

We Were Lovers

Chapter 6

Sarah rose from the bed.

She moved slowly, didn't make eye-contact with me. Carefully, cheeks flushed a bright crimson, she lowered herself to the motel room floor – sliding gracefully onto her knees in front of me, the hem of her white dress sprawling out on the ground.

"It's okay," I told her, eyes drawn to v-neck of her dress. I had a top-down view of her cleavage – a wonderful sight to see. "No need to rush anything. We have all night."

When Sarah didn't say anything in reply, I continued with my instructions.

"See my belt?" I said, heart thudding. "Reach out and undo it."

Slowly and steadily, Sarah's hand moved to my belt buckle.

"That's it. Now you need to undo the top button of my trousers. Then the next."

My sister got the hint.

When the last trouser button was undone, I lifted myself slightly off the bed – told Sarah to gently tug my trousers down. And, to my astonishment and delight, she actually did. No questions or hesitation, she followed my instructions without complaint.

Soon enough, I was sat there with my trousers around my ankles, a big bulge visible underneath my black boxers.

Sarah stared at it, a wild mix of emotions in her pale green eyes. I saw shock and wonder there, amazement and a hint of fear. And warmth. A tiny flicker of hazy heat. Excitement.

"Now," I told her, "you have to remove my boxers. Or, if you prefer, I can keep them on. There's a little opening in the front. See those small buttons? If you undo them–"

My words were cut off by a gasp. My gasp.

Sarah had reached forward, gently touched my bulge.

Her fingers. I could feel them on my cock. Through a layer of cloth, sure. But there they were. My sister's fingers. On my cock.

That realisation – and the fact of where we were – hit me hard.

I was in a motel room with my sister. We'd be spending the night here. She was kneeling in front of me, touching my bulge. She was going to suck my cock. I was going to actually *fuck* Sarah tonight. It was *really* happening.

If Sarah noticed my gasp, she didn't show it. Didn't react to it.

She trailed her fingertips around the bulge in my boxers transfixed. Her eyes were wide, lips parted slightly. Her fingers moved slowly, glided over the boxers to the first of three small buttons. It came undone a moment later, opening the slit at the front. Then then she undid the second one. And then the third.

A wide gap in the front of my boxers, a chunk of my cock visible through it. And my sister was staring at it.

Moments passed slowly, painfully.

Seconds ticking by, my sister not moving or blinking. Just staring in wonder at the portion of my cock that was visible through the opening she'd created. She made no attempt to reach out and take it, didn't try to move away. Just stared at it silently.

"Reach inside," I finally said when the waiting became unbearable. In all honesty, it'd probably lasted less than twenty seconds total. "Grab onto it and pull it out."

My words seemed to snap Sarah out of her quiet reverie.

Blushing, she reached forward, slid her hand inside my boxers.

When her fingers – her real, actual fingers – came into contact with my rock-hard cock, my entire body shuddered in pleasure. Warmth spread through me, filled me entirely. Every part of my body felt like it was on fire, save for my cock and my sister's cool touch.

Her hands weren't cold. Not really. But they weren't hot either. Certainly not as warm as my cock was in that moment.

She pulled it, dragged my cock out into the open.

Tingles shot up my spine, pleasure and heat mixed.

"Wow," my sister breathed, staring at the hard meat in front of her. My fully erect cock in all its glory.

"Start slow," I instructed. "Hold the base with one hand and just kiss the tip. A little peck. Take it nice and slow..."

Sarah hesitated, her eyes drifting up from my cock.

We locked eyes, stared at each other for a long moment. I saw my arousal reflected in her eyes, the same heat and warmth and desire in her irises that I was sure were in mine.

"Brandon," my sister began to say, "I'm not... I don't..."

"It's okay," I told her. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to."

I made no move to get up or put my dick away. I sat there, cock extended, waiting. Watching. If Sarah wasn't ready yet, I could live with it. If she still needed convincing, still needed time for me to win her over, I'd wait. But only if I had to. If I could convince Sarah to go through with it tonight, I would.

"You're my brother," she whispered softly.

"I am," I nodded my head. "And your lover. You feel it, don't you? The hunger, the *need* to do it?"

I was guessing. If Sarah was as aroused as I was, every instinct in her body would be driving her to have sex with me. It was animal, primal, hormonal. We were both horny teenagers, neither of us with an outlet for those hormones save for masturbation. If sex was an option – which it was – and Sarah was aroused enough, she'd have to fight hard to resist the impulse.

"We've done it so many times," I lied, nudging her thoughts ever so slightly. What was the harm in fucking her brother if she'd already done it countless times before? It wasn't like she'd be crossing a line that she could never uncross. That line, Sarah believed, had been crossed a long time ago. "At one point, we were having sex pretty much every single day. Sometimes multiple times a day. And those times were *amazing*."

Sarah didn't say anything, didn't reply. She looked down at my cock, uncertainty clear in her eyes.

Part of her wanted to. I could feel it. I just needed to push her over the edge. Get rid of that last bit of resolve.

Sarah liked confident men.

Assertive men.

"Open your mouth," I stated firmly, harshly. "Now."

Sarah flinched, looked up at me through wide eyes.

And she opened her mouth.

"Close your eyes," I commanded, reaching down with my left hand and taking hold of my cock – pointing it at Sarah's face.

Sarah closed her eyes.

I moved my right hand, placed it on top of Sarah's head.

Slowly but firmly, I pulled my sister's head – her face – towards my cock. She didn't resist me, didn't even try to. She knew what was happening, what I was about to do, and she didn't even attempt to stop it. I took that for consent.

When the tip of my cock brushed Sarah's lips, a pleasant shiver ran through me.

"You know what to do," I told Sarah, hoping it was true. "Even if you don't remember, on an instinctual level you know. Let your body take over. No thinking, no worries. Trust yourself. Trust me. And suck my cock, sis."

At my words, Sarah wrapped her lips around my cock.

Just the tip, the very end of its length. But it was her. *She* was the one doing it. That fact alone made me grin like a madman.

I closed my eyes, leaned my head back and let myself enjoy the sensation of my sister's lips on my cock, of her tongue slowly stroking my cock's tip. At first, she didn't do much – barely moved her mouth, only tentatively licked. But, as her confidence grew, so did her vigour.

Slowly, she got more into it.

Her lips moved along the length of my cock, taking the entire head inside her mouth. She moved slowly, sensually. Gentle licks, her tongue softly massaging my head. Then more. She pushed herself forward, moving her lips even further down my shaft, pulling her head back only slightly before going forward further and further. Little bobs of her head, each time taking in more and more of my cock in her mouth.

The sensation was unimaginable.

Warmth; a tickling, tingling pleasure. Her mouth was soft, sweet. Nothing like my hand, or *anything* I've ever felt before. And she was so gently, so loving. She swayed forward and backwards, eyes closed, sucking on my cock even as she wrapped her tongue around it, experimenting with the newfound experience.

She was trying to make me feel good. Paying attention to my every shudder and groan. Whenever she made me gasp or sigh or groan in pleasure, her pace increased.

Before long, she was bobbing her head rapidly, lost in the moment.

Alternating between sucking and blowing, tongue wildly lapping at the underside of my cock. It was intense, amazing. I could barely focus or think.

My sister was sucking my cock.

My beautiful, pretty, impossible sister was giving me head.

Unconsciously, my hand was gripping Sarah's hair, moving her head at a faster pace. And Sarah, amazingly, sped up to match it. Allowed herself to be guided – even as I pulled her closer than she'd been willing to go herself, pushing more and more of my length into her mouth and down her throat.

Sarah coked and gagged, throat squeezing down on my head. But she refused to stop, didn't try to complain.

She took my cock down her throat like a champ.

And, when I felt the pressure begin to build, that urge to orgasm growing, I knew I wouldn't last much longer.

"I'm close," I told my sister.

Even as I said the words, I was fighting back the desire to cum.

Sarah froze, began pulling back. No-doubt, she didn't want me to cum in her mouth for whatever reason. But it was already too late, I was there – couldn't hold it in.

I came and came hard.

Without thinking, I held her head in place, my hips thrusting by themselves. I pumped my sister's mouth and throat with one burst of cum after another. My body tensed, relaxed. Blissful pleasure flooded me. I let out a bright sigh, slumped as the last few spurts flowed out.

Only when it was done, did I release Sarah's hair.

She coughed and choked, gasped for air as her eyes began to water. A mixture of cum and saliva ran down from the corner of her mouth, trickling down her chin down onto her pretty white dress. Her face was flushed a bright red, chest rising and falling as she sucked in heavy breaths.

"*That*," Sarah said after she regained a little composure, "was *not* pleasant."

"That's odd," I said, hiding my panic. What if I'd accidentally just fucked things up by cumming in Sarah's mouth like I had? "You always used to like giving head. And you seemed pretty into it until..."

"No," Sarah shook her head, blushed. "That part was fine. It was the," she nodded to the small puddle of saliva-cum on the motel room floor – the stuff she'd just spat out,

"other part that I didn't like."

I smiled to her apologetically.

"Yeah, you never did like it when I came in your mouth," I told her. "Usually, I'd cum on your face or body, or just hold it in until we were having sex. But it's been so long... I'm sorry."

"It's," Sarah blushed brightly, seemed to remember where we were and why, "fine. Just give me a bit more warning next time."

Next time? So I *hadn't* fucked it up.

Good.

"I'm gonna go wash my face," Sarah told me, rising to her feet and not meeting my gaze. "You should, uh, get comfortable. Or something. I don't know."

She blushed brighter, face redder than a glowing tomato, and rushed off to the motel room's bathroom.

I climbed atop my sister, stared down at her beautiful face.

Pale green eyes, flowing milk-brown hair, full lips. Her face was heart-shaped, cute. Innocent. So pretty, it took my breath away – froze me in place for a moment as I gazed at her.

Unobtainable. That was the kind of beauty my sister had.

She was the girl you'd look at and know you'd never have, the girl out of your league, beyond your wildest dreams. Even before taking into account that we were related, that I was her brother, I'd never stand a chance at scoring a girl like Sarah. Me, a plain and ordinary guy. Her, a pretty, beautiful, amazing girl. Even if we weren't related, I'd have never stood a chance with her.

And now here I was, about to penetrate her.

She was still in her white dress. Not fancy, but neither was it casual. A simple white dress with simple shoulder straps and a v-neck that showed off a delicious amount of Sarah's cleavage. A plain dress that looked anything but plain when Sarah wore it.

I reached down, took hold of the dress' skirt. And, staring into my sister's stunning eyes, I began hiking it up – pulling the cloth to Sarah's waist.

My trousers were already discarded, my boxers too. My cock stood outwards, hard and ready.

This was it. This was the night I'd take Sarah's virginity.

My eyes roamed her body, took in her cleavage and modest bust, her perky tits. They drifted down over her lean waist, her curvaceous hips, came to a stop at her pale, smooth thighs.

Sarah, it seemed, had planned for this. Or, at the very least, she'd known it might've been a possibility.

Why else would she have worn a sexy, black thong?

I reached down tentatively, touched the cloth. Sarah let out a little gasping moan. The sound, her soft and sweet voice morphed with pleasure, was music to my ears.

The thong was moist. Sarah's was wet. Very wet.

I let my fingers trail over the fabric for a moment, revelling in the sound or my sisters high-pitched breathing. Her gentle moans and pleasant sighs. I could've listened to those sweet sounds all night, knowing that it was me who was causing them. Me who was giving Sarah the soft pleasure she was currently experiencing. All I was doing was stroking her mound over her thong, nothing more.

Gently, I hooked my finger under the thong's crotch, peeled the fabric away from Sarah's wetness and moved it aside – revealing the pretty pussy beneath.

Thanks to porn, I'd seen vaginas before. Pornstar cunts and pictures of pussies enough that I was plenty familiar with the sight. Yet, somehow, Sarah's was different. Better. For all the cunts I'd seen online, I'd never found any of them all that appealing. All

the folds and flaps, the fleshiness, I'd never really found vaginas all that sexy or arousing before. Tits? Sure. Butts? Definitely. But never a woman's cunt.

Not until I saw Sarah's.

Just like the rest of her, it was cute. Pretty.

Pink and wet and inviting.

Without thinking, I leaned down, gave it a tiny little kiss.

Sarah's body trembled, a loud gasp escaping her lips.

That sound – the pleasure in it – was all it took. My brain shut off, my natural instincts taking over. I couldn't wait any longer. Couldn't tease or toy with Sarah's pretty pussy, couldn't touch it or lick it or anything. She was ready. I was ready. She wanted me and I very much wanted her. There was no holding back for either of us any more.

I took hold of Sarah's legs, spread them wide open and positioned myself between them. I looked down at her as she stared up at me, eyes desperate.

Cock in one hand, the other gripping onto her waist.

I guided myself to her opening – to that too cute, too perfect pussy. Pink and wet and waiting. My cock pressed to it, sending shivers down my spine. Sarah moaned, shifted her hips a little – almost trying to push herself onto my cock.

And, slowly but firmly, I pushed forward.

Tightness. Warm, wet tightness.

Sarah's pussy clamped down on my cock as I pushed inside her, inch by inch. Hot; hotter than I'd imagined. And impossibly, amazingly tight. Her cunt squeezed my cock from all sides as I steadily pushed forwards.

"Oh God," Sarah breathed, eyes unfocused.

I grunted as every inch of my cock disappeared inside Sarah.

It was happening. It was *really* happening.

I'd done it.

"Sarah," I breathed, looking down at her in her cute white dress with her cute face.

"Sis."

For a heartbeat, neither of us moved. We stared into each other's eyes. Her lips were parted, heat flushed her cheeks and sweat beaded on her brow. Her eyes were intense, hungry. And, when she smiled, nodded her head once at me, I knew *exactly* what my sister wanted.

Slowly, I began to thrust.

It was harder than I thought it'd be. With how tight Sarah's pussy was, how it clamped down on me, making slow motions wasn't easy. It was like Sarah's body *wanted* me to fuck her harder, faster.

So that's exactly what I did.

Swiftly, my slow, gentle thrusts sped up – morphed into something more intense and animal. The bed began to squeak underneath us, the sound almost entirely drowned out by my sister's moans. She was loud, unrestrained. As I thrust into her, she moved her hips to match my pace. When I reached down, grabbed that titillating v-neck of her dress and yanked it down, freed those perky, bouncing tits, Sarah gasped all the louder – a desperate, hungry sound that sent electrical tingles running along my spine.

Before long, the air in the motel room was unbearably, erotically hot.

"Oh *fuck*," Sarah moaned as I tossed my top aside, leaned over her and pumped my cock into her as hard as I could. "Yes. Brandon! Fuck me, big brother."

I leaned down, kissed her. Our tongues mingled as my cock ravished her amazing pussy. She moaned and gasped into my mouth, wrapped her arms around me and held me close.

I felt it coming before it happened, sensed it a heartbeat before Sarah froze underneath me. Her pussy squeezed my cock hard, twitched and trembled and shivered. I felt Sarah's entire body shudder, felt her tense and shudder.

She let out a wailing, agonisingly blissful moan. Loud enough that anyone in a room even close to ours would've heard it.

And, as my sister came, so did I.

Enjoying every tiny moment of it, grunting softly, I pumped wave after wave of cum into my sister's hungry pussy.