

I didn't have any hesitation about answering "Oh, yeah!", making her laugh, before I moved to lie on my side next to her.

Propping myself up on my elbow, I put my hand on her belly before lowering my head to give her a small kiss. When our lips parted, I looked into her eyes as I told her "Sis, as nice as it is doing stuff like this with you, what really **matters** to me is that it's *you* I'm doing it with — because you're my sister, and I love you."

"And I love you, too, Danny; and that's why it's special to me, too" she answered, clearly pleased by what I'd said.

I lowered my head to kiss her again, and as our tongues started playing with each other, I slid my hand up her body to cup her breast and start teasing its nipple with my thumb. She released a soft moan into my mouth in response before her hand found my mostly-erect penis. Her cool, soft fingers soon had me completely hard, just as I could tell that my actions had accomplished much the same thing with the nipple I'd been playing with.

I wanted Sis to be as excited as I felt, and to get as much pleasure as I did from our intimacy. So as our kisses increased in intensity and duration, I moved my hand to her other breast and gave it the same treatment as I had the first; gently squeezing and caressing it, lightly running my fingertips along its surface, and softly pinching and pulling on its nipple. It wasn't long before I felt her pressing it into my hand as she began to writhe next to me in her increasing arousal. Knowing that I was having the desired effect, I pulled my lips away from hers so that I could put them to better use: on the small mounds of her developing mammaries.

Sis and I had been born about a minute apart — her first — but for some reason, puberty hit her a little later than it did me. As a result, she wasn't *quite* as developed as she might have been: her pubic hair was less developed than mine, and her breasts were barely enough to fill my cupped hands. But what they lacked in size, they **more** than made up for in quality: what I thought was a perfect mix of soft and firm, smooth, nicely rounded, and warm to my touch; and small, dark areolas that weren't much larger than her nipples, which stuck out maybe half an inch when they were fully erect.

So it was a pleasure for me to be able to fasten my lips around the peak of the breast that I'd touched first, and gently suck on it until the nipple was again fully extended.

While I was doing that, I wasn't letting my free hand slack off, either: I slowly caressed Sis' belly lower and lower until I felt my fingertips reach the edge of her pubic thatch. Her hair there wasn't as developed as mine, but that was just *fine* as far as I was concerned; it meant that along with enjoying how soft it was (like the fur on a cat's belly), I could still feel the soft warmth of her mons, too. And even better, I could feel the cleft of her sex, and easily find the entrance to her womanhood. I knew she was a virgin, and I wasn't about to try getting one of my fingers in her; but that didn't mean that I couldn't tease her opening, and delight in the heat that seemed to radiate from her, and the aromatic liquid that she produced.

I'd noticed early on that when she touched herself, she seemed to pay particular attention to the area at the top of her opening. When I asked, she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to let me see that that was where her clitoris was, and explain to me that nearly all of her excitement and arousal seemed to center on it.

So while my lips and mouth were busy at her breasts, my hand and fingers were making their own contributions between her thighs: collecting her female oils from the entrance to her vagina, and using them to keep things lubricated while I caressed and teased her exposed clitoris. We'd discovered that it was a **lot** easier for me to get aroused and climax than it was for her. I suppose I could have been hurt or upset by that difference, but I wasn't. The way I figured it, that just meant that we got to 'play' with each other that much longer!

As a result, I had several minutes of fun with my sisters body as I enjoyed bringing her to a level of arousal that matched my own. In return, Sis made sure that *I* stayed ready — not that that was difficult for her. Between softly caressing my erect penis, lightly dragging her fingernails across my scrotum, and occasionally stroking or squeezing my erection, she was able to ensure that I stayed hard.

When she was ready, Sis gently eased my head from her chest, which cued me to slip my hand from between her thighs. Sitting up, she spun around on her cute little butt, and the two of us adjusted our positions so that we were head-to-pelvis with each other. With all of my workings on the outside, I didn't have to do anything special; Sis moved to lie on her side and put her foot on the bed so that she opened herself up to me. I could see the nubbin of her clitoris had made an appearance out from under the hood that usually covered it, as well as the thin lips that bracketed her opening and the glistening of her oils between them.

It took me no time at all to get my hand back to where it had been, and as I reapplied myself to the pleasurable task of bringing her to a climax, I could *see* it as her inner lips grew longer and thicker and darker with her increasing excitement. I could also watch as her clitoris became more and more exposed to my tender ministrations.

As arousing as the sight of her was, it was the scent of her that stimulated me more than anything else — and with her open to me that way, the aroma quickly filled my nostrils and then my mind.

To this day, I don't know what prompted me to do it, but I suddenly discovered that I'd moved my head between her legs and was using my tongue to taste her oils as they leaked out of her — quickly followed by her exclamation of "Oh, **Danny!** What are you doing?" and a moment later, "That feels so *good!*"

With that, I was off to the races, so to speak: in addition to running my tongue across the entrance to her vagina, I expanded my efforts to include her clitoris — and was rewarded with another exclamation of pleasure from her.

I had made only a few passes across her clitoris with the tip of my tongue when I suddenly felt something incredibly warm and wet surround the head of my penis. The sensation was damn near enough to cause me to climax right then and there; it was only the wonder of what the hell was happening to me that prevented it. When I pulled my head back and looked down, I saw that the end of my erect cock disappeared into my sisters mouth. And as I watched, her lips slid even farther down until she'd taken nearly half my length.

It took only the tiniest fraction of a second for me to realize that Sis had decided that if my using my mouth directly on her felt so good, she was going to give **ME** the same kind of pleasure. Right on the

heels of that understanding, it occurred to me that the more I used my mouth on her, the more she was likely to use hers on me. At that, I turned back to what I'd been doing with no small degree of anticipation.

Sis had liked it when all I did was run the tip of my tongue across her clit; what else could I do that she might like?

Over the next few minutes, I learned a **lot** about "eating pussy" (which I belatedly realized that what I was doing was called). I tried a number of different things, and how Sis responded to them told me whether or not she liked them, without her having to say a single word. Just pressing my tongue against her opening was pretty much a no-go; stiffening my tongue and using it the way I'd like to use my cock in her was a definite winner. So was circling her clit with the tip of my tongue, and sucking on her clitoris the way she was starting to suck on my penis. Even as I was experimenting with how I could please her, Sis was doing the same thing to me: trying different combinations of tongue and lips and suction to stimulate ME.

But the thing that finally ended our pleasure was when I softly fluttered the tip of my tongue across her fully-exposed clitoris — I was amazed at how quickly she reached her climax, and how powerful it was.

Even as the thigh that had been waving in the air slammed into the side of my head, she let my erection slip from her mouth as her body froze. A moment later, I could feel her going through a series of obviously powerful contractions as I heard her cries of pleasure through the muffles of her thighs. With each spasm of her body, a small wave of her juices would be pushed out of her vagina, ready for me to lick up and further stimulate her. I was both amazed and inordinately pleased at the effect I'd been able to have on her by doing something that seemed so simple and enjoyable to me. Even then, it occurred to me to see just how hard I could make her orgasm by teasing her and prolonging the process...

My mind was still busy with all the things that I thought I'd like to try when I realized that Sis' orgasm was over. That she had recovered was signaled by the fact that she quickly wrapped her lips around my erect penis again, and apparently got *serious* about making me cum as hard as she had.

And it worked — quite well, thank you very much.

Between using the tip of her tongue against the underside of the head, sliding my cock in and out of her mouth, and the suction she was applying, it took only a minute or so before she had me climaxing so hard I thought I was going to turn inside-out through my penis. And each jet of my semen was greeted with a moan of pleasure from her before she eagerly swallowed it.

It was only when she felt me finally begin to soften that she let me slip from her mouth, only to lick up any wayward drops of my cum that she had missed. Satisfied with her handiwork, she gave the head of my cock a brief kiss before sitting up and pivoting around so that we were facing the same way again.

I was still more than a little stunned at how hard I'd climaxed, so Sis was left to scoot herself down so that she could lie next to me and put her head on my shoulder. I managed to find the energy to put my arm around her, and give her a kiss on the top of her head; she wriggled next to me and put her hand on my chest before saying "Oh, Danny! That was *so* good, what you were doing, and how hard it made me

cum! What ever got into you that made you even think about doing something like that?!"

It took me a second to get my voice back enough to answer "Honest, Sis, I don't know *what* got into me. I mean, while I was touching and looking at you, I could smell you, too... and the next thing I knew, I was doing that. You know I like the way you taste, so the only thing I can think is that I just wanted to taste it sooner, is all."

"Well, whatever made you do it, I'm glad! It was **wonderful**! I was really surprised at first, but it felt so GOOD that I decided to see if me doing something like that could make you feel the same way. I could tell that you were trying to find out what felt good for me, so I was trying to do the same for you, too." She tilted her head back to look up at me, grinning, and added "I guess I did okay, too, huh?"

I kissed her forehead before answering "Oh, you did way better than just 'okay', I promise! I don't think the FIRST time I had a climax was that hard!"

"I guess! You were squirting so hard, I wondered if I was even going to get to taste it first. And there was so **much** of it, too!"

With that, she let her head lower again before she told me "Danny, I'm glad we've got each other. Not just for sex stuff, but the rest of the time, too. I always knew that if none of my girl friends could play, I could always come to you and we'd find something to do together." She laughed, and added "Sometimes it was stuff that got us into trouble, but even then, we did it *together* — even the getting punished for it."

"And I'm glad about us, too, Sis. Like you said, not just for this part of it, the touching and everything, but the rest of the time." It was my turn to laugh before I told her "Heck, I still remember in fourth grade when Peggy McCormick kept teasing me and teasing me. I knew I wasn't supposed to do anything to her, and she was making me kind of crazy — at least until you saw what was happening, and told her if she didn't quit, YOU were going to *make* her stop."

I could feel her blush faintly before Sis answered "Well, you're my brother, and I didn't want anybody giving you a hard time except me!"

That made both of us laugh for a few moments before settling down again.

I don't know how long we laid there like that; it was probably something between a few minutes and maybe half an hour. What I **do** know is what brought an end to it: Sis reaching down to take my penis in her hand before hesitantly asking me "Danny, would you... do you think you'd like to, uh, do it again? Can you?"

Gee, there's a question — would I like to bury my head between my sisters thighs again, and let her use her mouth on me? Hmmmmmmmm...

I gave her quick hug and kissed the top of her head again before I told her "Yeah, I'd like to do that again. And yes, I can — but it'll take longer before I can climax, though."

She looked up at me again, and I could see the smile on her face as she told me "Oh, well, I guess that's okay!"

In response, I asked "How about if we take it easier this time, and kind of learn about each other more?"

Her smile only got wider before she answered "I'd like that, too."

I told you that Sis was the smarter of the two of us, right? So you won't be surprised that it was her that made the connection and said "Danny, I just thought of something."

"What's that?"

"You know that 'sixty-nine' we hear about?"

"Yeah..."

"I think I know what it is, now."

"What's that?"

"What we did. You know, using our mouths on each other. Think about it; I mean, imagine the numbers in your head, and see if you don't think we looked kind of like that."

I did, and immediately saw what she meant; all I could do was utter a soft "Damn."

Then she told me "And I think I know how both of us could be more comfortable, too. You remember the sign for Cancer in the astrology reading in the paper? It looks like a 69, too — only on it's side."

I thought about what she said, and asked "You mean one of us on top of the other? How would that be more comfortable? You're my sister and everything, but you're still too heavy for me to be comfortable with you laying on me!"

That comment earned me a poke in the side before she told me "No, not right **on** you, just *over* you. One of us could be on their knees and elbows, like, so that they weren't squashing the one on the bottom, but we could still get to each other."

With the explanation, I could easily visualize what she meant, and I answered "Okay, yeah, that makes sense. Uh, who's on top and who's on the bottom?"

That seemed to throw her for a couple of seconds before she told me "How about if I'm on top, first? I have to be able to move my head more, if I'm going to use my mouth on you, and that wouldn't be as easy if I was on the bottom."

It made perfect sense to me, and I said so. That pretty much settled things, and Sis sat up so that she could move over me. It took us only a few moments to realize that we were too close to the head of the bed; seconds later, I'd scooted down enough that she could carefully kneel over my head. A little minor adjustment was needed before she leaned forward far enough to support herself on her elbows, her head almost perfectly positioned above my stiffening penis.

From my perspective, it seemed like she was a trifle 'low' on me: I was a good couple of inches taller than her, and with her head over my penis, her crotch was roughly over my throat instead of my mouth. But once I lifted my head, I discovered that getting to her fun parts wasn't going to be a problem.

The way she was positioned over me, with her knees on either side of my head, I had what amounted to a perfect view of her womanhood. Straight on, I could see how her inner lips gradually emerged from the bottom of her opening to frame the entrance to her vagina, then continue onward where they merged above the hood of her clitoris — which was also easily visible, and starting to pull back to expose her sensitive nubbin. Even as I was looking at her, I could see her thin labia start to darken, and get ever so slightly thicker with her increasing arousal. Between them, the entrance to her vagina began to open; and it wasn't long before I could see the ring of her hymen, glistening as the juices began to flow out of her.

The sight of her was both mesmerizing, and incredibly erotic, and I felt myself starting to get hard just from looking at her. I didn't realize that she knew what was happening until she said "I guess you like what you see, huh?", amusement and excitement clear in her voice. All I could do was answer honestly, saying "Oh, yeah — I like what I see a **lot!**"

With the spell broken, I didn't hesitate to lift my head a little farther, and extend my tongue so that I could slowly draw it across her opening, getting a fresh sample of her nectar.

In return, Sis lowered her head and captured the head of my semi-erect cock between her lips before sucking as much of it as she could into her mouth, and starting to massage it with her tongue.

With the understanding that it was going to take longer before I could climax again, Sis took that as an excuse to take it slow and easy with what she was doing to stimulate me. In return, I did much the same — taking a few moments every so often to rest and just *look* at her, and how the various parts of her sex had changed in response to what I'd been doing. Only later did I find out from her that those relatively brief pauses in my oral attentions had stimulated her nearly as much as anything else I'd done: knowing that it was me, and that I was really **looking** at her, had had no small effect on Sis' libido.

For her part, there wasn't a whole lot for Sis to get interested in — the change between a flaccid and erect penis just isn't all that involved. So she made up for that shortcoming by trying to find out just what kinds of things she COULD do with it: how much she could stuff into her mouth, how far into her mouth/throat, how far her tongue would go around it, testing how hard it was at different points with her lips, examining every square millimeter with the tip of her tongue, and so on.

Needless to say, between what the two of us were doing to each other, and the views I was getting of her, I found myself recovering a lot faster and farther than I had any reason to expect.

There wasn't anything that could be called a definite transition point from when we moved from simple investigation to stimulation of each other; it was a much, *much* more gradual process. Without either of us having to say a word, we agreed that we would each take our time with the other, enjoying and prolonging both what we were doing, and what was being done TO us.

I knew that I was having a positive effect on her, but it still surprised me when Sis had what I figured was a small orgasm while I was trying to see if I could lick her tonsils from the 'wrong' end. Several minutes later, she had another — stronger — climax as I was applying a soft, rhythmic suction to her clitoris. Both times, when she'd gotten her breath back, her efforts on my erect penis made me feel like

I was getting even harder and longer — something I hadn't thought possible. But it was while I was doing something relatively innocent that I got a reaction from her that I *really* didn't expect.

Along with trying to learn what I could do with my lips and tongue and mouth, I was also using my hands on any part of Sis that I could reach: breasts, sides, back, and (of course) her cute little butt. I'd been caressing and squeezing her firm round buns when I accidentally (really!) let one of my fingertips brush across her anus — causing her to suddenly pause what she was doing as she made a soft grunting noise. At first, I thought I'd upset her; but when she didn't say anything, it finally occurred to me that she might actually have *liked* it. Still, it took me a bit to work up the nerve to do it again on purpose. The second time, I couldn't doubt that what I was doing pleased her: I could *see* as the lips of her vagina got a trifle longer and darker, and the area between them wetter. That was all it took to convince me to see just how much attention she'd let me pay to her nether region...

As it turned out, she seemed agreeable to pretty much everything I did.

Starting from simply running my finger across it, all the way up to wetting my finger with my saliva and gently working it into her slightly, any attention I paid to her there only seemed to be met with her approval, and increase her arousal — and her efforts on ME.

Things came to a head, so to speak, when I was worming my finger around as far inside her as I could get it while fluttering my tongue across her clitoris: suddenly freezing in place, Sis let my erect cock slip from her mouth before she released an incredibly deep — yet somehow passionate — groan as her body began almost *convulsing* as she orgasmed over me. While her vagina was pushing out wave after wave of her delicious oils, her sphincter was clenching around my finger so hard I was almost afraid she'd somehow pinch it off; even as I was eagerly lapping up the abundant overflow of her nectar, I could only be amazed at the effect I'd obviously had on her.

Despite everything, though, there was only so long she could climax like that. She finally all but collapsed on top of me, gasping for breath and shuddering when aftershocks of her experience coursed through her body. I managed to rescue my finger from the clenches of her anus, even though doing so resulted in another groan of pleasure from her as I pulled it free.

After giving the cleft of her sex a final swipe with my tongue to remove the latest wave of her essence, I laid back, content to let her get herself under control again before finding out whether she needed — or even wanted! — for us to continue. Her head was resting on my leg, and each time she exhaled, I could feel her breath on my cock; that was enough to compensate for the lack of more direct stimulation, and keep me almost completely hard.

I'll admit to feeling relieved when I finally felt her begin to stir on me (I was starting to worry that I'd somehow "broken" her); so I was *completely* unprepared for the way Sis suddenly moved to not only take me into her mouth again, but how **far**: she took nearly three quarters of my erect penis between her lips almost immediately. *Then* she started trying to see how much more she could take.

Her initial efforts delighted me. But when she kept going...

I could tell that it wasn't easy for her — that she was struggling with trying not to gag as I felt the head

of my ever-hardening penis reach her throat; but the sensation was simply too damn incredible for me to object. All I could do was trust that she wouldn't do anything to hurt herself, or that she didn't *want* to do. Even so, I could only lay there in awe as I felt her lips getting closer and closer to where my penis and body met.

I was amazed when I finally felt her lips firmly wrapped around the base of my cock — and then overwhelmed by the feeling as she starting trying to swallow, the muscles of her throat massaging the head of my penis in a way that I'd never even conceived **could** be done.

Despite having to pull back every so often so she could take a couple of breaths, Sis kept at it; it wasn't but a few cycles of her efforts before I felt myself getting ready to blow my load. Somehow, I managed to get control of myself long enough to let her know; the nodding of her head as she acknowledged what I said was enough to push me over the edge. To this day, I'm still surprised that she was able to keep as much of me in her mouth as she was — the way it felt to ME, I'd have thought that just the force of the first wad of my cum erupting from my dick would have pushed her head off of me, never mind having it spraying directly into her throat. But Sis didn't waver in the slightest: she eagerly (even greedily) swallowed what felt to me like a quart of semen, and kept going — guaranteeing that the next eruption was damn near as strong as the first, as were all the ones that followed.

When she finally pulled her mouth off of me, I felt as though I was *just short* of having been turned completely inside-out; I could only lay there panting as she eagerly used her tongue to make sure that none of my semen remained behind.

After sitting up, Sis pivoted on her tailbone and moved to lie next to me. Draping a leg and arm across my body, she kissed my cheek and hugged me before resting her head on my shoulder. She seemed perfectly content to just lay there like that until I finally (!) got my breath back and was able to tell her "Damn, Sis!"

I swear I could **feel** her smiling as she said "After the way you made *me* feel, I wanted to find out if I could do that same thing for you. I guess it worked, huh?"

It took me a few more seconds before I was able to say "What I did made you feel like THAT?"

I heard a soft giggle before she answered "**OH**, yeah! I mean, I was kind of surprised the first time you touched me there, but it still felt good, and kind of sexy. Then you did it again and again, and it kept feeling better and better. When you finally started putting your *finger* inside me... that was just great! Then after you started moving it around AND using your tongue on me that way — well, you know what happened THEN. That's not anything I'd like to do too much, 'cause it hit me so hard — but sometimes, sure."

Still catching my breath, I managed to tell her "If me doing that makes you want to do what YOU did, then I wouldn't want it to happen too much, either. I don't know if I could stand it!"

She giggled again before replying "Yeah, I could tell it did a lot for you. I thought you were going to drown me!", teasing me.

I couldn't help laughing briefly as I hugged her in response. After that, the two of us were perfectly

content to just lie there, enjoying the touch of each others bodies as we recovered from the experience.

Sis and I weren't after each other **all** the time, but rarely did we fail to get each other off a couple of times during the course of a week, either. Looking back at it, we shouldn't have been surprised that we were eventually found out — but we damn sure were when it happened...

Mom and Dad had gone out for some reason or other, with the expectation that they wouldn't be back for a few hours. At first, Sis and I had simply kept at whatever we'd been doing: homework, household chores, and so on. But somewhere along the line, we'd had to start doing something together. Again, we started out normally enough, but being brother and sister, we couldn't help start messing with each other: I'd get in Sis' way, then she'd get in mine; she'd do something to make me have to re-do something, then I'd do the same to her. Even *that* would have been okay if I hadn't bumped her hip, prompting her to do the same to me — which ultimately led to the two of us playfully wrestling with each other, which (naturally enough) culminated in us starting to grope each other. **THAT** ended with us in Sis' bedroom, naked, and using our hands and mouths to bring each other to climax.

We were snuggling on the bed afterwards when Dad appeared in the doorway; even then, it took us a few seconds to realize that he was there: we were simply still too bombed out with after-sex glow to be paying a lot of attention. It was Sis that noticed him first, and when I felt her jump and hear her release a small squeak of surprise, I opened my eyes to see what was going on — and felt myself grow cold when I saw Dad standing there. A moment later, he turned and left; Sis and I quickly got ourselves separated and dressed. The only words exchanged between us were Sis asking me what she thought Mom and Dad would do and me answering that I didn't have the slightest idea.

When we got out to where Dad was, all he said was "You two had better finish up what you were doing before you got distracted, don't you think?"

All either of us could do was turn red, nod, and do as he said.

That night, and the next day, Sis and I both waited nervously to see what was going to happen to us.

The evening after we'd been discovered, I was in my room pretending that I could actually pay attention to the book I had when Dad knocked on the door and asked if he could talk to me. Figuring I was about to find out what the consequences were of what I'd been doing with Sis, I told him to come in. Instead of the butt-chewing and punishment I'd expected, though, all Dad did was have me tell him about Sis and me: when it started between us, what we'd been doing, how often, and so on. It surprised the hell out of me, but I managed to do it despite the nervousness and embarrassment. I suppose I could have tried to 'fudge' things a bit to try and lessen whatever punishment I was going to get, but it simply never occurred to me — Dad had always been honest with me, and I was so used to telling **HIM** the truth, that I didn't hedge on any of what I said. After we got through that part, he wanted to know what **I** thought about what Sis and I had been doing, followed by a few more questions.

When I was done, Dad just looked at me for a few seconds before telling me "Your mother and I are going to have to talk about this. I know you've been scared about what's going to happen, but I expect we'll be ready to deal with it if not tomorrow, then the next day."

I nodded my understanding, and he stood up. When he got to the door to my room, he turned around and asked "You know this is serious, don't you?"

I managed to say "Yeah, Dad, I know."

Then he asked me "What do YOU think should happen?"

Stunned by the question, I took a few seconds before I answered "I don't know, Dad. She's my sister, and I love her, and I'd *never* do anything I thought would hurt her. I really didn't think that me and her being together like that was really wrong, or would somehow mess either one of us up, or hurt us. If that's not the way it is, I know you and Mom will tell us how before you do anything."

He looked at me for a couple of seconds again before nodding. Then he left, closing my door behind him.

At supper the next night, Mom told Sis and me that we needed to sit down together after supper. Sis and I both voiced our understanding before sharing a look.

After Sis and I got the dishes put away, we found our way into the family room, where Dad was sitting in his chair with Mom on his lap, his arms around her. Sis and I sat down on opposite ends of the couch facing them.

Almost a minute went by with Sis and I looking at Mom and Dad while they looked at US before Dad said "I've got to admit that I was really surprised at how I found the two of you the other day — as was your mother when I told her about it."

My eyes locked on Mom and Dad, I couldn't see if Sis blushed as hard as I did before Dan went on to say "While I was talking to you last night, Daniel, your mother was in with your sister. When both of us had heard what each of you had to say, we had our own discussion."

At that point, Mom spoke up, telling us "Both of you told us the same thing, as far as how and when it started. And what each of you told us about what you did, and why, and how matches up, too. It's pretty obvious to your father and I that *neither* of you bears any 'majority' share of responsibility for it — neither of you forced the other in **any** way at the beginning, nor are either of you doing anything to KEEP it going. What you've done with each other has been by mutual consent, with both of you as active, willing participants."

Dad picked things up again by saying "Both of you have agreed with each other that you wanted things to go slowly; and from what each of you has said, it sounds like you were doing just that: going slowly. Also, both have you have said that you would rather stop what you do with each other, than have the other one hurt in *any* way. Neither your mother, nor I, has any reason to think that you acted out of anything but the purest of motives: that you love each other as brother and sister, and that because of that love, you trust each other enough to learn and discover the sexual aspects of your lives, together."

Then it was Mom's turn to tell us "In virtually every culture on the planet, there is a taboo against brothers and sisters doing the things you did — never mind doing anything *more*. That taboo is so strong, in fact, that where such taboos exist, there are also LAWS against what you were doing. We have

those laws here, in this country, too; if it were ever found out what you had been doing with each other, there are all **kinds** of bad things that could happen as a consequence. Your father, or I, or even both of us could conceivably find ourselves facing serious legal problems because of what you two were doing. Even if we didn't find ourselves in jail or prison, we'd face major fines, legal costs, and other such things — not to mention what people that didn't already know us would think and say."

Mom must have seen the horror that I, and undoubtedly Sis, felt, because she went on "While your father and I **know** that neither of you could or would hurt the other, *other* people likely wouldn't understand. In their willingness to make sure that no more 'abuse' happened — they'd almost certainly think that you were a victim of Daniel, Janet — they'd probably separate the two of you, sending you to foster homes as far apart as could be managed. That would be in addition to whatever they decided to do with your father and me."

At that point, Sis and I shared a look of terror at the idea of being separated from Mom and Dad, or each other. When we got our attention back on Mom and Dad, it was Dad that told us "We're telling you about what *could* happen so that you know just how serious it is that nobody else finds out what you've been doing."

It was Mom that told us "But as I already told you, your father and I already **KNOW** that neither of you was 'abusing' the other; that you did what you did out of *love*, and **trust**."

It was then that Dad smiled and told us "Strange as it may seem, your mother and I haven't *always* been this age. We were both kids, too, and both of us remember what it was like at your age to suddenly discover the pleasure you could give yourself — and to wonder what else was possible, too."

Mom smiled at us, too, before saying "What you two have been doing isn't right — at least, not for **MOST** kids your age. But your father and I both know that you two aren't 'most kids', either. Each of you made it more than clear that you really, truly do love each other, and that neither of you would willingly hurt the other in **ANY** way. Both of you told us that you deliberately chose to take things slowly, and what you've told us you've done proves to us that that's just what you've done."

I was starting to think that maybe Sis and I were actually going to get off fairly easily when Dad told us "Your mother and I have agreed that what you've been doing isn't right for everybody — but that it's right for *you*. So you aren't going to be punished for what you've already been up to."

Another quick look at Sis told me that she was as stunned by what Dad had just said as I was. Even as I was starting to wonder, Mom told us "I can see that you're both relieved to hear that; and the next thing is to ask if that means that you can keep doing it. The answer to **THAT** is a *qualified* 'yes'."

Before I could do so, Sis asked "Uh, what do you mean 'qualified' yes?"

Mom turned so she and Dad could share a look and grin before Mom turned back to answer "'Qualified' yes means that as long as you're not doing anything that could end up with Janet getting pregnant, you can continue. But before — and let me emphasize that **before** part! — you decide that you're both ready to try having sex, we will expect you to take the appropriate precautions. If you decide that you want to use condoms or something similar, we'll provide you with what you need; if you choose something that

requires the attention of a doctor, then we'll make the necessary arrangements. Understand that we are most certainly NOT trying to encourage you to that point; rather, we're letting you know that if you get there yourselves, we'll understand."

I didn't dare look over to where Sis was sitting; I just *knew* that if I did, Mom and Dad would both know what I was thinking. It didn't occur to me until later that they already did, whether I looked at Sis or not.

So I was still looking at them when Dad told us "Now you know that you aren't in trouble for what you've already done, and that you won't be in trouble if you continue. But remember what we told you about what could happen if *anyone else* finds out. I don't doubt that you've been careful not to actually DO anything with each other outside our home; I'm reminding you that you have to be just as careful, if not more so, about anything else you do or say 'outside'. Understood?"

From the corner of my eye, I could see Sis nodding as enthusiastically as I was; it had never occurred to me that anything could happen to Mom or Dad about what we'd been doing, or that Sis and I could be separated because of it. I was most definitely not going to let **any** of it happen!

Mom finished things up by telling us "I expect that sometimes you've felt a little... rushed, since you felt like you could only do things while we weren't here. So I'm going to let you know that you don't have to wait until your father and I are gone, if you don't want to. We hope that you'll still take things as slow as you have, but you don't have to wait until we aren't here if you want to shower together, or even stay in each others rooms sometimes. Just try not to make it too often, and be sure you close the door so we know not to disturb you. Okay?"

Sis and I both voiced our agreement and understanding before Dad told us "Okay, that's it, then", letting us know we could go.

Even with the reassurance that it was okay, it was still over a month before Sis and I dared take a shower together while either Mom or Dad was home. After that, though, we gradually got braver and braver about it. The first time the two of us came out of the bathroom together only to find Dad looking at us, our hearts were in our throats — at least, until Dad just smiled at us and kept going.

Once we got comfortable with the new 'rules', though, Sis and I were again able to get back to really enjoying each others *intimate* company. Sure, we continued learning to pleasure each other; but with it being okay to spend time in each others rooms, it didn't take us much longer to begin spending an occasional night in each others beds. Sometimes I'd stay with Sis; other times she'd stay with me — either way, all we'd do was molest each other a little as we fell asleep. The times we spent like that brought us even closer together in our hearts, but without noticeably increasing our desire for each other. It was Mom that saw me leaving Sis' room early one morning; all she did was give me her usual morning greeting as she went by.

Things even got to the point where if all of us were in the family room doing something like watching TV, Mom and Dad wouldn't even look at us if Sis or I gave the other a kiss or quick grope.

It was a few months after we'd celebrated our 14th birthday, and Sis and I had just had a fine time

teasing and pleasing each other in her room while Mom and Dad were out with his friend Paul and his wife. After we lay there caressing each other for several minutes, Sis told me "Danny, there's something I've been thinking about doing, and I want you to be the one to help me with it."

Figuring she just wanted me to help her learn how to skateboard or something, I casually asked "What's that, Sis?"

Tilting her head back so that she could look up into my face, she answered "Danny, this is important to me, so I need you to pay attention while I explain to you."

Hearing that, I immediately gave her my full, undivided attention before saying "Okay, go ahead."

Her eyes were locked on mine as she told me "First thing I want you to know is that I really, truly have *thought* about this. I mean, a **lot**. And I didn't just figure I knew anything, either; I read about it down at the library, and checked about it on the Internet, and everything. So you know that I really am serious, and I really do know what I'm asking, and what might happen, okay?"

Whatever it was, it was sounding more and more serious — like maybe she wanted me to help her get a tattoo, or her navel pierced or something; it was starting to worry me a little bit when she asked "You remember that first time you used your finger in my butt?"

THAT question completely threw me; it had the mental effect on me of watching a rock roll Uphill. I could only respond with a confused "Yeah...?"

"And you know that the other times you've done that, it pretty much has the same effect on me every time, right?"

I couldn't help grinning as I responded "Sure does!"

She managed to smile back at me before telling me "Well, I started thinking that as nice as it felt when it was your finger... that maybe... maybe it would feel even nicer if... if... if maybe you put something else in me. Something bigger."

Again with the rock rolling uphill sensation for me as I tried to figure out just what the HECK she was trying to get at.

She must have seen on my face that I didn't have the faintest clue of what she was talking about, or where she was going, because she finally had mercy on me by explaining "I... I want to see what it's like if you put... put your penis in my butt."

Hearing that, my mind stopped simply spinning its wheels in favor of just going around in circles — I knew that my penis *could* go into her vagina, and had the experience of having it in her mouth. But her **butt???**

"Sis, I... I'm not too sure about that. I mean, sure, I guess we *could* do that, I mean, as an idea... but couldn't that hurt you? Wouldn't it be kind of, uh, messy?"

Apparently relieved that I hadn't jumped up screaming, she told me "Like I told you, Danny, I've already checked into it. Yeah, it *could* hurt, if we weren't careful and didn't do it right; but it doesn't

have to be like that. From what I learned, there are only three things needed for it to go okay. First, the girl really has to want to — and I **do**, honest! Then it helps if the couple has something to make... things... slippery; I've got lotion I use on my skin, and it would work. The last thing is that the couple — 'specially the guy! — has to take their time, and I know that I can trust you to do *that*."

I couldn't help blushing a bit as I repeated the question she hadn't answered: "What about any, um, mess?"

She blushed, too, but still managed to look at me as she answered "There isn't any mess if the girl is empty inside, and I, uh, took care of that earlier."

"But what if it still hurts you?" I protested.

"If it starts to hurt, then I'll tell you to stop. Really, Danny, I at least want to *try* it! I'm the one asking YOU, okay? I want to find out what it's like, but not if it's really going to hurt me!"

For the next couple of minutes, I could only lay there looking at her as I tried to get my mind wrapped around what she was asking. She seemed to understand that I needed some time to come to terms with it, and simply waited for me.

Initially, my inclination was to simply tell her "no" — and in no uncertain terms. But having grown up around Dad and Mom, I felt obliged to actually *think* about what she'd said, and honestly consider her request. When I started doing that, there was nothing else for me to do but accept her at her word that she really had done whatever research there was to be done before a girl tries anal sex the first time. And from what she'd said, and how she'd said it, I had to take at face value her declaration that she really did want to at least TRY it, and that she'd let me know if it was painful. Finally, I had to face the fact that she'd actually thought things through enough that she'd taken the steps necessary for it to actually happen.

As loathe as I was to hurt her, I simply loved her too much to ever deny her anything she really wanted — even if that meant trying to fit my teenage dick into her ass.

Looking down at her again, I finally told her "Okay, Sis, if you *really* want to try it, I guess we can. But the first time it starts to hurt you, that's the end of it!"

Smiling up at me in delight, she answered "Believe me, Danny: if it starts to hurt too much, I'm going to let you know!"

I wasn't real comfortable about that "too much" bit, but had to figure that if she was capable of letting me know she wanted me to do that, she was just as able to let me know if she wanted me to STOP, too. Even so, I was determined that if I started to hurt her TOO much, I'd stop, no matter WHAT she said.

With the promise of my assistance secured, Sis sat up and told me "I... I want to try it now, Danny. While we're alone, with just the two of us in the house. If it feels like I hope and *think* it will, I don't want to have to worry about Mom or Dad coming in, you know what I mean?"

I did know what she meant: the more powerful her climax was, the louder she tended to get — sometimes even screaming her pleasure. Yeah, it was probably better if we did it while Mom and Dad

were gone; if Sis DID scream, it would be embarrassing for both of us if Mom and Dad came to check on the noise and found us with my cock buried in her ass.

I smiled at her before answering "Sure, that's fine. Uh... what do we do? I mean, how do you want to do this?"

"Like I said, I'm already empty inside, so all we really need is the lotion. I'll go get it, and you can put some on me while I get started on you. Then when you're ready, I put it on you and we see if we can make it work."

I nodded my agreement, and she got off the bed to retrieve a bottle of lotion from her dresser. I couldn't help thinking about what we were about to do as I watched her cute ass moving away. When she had the lotion in hand, she turned around and looked at me — causing me to blush slightly because of what I'd just been thinking. That apparently made HER think about it, because she started blushing, too.

Once she was on the bed again, she knelt down next to me and handed me the bottle before saying "Don't be afraid of using too much of this, okay?"

I could only grin before answering "You betcha!"

As I squirted a healthy dollop of the lotion into my hand, Sis turned and leaned over, putting her head right over where my penis was starting to grow. Turning her head, she gave me a grin at my obvious anticipation before lowering herself far enough to wrap her lips around the glans.

For my part, I reached over to where her cute ass was waving in the air and lay my hand along its crack before slowly working the lotion between her cheeks. She softly moaned around my penis, and increased her efforts to get me hard again. Once I'd worked the first batch of lotion into her nether region, I loaded my hand up again and repeated my efforts, paying a little more attention to the area of interest. My finger running across her anus provided the little inspiration she needed to redouble her oral assault on my manhood. By the time I had worked the second load of lotion into her skin, she had me fully erect; after I'd applied a third round of lotion on — and into — her back opening, she was taking over half my length between her lips as her head bobbed up and down. When I finally slid the end of my finger from her, she let me slip from between her lips, saying "Oh, GOD, that felt so sexy!", quickly followed by "Hand me the bottle so I can put some on you, too!"

I did as she instructed, and it wasn't but a few seconds before she had my erect penis well-coated. Satisfied that I was as ready as she was, she moved to face away from me on her hands and knees — leaving me with a clear view of her shapely ass. I could also see that her vaginal lips had grown, and the area between them all but dripping her essence — making it clear to me that she was aroused, and truly wanting of what we were about to try.

Getting to my knees, I quickly moved behind her and put my hands on her hips. She lowered herself so that her head rested on the bed, leaving her hands free to reach behind and spread her cheeks for me, and exposing the crinkle of her anus.

Sis had gotten me hard enough that my dick was pointed more at the ceiling than where she wanted me to put it, so I had to release one of her hips so that I could lever myself down. Edging myself forward, it

didn't take long for me to get positioned so that the head of my penis was pressing against her rear opening.

With both of us ready, I tried one last time, telling her "Sis, we don't **have** to do this — now, or ever."

She responded by saying "No, we don't HAVE to; but I *want* to find out, okay? I promise, if it hurts, I'll let you know."

At that point there was nothing left for me to say or do — except what she so obviously wanted. Holding myself steady and in position, I began slowly and carefully easing my hips forward.

I could feel myself slightly spreading her nether entrance, but what really surprised me was that I could tell she was deliberately trying to relax herself there to make it possible. When that little gem of discovery finally sank in, I realized that I not only could, but SHOULD, be trying a little harder to get into her.

Gently increasing the pressure I applied against her opening, I could feel it slowly spread to accept me even more as Sis told me "That's it, Danny! Like that!"

As I pressed myself more and more against her, the tight ring of her anus went through a number of cycles: first tightening slightly, then relaxing and opening up to me even more as Sis voiced her pleasure and encouragement to me.

Finally, it happened: with a suddenness that I think surprised both of us, my dick finally slid through — accompanied by a soft squeak from Sis — leaving her anus clenching me just behind the head. I was so worried about hurting her that I almost pulled myself back out of her before I realized that the noise she'd made had been one of surprise, not pain. Even so, I couldn't help asking "You okay, Sis? Should I pull it back out?"

"Don't you *dare*! Oh, GOD, it feels so weird. Good, but **weird**!"

A few moments later, she told me "That's it... just hold still for a bit. You aren't hurting me any, but it's still going to take me a little bit to get used to it, okay?" before releasing her hold on her ass cheeks in favor of reaching forward to fill her hands with the bed covers, clenching them so tightly that I could see her knuckles turn white.

As instructed, I held myself steady in her — delighting not only in the warmth of her bowels, but how she felt around me as she slowly adjusted to my presence in such an intimate area.

Since I could feel it as she got used to me and became more and more relaxed, I wasn't surprised when she finally told me "Okay, Danny, I'm ready. You can go ahead again."

"I don't think the rest of it will be too tough, Sis. I mean, what's already in you is the biggest part."

I could hear a trace of relief in her voice when she said "Yeah, I guess you're right. But you'll still stop if I tell you?"

"Of course I will!" I answered. Still, I gave it an extra few seconds before beginning to ease my hips forward again; I had nearly half my cock buried in her ass before she asked me to hold still again, which

I quickly did before I heard her say "You aren't hurting me or anything, so don't worry. I just need to catch my breath, is all — I've been holding it without even realizing it!"

A minute or so later, she told me "Okay, go ahead, again, like you did before."

With my cock firmly in place, I moved my hand back to her hip to help steady myself before pressing into her again. It wasn't much longer before I felt her anus clenched around the base of my penis; below, my balls were softly resting against the cleft of her sex, and I could feel them being wetted slightly by the overflow of her oils.

Leaning forward and supporting my torso with my arms, I was able to lower my head enough to kiss her on the back of her neck — causing her to shudder slightly before she told me "That's it, just hold still again. Jeez, it feels like I've got one of your baseball bats inside me!"

Even though I figured it was where I was more than how much of me was there, that last part still did wonders for my teenage ego. Supporting myself with just one arm, I was able to lift my hand and begin playing with her breasts to try and help her relax. After gently squeezing them, and softly pinching her nipples for a couple of minutes, I gradually worked my hand down to her pelvis. There I collected a goodly sample of her oils and used them to keep things lubricated as I began teasing her erect clitoris. As I'd figured it would, the extra attention did wonders on helping her get used to having me filling her bowels; it was only a few minutes before I was able to bring her to an orgasm.

As glad as I was to be able to help her that way, I damn near ended up regretting it, too: the sensations she created around my penis as it happened damn near had me blowing my load in her, ending things before they'd really gotten started. It got a hell of a lot closer than I'd have liked, but I somehow managed to keep from filling her with my cum, so I was MORE than ready when Sis had gotten her breath back again and told me she was ready.

I started backing out of her REAL slow — as much to try and get a little more control over myself as in sheer delight in how it felt to be moving in her that way. I only slid about a quarter of my erection out of her before easing it back in again just as slowly: we'd gotten that far without hurting her, and I was determined not to do anything to spoil that record, so "take it easy" was the rule I was operating by. That seemed to be just fine with Sis, too, since I could hear her pleased moan when I began entering her again.

The next time was marginally faster and longer, as was the one after that.

Slowly, gradually, and most of all *carefully*, I did my part in Sis' and my first experience with anal sex.

As things progressed, it came as no surprise to me that Sis got more and more excited, and more active — even to the point of pressing herself back against me in response to my gentle thrusts. Even without any direct stimulation of her clitoris, she still had a small number of orgasms; the first fairly small, but each one after that progressively stronger.

We'd gotten to the point that I was quickly and steadily stroking in and out of her for nearly the entire length of my cock when I realized that she was getting closer and closer to having one HELL of a powerful climax. That was just fine with me, since I was rapidly approaching my own release and

certainly didn't want to disappoint her.

I was on the very edge of emptying myself in her, and worried that I'd failed her when I felt her begin to tighten around me even more with the approach of her orgasm. That was all it took for me, and after a couple more quick strokes into her, I buried myself as far into her as I could.

I figured that if she climaxed from what we were doing, it was going to be much more powerful than anything I'd witnessed before; but I still wasn't ready for the power and volume of the cry she released when the first hot jet of my semen erupted into her bowels, or the way her opening clamped down on me almost painfully tight, or the way her body froze for several long seconds before going into a series of powerful spasms. The sensations she created around my cock were amazing, and it was only because of that added stimulation that I was able to generate the force needed to continue spraying her insides with my cum as her cry continued through the spasms wracking her young body.

I was nearly done emptying myself in her when her scream finally tapered off, followed by a gasp and moan from her. I had no choice but to stay hard and inside her as she tried to catch her breath between the waves of pleasure I could see, and feel, coursing through her.

Still, even with the advantage of our young age, there was only so long that she could climax like that. When her energy finally gave out, the force of her orgasm quickly tapered off, leaving her exhausted. If I hadn't been watching for just such a possibility, she would have collapsed onto the bed. I'll have to confess that my motives weren't *entirely* altruistic: her anus was still clamped around my cock so tightly that I was afraid of what might happen if I **didn't** control her descent and keep myself close!

Holding her in my arms as we lay there on our sides, I was amazed to discover that Sis hadn't completely lost her senses: when I softly kissed her shoulder, she somehow managed to turn her head enough for me to hear it as she whispered "Thank you, Danny."

I simply smiled at her and said "That's okay, Sis. Just lay here and relax — I could tell that hit you pretty hard, so just take it easy and get yourself back together, okay?"

She managed a smile and weak nod before turning her head to rest on the bed again.

I ended up holding her like that for quite a while. Longer, in fact, than I expected I'd have to — but she was my sister, and I loved her, and I was happy to do it. It didn't take long for her to relax enough that I was able to ease my hips back and more-or-less rescue my cock; when I slipped free of her, I was surprised as hell when she shuddered and released a soft moan.

I was softly caressing her when she decided that she was ready to move again. She started to get up, but I easily held her down before telling her "No, you just rest. If there's something you want, I'll get it for you."

Blushing slightly, she softly told me "I'm starting to feel a little cold and... icky back there, and I was going to clean up a little and get something to drink."

I gave her a gentle hug before saying "Fine, I'll take care of it. You just stay here and get your energy back, okay?"

I could hear a trace of embarrassment in her voice when she softly said "Danny, it's my BUTT!"

I just smiled, kissed her shoulder, and answered "Yeah, I know — I was there, remember?", drawing a Look from her before I went on "Look, I helped get you like that, so I can help fix it, okay? Besides, the way you look, I'd have to help get you to the bathroom and do it anyway; so why not just stay here, save your energy, and let me take care of it?"

That wasn't anything she could really argue with, and after a couple of seconds, she nodded her acceptance. After another kiss to her shoulder, I got up and quickly made my way to our shared bathroom. Once I had a couple of warm, damp washcloths and a small towel, I got her a glass of cool water and headed back. When I got into her room, I saw that she'd rolled over onto her stomach, making it easier for me to take care of cleaning her up. One washcloth got most of the lotion and the little bit of my cum that had leaked out of her. The second washcloth finished the job, and I used one end of the towel to make sure she was dry before folding it so that she could sit on it. That done, I helped her sit up with the towel under her. She looked at me in curiosity, and I tried to delicately explain to her why it was there — embarrassing her greatly. I ignored it, though, in favor of helping her with the water: she was still weak enough that I had to help hold it for her. When she'd emptied the glass, I asked if she wanted some more; she indicated that she did, and I left to get it for her. While I was at it, I rinsed out the washcloths I'd used to clean her up and left them in the hamper before filling the glass again.

Once I was back in her room, she was able to drink by herself while I got myself seated where I could hold and support her. When she was done drinking, she set the glass on her night stand before snuggling next to me. Putting my arms around her, I held her close.

Several minutes went by before she told me "Thank you, Danny."

"Whatever for?"

Pulling my arms more tightly around her, she answered "For everything you've done for me. For actually *listening* to me when I said I wanted to find out what it felt like to have you in my butt. For being so patient and gentle with me, and actually **doing** that for me, and making it feel SO damn good! For showing me that I was right to trust you. For holding me after we were done, and then being willing to clean me up like that when I was still too darn tired to do it myself. For thinking to leave the towel here so I don't make a mess on my bed. For being such a good brother."

"Honest, Sis, you don't have to thank me for any of that. You're my sister, and I love you, and I'm glad that there's stuff that I can do for you."

"Maybe so — but I still want you to know that I appreciate it, anyway, and that I love you, too."

After giving her another hug and kiss on the shoulder, I was content to just sit there and hold her. It was maybe a half hour later when she let me know that she was ready to take a quick shower — if I was willing to help her (like I'd turn her down!).

When both of us were clean and dressed again, we headed for the family room to watch some TV until Mom and Dad got home.

After that memorable event, Sis and I readily went back to our more conventional methods of pleasing each other with our hands and mouths, enjoying what we did together just as before. But as the weeks slipped by, I noticed that Sis seemed to be getting a little distant from me at times. I asked her what was going on, and she'd just shake her head briefly before telling me "Just something I've got on my mind..."

The first few times that happened, I was willing to take what she said at face value — but somewhere around the dozenth time, I finally called her on it:

"C'mon, Sis. You've been like this more and more, lately, and every time I ask you about it, you give me the same answer. Now, either you've got the busiest mind on the planet that there's always something different, or there's ONE thing that keeps coming back. Which is it?"

With a wry grin, she answered "No, it's just one thing that I've been thinking about."

"So you want to tell me about it?"

From the tone of her voice, I knew that she was afraid of hurting me somehow when she answered "I don't think so, Danny."

"Why? Did I do something wrong? Are you mad at me about something? Darn it, Sis, **talk** to me — I'm *worried* about you!"

"No, you haven't done anything wrong, and I'm not mad at you. There's just something that I've been thinking about, is all."

"Could you at least give me an idea of what it is? Is someone bothering you? What's going on?"

Again, hesitantly, she answered "I don't know if I should talk to you about it, Danny."

"From the way you said that, it sounds like whatever is on your mind is something you think would bother me. Is that it? Is it something about me, or us?"

Several seconds went by before she finally answered "Yeah, it's something about us."

"If it's about US, then that includes me. Don't you think I deserve to know, too, then?"

"Yeah, you do, Danny — except that I have to get **my** part in it straight in my mind, first. Until I can do that, I don't know what *to* say to you, though."

With that tiniest bit of a hint — that whatever it was, it was *mostly* her, but included me — I had something to go on. Thinking about it for several seconds, I could only come up with one thing that seemed to fit, and asked "Is it... is it about when you wanted me to make love to you in your butt? I thought you wanted me to do that, and that you liked it."

She graced me with a delighted smile before answering "I *did* want you to do that, and I **did** like it! Even more that I thought I would; that's what got me started thinking about this other thing."

With another little indicator to point the way, I considered it for a couple of seconds before tentatively asking "Is it about us doing stuff together? Is there something you want me to do again, or more of?"

You know I love you, Sis, and if there's something I can do to make you happy or feel good, I'm willing to do it. Just tell me what it is!"

She suddenly got reticent with me again, and simply told me "No, it's not something you've already done — that's why I have to think about it."

Trying to figure out what it was, I mentally reviewed what she'd said so far: *mostly* her, but involved me, too; having me in her butt got her starting thinking about it; and it was something we hadn't done yet...

What popped into my head was a *possibility*, but I hadn't had the faintest idea that it was anything she had even thought about. Then I realized that that was just **exactly** what was happening then: that she **WAS** thinking about it.

With the expectation that I knew what the answer was going to be, I queried "Is it about us making love? I mean, *really*?"

Hesitantly, she told me "Yeah, that's what I've been thinking about: actually having you inside me."

Somewhat stunned at hearing my suspicion confirmed, I told her "Sis, you don't have to do anything like that for me! The other stuff we do... well, that makes me feel as good as I could want, honest!"

She gave me a strange look as she said "No, I don't want to do it for you, Danny. And I know the things we do make you happy, just like they do for me. I've been thinking about it for me. When you made love to me in my butt, it felt *wonderful*, and I had a GREAT orgasm. But as good as it felt physically, it made me feel even closer to you in my **heart** — and I started thinking that if we actually made love, we'd be even closer where it matters."

"I love you, Sis, more than I could ever say; I don't know if you could be any closer to me than you already are."

She smiled before replying "I didn't think you could be any closer, either — until we did that. Then I realized how much more you meant to me. That's what got me started thinking about what it might be like if we actually made love with each other."

Hearing that, I had some more things to ask her.

"What about your virginity? If we do that, it might hurt you. And what about later? If *we* make love, what will you do when you meet the guy you want to marry? You remember what Mom and Dad told us — what about making sure I don't get you pregnant? It could happen, even if we just did it the one time!"

"Those are just the kinds of things that I've been thinking about, Danny — along with what seem like a million others. Yes, if we made love, I'd lose my virginity, and it *might* hurt. But I know that I could trust YOU to go slow, and make it as easy as possible for me. I love you, and know that you love me, too; that's why when I'm ready, I want it to be you. As for later, well... you've heard Mom and Dad, and you know that it's what's in our hearts, and in our minds, that really matters. When I meet the guy that I want to marry, it'll be because of those things; and I'll expect him to love me for the same reasons. If

he's worried about whether or not I'm a virgin... well, he's probably the wrong guy for me."

"And birth control?"

"I guess you can figure out that I've already thought about the other stuff; the last thing that I was figuring out was **THAT** part. I don't want to **GET** pregnant any more than you or Mom and Dad would want me to — less, probably."

Anybody listening to us likely would have thought they were stuck in the Twilight Zone: there I was, trying to argue **against** deflowering my sister while she tried to tell me why I should...

"So, what, you were going to decide all of it; then tell me what **MY** choices were?" Listening to her, I was starting to feel like she was getting everything arranged so that she only needed me for the act itself.

Seeming to realize from my tone of voice that she'd pretty much left me out of the loop, she looked apologetic as she answered "No, of course not, Danny; and I'm sorry if it sounds like that. I really was going to *ask* you about it when I'd gotten the rest of it worked out in my head."

"Sounds to me like you already **HAVE** worked it out — and that you kinda forgot to include **ME**, even though I'm the one you want to give yourself to."

I could see on her face that she understood how things looked from *my* perspective, and how sad and sorry it made her feel to know that I had a valid point. There were tears in her eyes when she finally told me "I'm sorry, Danny, really I am! I got so busy thinking about all the rest of it that I forgot how much you love me, and *why* I was trying to figure all that stuff out!"

Seeing her tears, I knew that I'd hurt her — and was immediately sorry. Reaching out and taking her into my arms, I told her "It's okay, Sis. It's something that would change you a whole lot more than it would me, so I guess I can understand how you got so wrapped up in it. But now you **HAVE** told me what you've been thinking about, and we *can* work things out, okay?"

Snuffling on my shoulder, I heard her say "Yeah, I'd like that. I really **do** want to give myself to you, and do it so that **BOTH** of us are happy how it went afterwards."

Caressing her back, I said "Honest, Sis, if you're really ready to stop being a virgin, then there's nothing for me to say about it. If you want it to be me that you're with first, then I'm honored, and I'll do the best I can for you because I **do** love you so much. The rest of it is just details, and we can deal with those together, okay?"

Moving to sit up again so that we could see each other, she wiped the tears from her face before answering "Yeah, I'd like that", followed by a smile.

Seeing her happy again, I couldn't help but smile back before I said "Okay, now both of us know what you want to do, and with who. I figure the 'how' is that we have the time and place and everything to take it slow and easy, to make it *right* for you. Seems to me that there are just a couple of things still up in the air: how do we keep you from getting pregnant, and what happens after?"

"The 'after' part isn't hard; once we start, I don't think **either** of us is going to want it to be just the one time — at least *I* don't!" she told me before continuing "It's the not me ending up pregnant part that I've been having trouble with."

"You've checked into the different kinds of birth control?" I asked.

She nodded before answering "Yeah, I have. The most reliable things are birth controls pills, what they call an Intra-Uterine Device, a diaphragm, and condoms with any one of several different kinds of foam or gel that I'd have to put inside me. But each of them seems to have a different kind of problem, which is why I haven't been able to decide. The way it looks to me is that to use the foam or gel things, I'd already have to have lost my hymen; the same thing is true for a diaphragm. I don't like the idea of birth control pills because I'm still growing, and I don't know what they'd do to me. The IUD thing sounds good, but I don't know if they could get it into me while I'm still a virgin, though."

I considered it for a bit, and finally told her "Yeah, I see your point about all of them but the IUD. Have you talked to Mom or Dad about any of it?"

To my surprise, she blushed slightly before saying "No, I haven't. I really don't want to talk to Mom about it, and I don't think I *could* talk to **Dad** — I'd just be too embarrassed."

I could understand what she was saying, after a fashion: while I'd be reluctant about going to Dad to ask for condoms, I just *couldn't* see asking Mom to get them for me. Intellectually, I knew that I'd get the same response from either one of them; but there are some things that a kid just **can't** talk about to the opposite sex parent.

The two of us sat there looking at each other for some time, trying to figure out *something* we could do that wouldn't involve one or both of Mom and Dad.

Eventually, I had to admit "Sis, I don't see any way of making sure we don't make you pregnant without getting Mom or Dad involved. I mean, even the stuff that doesn't involve a doctor is something we'd have to buy — and I just can't figure a store clerk selling birth control stuff to a couple of 14-year-olds. And that means that no matter **WHAT** we use, Mom and Dad are going to know about it. I think the best thing is to just face up to that fact and go with that IUD thing you mentioned. If they can't put one in you while you're still a virgin, then the only thing I can think of is to just come right out and ask Mom or Dad if they have any ideas."

Sis made a face before admitting "I think you're probably right. But this is something I *really* hoped I wouldn't have to talk to Mom about; at least, not **BEFORE** it happened."

I took her hand in mine and told her "If you want, I'll be with you — whether you want me there for the whole thing, or just part of it. Or, if you want, I'll go talk to Dad while you're talking to Mom." I didn't have much enthusiasm about either of those choices, but I'd willingly do them if it convinced Sis to get the help she needed with her questions.

Looking at me appreciatively, she answered "No, you don't have to do any of that, Danny. I know you would if I wanted you to, but it isn't necessary. Yeah, I'll be a little embarrassed to ask Mom about birth control — but you're right: I've got questions, and she has answers."

Sympathetically, I told her "You probably remember that she told us that they **wanted** us to come to them for help on this, so maybe it won't be so bad."

That seemed to help her a little, because she was a little more chipper when she answered "Yeah, that's true. Maybe you're right..."

After a little more discussion, Sis let me know approximately when she'd talk to Mom, and said that she'd let me know what happened. Afterwards, the two of us just sat and held hands in mutual support.

I was considerably relieved when Sis came into my room late one afternoon; I quickly put aside the book I'd been reading in favor of guiding her onto my lap so she could tell me how things had gone — the expression on her face didn't give me the faintest clue.

Once she was seated, I put my arms around her waist and asked "You talked to Mom?"

"Yeah, I did."

"So how did it *go*?"

Still looking somewhat stunned, Sis told me "Uh, it went fine."

Getting mildly exasperated, I commanded "So **tell** me already!"

Giving herself a little shake, she told me "I went to her right after she and Dad got home from work, and said I needed to ask her some stuff. I guess she figured out it was important, because she took me into Dads office and closed the door behind us. After we both sat down, she asked me what was going on, and I told her that I was thinking that I should maybe start using some kind of birth control. She asked me if I was thinking of anything in particular, and I told her what I said to you about pills and IUDs, and why I thought maybe I'd like the IUD. Then I asked her if she knew if I could get one while I still have my hymen. She said she didn't know, but could find out — and called her doctor, right then. She couldn't come to the phone right away, but said she'd call Mom back in just a few minutes. While we were waiting, Mom asked me if I was really thinking about not being a virgin any more. I told her I was *thinking* about it, but that I wasn't going to actually **DO** anything about it yet. Then she asked if I had anybody in mind, and I said that I did; but she didn't ask me who, like I was afraid she would."

Taking a breath, Sis went on "She told me that she hoped I would be careful to make *sure* that I was ready, that I should make sure I had the right time and place and guy, and said that she loved me. She started to say something else, but that was when the phone rang; it was her doctor calling back. Mom said she had a couple of quick questions, and asked her doctor if an IUD could be put into a girl that still had her hymen, and then if it was safe for a girl that was still growing to take birth control pills. It took a few minutes for the doctor to answer, and when she was done, Mom thanked her for calling back so quickly, and for the help. After she hung up the phone, she told me that the doctor had said that a girl that was still a virgin *might* be able to get an IUD. She said the doctor told her that **most** girls still have a little bit of an opening in their hymen, and that if the opening was large enough, it was possible to get the medical stuff inside far enough to put in the IUD — but that it was necessary for the doctor to see the girl first."

"Then she said that the doctor had told her that birth control pills had been around long enough, and there were enough different kinds, that it was a pretty safe bet that at least one of them would be okay for a girl that was still in puberty. It might take trying a two or three different kinds, but that nothing would happen to cause the girl to stop growing the way she should; the only effect the 'wrong' pill would have would be to make her uncomfortable", she added.

Finally, she told me "After that, Mom just talked to me a little bit — telling me again that she loved me, and so did Dad, and that they'd still love me whether I was a virgin or not; that I was their daughter, and that all that mattered to them was that I was happy and healthy. She asked me if I'd talked to the guy yet, and I said that I had, and that it had been MY idea to give myself to him. She asked if I was sure about that, and I told her I was; that when I'd told the guy, *he'd* said that I should make sure first, too. Neither one of us ever used any names, but I kinda think that she knew that I was talking about you. Anyway, she asked me if I needed some time to think about it, and I told her that I already had, a LOT. She asked if I wanted her to make an appointment for me with her doctor, and after I thought about it a little, I told her yes. When she asked if I had any time in mind, I told her that anything would be fine. She seemed to like that, and said that she'd make the appointment for me the next time she went, in a couple of weeks; I said that was okay, and thanked her. She said she was glad I was being careful and thinking about it, and told me she loved me again, and that was the end of it."

"It sound like it worked out okay, then" I said

Sis nodded her head and told me "It did. I was kind of nervous and embarrassed at first, but Mom didn't say or do *anything* except help me find out what I wanted to know, and let me know that if I was **really** sure I was ready, then it was okay. I don't think she's really happy about it, but I don't think she's mad or disappointed, either. I expect she's going to talk to Dad about it, but I don't figure he would actually SAY anything."

While not real comfortable about the idea that Mom and Dad might know that *I* was the one Sis wanted to give her virginity to, it didn't really bother me that much, either: there wasn't a doubt in my mind that both of them loved both of us, and that as long as we were being careful and thoughtful about what we were doing, they were willing to let us be as independent and mature up as we were capable of handling.

It wasn't until later in life that I realized that what Sis and I were going through then was the acid test of everything Mom and Dad had done when they were raising us: encouraging us to come to them when we needed advice, helping us find the answers to the questions we had, and doing everything they could to teach us to be thoughtful and responsible — and then holding us accountable for our actions, regardless. Sis had decided she was ready to lose her virginity; she thought things through, and asked for help and advice when she needed it. That I was the one she'd decided to partner with didn't matter, except that *both* of us were being careful, and that we loved each other as much as we did. That we were still shy of 15 years old was irrelevant: we were demonstrating that we were being mature and prudent about it, and THAT was what really mattered.

Sis leaned forward to lay her head on my shoulder, and I put my arms around her, giving her a hug

before I told her "I love you, Sis. And just so you know, I'm not in *any* hurry to make love with you; not until you're really sure, and really ready. Even if it **never** happens, that's okay with me, because I love you and want YOU to be happy."

After hugging me back, she said "I know you love me, Danny, and I love you the same way. But I **am** sure that I want to share myself with you like that. I know there's no hurry, but I **DO** want it to happen, and with you."

There wasn't anything for me to say to that, really, so I contented myself with simply holding her close, just as she seemed satisfied to BE held.

Sis let me know when Mom had set up the doctors appointment for her, so I was home and waiting to hear how things had gone when Sis got home afterwards.

The two of us went out in the back yard and sat in the swinging bench while she told me what happened.

She started by telling me "When we got there, I kind of felt out of place. I mean, I was the youngest person in the waiting room. But Mom acted like it was perfectly normal for me to be there, so I just sat there and looked at a magazine like everyone else was. When it was my turn, the nurse showed us back to one of the examination rooms, and told me that she knew it was my first time there, and that I didn't have to worry about anything. After she left, Mom told me what usually happens when she goes in for an exam. It sounded kinda scary, and uncomfortable, but Mom explained that gynecological exams were part of being a healthy female. A few minutes later, the doctor came in, and she was *real* nice. She asked me some questions like whether my periods were regular, if they gave me any trouble, and stuff like that before she told me that she would be giving me just a **very** basic exam before talking to me about birth control. She also said that it was up to me if I wanted Mom in the room, or a nurse — but before then, she just wanted to talk to me a few minutes. I said that was fine, and she asked Mom if it could be just the two of us. Mom said it was okay, and went out of the room. Then the doctor told me that Mom had said I wanted to come in about birth control, and that she — the doctor, I mean — wanted to make sure that I was getting it because *I* wanted to, not because anybody was trying to 'push' me or anything. I told her that it really was my idea, and that nobody was doing anything to make me do it; and that I just wanted to be sure that I couldn't get pregnant BEFORE I started having sex. Then she asked me if I was the one that had the questions that had Mom call her about. I said that I was, and she said it sounded like I was being pretty grown up if I was thinking about things like that."

Sis took my hand as we sat there slowly swinging and said "When she was done talking, she asked if I wanted Mom or a nurse, and I said that Mom was fine. She smiled, and went to the door to let Mom know she could come in again. Then the doctor told both of us what she'd be doing for my exam, and showed us some different kinds of IUDs and the little tools she had to put them in with. While she was doing that, she showed us a diagram of how hymens looked sometimes, and which one I'd have to have and about how big the hole in it would have to be if I wanted an IUD. It was actually kind of interesting, but a little scary too, looking at the tools she'd have to use to put one in."

"Anyway, once she was done, she asked me again if I really wanted to see if I could have an IUD. I said I did, and she said that I'd need to take my skirt and panties off and put on one of those hospital gowns. I said that I understood, and she said I should go ahead — that she'd be back in a couple of minutes."

"After she left, I was surprised when Mom went over and stood in a corner, facing away from me, so that I could do what the doctor said. When I was done, I sat down on the exam table, and Mom came over to sit next to it and hold my hand. It was just a couple of minutes later when the doctor came in again. She had me lie down and put my feet up in these kind of stirrups that were on the table before hanging these little paper curtains around me. That left me wide open to her, and I started to feel embarrassed, but the doctor told me that she had to do the same thing when SHE got an exam, and understood that although it wasn't real comfortable or dignified, it really was the best and easiest way for her to do her job. Somehow, that made it easier for me, and it helped even more when Mom gave my hand a little squeeze. Then she sat down in a chair and moved to where she could see between my legs. I felt her pull me open a little bit, and I knew that she was looking inside me. I could see what she was doing because of all the little curtains around my legs, but I could feel her doing some thing to me. None of it hurt, but it was a little uncomfortable."

"She was only between my legs for a few minutes before she moved back and pulled one of the paper sheets down to cover me. Then she came around to where I could see her, and told me that I looked to be as healthy and normal as anybody could want. I asked her about my hymen, and she told me that mine was like most everyone else's — just the one hole in it, pretty much in the middle. She said that even though I was as young as I am, she *thought* that she could get an IUD into me. She also said that it was pretty close, though, and that it **might** hurt a little bit. Then she said it was up to us — mostly me, she said — to decide if I wanted her to try, or if I just wanted to use birth control pills. I looked at Mom, and she just said 'It's your body, dear, so it's up to you. I'm here for you, whichever one you decide.' I asked the doctor what would happen if it turned out that she couldn't get the IUD into me, and she said that she *definitely* wasn't going to force things: that if it turned out that the hole wasn't big enough, then she'd just quit, and not hurt me. I thought about it for a little bit, and finally told her that I wanted to try. She smiled, and said that was fine."

Taking a deep breath, Sis went on "The doctor took the cover off a little tray she'd brought in, and showed me the IUD — she called it a 'device' — she thought would be best. Of course, I didn't have any idea why that one was better than anything else she'd shown us, and just told her that it was fine. She put the little tray on a rolling cart and rolled it with her back between my legs again. She lifted the little paper curtain, and I felt her start doing stuff again. I'm not sure what it was, but she used some kind of tool to hold me open so she could see inside. I heard her doing some stuff, then she told me that she was going to try to put the device in, and that I should try to relax. I *really* wanted to have it work, so I did the best I could. I felt it when she started using the stuff she'd shown us; it was uncomfortable at first, but I could pretty much ignore that part. It did hurt a little bit for a few seconds, and I guess I made a little noise because she told me 'I'm sorry, Janet — there just isn't any other way for me to do that, but it's over now. Just give me another minute or so, and I'll be all done.' I was so happy to hear that it worked that I didn't mind when it hurt again a little bit later, right before she moved back and put

the curtain between my legs again."

"When she'd moved the little cart out of the way and put the tray of stuff on the counter again, she closed my robe and took all the curtains down before she came up to my head and told me that everything had gone fine: she'd been able to get through my hymen and to my cervix easily. The pain I'd felt had been when she'd had to open the entrance to my uterus so she could actually put the device in me; the other pain had been when she'd pulled the insertion tool back out. Then she reminded me that the device would only work at keeping me from getting pregnant — that it was up to ME to make sure that I didn't catch something else like a disease or AIDS or something. Finally, she told me that while I *could* start having sex any time, it would be best if I waited until after the end of my next period, and that I might feel a little sore for the next day or two."

"Mom and I **both** thanked her, and she just smiled and said that she was glad she could help — that she'd much rather have a girl come in to see about birth control before she started having sex, than have a pregnant teenager in the waiting room. Then she told me that if I wanted to lay there and rest for a few minutes before I got dressed, that was fine. I thanked her again, and she left, taking the tray of stuff with her. I still felt a little sore and told Mom I'd like to lay there for a little bit. She squeezed my hand and kissed my cheek before she told me that was fine. A little bit later, I said I was ready to go, and Mom went over to stand in the corner again as I got dressed."

Taking my hand in both of hers, Sis told me "On the way back, I was really surprised when Mom told me that she was proud of me, and glad that I came to her like I did. I didn't say anything, but she explained to me that she was proud of me for taking the time to really *think* about it before I started having sex, and glad that I wasn't too afraid or embarrassed to come to her. I said that I was glad, too, and she said that when I got older and had children of my own, I'd understand when she told me that she'd had mixed emotions when I'd come to her. Finally, she told me that she knew I'd want my first time to be **special**, and that she'd do what she could to see to it that I had plenty of time, so I wouldn't be rushed."

I have to admit that I was more than a little surprised by that last part — and had to say "It sounds to me like Mom, and probably Dad, already know that I'M the one you want to make love with first."

"What do you mean, Danny?"

"Think about it, Sis: why else do you think Mom would *say* that to you, about trying to see that you had plenty of time? How could she try to do that if she didn't figure it was going to be US, instead of you and someone else? You know how Mom and Dad are — if Mom thought you were going to be with some other guy, she probably would have said she'd try to get you the time or something less certain than she did. But to say she'd do what she could? That sounds pretty solid and definite to me, and you know Mom or Dad neither one would say anything like that unless they were pretty sure."

She just sat there and looked at me for several seconds before quietly saying "I think you're right. I'll bet they DO know." A few moments later, she added "But I don't think it really *matters* to them, Danny."

"Why not?" I had to ask.

"Because they ARE Mom and Dad. You know as well as I do that any time they thought we were thinking about doing something that would get us in trouble when we were younger, one or the other of them would say or do something to let us know they were on to us. Do you really think they'd have let things get this far if they really *objected*? I mean, it was DAD that saw us together in bed that time; and when he and Mom had that talk with us, they SAID we could keep doing stuff together. And it was YOU that reminded me what Mom said about coming to them before we started having sex. I didn't figure they meant it that way at the time, but they did keep mentioning US having sex; I figured they just meant us, individually, not us TOGETHER. But if they did mean us together, then that explains why neither of them has said anything to us about NOT making love with each other!"

What she was saying made a *lot* of sense. Something popped into my mind, and I quickly told Sis "I think you're right. And I'll bet that that's why Mom didn't ask you WHO you were thinking about making love to first: she already figured it was me, and just wanted to let you feel like you had some privacy."

She just blinked at me a couple of times before nodding her head in acceptance and saying "I'd bet that was it, too", followed a few moments later with "So what do we do?"

I thought the answer to that was pretty obvious, and said "Who says we have to do anything? It sure looks clear to me that Mom and Dad almost certainly know that it would be US together when you're ready; and if that's the case, then *both* of us know that one or both of them would say something to us if they really had a problem with it. Instead, Mom not only answered the questions you had about birth control, but actually took you to the doctor so you could get started." Something else came to me, and I added "Remember when they had that talk with us after Dad found us? They said that they weren't going to *encourage* us, but that if we got to this point on our own, they'd understand. They sure haven't encouraged us, but we still got here, and I think they're doing just what they said they would:

understanding, and letting it happen because they know that because of how much we love each other, we'll be careful and take our time to do it RIGHT for each other."

"I think you're right, Danny", Sis told me, though there still seemed to be something on her mind.

It took me only a second to realize what it might be, and I quickly told her "Sis, if Mom and Dad really know that you wanted *us* to be together the first time, I can understand that you might not like it. I mean, I kind of feel like we've lost some of our privacy, too. So if you decide that you don't want to, or that you just don't want it to be with ME, then I can understand and accept it. As much as I'd like to be able to make **love** with you that way, it's MORE important to me that you're happy. I hope you won't forget that if Mom and Dad really know, then you can count on Mom to keep her word about making sure we have lots of time so that we don't have to hurry. But whatever you decide, I'll accept it, and not try to change your mind."

Sis looked at me for several seconds before she said "Well, that's for later, I think. I mean, I just got started with the birth control *today*, and the doctor said I should probably wait until after my next period — so that's at LEAST a month and a half, right there."

Nothing for me to do or say except "Of course, Sis. I told you, whatever you decide, I'll be fine. Uh, if

you wanted to stay with me tonight, I'd like that. Not to DO anything, I mean — just hold each other."

She graced me with a pleased smile before answering "Yeah, I'd like that."

It was only a couple of days before Sis felt like she was ready for us to start being intimate again. She seemed a little distracted at first, but I didn't say or do anything other than what I had before. I'd promised that I wasn't going to try and get her to decide one way or another, and I was determined to do just that: leave her to make her own decision for her own reasons. Did I want to be able to make love with her? You bet I did! But I also loved her as much as I'd said, and having her happy was more important to me than anything else.

It was while we were waiting that I got an indirect confirmation from Dad that he and Mom pretty much knew that Sis had me in mind as the one she gave herself to the first time.

He'd asked me to give him a hand with some little job or other, something that wasn't unusual. While we were working on it, we kind of chatted a little bit as usually happened; it was kind of a way for Dad to make sure I was doing okay, and for me to bring up anything that was on my mind. We were getting close to being done when Dad told me "Son, I guess you've heard that Janet has started using birth control."

A little surprised, I just said "Yeah, Dad, I heard."

"Well, I expect that if she's starting to think about things like that, then you probably are, too — and I have a couple of things I want you to think about."

Interested, but not really *nervous* or anything, I asked "What're those, Dad?"

"When the time comes that you're the first guy to make love with a girl, I hope you'll remember that stuff like that is a lot different for girls than it usually is for us guys. For us, it's usually about the physical part of it — the having sex, I mean. Most guys are usually pretty gung-ho about it, and don't really think about what it's like for the girl. For them, the first guy they're with — well, that's most always a *special* thing with them. It's something that can only happen **once**, ever, for them: once they've made love and lost their maidenhead, that's IT — it's over and done with forever. There just isn't the change in guys when they stop being virgins like there is for girls."

"Yeah, Dad, I kinda knew that."

"Well, now you more than 'kinda' know it, and I hope you'll remember it. The other thing I wanted to say is another part of the same thing. The first time a girl makes love, *because* it's such a special thing and means so much to her, she'll likely want the **circumstances** to be special, too. I mean, she'll probably want the time and place to be as special as the actual event; and she'll almost certainly have certain ideas about how she wants things to go: not wanting to feel rushed, for the guy to be patient and gentle with her, for him to show that he really *cares* afterwards, and things like that."

"Sure, I can understand that."

Dad looked at me for a few seconds before saying "I hope you'll remember it, son. The first time a girl

gives herself to a guy, it's something that could affect her for the rest of her life. Not just the loss of her virginity, but even about how she thinks and feels about making love: if the guy gets in too big of a hurry or doesn't treat her right or does anything else to mess it up for her, it could make it hard for her to enjoy being with anyone else for LONG time. And a girl gives her virginity to a guy only because she loves and cares for him — from her perspective, she's giving him a treasured part of herself; he should make sure that he really *deserves* what she's offering him."

"That's just **right**, Dad. I sure wouldn't want it to be any other way; I remember everything you and Mom told us when we were growing up, about the difference between just having sex and actually making *love*. I really didn't understand it then like I do now, and I SURE want to make things right for any girl that would want me to be the first one to be with her like that."

Having said his piece, and hearing that I understood what he was saying, Dad didn't belabor the point. He just nodded and said "I'm glad to hear that, son" before getting back to what we'd been doing.

After that little chat, I suppose I could have said something to Sis about it. But a number of things kept me from doing so. First, Dad had been talking to ME, making sure that *I* understood what I was getting into and what was expected of me. Second, I figured that if I told Sis about it, it might just get her more anxious about Mom and Dad knowing about her wanting ME to be the one she made love with first. Finally, I'd said I wasn't going to say to do anything to her about it, and I wanted to keep that promise.

Still, I was surprised when Sis told me that her and Mom had had a similar conversation — though obviously from a different direction. When she told me what Mom had said to her, it did cross my mind to tell her about Dad and me; but I decided that the reasons I had for not telling her when it happened were still valid.

It was a little over a couple of months after Sis had her doctors visit when Mom and Dad told us at supper one night that they were going to be going to a trade show for the kind of stuff they did as part of Dads business as an engineer. The way they explained it, it was going to be a lot of classes and seminars and things on a Friday, and then a big show from a lot of manufacturers the next day. The seminar was a couple of weeks away, and they were going to be leaving on the Thursday afternoon before, and coming back the Sunday after — leaving me and Sis pretty much to ourselves for two days and three nights. We weren't going to be *completely* on our own, of course; their friends (the ones we'd called "Momma ____" while we were growing up) would be checking with us every so often to see if we needed anything, and we knew that we could call Dads friend Paul if there was anything like an emergency.

They'd left us alone overnight before, but this was going to be the first time that they were gone for THAT long, and they were understandably concerned about us. But Sis and I both assured them that we could handle it: sure, it was longer than they'd ever left us before, but essentially wasn't *that* much different. Sis and I would have to cook more of our own meals (both of us were capable of the basics), but otherwise, no big deal — just a little bit more of something we'd already shown we were capable and responsible enough for.

Sis and I both knew that most of our friends parents wouldn't be happy about leaving their kids alone in the house the way Mom and Dad were — but then, our friends didn't have houses that Dad had worked on. The home automation stuff that he'd built into it, and the security system, were both controlled by something he called MABEL: Machine Access By English Language. Basically, it was a voice-controlled computer system that handled all the routine, grunt-work, and convenience stuff in the house: temperature, ventilation, the fire and security system (including video cameras that fed into the TVs), lighting, sound, phone, TV, the whole thing. Even if the power went out, there was a small electrical generator that would kick in to make sure everything still worked. While we'd been growing up, there had been a few times that we'd lost power due to electrical or snow storms; MABEL just told us that we'd lost the mains, that we were on generator, and kept going without a hitch. Even the generator had a backup fuel source — while it normally ran off of natural gas, it could switch over to a propane tank if necessary. All of this was perfectly natural to Sis and me; it wasn't until years later that I came to understand just how GOOD of an engineer Dad was.

Anyway, the **last** thing Mom and Dad had to worry about was someone breaking in, or us being stuck in a house with no power because of an outage, or anything like that. Their only real concern was US and how WE'D do: that we'd eat properly, we wouldn't make too big of a mess, and that kind of thing. And even *that* was minor for them — Sis and I had shown them that we were responsible and trustworthy while they were gone too many times before. While we'd likely have a friend or two over, we weren't going to be throwing any parties or getting into any kind of mischief.

Even though Sis hadn't said anything more to me about us making love, I pretty much figured that if she decided that she still wanted us to, it would happen during the time Mom and Dad were gone: the opportunity was simply too good to let pass. But I still didn't say or do anything to get Sis to make a decision, or try and bias her. Dads little chat with me had really cemented my determination to leave Sis alone in that regard — and to do *right* by her if she DID decide in favor of us being together.

The last few days before they left, Mom and Dad didn't make any big deal out of their trip; but I did notice that they made sure we had plenty of food in the house, and that the laundry got done earlier than usual.

Sis and I had had supper (I made burgers; she was going to make spaghetti the next night) after Mom and Dad had left when she let me know what she'd finally decided.

She was nestled into my side with my arm around her, the two of us on the couch while we watched TV. When a commercial came on, she looked at me and said "Danny, I've decided what I want to do."

I didn't figure she was talking about her career choice in college, and quickly gave her my full attention before I asked "What's that, Sis?"

"What I want is to make love with you."

I nodded and answered "If that's what you want, then that's what we'll do. Where and when?"

Seemingly reassured by my response, she told me "I was thinking that I'd like it to happen in my room, tomorrow night. I was hoping that you would stay with me — all night, I mean."

I gave her a gentle hug and kiss on the forehead before I said "I'd be happy to do that, Sis. How did you want it to happen?"

She looked surprised for a moment, and then realized that I was asking about the circumstances, not the event itself, before she answered "I thought it would be nice if we were a *little* dressed up tomorrow night, and you went with me when it was time for bed. We could undress each other, and then get each other ready."

Smiling at her, I replied "That sounds just fine to me, too. That's how we'll do it, then."

I could see that she was both pleased, and a little relieved, that I was so agreeable to what she wanted. I lowered my head, and she readily let me give her a small, soft kiss on the lips. Looking into her eyes, I told her "Sis, I love you — enough that I **want** to make this as special for you as we can."

Seeing how sincere I was, she gave me a happy smile before answering "I love you, too, Danny. I know it hasn't been easy for you while I've been going through all this, and the only thing that made it easier for me was how patient and understanding you've been."

"I'm glad I was able to help, Sis" I answered before giving her another brief hug.

With that out of the way, the two of us settled in for watching TV the rest of the evening. Every so often, one or the other of us would hug the other, or give the other a brief, gentle kiss. The way we held and touched each other wasn't sexual — but it was somehow more intimate.

When it got late enough, both of us got up and headed for our rooms. Before we parted, though, I gave her another soft kiss before telling her "I love you, Sis."

She smiled up at me and replied "I love you, too, Danny. I'll see you in the morning, okay?"

"Of course" I answered before we each headed for our rooms. Even after I got into bed, I could only lay there, thinking about the next night — less about my own physical desires than what I would do to try and make the event as close to perfect as I could for her.

The next day, the two of us each went about our regular activities; but the times that we were together, we were more helpful and courteous than usual. Not that we were 'formal' or anything, just that with both of us so aware of what was ahead, we were making an extra effort not to do *anything* that might mess it up.

When Sis let me know that it was close to time for supper, I thanked her and went to my room to get ready. After a quick shower, I changed into a pair of khakis and a sport shirt; she'd said she wanted for us to be a 'little' dressed up, and knowing her, I figured that was about right: more than the jeans or shorts I might have worn otherwise, but not as much as if we'd be going to someplace fancy, either.

When I came out, I went to see if Sis needed any help with anything, but she wasn't in the kitchen or dining room, either one. I could see that the food was ready, though, so I figured she was getting changed, too — and simply did my part by setting the table. Then I had an idea, and got some glasses and a couple of the wine coolers we had in the fridge. I wasn't worried about Mom or Dad being mad about the coolers, since they let me and Sis have them before. Besides, I didn't expect that Sis or I

would have more than just the one, and there wasn't THAT much alcohol in them, anyway. Filling a glass for each of us with our preferred flavor, I set them on the table.

I was wondering what to do next when Sis came into the room, and I saw that she was wearing one of her simpler dresses: a pale yellow, it complimented her hair and skin tones VERY well. It was a simple design that showed off her figure to good effect, with the skirt part of it coming down to just above her knees.

She looked pleased when she saw what I had on, and told me "You look good, Danny. Supper will be ready in just another minute or so. Go ahead and sit down, and I'll bring it in."

I didn't sit down as she said because there was something I wanted to do; when she came back in with a plate of spaghetti for each of us, she was surprised to see me still standing there. But when she'd set the plates down, and I moved to hold her chair for her, she looked positively delighted. Once she was seated, I took my own chair and we started having supper. She spotted the wine coolers I'd brought out, and thanked me for them. In return, I complimented her on what she'd done with the spaghetti sauce. Otherwise, neither of us felt the need for a lot of conversation; again, our time together was intimate, but not formal.

I'd set the table so that Sis and I were closer to each other than we usually were, and several times during the meal, I would reach out to take her hand and give it a small squeeze. The first time I did it, it surprised her. After that, she'd let me know she appreciated the gesture by giving me a small smile when I did it.

When supper was done, I had her just sit at the table to finish her cooler while I cleared the rest of the dishes and got them into the dishwasher. Once that was done, I held her chair for her again when she got up, and took her hand to lead her into the living room. Earlier in the day, I'd taken the time to find a specific type of music, and gotten it set up on the stereo. Turning loose of Sis' hand for a moment, I turned it on, and the living room was filled with soft, slow music. When I got back to Sis, I took her hand and asked "Would you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

I could see her eyes get wet with tears before she managed to blink them away and tell me "Yes, Danny, I'd LOVE to!"

I led the way out to where I'd pushed some of the furniture back to give us a little more room to dance in, and took her into my arms. Her eyes were glistening again when she looked up at me before resting her head on my shoulder.

We spent nearly the entire evening there, alternating between dancing through a few tunes and sitting down to snuggle with each other for bit.

It was getting toward late evening, and we'd just danced through a couple of tunes when Sis told me "This has been *wonderful*, Danny, and you've made me **so** happy. Now I think it's time."

I took my hands off her hips, and she took a small step back to look up at me. I just smiled and gave her a soft kiss on the lips before going over to turn off the music. When I was next to her again, she took my hand in hers, and the two of us walked back to her room.

Once inside, Sis turned to face me and after taking both of my hands in hers, said "I love you, Danny. More than I could ever say or explain. And I know that you love me, too — everything you've done has told me that, and particularly everything you did for me tonight. I wanted this to be something I'd remember, and you've done more than your share to make it that way. Now I want to share something of ME with you. From all you've said and done, I *know* you understand what this really means to me — and that's why I want my first time with a guy to be with YOU: because **you're** as special as THIS is."

Looking into her eyes, I answered "I can't **know** what this really means to you — but because I DO love you as much as I do, I can see what it means, and honor and respect your choices and decisions. I truly am *honored* that you would want to give yourself to me this way, and I'll do everything I can to be worthy of the trust you've given me."

Smiling, Sis released my hands after giving them a small squeeze and told me "I... I want to take your clothes off, then have you take mine."

I just smiled back, and nodded my agreement. Reaching up, Sis put her hands behind my head and tilted it down so she could give me a soft kiss. When our lips parted, her hands moved to the top of my shirt, and she began undoing the buttons holding it closed.

When she'd gotten the buttons all undone, she pulled it open so that she could slide her hands inside and begin caressing my body. That went on for nearly a minute before she moved to slip my shirt off of my shoulders, then remove it so that she could carefully toss it over to a chair. With my upper body exposed, she didn't delay in resuming her previous caresses, and expanding them to include my shoulders and arms and back. As before, I was content to simply stand there and let her do what she wanted.

When there wasn't a square millimeter of my body above the waist that she hadn't touched, she slowly moved her hands around to the front of my pants. She tilted her head back to look into my face, and I simply smiled and nodded to her, letting her know that I was fine with whatever she wanted to do.

I saw her take a deep breath before reaching for the buckle on my belt. When it was undone, her hands were a little shaky as they approached the fastener on my pants. When she slid one hand inside my waistband, I politely pulled my stomach in a little to give her some room and make it easier for her; I saw her ears pinken a trifle as she slightly blushed. With my pants unfastened, her hand was a lot steadier when she took the tab of my zipper and started pulling it down. Once she was done with it, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband and started easing my pants down even as she was kneeling down in front of me.

After she'd gotten my pants puddled around my ankles, I slid my feet out of the loafers I'd put on, and carefully lifted each leg in turn so that Sis could finish pulling them off and move them, and my shoes, off to the side. Once she'd slid my socks off, all that was left was my underwear.

With another deep breath to calm herself, she reached out to remove that last impediment to my nudity. Just as she'd done with my pants, she eased her thumbs inside the waistband and slowly slid them down. I wasn't surprised when her focus seemed to be on my cock and balls, even as my shorts fell

below my knees. I ended up just standing there for several seconds before she remembered to give each leg a gentle nudge to let me know she wanted to get my underwear over with the rest of my clothes. That accomplished, she readily turned back to look at me for several seconds before sliding her hands up the backs of my legs until she had my ass cupped in her hands. After giving my ass a couple of squeezes, she moved them around so that they were resting on the fronts of my thighs before she leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on the head of my penis. Only then did she move to stand up again, take a half-step back, and simply tell me "Your turn."

I knew the dress she was wearing fastened up the back, so I calmly moved so that I was behind her. Reaching to take her hair in one hand, I pulled it to the side so that I could give her a soft kiss on the back of her neck.

Realizing that her hair was a little bit of an obstruction, Sis reached up to hold it for me — leaving both of my hands free to begin unbuttoning her dress. When I'd gotten the buttons all undone, I slowly opened the top of it to expose her shoulders and kissed each of them before reaching in to do to her back pretty much what she'd done to my front. She didn't have a bra on, so there was nothing to interfere with my hands delighting in the soft smoothness of her skin.

Some time later, I finally eased my hands back up so that I could slip her dress the rest of the way off her shoulders. With that accomplished, I was free to re-investigate her front: her flat belly, the small dimple of her navel, the firm mounds of her breasts, and the little nubbins of her nipples. Reacquainted with that part of her anatomy, I moved my hands down so that I could slide her dress down off her hips before kneeling down and guiding her to step out of it, and the low-heeled shoes she was wearing. In the process of doing all that, I discovered that she'd put on some stockings. STOCKINGS, not pantyhose, and that they were held up by their sheer attraction to her legs — something that I could easily empathize with.

After carefully laying her dress across the back of the chair that she'd put my clothes on, I knelt down behind her again — drawn by the sight of her cute butt exposed by the almost nonexistent panties she had on. Using just my fingertips, I traced a line from her ankles to her waist before slipping my thumbs under the band of her panties.

As I drew them down her hips, I leaned forward to kiss the top of the cleft of her ass, then each of her cheeks. When I could, I reached farther into the leg openings of her panties so that I could use my entire hand to touch her as I slid them down her legs. When she'd stepped out of them, I tossed her panties onto the chair, where they kept my shorts entertained.

Slowly and gently tracing my hands back up her legs, I was finally able to cup the firm globes of her ass in my hands. After caressing her ass for a bit, I gave it a gentle squeeze before going about removing her stockings. Rather than simply just rolling each of them down until I could slip them off her feet, I chose to do something different: use my hands to softly stroke her legs as part of rolling each one down. Even when one was just above her knee, I was sliding my hand nearly the entire length of her thigh before rolling it down a little farther. Each stocking, and the leg it contained, got the same treatment — and I was certainly in no hurry to finish the job!

Finally, though, it was done, and Sis was as naked as I was. Still kneeling behind her, I reached up to put my hands on her hips, then gently guide her to turn around. When she was facing me, I slowly leaned forward to place a small, soft kiss on her belly, right at the edge of her pubic hair. That was followed by another to her navel, and then each of her nipples as I slowly moved to stand up.

Despite having already seen her nude, clothed, and just about everything in between many times over, I was still left with the feeling that undressing her that way was somehow something to be treasured — that that simple act was as special as the occasion, and that the resulting exposure of her body to me was something that would stay with me for the rest of my life.

Having reached the way point of both of us undressing each other, I simply waited to see what was next.

Sis moved toward me and reached up to put her hands behind my head again. It took only the lightest touch from her for me to understand that she wanted me to tilt my head down so we could kiss again — something I was more than willing to do.

Our first kiss was feather light, and brief. When she pulled back from me slightly, I saw the love she felt for me reflected in her eyes. That touched me in a way that I'd never really felt before, and I didn't hesitate to kiss her back, putting every iota of the love and affection I had for her into it even as I put my arms around her to hold her close. While that second kiss was every bit as soft and gentle as the first, it lasted much longer as each of us let the other know how we felt.

Even though I didn't figure I'd come anywhere *near* expressing all the love I felt for her, our lips finally did part. When she looked up at me, I could see that I'd managed to give Sis some idea of how deeply I cared for her by the look of love she gave me.

Without saying anything, she eased herself back from me before taking one of my hands and leading me over to her bed, where she guided me to lie down on my back. Satisfied with my position, she soon moved so that she was lying next to me on her side, one of her legs across both of mine and her head nestled into the hollow of my shoulder. I managed to get my arm around her so that my hand was resting on her waist, content to simply hold her like that.

A couple of minutes must have passed with us just lying there before I heard her say "Danny, will you do something for me?"

Surprised at the question, I answered "Of course I will, Sis."

She tilted her head to look at me and said "You don't know what it is yet."

I kissed her on the forehead before I told her "It doesn't matter. I love you. This is your time, and whatever you want, I'll do my best to give it to you."

Obviously pleased by my response, she told me "Well, I don't think you'll mind this. What I wanted you to do was wait a little bit before we actually make love."

"Okay."

Surprised by my ready agreement, she asked "Don't you want to know why, or how long?"

"I know why, and how long" I answered, before adding "The 'why' is because that's what you want, and the 'how long' is until whenever you're ready. That's all I need."

She turned her head to kiss my chest before looking up at me again and saying "You're such a dear! Maybe that's enough for you, but I still want to tell you: what I want to do is help you have a climax first, so that when we actually do start making love, it'll last longer. As good as you've made me feel before, I **know** that once we get past the first part, then the rest of it will feel *really* good, and I want that part to last as long as it can."

I suppose that most guys would have felt some pressure at hearing something like that, but I didn't. If anything, it told me that Sis really did **trust** me not to hurt her (or, at least, make any pain as small as possible), which was something I was already determined to do. It also reassured me that she was looking forward to our making love enough to be able to anticipate actually enjoying it.

"Do you want me to do anything for you?" I asked.

"No, not for this part — but *definitely* for the next!" she replied, grinning.

With that settled, she nestled into my side again. Several minutes later, though, I felt her start caressing my chest; not much later, she had worked her way down to where she could take my penis in her hand.

After she started toying with me and felt me begin to respond, she raised herself up to give me a kiss; I managed to draw her into a couple more before she began working her way down my body, applying soft kisses and gentle bites along the way. When she finally reached my semi-erect penis, she didn't hesitate to take me into her mouth.

Knowing what she had in mind, I didn't have any problem with letting her use her lips and mouth and tongue to not only finish getting me hard, but move me along toward a climax. In fact, it only took a few minutes before she had me erupting into her mouth as she eagerly swallowed every drop of my cum. When she'd drained me to the point that my penis finally began to shrink again, she happily used her lips to squeegee any bits of my semen that might have been left behind before letting me slip from between her lips.

Clearly satisfied with her handiwork, her pleased smile prompted me to tell her "That felt *great*, Sis!"

Her smile broadened before she told me "Yeah, I didn't figure you'd mind that...", teasing me, as she moved to lie next to me again — letting me pull her into another soft kiss along the way.

When she was snuggled into my side, I put my arm around her again and softly caressed her side a few times before giving her a brief hug. The two of us were perfectly content to just lie there for a while, happy to be next to each other as we waited for what was yet to come.

After a while, I started to really *notice* how Sis felt next to me — the way her breasts felt pressing against my body, the feel of her skin against mine, and the way her soft pubic thatch faintly tickled me. And as I became more and more aware of her, I felt myself begin to respond. Still, I didn't want to rush her or start something I wasn't quite ready for; I contented myself with really **experiencing** having her next to me.

That lasted several more minutes, until I was certain that the reaction I was having to her presence was more than just wishful thinking or some kind of false alarm.

Certain that I wouldn't fail her, I was willing to see if she was ready to take the final step toward becoming a woman. Moving slowly and gently, I began caressing her again: first with just my fingertips as I held my hand still, then gradually and carefully expanding my efforts to include her entire side. From that point, it was on to include her back, then her shoulders, and finally her cute little butt. It took her a while to realize what I was doing; when she did, she looked up at me with an expression of pleased anticipation as she asked "You... you're ready?"

Kissing the tip of her nose, I smiled before I answered "Not just this second, no — but I will be when it's time..."

Happy with the answer she'd gotten, she told me "Just so you know, I, uh, I don't want to have any orgasms or anything, you know, before... The next time I climax, I want it to be because you're inside me..."

I have to admit that *that* little gem of information threw me a bit; but I think I managed to cover it before I asked "What do you want me to do, then?"

"Just make me excited, like you always do — just not THAT much, is all."

I couldn't help but grin at her as I replied "I can do that."

Grinning in return, she answered "I thought you could."

We lay there looking at each other lovingly for several moments before she let me ease her over onto her back. As she looked up at me, I told her "I *want* to make this as good and nice for you as you want. Unless you **really** want to, you don't have to do anything for me — except lay there and let me do my part to get YOU ready."

The look of love she gave me was one I'll always treasure; she happily nodded her agreement, and I lowered my head to give her a soft, gentle kiss.

That kiss was followed by a second that lasted a little longer. Then a third, longer still. When our lips separated after that one, I went on to kiss the corners of her mouth and the tip of her nose before getting *serious* about getting her as aroused as I could before accepting the precious gift she was offering me.

Using just my fingertips, I began caressing her body as I gently kissed various random places on her face and neck and shoulders. There wasn't a lot of her that I couldn't reach, but I was careful to avoid her breasts and her mons; instead of 'just' her sexual parts, I wanted to get her entire *body* aroused. To do that, I figured my best bet was to start on the rest of her before I got to the fun bits — kind of giving everything but her tits and vagina something of a 'head start', so that she'd be even **more** sensitive when I got to those parts of her.

My touch was as light and slow as I could manage, and from the way her breathing gradually quickened and the aroused blush she slowly developed, I think I got it about as right as I could have: when I was finally ready to ratchet up my efforts, she was all but writhing under my touch.

After easing my hand from just above one of her knees to the area between her breasts, I don't doubt that I both surprised and pleased her when I hung a hard right to begin spiraling my fingertips up toward her nipple — the sound she made in response was a mixture of both. After circling her erect nipple a couple of times, I spiraled my way back down so that I could repeat the movement on its mate. Going back and forth several times resulted in her faint blush not only expanding to include her shoulders, but darkening slightly.

With that much accomplished, I traced a slow and circuitous route back down her body until my hand was again on the inside of one of her thighs before making a delicate initial contact with the area between her thighs; her reaction was to moan softly and open herself to my touch even more — and, incidentally, making it even easier for me to detect the heady aroma of her arousal.

But she'd said that she wanted me to get her as aroused as possible without bringing her to climax; so my actions were soft, gentle, and fleeting: after a few soft passes along her cleft and over the hood of her clitoris, it was back to what I'd been doing before.

Slowly and *ever* so gradually, I shifted my attentions from the rest of her body to include, then focus on, her breasts and pubis. As I'd said I would, I was careful not to do anything that would allow her to climax; but that isn't to say that I didn't do things that I **knew** she liked — I simply didn't do them long enough or close enough together for her to find any release from what I was doing. In fact, quite the opposite was the case: once I started including my lips and tongue in my efforts, it wasn't long before she started making small noises of frustration.

When I'd taken things as far as I dared — that is, starting to worry that she'd call the whole thing off because she was so mad at me for teasing her that way — I eased my body over hers as the two of us shared a deeply passionate kiss. Feeling the change in my position, and anticipating what I'd do next, Sis didn't hesitate to open her legs to make room for me. After our lips had parted, I deposited a number of soft kisses on her face, then throat, then shoulders before touching every bit of her skin with my lips as I worked my way toward her delightful breasts. Knowing that she was *easily* more aroused than I'd ever seen her, I didn't dawdle **too** long on those wonderful symbols of her gender: after covering them with soft touches of my lips, and briefly sucking on her nipples, it was time to continue my journey...

As my head got close to her mons, Sis opened her legs even more; both to make room for me, and in welcome to the attentions she knew I'd soon be paying her.

Since the time we'd masturbated together, Sis' pubic thatch had not only gotten a little larger, but thicker, too. Even so, it was still as incredibly soft and luxurious as the fur on Cat's belly; the feel of it against my face as I neared my goal was a treat.

Finally, though, I was there: my head between my sisters silken thighs, my eyes locked on the easily visible cleft of her sex.

My purpose there was twofold: first, to put the finishing touches on her arousal; second, to try and open her vaginal lips enough to see if I could get some idea of how difficult it might be to get past her hymen.

It took only a moments examination to confirm what I already expected: that she was well and truly aroused. Her labia had gotten longer and thicker than I'd ever seen them, her extreme desire making them dark, and the area between glistening with the overflow of her essence. Above her opening, I could see that her clitoris was making an appearance from under its hood — but this time, I was going to have to pass on giving it the kind of attention I wanted to. Instead, I moved my head so that I could extend my tongue and draw it upward between her vaginal lips and collect the nectar I'd seen.

A few more passes of my tongue — accompanied by pleased moans — got the majority of Sis' oils cleaned off her inner lips; then it was time for me to have a look at what I was going to have to deal with.

Cupping her ass in my hands, I was able to use my thumbs to carefully spread her open, so that I could see her maidenhead. Once I had her open enough to see her hymen, it was time for me to flick my tongue across her clitoris so that she would think the pauses between were me just teasing her, instead of what I was *really* doing.

I hadn't expected her to raise her pelvis in response, but it really didn't interfere with my examination of her particulars; if anything, it let me know that I was getting her as excited as she wanted me to. A few more passes of my tongue across her clit, and I was able to get the look at her that I figured I needed. With that accomplished, I let myself get sidetracked a bit to re-sample her juices for a bit before moving on.

The final thing left for me to do was something **I'd** decided needed doing: moving myself to rest on my knees and elbows over her, I looked down at Sis; after a couple of seconds of me not moving, she opened her eyes to look up at me.

Looking deep into her eyes, I told her "Sis, I love you — enough that I'm willing to NOT do this, even now. I *know* you're excited, and if you want to change your mind, I'll be more than happy to help you have an orgasm without doing **anything** more."

"Oh, Danny! I know you love me, just like I love you! It's SO sweet of you to say that, even now, but you didn't have to. I really, truly **do** want to do this — now, and with you. Please, Danny... make me a woman."

"How do you want me to do it? I mean, I figure it would be easier if you were on top, so that everything was up to you, you know?"

She nodded before answering "Yeah, I read that. But what I want is for us to be like this — with you over me, like you were protecting me. I know I can trust you."

"Are you ready, then?"

"Oh, GOD, yes! I've *been* ready, almost since you first touched me!"

Lowering my hips, I got myself into position, then running the head of my semi-erect penis between her labia to lubricate it before gently pressing it against her opening. She looked up at me in surprise and asked "What... How... how are you going to make love to me if you're not hard?"

"I thought it would be easier for you if we started out with me like that. I'm hard enough that I can get inside you, but still soft enough that getting through your cherry should be easier for you."

Realizing what I was saying, she nodded briefly before telling me "Do it, then, Danny. I'm ready."

Reaching down to hold myself steady and in position, I began to try and press myself into her — gently at first, then gradually more and more so that she would have plenty of time and opportunity to let me know if she was experiencing any pain.

Rather than indicating she wanted me to stop, though, she arched her pelvis to increase the pressure. I could feel the end of my dick starting to slip into the small opening of her maidenhead even as I could feel it stretching inward as it resisted my efforts. I was starting to wonder if the damn thing was made out of some space-age ultra-stretchable plastic when I suddenly felt it give way — accompanied by a soft squeak from Sis.

Of course, I immediately stopped and looked down at her to see if I'd hurt her, and what she wanted.

After a moment, she said "That's good... just hold still a minute." Opening her eyes and looking up at me, she must have seen the concern on my face, because she told me "It's okay, Danny. It didn't really *hurt*, or anything; it was more like a sudden, sharp feeling inside, was all. When it happened, it **surprised** me more than anything else. I just want you to hold still for a little bit so I can get used to having you inside me."

Looking at her closely, I couldn't see any signs that she was hurt or experiencing any kind of physical distress; nothing for me to do but take her at her word that everything was fine.

After a few moments, I could feel her start to arch herself up against me again, and took that as a sign that she was ready for me to go on.

Taking myself in hand and easing my hips forward, I could feel as I slowly penetrated farther and farther into her hot, slick womanhood. I had a little more than the head of my penis in her before she asked me to stop again. I didn't hesitate to do as she asked, despite the incredible sensation of having even just that much of my manhood inside her. As I held myself steady, I realized that I was getting harder just at the thought of it.

Sis obviously felt what was happening with me, and I saw her expression change from pleasure to delight in response.

When she raised herself up at me again, I didn't delay in pressing myself into her some more; even as I was doing it, I was also getting bigger and harder. After a bit, I could tell that I was starting to 'drag' in her a little, and quickly (if a bit reluctantly) eased myself back a little bit to redistribute her oils before carefully pushing into her again.

As badly as I wanted to feel the tightness of her wrapped around my entire dick, it was the fact that she was my *sister* that gave me the resolve to go as slowly and carefully as I did — I'd managed to get that far without hurting her, and I wasn't about to screw things up then!

I had to pause a couple more times so that she could get adjust to my presence in her; but there came

the time that both of us felt that I was all the way inside her — and fully erect (!), as well. When I had the pleasure of feeling the tight ring of her opening clamped around the base of my cock, I was **more** than happy to comply when she indicated that she wanted me to hold still again: I *desperately* needed the time to try and find a way of not emptying myself into her right on the spot. It was only through not moving in the slightest and distracting myself by trying to do algebra in my head that I managed to find a way to get control of myself again. I don't know if Sis had any idea of what was happening with me, or not — I'm just glad that she held as still as she did until I'd settled back down.

I was looking down at her when Sis opened her eyes. Looking up at me, she broke into a smile that threatened to wrap around her head before telling me "We did it, Danny! I'm a *woman* now, and it feels **so** good! It's like... like... like I'm complete, now!"

I couldn't help giving her a kiss at seeing how happy she was; she not only returned it with enthusiasm, but wrapped her arms around me to give me a fierce hug. When I could take a breath again, I had to smile back as I told her "I'm glad you're not disappointed, Sis — I was kinda worried there for a bit."

"I was kinda worried, too; but you went slow, and stopped when I needed you to, so it all worked out. Now all I need is for you to start making *love* to me..."

Recognizing that as my cue that she was ready to go on, I lowered my head to kiss her again as I slowly began to ease myself out of her — both so she could let me know if she was having any discomfort, and to make sure that I didn't stimulate myself too much: the feeling of being buried in her was still affecting me, and I wanted to make sure that I didn't climax before I was able to give her at least ONE orgasm, anyway.

I didn't move more than a quarter of my length out of her before just as gently pressed myself back in. As I re-entered her, I could see the pleasure and delight on Sis' face as she felt me moving in her. The next cycle, I slid nearly half my penis out and back in again; the expression on her face only grew in response.

It was when I backed out of her far enough that only the head of my cock was in her before entering her again that her eyes grew big at the sensation of being filled with my manhood.

The process of gradually lengthening my strokes in her had gotten me well-coated with her lubrication; seeing that she *clearly* wasn't having any problem with me moving in her, I slowly increased the tempo of my movements in her while sliding as much of my erect penis in and out of her as I could.

She gave every indication of finding the results entirely satisfactory. So much so, in fact, that I was stunned when I felt and saw her go through what could only have been a small orgasm after just a couple of minutes! Granted, it wasn't anywhere near as powerful as some I'd witnessed, but there wasn't a doubt in my mind that that was just what it had been. The feeling of her already tight vagina clenching around me *almost* had me climaxing, too, before it was over — but because of how (relatively) mild and brief it had been, I was able to avoid that sexual faux pas.

When it was over for her, she put her arms around me and bent her legs, raising and spreading them in encouragement for me to continue.

With her more open to me, I found it easier to vary the way that I was pistoning in and out of her; the variations of speed and length of my strokes only seemed to add to her pleasure and arousal. And as her arousal increased, so did the amount of oils she produced, not only making it easier for me to move in her, but causing us to generate a liquid slapping sound as we coupled. But even with the addition of even more of her fluids, she was still amazingly, *wonderfully* hot and tight inside: it was a sensation that I've seldom felt matched, and NEVER surpassed.

Even with the release that she'd given me before, the feeling of moving in Sis channel was stimulating me a *lot*; I knew that it wasn't going to take a lot more of the two of us making love before I wouldn't be able to put off cumming in her. But even though I was nearly overwhelmed by the reality of my first experience, I had enough presence of mind to want to help Sis have what I thought of as a 'real' orgasm. Toward that end, I started trying to find out what I could do that pleased and aroused her the most — hoping that I could find *something* that would have her climaxing before I did.

Fortunately, it didn't take me long to get a rhythm that seemed to stimulate her more than it did me. But it was still a close call, though.

I'd hit — and passed — the point of no return, and was struggling to put my climax off for even *seconds* when I saw and felt it as Sis finally slid into the kind of orgasm that I knew she wanted.

Just as I felt her tighten around me again, I heard her release a deep, powerful moan as her fingernails dug slightly into my back. Along with getting even tighter around me, I could feel her becoming even hotter and wetter inside as I continued to move myself in her. But the added sensations were simply too much for me, and I couldn't stop myself from trying to stuff as much of myself inside her as I could before the first wad of my jism erupted from the end of my dick.

That resulted in her orgasm becoming even *more* powerful, which only spurred ME to greater heights in return. Abstractly, I **know** that our respective climaxes couldn't have lasted all THAT long — but it sure seemed like they did at the time.

After my own release had finished, I continued to hold myself over her as she went through a few more shudders before opening her eyes to look up at me.

Then, much to my surprise, she reached up and pulled me down so she could give me a fierce hug and kiss before letting go of me again and telling me "Oh, *Danny*! I love you so much! You're the one that I've given my virginity to, and you've made me **so** happy!"

Trying to support my own weight so that I didn't squash her, I managed to kiss her back before I answered "I love you, too, Sis, and I'm glad I was able to make it *good* for your first time."

"Oh, you made it WAY better than just *good*! It was **wonderful**!"

Happy that I'd been able to make her first experience at making love as nice for her as she'd wanted, I could only smile down at her as she told me "I... I could tell you were getting... close, there at the end. If you hadn't been able to... wait, it would have been okay; I mean, I already know that it takes more for me to have an orgasm than it does for you — but you *were* able to wait for me, so that I **could** climax

like that, and that made it just perfect for me. I started having a *really* nice orgasm, and then I could feel it when you had yours. You started cumming in me and that just made me climax even harder. And now I can feel you still inside me while you're over me like this. I always knew that you loved me, Danny, but all the stuff you've done, and how patient and everything you've been since I decided I was ready for this... well, it tells me that I mean as much to you as you do to me."

As she'd been talking, she'd also been moving: caressing my sides, shifting her legs, and so on. And with each of those little movements, I could feel her vagina slightly clenching around me. None of those tightenings was significant by itself; but the cumulative effect — that was something else, entirely: it was MORE than enough to keep me from shrinking inside her.

Sis and I had pleased each other enough by that time that both of us had a pretty fair idea of how long it took for the other to 'come down' from a sexual release. Sis finally realized that I still hadn't slipped out of her, and looked at me in surprise to hesitantly ask "Danny? I... I know that we've been together like this for a while, and ... and you haven't, you know... gotten small again."

I couldn't help grinning before I kissed her and answered "I was wondering when you were going to notice that. Yeah, it is taking longer; every time you move or do something, I can feel you kind of getting tight around me, and it feels so good that it's keeping that from happening."

"I'm doing that? *Really*?"

"Yeah, you're doing that, really" I replied, trying not to laugh at the expression on her face.

Once she got her mind wrapped around the idea that something she was doing more-or-less 'accidentally' was having that effect on me, it didn't take long for her to see if she could do it *deliberately* — something I didn't realize until I felt the results. Even then, it took it happening a few times before I connected the feeling around my cock with the look of concentration I could see on her face.

Reluctant to disturb her in case it WAS her doing it, I finally had to ask her "Are you doing that on PURPOSE?"

She managed a grin before answering "Yup. Why, isn't it working?"

"Oh, it's *working*, all right! I just didn't know you could **do** that..."

"I didn't either. But it seemed like a good idea to TRY!" she answered, with a short laugh — apparently at the stunned expression on my face.

Having settled the question I'd had, I demonstrated the good sense to shut up and leave her to it.

Over the course of the next few minutes, both of us discovered — much to MY delight! — that a woman could learn some measure of control over the muscles in her vagina. Toward the end, she managed to figure out how to do some kind of rhythmic thing that had the effect of not just stopping, but *reversing* my biological inclinations: she was actually managing to get me HARD again!

Looking down at her, I could tell when she realized she was having the desired effect on me by the self-satisfied smile she developed.

Still, it was a new experience for her, and after she'd gotten me almost completely erect, she looked up at me to ask "That's getting a little tiring for me — think you can take it from here?" with an incipient shit-eating grin on her face.

I couldn't help but grin as I answered "Yeah, I think I can manage..." before she gave me one final hands-free squeeze.

Though not *completely* erect, I was certainly close enough to it that I wasn't reluctant to start moving in her again. The stimulation I got from my first small, slow strokes was enough to get me to full hardness; after that, it didn't take long before I was moving in her much as I had before — but with a surprise benefit. Having already had two climaxes that evening (and one of them recently), I could feel that I wasn't in any hurry to have another one: while the sensation of my penis moving in her was more than stimulating enough to keep me hard, the rest of me simply wasn't in any condition to climax again any time soon. I quickly realized that that meant that I could make love to her for a nice, long time and help her have even more climaxes.

With all of our previous worries out of the way, and having already learned to enjoy the act of lovemaking, there wasn't a damn thing to keep us from making the most of our second experience with each other.

The classic missionary position we'd started in saw us through another orgasm for her. When I got tired, she was more than willing to have us reverse positions so that she could be on top. After she leaned forward, I was able to play with her breasts and gently pinch her nipples as she bounced her way to another — likely prodded by her ability to look down and watch where we were joined as she slid herself up and down my erection.

Since she was a little tired afterwards, and I'd been able to rest a bit, we changed positions again so that she was on her hands and knees and I was behind her. Her next orgasm happened fairly quickly after I started rubbing my saliva-wetted thumb across her anus. Even OUR youth had its limits, and both of us needed to rest a bit, so we switched around so that she was lying on her back and I was on my side, her legs draped over mine so we could continue. That position left me free to not just play with her breasts, but her entire body; that additional stimulation made her next climax even more powerful. By that time, my cock had recovered enough that the feeling of her hot, wet vagina spasming around me let me know that I was ready to have another climax of my own.

Rested again, we elected to finish up with her on her back again — but with her knees nearly by her ears, my arms holding them in place, so that both of us could enjoy having me entering her as easily and deeply as possible. The scent of her was thick in the air; between that, the liquid slapping noise we made as I repeatedly stroked in and out of her, and the sensation of my cock touching the deepest part of her with each penetration, I was easily moving along toward my release. I tried to change things around so that I wasn't being stimulated quite as much, but Sis made it clear that she wanted me to continue that way.

Despite the fact that I could tell she was getting close, I felt that I was going to finish before she did; I knew that she wouldn't be upset or angry with me, but I regretted that I might disappoint her.

When I felt myself ready to cum, I pushed myself into her as far as I possibly could before I started spraying her insides with my seed — and was relieved of my worries about leaving her behind when I felt her tighten around me with the start of her own climax.

Despite (or perhaps because of) having emptied myself into her twice before, that climax was incredible. I know that I couldn't have deposited that much of my semen into her, but the experience was somehow *deeper* than the ones before. When it was over, it was all I could do not to simply collapse on top of her even as her own release was tapering off.

A bit shakily, I managed to support myself over her with our bodies touching as both of us panted with the effects of our exertions and the aftereffects of our passion.

My head was resting on her shoulder a couple of minutes later when I felt her press her legs against my arms. Realizing that I was still holding her nearly folded in half, I managed to get one arm, then the other, out of the way so that she could lower them to her bed. Shortly after that, she wrapped her arms around me and managed to give me a hug before letting go of me again. That simple gesture touched me, and I returned it by raising my head enough to give her a soft kiss on her shoulder. Where her breasts were pressed against my chest, I could feel the rapid beating of her heart and knew that she could feel mine jackhammering in my own chest.

As the seconds ticked by, I could feel myself gradually shrinking inside her. Knowing that it wouldn't be long before I finally slipped from her intimate embrace, I tried to move off of her. Rather than letting me go, though, she managed to whisper "Don't. I like having you on me like this — it feels good."

"But I'm going to slip out of you, and my cum will start leaking out" I protested.

"I don't care. Let it. I'd rather stay like this."

If she wasn't going to worry about it, I wasn't either — and I *damn* sure didn't **want** to have to move off of her.

The two of us stayed like that for several more minutes despite the fact that I *did* uncork from her, and my cum *did* start trickling out of her. When I'd gotten enough energy back, I raised myself up enough to be able to look down into her face; feeling me moving, she'd opened her eyes so that she could look at me, too.

Neither of us felt any obligation to say anything; simply looking into each others eyes, we knew that we loved each other, and that everything we'd done and all that mattered between us was **right**. We shared that knowing through a number of soft, tender kisses.

A couple more minutes went by before she gave me a slightly embarrassed look and said "I'm really not sorry about us staying together and letting your cum out — but now it's starting to get cold, and a little sticky..."

After kissing the tip of her nose, I answered "That's okay, Sis. I could feel it, too, but it was so nice just being with you like this that I figured to wait until **YOU** were ready for us to get up."

"So now I'm ready, okay?" she told me, with a small smile.

When I started to move off of her, we quickly discovered that we'd gotten somewhat 'glued' together — something that amused and embarrassed her by turns. Once we'd carefully gotten ourselves separated again (accompanied by some gentle teasing of each other), the two of us held hands as we went in to take a shower together. Cleaned of our individual and shared residues and secretions, we went back into her bedroom only to discover that we'd left a considerable wet spot on her bed; one that went all the way through the top covers and down to the sheets. It didn't take much discussion for us to decide to leave the problem for the next day in favor of sleeping in MY bed.

We were between the sheets with her spooning in front of me and my arm around her when I heard her say "Thank you again, Danny. I knew you'd make tonight special for me, but I had no idea HOW special. I'll never, *ever* forget it, and how good and happy you made me feel."

In response, all I did was raise up enough to give her a soft kiss on her ear before saying "If you're happy, then I'm happy, Sis."

She wriggled back against me, and moved my hand from her belly to her breast before releasing a happy, contented sigh. We stayed like that as the two of us drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning, the two of us were facing each other with Sis still asleep. I just stayed where I was, happy to be able to just *look* at her and marvel at how pretty she was — and how lucky I was that she was my sister, and willing to share herself with me the way she did.

I was still watching her when she woke up. Seeing me looking at her, she looked a bit perplexed for a moment before remembering the events of the evening before and gracing me with a smile that made my entire LIFE.

"No regrets, then?" I asked.

After giving me a quick kiss, she answered "Not a one", her eyes telling me how happy she was.

Reassured, I told her "Me either."

Both of us were perfectly willing to just stay in bed and look at each other — right up until I heard her stomach growl. Laughing a little at the way she blushed when it happened, I simply told her "I could use something to eat, too — besides YOU, I mean!" with a wicked grin.

After giving me a play-dirty look, she smiled and said "How about if we team up and have waffles for breakfast?"

It sounded like a winner to me, and I said so. That settled, it was time for us to get out of bed. I was standing when I saw Sis make a small face as she moved to join me; seeing me looking at her, she just shook her head before telling me "No, I'm not hurt or anything. I'm just feeling a little uncomfortable after you stretched me out so well last night!" with a grin.

Satisfied that there wasn't anything really *wrong* with her, I readily took her hand in mine before we headed for the kitchen still naked.

Despite no small amount of physical teasing and toying with each other, we managed to have breakfast. Afterwards, we went to her room to see about taking care of it. Sis was a little embarrassed to discover

that the scent of her arousal was still detectable; but when I moved behind her, cupped her breasts in my hands and nibbled on her neck a little bit before telling her that *I* liked it, she apparently decided that it wasn't so bad — though she still thought we needed to get rid of it before Mom and Dad got home. That was easily taken care of by lighting the scented candle she had in her room, and getting her bedding into the wash.

With that taken care of, there wasn't a whole lot left that we needed to do. We quickly got our other chores taken care of, which left us the rest of the day to ourselves. Neither of us felt like going out and doing anything, so we spent the entire day naked and snuggling with each other, and exchanging small kisses and gentle caresses.

We decided to get dressed for supper, and after we'd dealt with the dishes, spent the evening watching movies on TV. When it got late, the two of us went in to stay in Sis' room that night.

The next day started out as a close repeat, but with Mom and Dad coming home, we got dressed sooner than before. I was in my room doing some stuff on my computer when Dad stuck his head in to let me know they were back and ask how things had gone.

I assured him everything had been fine, and that we hadn't had any trouble; that seemed to be what he expected, and he left again.

Neither Mom nor Dad ever said anything to Sis or I — at least, not directly. The only reference I ever got from either of them was maybe a week later when I was helping Mom with something or other, and she casually told me "Daniel, I just want you to know that it's very reassuring to your father and I that you care for your sister as much as you do, and that she feels like she can trust you as much as she does. It lets us know that we're getting things right while we raise you two."

After that, Sis and I were closer than ever — and not just physically.

In the months and years that followed, we continued our activities with each other, as well as going on to physical intimacy with others — but that's another story, entirely.