

Brother's Day

What a creep. Always staring at me, fucking pervert. Family is off limits, asshole. Go spy on someone else.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him looking at me, eyes on my chest. If I turned my head in his direction, he'd look away, pretend he hadn't been creeping on me. All guys were like that, ogling me and thinking I didn't know. But Josh was the worst of them all.

Apart from the fact that we lived together, so he had far more opportunities to be a weird perv, there was also the times he took pictures. Literal fucking photos of me with his phone.

Who does that?

What kind of brother takes secret pictures of his little sister like that? He thought he was subtle when he did it, that I didn't noticed - that I didn't know.

Look, I get it, I'm attractive. Very attractive. The 'American Dream Girl' with my bright blonde hair, slim figure, beautiful face, stunning eyes. Hell, the only thing preventing me from being an actual model was my bust. For some dumb reason, the professional modelling scene required women with flat chests. If I wanted to become a model of any kind, with my stupidly big tits, I'd have to go down the lewd route. Topless photo-shoots, pornos, all that shit.

Point is, I'm attractive to men. I know it. They know it.

But some guys - like, say, my fucking brother - shouldn't look at me like that regardless. When they did - he did - it was all kinds of uncomfortable.

I put up with his eyes on my body for as long as I could before rising to my feet, walking back to my bedroom.

Part of me wanted to confront Josh. But just the idea of having *that* conversation was enough to put me off. Not like I could tell our parents either. I was stuck, basically. Trapped in a house with a gross fucking perv.

"Sara," my brother said, "what's your favourite colour?"

The question was out of no-where. I looked up from my dinner and stared at Josh. For once, his eyes weren't locked onto my tits. Still, there was a weird, creepy smile on his face.

"None of your business," I answered, turned my attention back to the plate in front of me.

Our mother complained about me being rude, I ignored her.

If she had to put up with him perving on her like I did, she wouldn't be whining and bitching about me being rude. Luckily for her, she wasn't a bombshell Barbie like me.

I ate the rest of dinner in silence, pushing the uncomfortable feeling aside as usual. He was staring at me again, Gazing at my tits as I leaned forward to eat my food. How gross is that? I can't even eat food without him being weird about it.

When I was done, I went straight to my bedroom. My little prison away from wandering eyes.

I put some music on, grabbed a book to read, hopped onto my bed. Not as nice as a good movie, but at least I didn't have to put up with Josh's bullshit in here. A TV, that's what I needed. A TV in my room with a DVD player. Or a computer. That'd be great.

My thoughts were cut short by wooden tapping. Someone knocking on my bedroom door.

I sighed, climbed out of bed, walked over to the door and opened it. And there the creeper was, smiling, in front of me. At least he was looking at my face.

"Hey Sara," Josh said, his eyes flickered downwards for an instant.

He lasted about a second or two before looking at my tits. That had to be some sort

of record.

"What do you want?"

My voice was harsh, uncaring. In my defence, I had plenty enough reasons to not care about my shitty brother.

Josh didn't say anything, he reached into one of his pockets, pulled out a shiny metal tube, pressed a red button on it. An odd not-quite-shiver ran up my spine. Like goosebumps, only more electrical. It felt like I'd been zapped, but soft enough that I wasn't quite sure it'd really happened.

"Sara," Josh said, a tinge of excitement in his tone, "what is your favourite colour?"

"Pink," I snapped. Jesus Christ, what would it take for this asshole to leave me alone? "My favourite colour is pink. Now go away."

I didn't wait, slammed the door in Josh's face.

Stupid, annoying brother.

I stood in front of my mirror, tilting my face to one side, then the other. Not to brag, but I'm pretty good at applying make-up.

Today I was going for a girly pink and white getup. A summer doll type look. Soft pink dress with a white cardigan, white stockings and a pink bow in my hair.

It looked good, but there were too many light colours. I needed some contrast. Bright red, glossy lipstick and some light blush. The trick with make-up was not to over-do it, to use it only as an aid in bringing out your best features. For me, those were my lips and cheekbones, my bright blue eyes. Dark eyeliner would contrast with my eyes beautifully.

I stared at my reflection, evaluated my make-up application.

Finally, satisfied, I nodded my head, turned and walked to my bedroom door, opened it, jumped.

Josh was standing there, that metal tube in his hand again, waiting for me. Had he been spying in on me through the door's keyhole? Watching me while I changed?

I suppressed a shudder at the thought.

"What do you want now, creep?"

Josh smiled.

"You're very mean to me," he said, smile never wavering. "I don't think that's alright. We're family, and family is meant to be nice to each other."

I stared at him blankly. Was he serious? With all the shit...

No, my conscience nudged me. Josh was right. He was my brother and I shouldn't be mean to him. Family is meant to be nice to each other.

I blinked.

"Sorry."

The word escaped my lips before I could stop it.

Josh's smile widened, his eyes gleaming.

"Brothers and sisters are meant to love each other," he told me, eyes flickering down again. "Unconditionally."

I mean, he wasn't *wrong*. Maybe I had been a little rude and mean to him before. Still, the way he looked at my body wasn't okay. Just because he's my brother and I love him unconditionally, doesn't mean he gets to perv on me like that.

Just as I was opening my mouth to tell Josh exactly that, he raised a finger to stall me.

"It's okay for me to stare at your sexy tits," Josh said. "I do it because I love you."

My mind reeled. A wave of confusion and uncertainty washed over me. Josh stared at my body because... he loved me? How did that make sense? What did home loving me have to do with...

Again, there was that odd electrical sensation.

"I..." No words came to me, my mind blanked. "I... Okay..."

Josh's eyes shot down instantly, not a flickering glance, but an analytical, intense gaze. He leaned forward, his head inches from my own, stared down my cleavage.

It was okay, though. After all, Josh loved me. That's why he was looking at me like this.

"Nice dress," my brother said after a few seconds of silence. "Going somewhere?"

"Out," I answered automatically. "With friends."

Josh shook his head.

"No, no, no. You can't go out. Don't you know what day it is today, Sara?"

I blinded at him, confused.

"Friday?"

"No, silly," Josh grinned. "It's Brother's Day. You know, like Mother's Day and Father's Day. You have to spend the day with me and give me gifts and stuff. Remember?"

I did not remember. Until that very moment, I didn't know that 'Brother's Day' even existed. But I couldn't just say that, I couldn't tell Josh that I hadn't gotten him any presents. And I certainly didn't want to look like an idiot, not knowing about a yearly holiday.

"Uh," I said, thinking fast. "Yeah, of course I remember. Hang on, I got you a present and everything. It's just in my-"

Josh grinned, stepped around me and walked into my bedroom.

"So, where's my Brother's Day gift?"

Great, now what?

I'd told him I'd gotten him something, thinking I could wing it somehow. Now he was in my room, sitting on my bed expectantly.

Surely there was something I could give him. Some piece of crap I could hand over with a smile, that he'd think was a real gift. But what?

Make-up was an obvious no. A book? Probably not. Clothes? Not exactly something Josh would want or like.

Fuck, what could I give him?

"You know," Josh said, swinging his legs onto my bed, laying back. "You're very beautiful, Sara."

I did know.

Still, a little warm glow blossomed in my chest at the compliment.

"Thank you."

"No," Josh continued. "Like, you're really beautiful. The sexiest girl I've ever seen, without question. Every time I look at you, I can't help but smile at how pretty you are."

The warm glow in my chest spread, my cheeks warming.

I'd always felt uncomfortable when Josh looked at me. How silly is that? If it made him happy, then he *should* look at me. Not like there was anything wrong with it, he did love me after all. And it wasn't like him staring at my chest was a problem for me or anything.

"I wish I could see more of you," Josh admitted. "That'd be a great Brother's Day gift."

More of me? As in...

"It's okay for people who love each other to see each other naked," Josh said quickly. "And you do love me, don't you Sara?"

I gulped, nodded my head.

"I do," I answered in a quiet whisper.

It was true. Family is meant to love family. And Josh was my brother. Of course I loved him...

Slowly, I began taking off my white cardigan, unzipping my pretty pink dress.

I lay back in bed, blushing brightly. An odd, stupid thought entered my mind as Josh positioned himself above me.

'No need for a pink dress when your entire body is blushing all at once.'

And it was. From my cheeks to my legs, every part of my body was pink. Blushing, goosebumps dotted across my skin. My legs were spread, my crotch exposed. The cool air of the room tickled the wetness there.

This was really happening. Josh was really going to put it in.

"Do you love me?" He'd asked, eyes hungry. "If you do, then there's no reason we can't make love, is there?"

One of his hands was on my hip, the other was on the bedpost above my head. He looked down at me, eyes hot. Lust and desire were written across his face, his body. His cock, my big brother's dick, was hard and long, poking my thigh as he leaned over me.

The hand on my bedpost moved, slid between his legs, took hold of his cock, guided it towards my pussy.

When I felt something hard, warm, pressing against me, I closed my eyes. The feeling was overwhelming, the pressure against my opening. I could feel his tip slowly pushing forward, my body opening up, lips spreading apart. All around his cock, there was electrical, tingling pressure.

Inch by inch, he pushed inside. And, as he did, I felt myself letting go – allowing the pleasure to take over.

"Josh," I gasped, mindless. "More."

"Happy Brother's Day," I whispered to him afterwards. My body was sore, nowhere more so than my pussy and insides. "Did you like your present?"

Josh didn't answer, instead he simply fondled one of my breasts.

"You know," he said, his other hand reaching out, grabbing the metal tube from where he'd set it down earlier. "Sometimes sisters can love their brothers in a 'more-than-family' kind of way. They can actually fall for their brothers. That's what's happening to you, isn't it Sara?"

Again, there was that electrical sensation. This time it mingled with the orgasmic after-glow, a pleasurable tingling.

"Yes," I answered, feeling my heart swelling with unbridled, endless love for my brother.

"And, sometimes, those sisters and their brothers love each other so much that they start their own little families. That sounds like a wonderful idea, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, content. My eyelids fluttered shut, blissful sleep tempting me.

"Good thing I wasn't wearing a condom then," my bother said, his voice sounding distant as sleep threatened to take me. "We might be able to start a family right away..."

The last thing I was aware of before I knocked out was the sound of a single metallic click, followed by warm comfort as Josh cuddled into me.