

MIKE'S FAMILY - PANDORA'S BOX CH. 01

idealogue2077

Big Sister Erica Tells Mike He's Adopted. But Is He?

Incest/Taboo

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Mike had not seen Erica since she moved abroad to finish her undergraduate degree and, ultimately, law school. After finishing, she took a summer break to spend time with her family back home and figure out her next step.

The timing wasn't perfect, as their Mother and younger sister, Danielle, would be away for the next week on a vacation they had planned far in advance of Erica's return home. It would be an interesting week as Mike and Erica got to spend some time together after being apart for so long....

The doorbell rang. Mike opened the door.

"You don't need to ring the doorbell...just come on in!"

"Uhhm....Mike!?" Erica had a puzzled look on her face.

Mimicking her, Mike said, "Uhh, Erica!?" Smiling.

"Is that really you?"

"Uh -- Yeah!"

"How old are you now!?"

"Twenty."

"Wow...you grew up so much since I last saw you. You were, what...about fifteen when I saw you last?"

"Something like that."

"I can't believe it's you...my brother is all grown up!"

Erica smiled brightly as she stepped across the threshold and gave Mike a big hug.

"Jesus, Mike, where are you working out? You're all muscle."

Mike smiled at the compliment and recognition for all his hard work.

"Yeah, I've been a fitness instructor for a while now while I work through school full-time...just working on transferable credits."

"Oh yeah -- are you looking to switch schools?"

"Yeah, I'm thinking about it. I'm going to do a little road trip with Mom to visit some schools in a couple of weeks...you know how involved she can be."

"I sure do...she's coming with me to visit some of the cities I'm looking at relocating to -- so that should be fun...."

"Right," Mike said sarcastically.

"...but for the next week, you have me all to yourself!"

Erica's smile was radiant. Her unique beauty struck him.

He stepped back and appraised his big sister. He didn't remember her looking so beautiful. When she had left for school abroad, she was unconventionally pretty -- more of an attractive but skinny bookworm. The woman before him was vivacious and unusually pretty, almost to the point he didn't recognize her.

Erica's long black hair had a sheen and luster, very different from the often unkempt and frazzled-looking hair she kept in her high school days. Her big brown eyes complimented her lovely face, and her strong cheekbones gave her a womanly look that accented her soft, delicate features. She was still tall but had filled out impressively.

"Erica...you look...beautiful!"

She blushed and then smiled, beaming. "Now that's how I like to be welcomed home!"

"I got your bags." He said, grabbing everything she had piled at the door, plus what she was carrying.

She followed Mike, impressed he was able to carry everything all at once and so effortlessly.

As she followed him up the stairs to her old room, she couldn't help but notice how his legs, and especially his butt looked. He was sexy!

This was her brother, so she looked away, but her eyes kept gravitating back. It was so weird to see him be so manly.

"I'll let you get your stuff put away...I'm making us lunch if you're hungry." He set down her bags.

"I'm starving! Thank you for carrying everything!"

"No problem at all. I'm here to help however you need me. It's not every day that I get to see my big sister!" He smiled genuinely.

Erica noticed that Mike's fair skin and brown hair were now augmented by a square jaw and a disarmingly attractive smile as he flashed his white teeth. He was so...handsome. Not at all the kid she remembered what seemed a lifetime ago. He was very different from the skinny Ivy League guys she had been around the past six years while she was away overseas, finishing her undergrad and then completing law school.

"Is the pool still in good shape? I missed this house's amenities." Erica said.

"Oh, yeah. We've done some upgrades. You're going to love it. I'll bring your food out there. You might want to bring your swimsuit...if you remember how to swim, that is...."

"Ok, big shot...we'll see if you can keep up now that you're all big and strong!" She smiled warmly.

"Well...on second thought, I'm not sure I'm ready to take on the champ quite yet...but we'll see!" He smiled and winked at her.

"Sounds fun. I'll see you down there in a bit."

Mike closed the door and left Erica while she unpacked. When her clothes were situated, she found her blue bikini and put it on, as well as a swim robe made of a multicolored sheer fabric that complimented the blue color of her bikini.

Walking out of the main sliding glass doorway leading into their private backyard, Erica was floored by how much was added to the setup.

A large tiki but style bar was nestled against the house, and a massive in-ground hot tub was situated between it and their large Olympic-sized pool. Lavish tables with umbrellas and patio furniture separated the bar and hot tub area from the pool. Other fixtures, decorations, and landscaping adorned the massive backyard, all enclosed by a privacy wall that bordered on obnoxious in terms of size and scope.

While their house growing up was not a mansion, it had been a step or two beyond upper-middle class. With the additions that had been added, it crossed into the realm of excess that only the truly wealthy could afford.

"Holy cow, Mikey. This is unreal. How much did this cost!?"

"I don't know the exact figures, but let's just say that Mom has done well with the money she received after Dad passed away."

"I'll say," she gestured with her hands, "this is amazing!"

Erica walked over to one of the lounge chairs near the bar.

Mike brought a platter of snacks he'd prepared and set it next to her.

"Let me fix you a drink. What do you want?"

"How about a margarita?"

"Coming right up!"

Having made drinks, Mike turned on some ambient music that seemed to come from everywhere, adding atmosphere.

He handed a glass to her and said, "To the majestic return of the Queen!" grinning.

They clinked glasses and drank.

Mike was kidding when he referred to his sister as 'the queen.' She did go to school in England for the past six years, but a part of him always thought of her as upscale and refined, even before she left. She had that quality to her as she was intelligent and classy, but now he could add strikingly beautiful to his description.

Although he couldn't see his sister's body completely due to the sheer fabric of her robe, what he did see was impressive. Her long legs were toned and had darkened beyond her already natural olive skin.

"Hey, I'm going to clean the pool...gotta make sure it's perfect like you remember."

"Oh, that would be great. I intend to get in there...I forgot how hot it is out here!"

Mike took off his shirt and grabbed the leaf skimmer, extending the pole into the pool and dragging it along the surface, removing debris.

Erica watched as Mike worked. She couldn't take her eyes off his muscular body as his muscles flexed to push and pull the maintenance equipment.

She had to admit Mike was hot. She had been taken aback by how handsome he had become during her years away from home, but his body was something else entirely. He looked like a guy out of an underwear commercial or on the cover of a fitness magazine.

Having finished, Mike jumped into the pool, resurfacing in the shallow end near where Erica sat in her lounge chair.

"Come in...it's perfect!" Mike wore a grin on his face.

Standing up, Erica removed her robe.

Mike stared, stunned at his sister's body. Her skimpy blue bikini barely concealed her perky c-cup breasts, and her toned abs and long slender limbs made her look like a swimsuit model. The thin fabric of her bikini bottoms outlined her delicate mound and drew Mike's attention irresistibly.

"Stare much?"

Mike snapped out of it.

"Oh...I'm sorry!" his face flushed red.

"I'm just kidding!" Erica laughed, her gorgeous features and bright smile catching Mike off guard.

As she stepped into the pool, Mike splashed her.

"You shit! Don't think you can outswim me now!"

Erica won state for swimming in high school, so Mike knew he couldn't get away, but he tried.

He only made it halfway across the pool before he felt Erica's hands on him.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, arresting his movement.

Mike stood up, lifting her partially out of the water.

"Hey, no fair!" Erica said.

Faster than she could anticipate, Mike turned around and grabbed her around the waist, lifting her completely out of the water.

Giggling uncontrollably, she said, "Put me down!"

"You asked for it!"

Mike tossed her through the air, making a big splash, where she disappeared.

When she came up, she splashed him from behind.

"No fair," he said, laughing.

After a few more exchanges back and forth, Mike put his hands up. "Truce?"

Erica relented. "Ok, truce."

They were both grinning.

They spent the next hour in the pool, getting caught up and truly enjoying each other's company. It had been a while since Erica had so much fun just hanging out. Her Ivy League friends were more of the intellectual type.

She said, "I'm getting out before I get all wrinkly and water-logged."

As Erica walked up the steps out of the pool, Mike couldn't help but notice her sexy tan butt. For someone so tall and lean, she had a big, sexy ass. He couldn't look away as he watched it sway hypnotically as she returned to the bar.

In the mirror behind the bar, Erica saw Mike checking her out in the reflection. She felt a little thrill at the attention he was giving her. She wasn't one hundred percent sure why -- maybe it was because he was so attractive now - but it was flattering.

Mike got out and went to the bar, where Erica waited, holding two more drinks.

As the late afternoon turned into evening, the string lights came on, and the drinks continued to flow.

"You have got to be kidding me. Your boyfriend has a scholarship for fencing? You really did move into the upper crust of society, leaving us simple folks in the dust...."

"Not so! As you probably heard, I'm back here looking to get a job somewhere in the U.S., hopefully near here. Cambridge was a great school, but I'm not sure living in England is for me."

"Could have fooled me. I always thought you'd stay there and never come back for us mere mortals...so what does your boyfriend think of you moving back?"

"Well, he has another year of school to finish before he can move here with me."

"Wow...a younger man...you are pushing the boundaries into cougar town!"

"Oh my God, Shut up. I am not that old!"

"Well, your birthday is coming up, and you'll be twenty-seven...I don't know!" Mike was smirking.

"When I was your age, I thought anyone approaching thirty was ancient, but you'll see how silly that is soon enough."

"You mean when I'm old like you!?"

"Shut up, and get me another drink!"

Erica couldn't remember the last time she had such a good time. Mike had made her laugh all night.

"So, what about your girlfriend? Or is it girlfriends?" She grinned as she pushed his shoulder, nearly spinning his chair at the bar.

"Oh, I don't have one right now."

"Are you messing with me again?"

"No...seriously."

"How is that possible? I know you're my brother, and don't let it go to your head, but I was shocked to see how you turned out."

"What do you mean!?"

"Oh, shut up, mister fitness instructor!"

Blushing, he said, "Actually, I just haven't had time lately with going to school full time and my work at the gym...but thank you for the vote of confidence!"

He smiled, touching her arm.

She returned the gesture, putting her hand on his forearm.

"Since you've boosted my ego so nicely, I'd like to return the favor."

"Oh, do tell!" Erica said with exaggerated aplomb.

"If you weren't my sister, looking the way you do...woohey!" He smiled with a grin that said he was goofing around.

Mike had meant it as a compliment, but Erica's quick mind formulated a response that made her giggle out loud.

"What," Mike asked.

"Haven't you ever wondered why we all look so different?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you didn't know us, would you think we're related?"

He thought about it. It was true that Mike looked quite different than his siblings.

Erica had olive skin that tanned easily and delicate facial features like their Mother. She could easily pass for Italian. Although his younger sister had blonde hair and blue eyes, she had similar delicate facial features and darker skin. Mike, on the other hand, was light-skinned and looked more Germanic or Nordic.

"...well, no, I suppose we do look different enough," Mike said.

"...and did you ever think that might be because we're not related by blood?"

"What are you saying, Erica!?"

"Do I have to spell it out?"

"Spell what out?"

"...that you were adopted as a baby!"

Stunned, Mike said, "Are you fucking with me...how would I not know this by now!?"

"I'm your big sister, so other than Mom and Dad, I'm the only one who knows...and since Dad is gone, that leaves just me and Mom.

They struggled to get pregnant and decided to adopt when it looked like Dad had an infertility issue, so they adopted a baby. Less than two years later, they got pregnant and had Danielle. You were both so young, and they didn't want anyone feeling less loved, so they swore me to secrecy. You're an adult now....I think you are entitled to know."

She looked serious.

Mike just stared, not knowing how to process what he just heard.

"...So it makes sense why you find me so attractive. It's just natural!" Erica's grin stood on the precipice of laughter.

Erica intended her last line to be her punchline; they should both be laughing. Instead, Mike had a different response.

"I...I had been feeling pretty guilty about that. I know you caught me looking at you. It's just that...well...I can't believe how you've changed. So maybe that attraction is, like you said, natural?"

A thrill ran through Erica's body, hearing Mike's vulnerable admission.

Maybe it was the drinks or maybe just the attention that Mike had been giving her all night, but instead of telling him she made it up, she got up abruptly and jumped in the pool, splashing the deck.

He immediately followed suit and jumped in the water behind her. When she came up for air and looked back at the bar, Mike was nowhere to be seen.

He splashed up out of the water and grabbed Erica around the waist.

"Gotcha!"

She squealed like a little girl.

She pushed away and realized there was no way she was moving if Mike didn't want her to. His muscular body held her in place.

He turned her gently around after she relaxed.

"I want to make absolutely sure you're serious about what you said...about me being adopted?"

"Why? What does it matter?"

Holy shit, Mike thought. She was being evasive and minimizing the situation as though she were protecting his feelings -- it had to be true. Emboldened by what he now believed, he did something completely unexpected.

"If we're not really related, then this wouldn't be as crazy."

"What?"

Mike moved the remaining inches toward his sister's face and pressed his lips to hers.

At first, Erica was in shock, but feeling his strong hands on her hips and his lips pressed against hers, she responded to his kiss.

Mike couldn't believe what he was doing. Propelled by the buzz of alcohol, he half expected Erica to slap him. Instead, his sister's soft mouth moved to explore his lips.

Mike felt her tongue slide inside his mouth and caress and play with his.

Mike had never been big on French kissing, but it felt sexy and intimate to feel her soft tongue wrap around his, moving in rhythm. Jolts of pleasure coursed through him as he felt her bite and suck on his lips.

Naturally graceful in the water, Erica wrapped her legs around Mike's waist, forcing him to respond by reaching below her, grabbing and holding her voluptuous ass, and pulling her tightly against him.

Erica's hands moved through Mike's hair, pulling at him, telegraphing her arousal.

Mike's hard-on pushed against his shorts as he made out passionately with his older sister. Everything seemed to slow down as they explored each other; nobody was willing to come up for air and acknowledge what they were doing was as crazy as it was.

When Mike moved his right hand off his sister's butt and placed it on her soft but firm breast, he felt her nipple harden, and the passion of her kisses increased.

They were devouring each other with a hunger that neither saw coming.

It was with only the faintest call toward sanity that Erica released her legs and hands from Mike and stepped back.

She looked at him, breathing heavily.

"Mike...I don't think we should be doing this...."

"I mean...we shouldn't be...but that was nice, right?"

His smile made her smile too. She was turned on -- she had been into it.

Erica climbed out of the pool and back to the bar. Mike took his time so he could allow the cool water to tame his erection.

Even so, as he walked up the steps towards where Erica sat, she could make out his semi-erect penis filling out his shorts alluringly. His washboard abs and incredible physique only added to the picture. She put her robe on to conceal her hard nipples. Now that she had tasted Mike and exposed her hidden desires, she felt guilty about lying to him and opening this particular can of worms up.

When he reached the bar, he said, "Do you want anything to eat or drink?"

"No...I think I'm going to hit the hay. It's been a long day with all the travel."

"Oh...ok...yeah, totally. You should get some rest."

Erica scurried away. She tried not to be awkward, but she had just been making out passionately with her brother and needed to process that.

Mike put everything away and shut down the bar, as well as the backyard lights.

When he got to his room, he went into his bathroom and jumped in the shower. All he could think about was Erica's beautiful body and the taste of her luscious mouth as she clung to him with her hands and legs.

He felt her attraction to him and wondered if she would be having the same thoughts. She was still his sister, but in light of being adopted, she was a little less his sister in his mind. He was definitely going to find the right time when his Mother got back to confront her about such a big secret. It was understandable not to want your child to feel like they didn't belong, but when he became an adult, that was another story.

For the first time ever, he realized he needed to masturbate thinking about his sister to get some relief after spending the afternoon and evening with her.

His dick throbbed hungrily as he pictured Erica's lean body and that sexy mound that her bikini barely concealed. He pictured pulling them down and rubbing his dick against her pussy. She definitely had to have an incredible pussy. Mike rubbed his dick, fantasizing about her.

It was not long before his big cock unloaded, shooting his pent-up spunk against the shower wall.

Erica lay in her bed, not daring to touch herself. She felt so horny and couldn't believe how turned on she was when Mike kissed her. It was so much more passionate than anything she had felt with her long-standing boyfriend over the past six years.

She felt guilty. Why had she not just told Mike she made up that story about being adopted? Now that he had kissed her, she felt responsible. Yes, they were clearly attracted to each other, but there is no way he would have acted on it if she hadn't created the opening.

She really liked Mike and didn't want to hurt him. As the older sister, she was going to take responsibility and come clean the next day.

* * * * *

When Erica got up, something smelled good. She quickly showered and came downstairs into the kitchen.

Mike looked at her from where he stood at the central island in their large kitchen. Multiple industrial-grade stoves and refrigerators accented the mostly white stone countertops.

He pointed to the small dining table at the edge of the kitchen area, indicating she should sit.

"I'll be there in a minute." He said.

Carrying a large serving platter, he set the table.

"Breakfast fit for a queen," he said, bowing ridiculously.

Looking at the spread, Erica said, "You really didn't need to do all this for little ol' me!?" She smiled and gestured at herself.

Mike chuckled. "Well, I hope you like it."

They ate breakfast together, and Erica helped Mike with cleaning the dishes. She planned on going shopping.

"Hey, I'm going to do a little shopping today, and it's been a while since I've been here...and so much has changed...."

"I'm off today...so how about I show you around?"

Erica smiled...she had hoped Mike would go with her.

They took Mike's SUV and left for the closest shopping mall, which happened to be quite large.

She wore a basic outfit -- some jeans and a white top. He found himself sometimes staring at her butt, which looked sexy in those tight jeans, as they walked by nicer clothing stores, considering where to shop.

"So, what are you looking for? You did travel pretty light if you intend to stay here."

"Yeah, I got rid of just about everything I had. It doesn't make sense to ship it all overseas. So I'm pretty much open to whatever. I definitely need more summer clothes...I can't wear stuff like these old jeans too much longer."

"Oh, I'd say those jeans are definitely a keeper."

"What? Oh...you're saying they look good?"

"Yeah...they definitely look good...on you," Mike said appraisingly.

Erica had a sudden awareness of Mike's eyes on her body...and she felt excited by his attention.

"Well, thanks!" She said, shooting Mike a cute smile.

They stopped in a couple of department stores where Erica picked up a number of outfits, mostly summer clothes.

She periodically popped out of the changing area, asking what he thought of this or that outfit. Mike thought she looked good in anything she put on, especially anything that highlighted her tight body or exposed her stomach, boobs, or butt. No doubt about it, his sister was hot.

Mike carried the bags as they walked, suddenly slowing down.

"Hey, what about that place?" Mike pointed his thumb at a fancy lingerie shop, smiling.

"Yeah, right. That is not my thing, nor has it ever been."

"Are you telling me you don't have any lingerie...your boyfriend never got you any?"

Erica felt embarrassed to admit it. "That's not our type of thing. He's more of an intellectual."

"Now, that...is a waste!"

Erica rolled her eyes but smiled, feeling warmth at Mike's appreciation.

"I haven't gotten you a homecoming present yet...How about I buy you some outfits from there? I know you've got to be pretty broke until you land a job...how about you treat yourself?"

"Mike...are you seriously trying to look at me in lingerie? What happened last night...that was an accident. I think we both haven't seen each other in a long time...and we had a lot to drink...."

Mike turned to her, completely stopping.

"First, I was not saying I had to see you in the lingerie. I sincerely just wanted to treat you to something nice that I think you'll like...especially since you've somehow never had anything like it - which doesn't seem even remotely possible.

"Anyway, you can get things that are nice there, like sleepwear. And maybe it would be nice for your boyfriend to see you in something other than a cloth smock when he visits...and I can wait outside if you want."

Erica laughed; her lovely smile sparkled.

"Ok, ok...sorry, I doubted your motivations. I do appreciate the gesture. You know what? I'm going to take you up on your offer...and I'm not even going to make you wait outside like a servant."

"Why, how kind of you...mi-lady!"

She chuckled as they entered the store in good spirits.

They passed racks of sexy underwear, stockings, tops; you name it. The store was big.

Grabbing Mike's arm as they walked more slowly, she confided, "I don't even know where to start...I've always avoided buying this stuff."

"I have some ideas if you're open to it."

"I...actually could use the help...this is intimidating to me."

"Ok, so first thing, you should get some nicer stuff to sleep in. What do you have now?"

"Just big cotton t-shirts and some pajamas I've had since high school."

"You really have been a poor college student for too long!" Mike laughed.

He began to grab a variety of silk nighties, some with matching panties.

"Here, try these on, and I'll meet you at the changing room with more stuff to try."

"Thanks, Mikey!" she said as she walked away. Mike lingered again, watching her butt, imagining what it would look like in the things he was picking out."

Mike was a good judge of size and weight, so when he walked through the store selecting sexy lingerie, he was pretty sure he had it right.

He made his way to the dressing rooms; he called out through the sliding fabric curtain, "Are you decent?"

"Yes."

"How are those working for you?"

"I love them."

"Good. I brought you more stuff to try on."

"Mike...could I ask you a favor?"

"Sure."

"Could you come in here? I think this works, but I could use another opinion."

"Of course."

"Just come in through the drapes."

He pushed them aside and walked in. The dressing room was divided into a viewing area with a full mirror and a private stall for clothing changes off to the side.

Standing before the mirror was a sight he was not prepared for.

Erica wore a blue silk nightie, and it was clear that all she wore underneath were matching silk panties. The bottom was short enough that he saw a glimpse of her blue panties above her tanned and toned legs when she held out her arms to pose.

She said, "What do you think?"

Her perky breasts filled out and were outlined by the sheer material.

She was enthralled as she watched Mike's eyes move over her body. She couldn't help her response as her nipples hardened through the blue silk.

Mike felt his cock respond uncontrollably as an erection formed just from looking at her in that outfit.

Erica knew she had pushed the envelope with her actions, but she felt so excited when Mike gave her attention like he was doing now.

As Mike looked her over, she looked at him. Specifically, the big log that had formed along his leg, exposed by the light fabric of his shorts.

"Turn around," he said.

She moved slowly, facing away from him and looking into the mirror in front of her.

"Well, let me see..." he said as he walked up behind her.

Through the mirror, Erica saw Mike move slowly up behind her, his massive erection tugging and pulling his shorts against his leg.

Carefully, Mike put his big hands on Erica's hips as he stood directly behind her, looking in the mirror.

She felt him press against her butt as his strong hands held her in place.

Mike smelled the fresh scent of Erica's luscious hair as he moved his head next to hers. She was tall, so her face was only a little below his as he looked at her in the mirror.

"I think you look pretty good in this...I approve."

"I can tell...," Erica said, looking into his eyes in the mirror as she moved her hand behind her onto the bulge in his pants and squeezed.

"Uhhhh huh," Mike breathed, feeling his sister's slender hand on his hard-on.

Mike's hands moved up the silky gown across her stomach and finally rested on her soft breasts. He cupped them and then squeezed her hard nipples.

Erica's mouth stood agape as she breathed in heavily while she continued to slowly rub his hard dick.

"Mike..., we shouldn't be doing this...."

"I know...," he stared, enraptured by his sister's beauty, her face conveying her arousal while he felt her tits, enjoying the feel of her body against his.

He leaned forward as Erica turned her head, their mouths connecting.

Completing the turn towards him, Erica's hands reached up into his hair as she drew him closer while their mouths felt a now somewhat familiar connection and rhythm.

Erica's mouth was soft and sweet as Mike pushed into it feeling her tongue dance with his once again. His hands naturally fell onto her silky rump, squeezing her beautiful ass. It felt so perfect in his big hands.

A voice drifted into the room, "Is anyone in there? Coming in...."

Erica and Mike pulled apart, attempting some semblance of normalcy as a store saleswoman entered.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know anyone was in here."

"Yep -- just finishing up in here," Erica said quickly. She wasn't sure how much the employee had seen.

"Well, I didn't mean to rush you...take your time," she said with a knowing smile.

"Ok, we're just about done," Erica said.

"By the way -- that looks amazing on you," the woman said.

Mike said, "I know...that's what I was saying!"

The curtain closed, and Mike and Erica looked at each other, laughing.

Mike said, "We may have overstayed our welcome, I'm going to get you all this, and if you don't like anything, you can return it."

"Sounds good," Erica said, feeling a little embarrassed at everything that just transpired.

Erica handed Mike the blue nightie and underwear as she changed in the stall. He couldn't help but notice the underwear had a dampness in the crotch. Mike lifted them to his face and inhaled. He felt lightheaded at how erotic and sexy his sister's scent was. It made his balls ache with need.

Picking up the pile of sleepwear and combining it with the lingerie he picked out, Mike headed up to the counter and made the purchase.

Erica met him as he finished up, and they went towards the exit.

As they walked out, they could hear the employee that caught them say to another. "What a cute couple!"

As they walked, there was an awkward silence. Lines had been crossed, and neither one had expected that.

"Hey, are you hungry? There's a great Italian place not far from here." Mike said.

"That would be great."

They made their way into the restaurant, found immediate seating, and were once again talking about anything and everything, just not about what happened in that dressing room.

"So I heard that when you graduate from a fancy law school like you just did, companies make offers right out of school. Is that true for you?"

"It's crazy, but yes, that's why I have to travel next week...so I can visit the cities where these firms are."

"Are any of them...far away?"

"Yes, they're all over the country."

"Ohhh."

"Why, will you miss me?" she said with a pouty lip and puppy dog eyes.

"Shut your trap!" Mike laughed with amusement.

"There is a good option right here, not far from our house...and one that's not a terrible car ride away."

"Good, at least there's a chance you won't disappear again -- we missed you."

"You're sweet," she said, touching his hand and smiling, "Ideally, I would not live too far away."

"I'm just curious -- why did you never visit all these years? And why are you coming back now?"

"Honestly, It just became easier to live my life there. I met Jonathan, and we made a life together there with his family. I missed people over here, but...."

"...but -- something had to have happened. You could easily have gotten a job in jolly old England instead of coming back to the U.S."

"You got me."

"I know it's none of my business...you really don't have to--"

"No...I think I'd like to tell you."

"Ok."

"Well, when I first went to school, I was pretty innocent and naive...I mean, you remember me: Swim nerd, valedictorian, bookworm."

Mike chuckled and nodded.

"I'm sure you've been with lots of girls, but I had only been with one boy in high school, so I was pretty inexperienced."

Mike interjected, "Not as many as you might think...."

"A guy like you -- I'm so sure!" Erica said, rolling her eyes.

Mike had to smile; he liked her compliment.

"So, when I met Jonathan, I got attached easily -- he was my only real experience in a relationship.

"We were at the same place. He very much fit with me at the time, six years ago. But then...I changed and grew. I still like the things that we had in common at my core, but I wanted to DO things -- to have adventures...."

"And I'm guessing he stayed the same?"

"Yes...he lives in his head, and I want to live in the real world."

"So...you coming back here...is a way to start over?"

"Exactly. I loved it there -- don't get me wrong -- it's lovely. But I can't see myself there long-term like I once did. It does make me sad, though...." Erica's eyes glistened with moisture.

Reaching across the table, Mike touched her hand tenderly. "That is a lot...I'm sorry it didn't work out for you...."

"It's...ok...thank you..." She smiled while still revealing sadness behind her eyes.

"So...Is it weird being back here?"

"I thought it would be...but then...I got to hang out with you." Erica looked like she might blush.

"Yeah...I have to say; I'm so happy you came back...I had no idea how much you've changed and grown!"

"Uh -- I think you take the cake in that department, Mike. I literally didn't recognize you when I came to the door. I was like, who is this guy? Did Mom finally get a boy toy as she should have instead of living alone all these years!?"

They both laughed. Mike realized he was still holding Erica's hand; he released it reluctantly.

When they eventually finished, Mike insisted on paying for the meal.

"Thank you -- I really am poor right now until I get a job."

"Don't worry; I'll take good care of you," Mike said with a wink.

Erica knew she shouldn't have, but his comment and confidence excited her.

* * * * *

When they returned home, they really didn't have any plans. Mike helped unload Erica's boxes and bags.

Erica said, "I have no place to be...would it be ok if we just stayed here and used the pool again?"

"I knew once you got a taste of that pool; you wouldn't be able to resist!"

"Swimming is something I'll never let go of...and with all the upgrades out there, it's really the best place to be!"

They quickly changed and went out to the pool.

When Mike entered the backyard, Erica was at the bar, wearing her blue bikini.

"I made us some drinks!"

"Excellent!"

He hopped up on a stool and clinked glasses with his sister.

"Here's to a new life!"

"Heck yeah!"

Mike turned the music on, and they fell into the effortless conversation they'd been experiencing in one another's company all weekend.

After a few more drinks, Erica got up to take a swim and hurt her foot..

"Owww...shit. I just stepped on something."

Mike looked down and saw a small screw on the ground that must have been kicked around until it stung Erica's foot.

"Dang, it -- it's just a little screw...I probably caused this when I assembled some of this furniture. Here -- let me take a look."

Sitting on the lounge chair, Erica raised her foot up. It didn't look like it punctured the skin, but she had a deep red mark.

"Hold on a minute." Mike went behind the bar and came back with a bottle of lotion.

Pulling the lounge next to hers so it was nearly touching, he leaned over her legs, near her calf.

"Now, just lay back for a minute."

"Ok...."

Gathering lotion in his hands, he proceeded to rub her foot. He wasn't usually into feet, but he had to admit Erica's dainty feet were cute, and she had perfectly painted toenails. They were sexy.

"Mmmmmm...that feels better."

Continuing to rub, he moved over to her other foot, saying, "We can't forget about this one, now can we?"

"Uhhh...no." Erica had closed her eyes and was in ecstasy, feeling Mike's big strong hands massaging her feet.

He moved his hands up, applying lotion to her calves as well. They were toned and well-muscled like the rest of her legs.

"You're so good to me, Mikey...."

From his vantage point, Mike was able to examine her body while she closed her eyes. He began to massage her sexy tan legs, spreading them ever so slowly as he moved up just below her knees.

As they parted, he was riveted as he looked at her barely-covered pubic mound below her sexy tummy.

As he started to move to her thighs, Erica began to breathe heavier; her mouth opened ever so slightly as she licked and chewed on her lips.

Mike felt himself harden as he watched his sister bask in his attention. He decided to press further.

Moving his hands further up her thigh, he massaged, ever so slowly encroaching upon her womanhood, only inches away.

He felt her hand grab his wrist.

"Mikey...that's too far...."

"But I just wanted to make you feel better...."

"I know what you were trying to do."

Mike sat back on the other lounge with a contrite expression. "I'm sorry if I pushed things too far...."

Thinking of a way to shut him down kindly, she said, "That felt nice...too nice, Mike. But I think you know we can't go any further."

It had felt good to flirt with Mike and get his attention, but she had allowed things to go too far. She had desperately wanted him to move his hands up and touch her where he never should.

Of course, she was going to have to tell him the truth about his adoption, but she needed to find the right moment. At least, that's what she told herself.

She got up and walked towards the patio door.

"Where are you going!?"

"It's getting late...I'm tired."

"Ohhh - Booo!" Mike said lightheartedly as Erica entered the house.

Mike sat there, dumbfounded. It wasn't that late. Why had Erica gone cold so suddenly?

Realization dawned on him. He had been living in a fantasy for the last couple of days. Erica was beautiful and enthralling, but she was his sister. There was no way he should be doing what he was doing. Even if he was adopted, something like this could destroy their family.

He closed down the bar, put everything away, and went into the house. Walking past his sister's room, he noticed her door was closed, and the light was out.

Erica lay in bed feeling guilty. She had led Mike on -- and why had she not told him about her lie? She knew she should have said something, but after he kissed her that first time in the pool, she didn't want it to stop. She felt so comfortable around Mike. It was effortless and something she had never experienced with her boyfriend or even her other friends. Why did he have to end up being so attractive!?

Walking into his room, Mike closed the door and turned out the light. He lay in bed, on top of his covers in his underwear, hands behind his head, looking at the ceiling. He had such a great day with Erica. She was gorgeous, but she was also so cute and fun, the way she interacted and played with him. They had shared so much of themselves with each other in their conversations and interactions. He felt closer to her than any of his friends or girlfriends, and that was after two days!

As Mike contemplated, he heard his door open, dim light from the hallway flooding in. A silhouette framed the doorway.

"Mike...I...ohhh, sorry!" Her eyes had adjusted, and she saw Mike sprawled out in his bed like an underwear model. He looked so sexy like that -- she wanted to keep looking but knew she shouldn't.

She turned to go.

"Wait!"

She turned back around. Mike's eyes had adjusted, and he saw she wore that same blue nightie from the store.

"What did you want to tell me?"

She looked down. "I just wanted to apologize."

"For what!?"

"I'm a terrible person -- I led you on--"

"Erica, you are not a terrible person. I pushed you...and you're my sister, regardless of the circumstances. I just went overboard because...well...I honestly find you...irresistible."

She felt a thrill hearing his admission and responded in kind. "I guess...I just wanted your attention...I haven't felt seen like this...ever...I just...." Tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and she covered her face.

"I'm sorry...this is not what I wanted to say...I'm going to go...we can talk about it in the morning." She quickly turned and left the room.

It all started to make sense. She wanted his attention, and she had the same feelings and felt the same connection and attraction he did, but the taboo nature of the situation was blocking her, as it should. Mike had to make a choice. He could back off and help restore order to their relationship, or he could give in to his desire for his sister.

He debated it for another few minutes. He knew he should do the right thing, but he found himself standing up and walking out into the dim hallway light.

He neared Erica's door. It was open a crack. Maybe a part of her wanted him to come in?

It was dark in her room as he opened the door, the hallway's light filling the room and draping shadows onto the walls.

"Mike?"

He said nothing as he pulled the sheets and blanket aside, exposing her beautiful body, covered only by the thin blue silk of her nightie.

She had been on her side and turned to face him as he stood near her feet at the bottom of the bed. Her blue panties were exposed, the short nightie riding up above her hips.

Mike removed his underwear, releasing his big erection, as he climbed slowly into the bed, gently sliding his hands up her legs.

Leaning down, he planted kisses on the soft skin of her inner thigh, using his tongue to lick and tease her.

"Mike...what are you...doing?" She breathed.

He kissed her smooth thighs until he reached her silky panties, which he licked and kissed.

"Ohhhhhhh," Erica sighed in a womanly tone.

Her legs opened further as he continued to tease her.

Reaching under, he felt her ass as he grabbed the elastic band of her panties and gently pulled them up and over her long legs, quickly returning to his position between her thighs.

Mike's shoulders pushed her legs upwards and wider as he got into position, his face only inches from her womanhood.

Leaning in, he inhaled her musk as he kissed her tender lips. She was neatly trimmed and shaved, except for the small patch of dark hair above her vulva. She smelled like heaven as he tasted her pussy, kissing and licking her tender lips.

"Uhhhhhhhhh...Mikey...Ohhhhh...", she moaned.

He inserted his finger into her slit. She was wet and tight as he worked and lubricated his finger inside her.

Mike had learned he had a talent for eating pussy, and he put it to full effect as he worked his sister's swollen clitoris.

She moaned and writhed as he pleased her with his tongue, enjoying her delicate taste.

She cried out. "Ohhh...uhhhhh...I think I'm going to...cum."

Mike took her over the edge, feeling her pussy tighten against his finger as she orgasmed, making the most delightful, feminine sounds as she writhed in pleasure.

"Uhhhhnnnggggnnnn...ohhhhhhhhh." She groaned as the biggest orgasm she had ever experienced flooded her mind and body completely.

Mike waited until she returned to Earth.

"That was amazing...I've never had that...done before..."

He was surprised, but then again, it really appeared that she had been neglected.

He pulled up her silk nightie, kissing her stomach and moving upwards until he tasted her hard nipple and squeezed her breasts.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," she breathed, clearly wanting more.

Lifting her arms, she helped him remove her nightie. Now that she was naked beneath him, he could feel the heat emanating from between her legs where his throbbing dick rested.

"Mikey, I don't think we should be doing this...."

"I don't think I can stop, Erica. My feelings for you are too big...I've...fallen for you."

Her heart opened upon hearing his admission.

Pressing his mouth to hers, he felt her immediately return his kiss with passion as she bit his lip and pressed hard against his mouth, sucking and licking with urgency.

She reached down, gripping his shaft in her slender hand, rubbing it against her wet slit, which lubricated the head.

"Mikey...it's so big..." she whispered between kisses.

"I'll take it slow...."

She whispered, "I'm on birth control, but I've only ever had sex with condoms."

"It's ok; I can pull out...I won't do anything you don't want me to."

She eased the tip into her entrance. Pushing, he felt himself slide in bit by bit as her lubrication coated his member.

Her soft pussy seemed to suck him in as he worked his way to the bottom, pushing in and out slowly.

"Ohhh God...you're inside me...you feel so good."

She kissed him passionately as he pumped harder into her tender channel's vice-like grip, feeling her warmth enfold him.

It felt so...intimate.

Taking her wrists, he pinned her arms back and above her head as he positioned himself for deep thrusting.

Erica moved her long sexy legs back and widened their position, allowing him full access to her body.

He couldn't believe that he was inside his big sister only days after her return home.

She was so sexy, and he had wanted her so badly...but never in a million years did he think he would be deep inside her feeling her buttery pussy massaging his dick.

She moaned, "Ohhh...fuck....Ohhhh...fuck...I think I'm going to cum soon...."

Mike pumped his big cock deep, thrusting faster. He knew he wouldn't last long inside Erica's steamy gash.

He suddenly felt a need to give her his seed. He had always pulled out during unprotected sex, but his attraction and desire drove him.

He exclaimed, "I'm going to cum too...I don't want to pull out...."

She felt his cock deep inside her. She felt his urgency and desire. She suddenly realized she wanted it...she wanted to feel her brother cum inside her.

"I don't want you to pull out...stay inside me...," she pleaded, breathing in his ear as she pulled him in tight, locking her legs behind him.

Mike felt her vaginal walls contract as she came, coaxing his balls to release their load.

"I'm cummmmming!" she roared.

"Fuuuukkk!!" he groaned as he pushed deep inside his sister, feeling his balls tighten in anticipation of their release into her sacred depths.

His cock erupted, spurting pulses of his sticky cum perfectly timed with her orgasmic contractions, blasting the mouth of her womb with his potent sperm.

She felt the warmth of his manly jism fill her tummy as he held her in place, pushing against her hips until his semen overflowed, leaking out from their tight connection with everything his big balls had to give.

They lay panting, soaking in the ecstasy of their shared orgasmic experience.

Erica kissed him tenderly and whispered, "I've never experienced anything like that...I love you so much, Mike."

"I love you too, Erica."

When he eventually pulled out, they didn't even bother cleaning up and instead cuddled together in Erica's bed, completely wiped out from the experience. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

* * * * *

When Mike woke up, he rolled over and noticed Erica was gone. He must have been tired not to have noticed her getting up. He had never fucked a girl so intensely as he did the night before -- it was next level how good she felt. Rolling over, he grabbed her pillow and inhaled her scent that still lingered. It smelled like summer, flowers, and sex.

He smelled something cooking. When he went into her bathroom to pee, he noticed she had already showered and gotten ready. He went back to his room and jumped in the shower.

As she cooked breakfast, Erica thought about everything that happened the day before -- especially at night in her bed.

She had never had a sexual experience even close to as intense and enjoyable as she had just had with her brother. She marveled at how different he was from her previous lovers. Mike was so manly, and the way he handled her made her want to give in to him and give him everything she had to offer. How had he become so damn hot? And how had she fallen for him so hard and in such a short amount of time?

She let him cum inside her in the heat of the moment. Even more, she had wanted him to. That experience was incredibly powerful, and she wondered if that was why she felt different. She felt lighter and happier than she had in years.

Now she definitely was not going to bring up her little fib. It would only be a matter of time before he confronted their Mother about being adopted, but she didn't want to spoil what they had going until then. With any luck, he would forgive her.

Coming down the stairs, Mike said, "What smells so good?"

"Oh, you know...just a little something I'm making."

Entering the kitchen, Erica was in one of the summer outfits she bought -- a skirt with a short sexy top that exposed a portion of her midriff. Her long and lustrous black hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

He came up behind her as she manned the stove, wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her in tight.

"Ohhhh, that feels nice," she said as he planted kisses along her exposed neck.

Turning around, she reached up and pulled him in for a kiss. Her soft mouth opened, and he explored it with his tongue as he moved his hands down to her tight buns, squeezing and pulling her against him.

When she came up for air, she was smiling at him; her brown eyes sparkled along with her white teeth.

"I think someone is feeling naughty," she said as she reached down and felt Mike's boner, squeezing it hard.

"I'm going to have to take a rain check...I only have about 10 minutes to eat and get out of here."

"What!?"

"I hate to say it, but I have to go to work today at the gym. I'll be gone until sometime this afternoon."

Erica made a sad face. "What will I do without you here to occupy my time?" She smiled innocently.

"I'm sure you'll figure something out. You have the place to yourself, and frankly, I'm jealous; it's like you're on an extended vacation."

"I can't say you're wrong...it's been a long time since I've gotten the chance to sit around and relax."

They ate Erica's fantastic meal. She really was an amazing cook, Mike found out, and she intended to spoil him with her cuisine.

He said, "I'm sorry, I can't help clean up this time -- I'll make up for it later."

Walking toward the door, he said, "Just text me whatever you want to eat, and I'll bring it home on the way back."

"Sounds good...bye!"

"Bye."

* * * * *

When Mike returned later that afternoon with food, the house seemed empty.

"Erica?"

He walked to one of the patio doors. Of course, she was out back next to the pool lounging in her bikini, reading a book.

After seeing so many sexy women working out at the gym, he was horny. A few of them were really hot -- but none of them as hot as his sister in a bikini.

"What are you reading?"

"Oh, nothing much, just some Brandon Sanderson novel."

"I didn't know you read fantasy."

"I read everything you goof...remember, bookworm?" Her thumb pointed to herself.

He smiled. His sister was so smart and sexy. He wanted her again...and soon.

Getting up, she said, "Let me get you something to drink."

They went to the bar, and after she fixed a couple of cocktails, and they drank.

"So, how was the Gym?"

"Pretty good"

"I bet the girls fawn over the gym's top trainer, watching you work out."

"I mean, sometimes they do...why are you asking...are you jealous!?"

"What!? I'm just trying to learn more about your work!" She feigned being affronted.

"I see...."

"And do you like all the sexy gym bunnies that work out there?"

He smiled at her goading remark. "There are some attractive girls there for sure...but none could hold a candle to you."

"Aw shucks...you're too kind." Erica found herself blushing at his obvious pandering.

Even though she goofed around, she knew Mike was hot, and women likely did fawn over him...and she did feel possessive. How was that even possible after so short an amount of time?

"Mike, I think we need to address the elephant in the room."

"Are you saying that because of my...trunk?" He had a shit-eating grin on his face.

Rolling her eyes, she said, "I'm serious here."

"Ok...tell me what's on your mind."

"I think it's safe to say that we are attracted to each other."

"Well...yeah...duh."

"I'm sure you understand; what we've done is a secret nobody can ever know about."

Preempting where he thought she might be going, he said, "I know it's messed up...and that we shouldn't be doing it...and I know nobody can know about what we've done. But I don't want to stop Erica. I just like you way too much."

"Ok -- I'm glad you feel that way.."

"Why? What are you getting at?"

"I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to say it."

"Ok." Mike looked worried.

"I want to be with you, Mike. I don't know how it will work, but I know I don't want to be with anyone else."

With obvious relief, he said, "Oh, thank goodness! I thought you were having regrets about what we've done. I'm not sure if you can tell, but...I'd like to be with you too." He looked a little bashful in his vulnerability.

Erica felt warmth flow into her heart as it opened even more to Mike.

"Oops...we need a refill," she said, turning to tend to the bar.

Moving behind her as she made another set of drinks, Mike wrapped his arms around her. "I think we need to continue what we were doing this morning in the kitchen...."

She sighed as he kissed her neck, moving his right hand onto her stomach and the other on her left breast, squeezing her tit.

She cooed, "Ohhhhhh...that's nice, Mikey...."

Slowly, Mike moved his right hand down her abdomen and under the elastic of her bikini bottom.

He felt the slight tuft of her trimmed pubic hair as he moved gently over her clitoris and downward across her vulva until he felt the oily wetness of her arousal coat his finger.

He rubbed the slick lubricant on her clit, making gentle circles while he kissed and nibbled on her ear.

Erica's breathing was ragged.

Erica stiffened, putting her hands on the bar to steady herself.

"Fuck...Mikey, you're going to make me cum like this...."

He squeezed her nipple, twisting it gently as he whispered, "I want you to belong to me."

"I'd like that...," she whispered.

Moving both hands under her bikini, he pushed down, causing it to slide down her legs and drop to the ground.

"Take off your top."

Quickly she removed her top, dropping it on the bar. She stood completely naked in broad daylight.

He rubbed his hard dick against her butt as he continued to fondle her pussy.

"Do you belong to me?"

"Uhhhh huh...," Erica moaned.

"Show me."

Turning, she put her hands on the bar stool next to her and bent over, using her long legs to raise her sexy butt toward him.

He took a moment to examine her. Below her perfect tiny anus was the sexiest pussy Mike had ever seen. The ridges were subtly pronounced with a dark reddish hue, closely matching her tan skin, which faded into lighter skin where her bikini bottom had blocked the sun, as well as across her back where the lighter lines of her top were embossed.

He put his hands on her well-rounded butt, feeling the firm yet soft cheeks. He slapped one, enjoying the thwack and jiggle that ensued.

His cock throbbed, hard as rebar, as though it were trying to reach out on its own to gain entrance to her femininity.

Grabbing the base of his cock, he moved it into position, sliding it against her wet slit.

He slowly worked it in until his hands were free to grab and pull her glorious ass meat as he pumped deep into his sister's pussy.

"Uhhhhh... uhhhh," she mewled as he took his time, feeling the silky heat of her tender cunt grasp his dick each time just before he pulled out and plunged back into her.

His balls ached already for release as he looked upon the heavenly creature he was fucking.

She looked so beautiful bending over, extending her arms, and pushing backward to give him access to her most private and sacred entrance.

Mike wanted her. He wanted her to belong to him.

He leaned forward and grabbed her long black ponytail, pulling it so she felt the tension.

"Tell me." He insisted as he made each thrust deep into her quim.

"Ohhhh....fuck...Mike," slap, slap, slap, "I...belong...to you." Her ass continued to slap against his bucking thrusts as he controlled her position by tugging on her hair.

Her pussy felt like it was sucking and squeezing him each time he almost pulled out before bottoming it out all the way to his balls.

Urgently, he said, "I'm going to cum in you..."

"Ohhhh...yesss...." Erica pleaded.

She yelled out loudly, "I'm cumming...ohh, God...make me yours!"

"Oh fuck, here it comes," Mike growled as he pumped hard and deep.

"Uhhhhnnnnnn...fuuuuuck...." He grunted as he emptied his balls deep into his sister's tight pussy, holding her ass tightly with one hand and her ponytail with the other.

His cock spasmed as he continued pumping his semen to the last drop into her womanly depths.

When at last, he softened, he pulled out, watching as obscene amounts of his thick white cum oozed out of her pussy, dripping to the ground and running down her legs.

Erica pushed herself upright and turned to him, her elegant tits exposed in the light of day.

Smiling, she said, "How was that? Convinced?"

"I don't know...we might have to try that again to make sure," he said with a grin.

"Well, I don't mind...at all," she said, kissing him.

He pulled her in tight, embracing her, both completely naked in the sunlight.

Erica said, "I think I need to get cleaned up. You made quite a deposit just now."

Mike watched with satisfaction as his sister walked to the house in all her naked glory, with his cum glistening down the back and insides of her legs.

"I'll close down out here and be in with our clothes." He yelled back to her as she entered the house.

They stayed in and had a low-key night after that, lounging around, eating dinner, and snuggling on the couch.

They fell asleep on the couch, woke up late, and went to bed.

* * * * *

The next day, Mike had to work late.

He got ready, had a quick breakfast with Erica, and had to go.

"I'll be back late tonight, so you should enjoy the day, have some dinner, and I'll come find you when I get back."

After the long day, Mike arrived home and called out.

"Erica...where are you?"

"Up here..."

Her voice came from upstairs, and he followed it to his room. The door was closed.

He knocked on the door. "Uh...can I come in...to my room?" He chuckled.

"Ok, you can come in!"

Entering, he saw that the lighting was romantic due to candles that were lit strategically throughout.

Erica walked towards him, wearing the sexy black lingerie that he had bought for her. Her black fishnet stockings connected to a garter belt and a minimalist corset pushed and exposed her breasts which were already aroused. She had no panties on, and the hint of her heavily trimmed black pubic hair called attention to her beautiful mound.

Reaching for his clothes, she said, "Let me get these off of you. You've had such a long day...I'm going to take care of you."

Mike just smiled and complied as she kissed him and removed all his clothes. She was so sweet and sexy in that outfit.

She led him to the bed, and he lay back, completely naked, his dick hard.

Erica crawled towards him from the bottom of the bed, dark locks of her hair draping and teasing his skin as she moved. His sexy sister licked and kissed his thighs until she reached his huge cock and balls.

"I want to make you feel good...but I'm nervous."

"What's wrong?"

"I feel so embarrassed, but I've never actually done this...with my mouth."

Surprised, Mike jumped in to help her feel more confident.

"That's ok -- you can take it slow, and I'll help you out." For someone so beautiful, she was a rare find to have so little experience sexually.

"Ok...what should I do?"

"First, I want you to lick my cock."

She held it in her slender hand. It looked huge in comparison.

Erica's little tongue brushed along his shaft. She licked with long slow strokes, inhaling the scent of his musk as she felt her pussy getting wet.

"You smell so good, Mike..."

Driven by pure instinct and lust, she moved down and licked and kissed his balls.

"Ohhhh -- that's good baby...I want you to put it in your mouth now."

"You're so well endowed, Mikey...I don't know if I can, but I'll try."

Erica moved her hot mouth over the head of his straining cock, tasting the precum that had welled up there.

Her pretty lips enveloped his shaft as she slid down as far as she could go, nearly gagging.

Pausing, she said, "I'm sorry...it's just so big."

"It's ok...don't worry about it. Try again, and you don't have to go so far down. Ok?"

She looked at him with her big brown eyes as she put his cock back in her mouth and moved up and down slowly.

"Ohhhh, yeah... that's good...", he said under his breath.

She looked up at him and made slurping sounds as she stroked his dick up and down with her mouth. Her beautifully feminine facial features made the experience extra sexy for Mike.

"Ok, now use your hand a little...make a ring with your fingers just below your lips."

She began stroking his cock in sync with her mouth, using her saliva as a lubricant for her hand as it glided up and down, pleasuring him.

"Ohhh -- that's good baby...you're going to make me cum if you keep doing that."

She made slurping sounds as she moved faster on his pole.

"Ohh fuck...I really am going to cum soon...I don't know if you're ready for that yet...."

She released his cock. "I definitely do want to do that for you, but I have something else I want to do tonight."

Climbing towards him, she planted kisses on his stomach, working her way up to his chest and then making contact with her mouth.

She kissed him passionately, biting his lip and moving her tongue into his mouth. He felt his hard cock brushing up against her pussy lips as she slowly ground on him.

She reached down and lightly squeezed and played with his balls as she whispered in his ear, "I missed you...I've been fantasizing about you cumming in me again....and your balls feel so full."

Hearing her say that was intoxicating, but he had to say something about the situation he found himself in at least once.

"I want that...so badly, but I have to say this. You know birth control isn't one hundred percent effective, right?"

"I know, but It's ok...the chances are low...and we're not even related, remember? So if anything happened, it would be ok."

She thought, what am I saying? Why did I say that? Is having him cum in me worth that risk?

She realized that, after having experienced him giving her his manly seed, she didn't want to go without it ever again. She knew she would be so much less satisfied and loved the way it pleased him when he gave it to her. Even though he was truly her brother, she knew deep down she would have his baby if it came down to it.

"Are you saying you would be ok if I got you pregnant? I know our family's stance has always been pro-life."

"Yes...if it happened...I would. I'm not sure how we'd explain it, but we would figure it out."

Her admission made his dick even harder as he thought about the insane possibility of impregnating his big sister.

"Erica...I hope this doesn't weird you out, but...that turns me."

"What...me getting pregnant?"

"Yes."

Her eyes widened with the realization of what Mike just said.

"Oh, Mikey...It turns me on too!"

Rubbing his cock against her wet pussy, she said, "Are all your concerns addressed now?"

"Yesssss."

"Do you want me to fuck you and make you cum in my pussy?"

"Oh God, yes." He had never heard Erica say anything so vulgar before. It was hot.

She squeezed his impossibly hard dick and said, "I want you to cum hard in me and not care whether or not you make me pregnant." she slid his rod into her awaiting pussy.

Her desire turned her on; thinking about what she had just said, her tight pussy expanded, allowing his big dick to glide right in.

He exclaimed, "Ohhh fuck, you feel so good right now."

Erica rocked her hips back and forth, pushing his rod deep into her lubricated tunnel, loving the sensations of his cock sliding against her vaginal walls and pressing up against her cervix, then back out again.

"You're so hot, Mike...I want your sperm in me so badly."

"Oh fuck, Erica...I want that."

"You want what?"

"To give you my seed."

"Ohhh fuck," she moaned as she bucked faster on his pole. He played with her tits while her hair dangled down against his face as she rocked back and forth, pleasuring him.

She said, "I'm ok...don't worry about me...I just want you to finish. Remember, I'm taking care of you tonight to show my appreciation for how well you've taken care of me."

Mike relaxed as his big sister pumped his cock deep into her pussy, stroking him until his balls tightened.

He groaned, "Ohhh fuck...I'm going to cum..."

She moved deftly, slapping against his hips.

"That's it...fill me up, Mikey...I love you so much!"

"Ahhhhhhh...Fuuuuck." Mike croaked as he ejaculated deep inside his sister's hungry pussy, blasting semen-coated ropes of his warm sperm into her sexy tummy.

She pushed down, holding his cock head against her cervix as he pumped his baby batter deep into her womb, as jolts of pleasure coursed through his body.

She whispered, "Ohhhh...that's so good Mikey...I feel it all the way inside me."

Leaning down, she kissed him tenderly until his dick softened and popped out of her, unplugging a torrent of the massive load that he deposited inside her.

She knew that for all that escaped, a good amount of his healthy sperm had penetrated her cervix and would stay inside her for days.

* * * * *

Mike and Erica made love and fucked off and on for the rest of the week.

They knew the luxury of being together uninterrupted would be short-lived, and they made the most of that magical week.

Erica knew her heart belonged to Mike. She had never fallen in love so deeply and knew she would do anything for him.

It was finally time for her to leave for her weeklong trip with her mother, visiting cities where she might live and checking out the law firms that had offered her jobs.

One thing was for sure, wherever she lived, she would need Mike nearby and ideally living with her.

After she packed for her week-long trip, she waited in the entryway with Mike.

She tried not to, but she began to cry.

"What's wrong, baby?"

"I'm gone this week, and you'll be gone next week. I know it's only two weeks, but I'm going to miss you!"

"I know...me too!"

"I'm also sad because it might be a long while before we can be together like we were this week."

"I know...it's going to be a lot harder for us since we'll have to pretend and sneak around...but I'm confident we'll figure it out."

"That makes me feel a little better...."

Erica hugged him tightly, soaking in his warm embrace.

Reaching his hand into her soft hair, Mike leaned close and kissed her tenderly and passionately. He had fallen in love with her as well.

When they saw the car pull up with their Mother and little sister in it, back from their week-long vacation, they spent the last private moments saying goodbye.

Erica said, "I'm not going to be able to talk much since I'll be with Mom all the time, getting caught up from the last six years, but know that I'm thinking of you."

"Same. I'll be here when you get back."

"I love you so much, Mike!"

"I love you too."

They opened the door and stood in the driveway waiting.

An SUV pulled into the long driveway, coming to a rest in front of the five-car garage where Mike and Erica stood, waiting. Their mother, Janice, and younger sister, Danielle, had just come back from a weeklong vacation which was a birthday gift to Danielle, who celebrated her eighteenth birthday the day before.

Due to unfortunate timing that stemmed from a weather-induced layover at the airport, Janice and Danielle were back a day later than expected. The original plan was for all four of the family members to spend the previous evening together celebrating both big sister Erica's return home and Danielle's birthday. Now, due to the complexity of scheduling a multi-city tour of prospective law firms, both Erica and their mother, Janice, needed to leave right away to make the schedule work.

This meant that they only had a few minutes in the driveway to greet each other before their Mother and Erica left, leaving Mike and Danielle home by themselves for the next week.

When Mike saw his mom, he realized he would have to wait until the right moment to bring up his adoption with her -- and that might be another two weeks before he was finally going to be alone

with her to bring it up.

Danielle, or 'Dany' as she was known by many, rushed to Erica, giving her a hug.

"Big sis...it's been so long!" Like Mike, Dany had not seen Erica in six years while she lived abroad. Their mother had visited Erica a few times over those years at least, but Dany was shocked by Erica's transformation.

Erica held Dany's hands, extending her arms out. "Look at you! You're all grown up too! I barely recognize you -- you're so beautiful!"

Dany gushed at Erica's praise, trying to top it. "You're the one that's beautiful...you look like a model! Wow!"

Their Mom interrupted, "We're going to have to postpone this family reunion for another week, unfortunately. We have to leave now if we're going to have enough time to sleep before our first law firm visit is scheduled."

After a few more pleasantries, everyone gave a final hug. it was time to leave.

Mike stood next to his little sister, Danielle, as his mom and Erica pulled out of the driveway in his mom's SUV.

"See you later....bye," Mike and Danielle shouted almost in unison.

Leaning out the car window, Erica shouted, "Thanks for taking such good care of me, Mike!" as they drove away, leaving Danielle and Mike alone for the next week.

They waved goodbye as the car drove off into the distance.

Danielle turned to Mike. "It looks like it's just you and me, big brother. You better take good care of me too!"

Mike thought If only she knew what her big sister meant by her statement. He wondered what Dany would think then.

He said, "Don't worry. You're in good hands until they get back."

Danielle batted her big blue eyes at him, "Does this mean I can throw a party!?" grinning.

"Whoa...slow your roll, Dany. You can have your cheerleader friends over, but a party might be pushing it."

"Please...I swear I'll be responsible!"

"I'll think about it...if you're good, that is."

Dany giggled. "I'm always good...you know that!"

Mike rolled his eyes. This was going to be an interesting week.

(To be continued...)