

## Pushing Boundaries

My brother stood in the kitchen doorway as I was bent over, searching in the fridge for something to eat. He whistled, loud and appreciative. The sound cut through me like glass, made me shiver in disgust.

When I turned to glare at him, Frankie grinned.

"Nice ass, sis," he said, eyes roaming my body freely. "And that rack... How in the fuck are you still single?"

"I'm your *sister*, freak. Stop ogling me."

"Nah," he shrugged, "I'm good. Hey, lean forward a little more."

Without hesitation, I straightened my back and stood tall – gave him nothing to ogle. Why, of all days, had I decided to wear a low-cut top today? If I'd worn a jumper or something with a high neckline, or-

No. Fuck that. Why should I have to dress conservatively in my own home? Here, of all places, I should be free to wear whatever I liked.

Fuck Frankie for making me feel uncomfortable in my own home!

"I'm not in the mood to deal with your bullshit today, Frankie," I said, crossing my arms over my chest in the hope that it'd draw his attention away from my breasts. "What do you want?"

He didn't say anything, just stepped into the kitchen like he owned the place.

"Seriously Frankie," I said as he walked over to where I stood, "I don't-"

Without warning, he reached a hand out and grabbed one of my boobs.

My eyes widened in pure, stunned shock. My mouth dropped open, my entire body tensing automatically. It was like my brain stopped working for a few seconds, unable to come up with a response or reaction of any kind. My mind reeled, not quite believing what was happening.

Then Frankie squeezed.

My body lashed out, slapping the asshole's hand away. I took a step back, covered my chest.

"What the fuck?!" I screeched at him. "What's *wrong* with you?!"

He simply smiled, tilted his head and stared at me.

"Sorry sis," he said without a care in the world. "I don't know what came over me. Your tits, they're just too perfect."

I glared at him, wanted nothing more in that moment than to slap the smirk right off his face. Fucking pervert. Creep. What kind of a sick, twisted fuck gropes his sister like that?

"Hey sis," Frankie said, eyes on my chest. "Do you mind if I grope your tits for a bit?"

The question was like a blow to the gut.

How dare he. How *dare* he ask-

"I mean," he said, eyes flashing, "it's not like that line hasn't already been crossed. No harm in doing something when we've already done it before, right?"

"I-" My mind fogged, searching for a flaw in Frankie's argument, a gap in the logic, finding none. I glared, turned my head away so I wouldn't have to look at his stupid face any more. "Sure, I guess. Whatever."

I could feel Frankie's smirk as he stepped forward, pulled my hands away from my chest and replaced them with his.

Her fondled me over my shirt, squeezing and kneading my breasts with all the finesse and grace of a wild, stupid beast. He cupped and lifted them, dropped them and watched the jiggling. He pawed at them without a care in the world as to how disgusting it was. I was his *sister* for fuck's sake.

I stood in the shower, eyes closed – enjoying the tickling sensation of water against the back of my neck. Naked from head to toes, dripping wet and utterly relaxed.

I have a nice body. I know that.

Hell, it's hard *not* to be aware of how desirable I am, what with the endless sea of guys wanting to get with me. Large, round breasts. A shapely butt. An athletic body. My face was cute, my eyes beautiful and my lips alluring. Blonde hair which, for some reason, seemed to make a worrying amount of guys happy. I was, in short, a natural bombshell.

Pretty much every guy I knew wanted to either date me or fuck me. Or both. And, for the most part, I accepted that. It was a little awkward from time to time, sure. But I'd made my peace with my appearance and the attention it brought me.

The only problem was Frankie. My brother.

Of all the people in the world to creep on me, why did it have to be someone so close? Someone I couldn't escape from? Why did it have to be *him* who didn't understand boundaries?

With the sound of the shower filling my ears, I didn't hear it.

With my eyes closed, I didn't see the door creaking open.

Relaxed, enjoying the sensation of waters beating against the back of my neck and my shoulders, I was oblivious to the guest who'd let himself in the bathroom. I scrubbed my body, massaged my curves and covered myself in soapy water. I hummed songs, washed myself, enjoyed the peace and solitude. The shower was 'me' time. A safe, happy place where I could relax and-

I opened my eyes and saw Frankie standing in the bathroom.

Staring at me.

With his cock in his hand.

Rubbing.

I screamed.

"FRANKIE!" I howled at the top of my lungs, vision turning red. "Get OUT!"

He flinched back, but otherwise didn't move. His eyes explored my naked body without a hint of guilt – lingering over my chest and my crotch in particular. I did my best to cover myself – but with only two arms to hide two large breasts and a trimmed crotch, I wasn't able to hide much at all.

"GET OUT!"

Frankie tilted his head, eyes flashing.

"Why?" He asked, unperturbed by my screeching. "It's not like I can unsee what I've already seen, sis. That line has been crossed now – I've seen you naked – and there's no going back."

I opened my mouth to argue, to scream at him. But no words came out.

What he said... it made sense.

"So," Frankie shrugged. "I might as well stay and watch. It's not like I'm gonna see anything I haven't already seen."

I glared at him.

But what else could I do? Frankie had a good point. Not like he hadn't already seen my naked body. He'd crept into the bathroom and watched me showering. And now he'd seen it, there was no going back. No reason not to allow him to continue watching.

I turned away from him, continued washing my body.

I did my best to not pay any attention to my brother as he straddled my waist. I was laying in bed, messaging friends on my phone and listening to music. He, of course, had let himself into my room, climbed onto my bed, planted his knees on either side of my waist, and started fondling me without a word.

Nothing new there. Disgusting and perverse, sure. But that line had already been crossed and there was no going back now. What could I do?

When his hands slid under my top, I glared up at him.

"It's done now," he shrugged. "No going back."

I returned my attention to my phone, ignoring my brother's hands on my bare tits, his fingers tweaking and toying with my nipples.

"Seriously sis," Frankie said. "These tits are top-tier. You gotta let me slip my dick between them sometime. That'd be amazing."

"In your dreams, freak."

"Trust me, sis," Frankie laughed. "You don't want to know what happens in my dreams. What we do in them. A titty-fuck would be tame in comparison."

I rolled my eyes, tried my best to pretend that my brother wasn't on top of me, groping my tits under my top.

And, for a while, I almost managed to forget he was there.

Then his hands slipped under my jeans.

Before I could stop him – push him away – his fingers brushed my pussy lips. I shoved him, sent him toppling off my bed with a screech.

"What the *fuck* Frankie! I'm your fucking *sister*!"

He climbed up off the floor, rubbed his head.

"Ow," Frankie muttered. "That hurt, bitch."

"You deserve it!" I growled. "You tried to touch my-"

"No," my brother interrupted, eyes flashing. "I didn't 'try', I succeeded. I touched your cunt, sis. Now, that line has been crossed and there's no going back. Isn't that right?"

"I-" What was I supposed to say to *that*? "I guess..."

"So," Frankie smiled, "why don't you go back to laying down and talking to your bitch friends, and I'll have some fun exploring that tight cunt with my fingers. After all, I've already touched you down there now. That line has been crossed."

I huffed, glared daggers at Frankie. And, slowly, I leaned back down on the bed.

Frankie wasted no time, jumping right back onto my bed with me and sliding his hand down my pants. His fingers slid over my pussy without warning, rough and clumsy. At first, the contact sent painful jolts through my body; being touched and prodded down there when I wasn't aroused was *not* fun. But, soon enough, my body started reacting to my brother's touch – moistening under his fingertips.

When he started to remove my clothes, I considered shouting at him to stop. But he'd already seen me naked. Seeing me without clothes on again wouldn't change anything.

He tossed my jeans aside, slipped my panties off. And, for good measure, took my top off too.

A moment later, Frankie whipped his cock.

Nothing new there. He'd exposed himself to me before.

Still, the sight of it sent shivers through my body. My heart thumped a little faster in my chest. My skin prickled.

As he massaged and toyed with me, my mind began to blur – arousal hazing over common sense, wiping away my ability to think. I lay there, eyes on the ceiling as Frankie slid his fingers inside me.

And, before long, I was moaning.

I hated Frankie. Despised him.

I hated the fact he was making me feel so good.

And, when he pulled his fingers out from inside me, I hated the fact that I whined in disappointment.

I turned pleading eyes towards my brother. So close, I was so close. Just a little bit more and-

He pressed the tip of his cock to my opening.

My body didn't react even as pure horror shot through my chest. In that moment,

when I needed it to obey me the most, my body betrayed me – remained motionless as Frankie penetrated me. And, just like that, the line was crossed and there was no going back. I was lost. A brother-fucker. A pervert.

I let out a sigh of pleasure. A satisfied groan.

Too late to turn back now. What was done was done.

“Frankie,” I moaned. “You’re a fucking-”

He thrust hard, forcing a gasp out of me.

The feel of him inside me, so hard and big – stretching me open and pounding my deepest parts. Painful, but in the most pleasant way. And all I could do was take it. Bounce back as he thrust forward, impaling myself on his cock.

“We’ve crossed the line now,” Frankie grunted with a smirk. “There’s no undoing it, so we might as well take full advantage of it.”

My only reply was a loud moan. Hips swaying, tits bouncing.

“No reason not to do this every day from now on,” Frankie said, reaching down to grab one of my breasts. “Every day.”

“Y- yes,” I managed to gasp.

“Fuck, you’re hott sis.”

I closed my eyes, allowed the sensations to take over. The heat and warmth, the electrical tingles. The pressure building inside me. The weight of him atop me. The squeaking bedsprings and thumping bedposts. Skin slapping wet skin. Grunts and moans.

The feel of being opened and used.

God, it felt *good*.

Wrong, fucked up, disturbed, perverse. But oh, so good.

I bit my lip to stop from crying out.

This line being crossed, it turned out, was one I could get used to.