

50S FAMILY: A SISTER'S VIRGINITY

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Virgin sister becomes obsessed with twin brother's big cock.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Virgin sister becomes obsessed with twin brother's big cock.

Note 1: This is a **Summer 2017 Contest Story** so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, Hey All, thor_pf and Wayne for editing.

Note 3: I have attempted to use as many phrases as possible from the timeframe. So 'cum' isn't used but other terms are.

50's Family: A Sister's Virginity

"Please, Dad," I begged.

"I already told you," my father insisted in his infuriating old school way. "The answer is no, you cannot. Not unless you double date with Adam and Tiffany."

"But you let *him* go to the drive-in by himself," I pointed out, feeling like a whiney teenager, which I guess at the moment was accurate.

"He's a boy," Dad replied not at all aware of how sexist that statement was, sounding like a broken record. "And he's older."

"By nine whole minutes," I pointed out, sounding like another.

Dad had illogically used those damn nine minutes against me my whole life... even stressing when I protested that Adam was born before Eve in the Bible too. 'Adam is your big brother', which was usually followed with, 'You are his baby sister and God put him here to protect you.' It was never quite spoken, but the message that always came across loud and clear was this: Adam, the big brother, was the take-charge competent male figure. Eve, the widdle sister, was the helpless widdle girl, and *I* needed to be *protected* at all times from the *dangers* of an evil *world*! It was like I'd stepped out of a Bible story as nothing more than my brother Adam's blankety-blank *rib*! It had pissed me off for years. God, being twins sucked.

"And, well dear, I know it's a double standard, but I'm not worried about what he and Tiffany might do, my worries are about what some slime of a guy may try to do with you."

See what I mean?

I sighed heavily. My whole life this condescending double standard had been a constant theme used against me every time I wanted to do anything even remotely independent. It was the 1950s and girls were supposed to be wholesome sweethearts, while guys got to play in the pig-wallow.

"Dad, you've met Simon, and you *know* he's not slime."

"Still," he said, "conversation done."

I knew he meant just that, he wasn't going to change his mind. Have I mentioned the other Great Burden of my life? The one where I'm just a girl, and girls weren't created to be debated with; just to do what we're told?

"Fine!" I said, and stormed out with tears in my eyes. Tonight was supposed to be my first-ever drive-in date, and now if I wanted to go at all, I had to go with my twin brother and his vapid cheerleader girlfriend. I bet my 'competent big brother' didn't even know the *word* vapid.

Adam was equally unhappy, but he too knew there was no reasoning with our father once he'd made a decision.

Even Mom couldn't move the stubborn church minister... who was protecting me like I was the last living virgin... which, based on the rumours at school, I probably was.

That said, I wasn't going to the drive-in to lose my virginity. I was saving myself for marriage, really I was, but a little making out would have been nice. I'd never even been kissed except by three nerds at band camp last year during spin the bottle, and even that was a letdown since they'd just kissed me quickly, then jumped away averting their eyes as if I was disgusting. I was disappointed when I didn't get seven minutes in heaven (and also thankful, because it would be gross). Simon was the first boy I really liked, and sometimes we held hands when nobody was looking.

Simon was sweet, funny, and had many similar interests as me. He was also the first boy ever to actually ask me out... so that helped.

And me... I probably sound pathetic at the moment, but I'm not... not really, although I do know I'm still whining right now. I'm simply a kind of bookish, super smart, awkward, shy daughter of an ultra-conservative church minister. A minister who lectures fire and brimstone every Sunday for two hours and usually focuses on today's youth and their unholy rock music, their inappropriate fashion (he actually calls the poodle skirt the *devil's skirt*), and rants on that today's teens need to be protected from themselves. So even if boys were interested in asking me out, their fear of a vividly described eternal hell, and even worse, having to come up my front step and talk to my actual *father* had always stopped any potential suitors in their tracks.

Now, I'm not cheerleader hot, you know the kind with blonde hair and blue eyes and a bitchy attitude, but I was cute in the girl next door sort of way.

I was a brunette, with green eyes, and large (but well hidden), 38D breasts. I wore loose fitting unflattering sweaters every day to hide them... at the insistence of my father who didn't want me to tempt teen boys with the 'sins of the flesh'... his actual words.

But in the decade where Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield set the standards for beauty, everyone saw me as plain.

Mix in my insecurity and shyness, and I was eighteen years old and had never been on a date.

Even though Adam and I had turned eighteen already, we were only starting our senior year in the fall, since our family had spent a year on a mission to Africa when Adam and I were five, so we started school a year late.

Anyway, that's how I ended up in the back seat of my dad's car on my first real date, with my brother and his girlfriend in the front... and no one in the car happy with the situation.

Adam joked, once we got back from getting popcorn and sodas, "Now I don't want to see any hanky panky back there, you two."

I shot back with venom in my voice, hating his condescending attitude toward me, "Then you better keep your eyes forward." Rebelliously, I took Simon's hand.

Tiffany laughed, "Eve, you're a riot."

"Don't encourage her," Adam rebuked.

"Good to see some spunk in your sister. She usually acts like the Virgin Mary," Tiffany insisted.

I knew she was trying to be supportive, but that was actually insulting. Still, I joked, trying to bond with someone popular, "I'm surprised dad named me Eve, who sinned, instead of Mary."

Adam laughed, "Yeah, you're definitely not Eve the Temptress."

"Whatever," I said, annoyed that he always could, in a few words, deflate me like a leaky tire.

The movie started, and for an hour and a half there wasn't much talking between us. Although Tiffany leaned over to rest her head on my brother and they did a lot of whispering to each other, Simon watched the terrible sci-fi movie with focused attention... not looking my way once. He wasn't even holding my hand anymore.

I felt invisible. Like I did at school most days.

God, did I want to be the original Eve and tempt someone. Yet every time I thought of leaning over to cuddle Simon, my shyness took over and instead I sat there like a statue: frozen and paralyzed.

When the first movie ended, Tiffany turned and said, "Come for a walk with me, Eve."

"Um, okay," I agreed, happy to be seen with a cheerleader, even though I'd called her vapid... although that was only in my head.

"Get me a root beer and some fresh popcorn with extra butter," Tiffany ordered my brother.

Trying to sound in control, but definitely not wanting any more popcorn - I'd eaten way too much during the first movie - I ordered Simon, trying to imitate Tiffany's cool, "Get me some twizzles and a root beer."

Simon nodded, surprised by my bossiness. That wasn't like me.

As we walked to the washroom, Tiffany joked, "Always make sure you get all you can from your guy if you're going to be pumping or sucking him."

I breathed some spit and started coughing, I was so surprised by her words. "What?"

"Oh right, this is your first drive-in date," she said. "The price of admission for the girls is always male ejaculation."

"What?" I repeated, hearing her words but thinking they were ludicrous and impossible to fit anywhere into the real world.

"Nothing is free, Eve, even your daddy's Bible thumping rampages say that," she explained. "The guys pay for the date, and they expect to be repaid in one of three ways."

"Three ways?" I asked, not feeling at all smart.

"On first dates a hand job will usually suffice, and with a guy like Simon, that likely will be good enough for a while."

"A guy like Simon?" I objected with a bit of tone. I hate stereotypes and being stereotyped.

She smiled, "Don't get your girdle in a bunch, Myrtle, I was just saying I don't think he's very experienced."

"Oh," I said, assuming she was right. He was awkward, focused much more on the movie than on me.

"Unlike your brother, who has some pretty *high* expectations," she added.

"Gross," I said, as we reached the washroom.

"The admission price goes up based on the popularity of the guy or every once in a while, on the car he's driving."

"That's so shallow," I pointed out.

"Agreed," she nodded, "but society is shallow."

We reached the line, where Tiffany bumped into some other cheerleaders and I was back to wallflower mode... until Tiffany announced to the girls, "Eve here is on her first drive-in date."

"Does she know the rules?" Amber asked, looking at me with a look of complete dismissal, and confident that I didn't.

I responded, both to fit in and to shock, so sick of being judged by bitches like Amber, "First date hand job, unless you're a skank then you blow him and probably take his jizz all over your face. If you're a real tramp you fuck him and if you're the ultimate tramp you let him pound your asshole."

I rattled the whole thing off as if I'd said it a hundred times, even though I was just winging it and had no idea what I was talking about.

"Holy shit," Amber gasped, impressed. "The Virgin Mary has a little devil inside. She's gonna give birth to the wrong baby and God's gonna be pissed!"

I don't know why I said it, but I quipped back, "A little devil isn't what I want inside me at the moment."

"The sweet ones are always the biggest sluts," Jennifer opined loftily.

"Takes four to know one," I shot back, looking at all four of them.

"Only three," Allie said, "I'm a good girl."

"Says the girl who lets Brian come on her face," Tiffany shot.

"So do you," Allie countered.

"I do *not* let Brian come on my face," Tiffany joked.

"You know what I mean," Allie laughed, realizing her miscommunication.

"I prefer it sliding down my throat," Amber said.

"Or up my pussy," Jennifer added.

"Or up my ass," I added, trying to one up everybody.

All four looked at me with shock on their face and then roared!

Tiffany giggled, "That is definitely a date ten plus, and he better be driving a Thunderbird."

"Or be at least eight inches," Amber added.

"And thick," Jennifer interjected.

"And rich," Allie described.

"And smart," I said.

"Who cares if he's smart?" Amber objected. "I don't want to talk Shakespeare with him, I just want his spear shaking in me."

"You Renaissance slut," Tiffany said, laughing so hard she had tears in her eyes.

"Yep, I'm a slut alright," Amber agreed, "which is why I'm here with a college guy in a Corvette."

I couldn't help it, I tossed off, "Well you better get your axle grease ready, he's going to expect a little parking in the rear."

"Oh my God!" Amber gasped.

"I'm sure you'll be screaming exactly that when he sodomizes your ass," I continued, revelling in my first time fitting in with the popular girls... and my first time talking dirty.

"Eve," Adam said from behind *my* rear, his tone firm.

I turned around and saw Adam and a couple other football players looking at me with the most shocked expressions you ever saw.

I quickly scurried past him and his friends and back to the car... feeling humiliated, but also horny... my vagina was liquid fire.

As I walked to the car I wondered how a vagina filled with wet fire could be a good thing. Was I being tempted by Satan? Daddy would sure say so!

I had definitely sinned more in the past five minutes than I had my entire life.

Yet, I wasn't being struck down by lightning.

The only fire and brimstone was between my legs.

And no, I didn't feel any guilt... just exhilaration at allowing myself to let go for the first time ever. Just a rush coursing through me because for once I was more than just the smart girl!

I reached the car and saw Simon leaning against the side... trying to look casual, but actually looking awkward.

I asked, "Miss me?"

"Yeah," he nodded, so when I reached him, I kissed him.

He was shocked, but after a moment of me being the only one doing the kissing, he kissed me back.

It lasted a whopping five seconds, way longer than any of the pecks in spin the bottle, until Adam, again behind me, again his voice firm, said, "Eve, come here."

Simon broke the kiss, even pushing me away from him slightly, as he stammered to my brother, "S-s-sorry, Adam."

"What are you sorry for?" I demanded, instantly hurt.

"Eve, come here," he repeated. When I turned and glared, he added, softer, "Please."

"Fine!" I said, going to him, but at the same time glaring at him with the rage of a woman possessed.

"What are you doing?" he asked, looking embarrassed.

"Kissing my date," I answered, before adding for shock value, "But I haven't even shoved my tongue down his throat yet."

"Eve!"

"Adam!" I mocked back.

"We're in public," he pointed out. "People are everywhere!"

"So should I only play tonsil hockey in the car?" I asked, enjoying the chance to make my 'capable big brother' uncomfortable.

"Jesus, Eve," he said, shocked.

"You shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain," I pointed out, really enjoying standing up to my brother.

"What's gotten into you?" he asked.

"Not Simon," I retorted with a smirk.

"Eve," he said, his tone suddenly authoritarian, sounding just like dad, "I'm responsible for you and I will not have you wrecking your reputation."

I scoffed, "And what reputation is that? Prude church girl? Prim Virgin Mary? Those ones would be devastating to shatter."

He noticed we were beginning to get an audience so he ordered, "Get in the car."

"And what about *your* reputation?!" I asked, my feet not budging.

"What about it?" he asked, unsure what I was going to say next.

Truthfully, I had heard a lot of rumours about my brother, with the girl's bathroom being the truth serum for girls. One day I was in the bathroom back when Adam was dating another cheerleader, Ashley. She was giving everyone the vivid details of their night at Make-out Point.

I don't recall every word, but I did learn a lot about my twin brother and his sexual prowess.

1. He had the biggest dick in the school. Ashley swore it was over eight inches long, and thick like the skinny Tammy's wrist (Ashley's words, not mine).
2. He could come three straight times in under an hour.
3. Unlike other guys, he was willing to return the favour (at the time I had no clue what that meant).
4. He was very dominant, which Ashley loved. I recall her saying he was the only guy in the world she would let give her a facial or call her his jizz-bucket.

Yet I didn't say all that, instead I sarcastically said, "Oh nothing, you're prince fucking charming," using the 'F' word for the first time in my life except for back in the line just now when I thought there were only girls around.

I stormed back to the car, jostled past a sheepish Simon and jumped in the left-hand back door.

I saw Adam lecturing Simon briefly while he just kept nodding like a broken bobble head. I could only imagine what my brother was threatening him with.

Simon returned to the car while Adam walked back towards the canteen.

I asked, "Did Adam threaten you?"

Simon nodded, "He reminded me who your father was."

"I'm pretty sure my dad kisses my mom," I said.

"He was very convincing," Simon said, looking terrified. Changing the subject, he said, "Here's the snack you wanted, Eve."

"Thank you, Simon," I replied politely, even as I fumed inside.

Even at eighteen, I was still being treated like a child, and I wanted to be a woman. I leaned my boobs against his shoulder, placed my hand high onto his leg and said, "I'm sorry lover, let me thank you better than that."

"What are you doing?" he asked, instantly nervous.

My hand moved from his leg to his crotch and I said, "Thanking my handsome date for the movie and snacks."

"Stop that," he said, pushing my hand away.

"What do you mean?" I asked, insulted he'd pushed my hand away.

"We can't do anything," he said adamantly.

"We can't or you won't?" I demanded angrily. When we arrived I'd had no intention of doing anything but hold hands, maybe a kiss goodnight, but since learning the rules from Tiffany and then being forbidden to follow any of them... I suddenly wanted to do more.

"It's our first date," he said.

Trying to be sexy, imagining what Marilyn Monroe, or better yet Jayne Mansfield, would do, I said, moving my hand back to his crotch, "I just want to inspect the merchandise."

"Eve!" he gasped, but this time didn't push my hand away... likely because I had a firm grip on his hard penis and he didn't want to lose it.

"Is this because of me?" I asked coyly, feeling it was completely hard.

"Y-y-your brother is going to kill me," Simon stammered, looking completely scared instead of enjoying the feeling of having his penis squeezed by a girl.

"Fine, whatever," I said, pissed off and moving my hand away. "I would have sucked you."

I'm not sure that was true, but I'd been considering it.

Tiffany returned, and seeing us sitting far apart asked, "Something wrong?"

I snapped, "He didn't want his first date repayment."

"Simon, you should never reject a girl's advances," Tiffany said, scolding Simon. "That's very rude!"

"Your boyfriend threatened to kill me," Simon said.

Tiffany sighed. "Protective brothers," she lamented, nodding, looking at me with sympathy. "Thank God mine's away in the military."

"Mine seems to be a drill sergeant," I said, still annoyed, but appreciating the female understanding.

"Okay, that he is," she smiled, the innuendo obvious.

"Gross, he *is* my brother," I said.

"Just saying he knows what he wants and he takes it," she said, looking at Simon... clearly giving him good advice.

"Do you know what *you* want, Simon?" I asked, trying to sound sexy.

Simon's eyes were big. He was clearly uncomfortable with the situation... and unprepared.

"I'll keep your brother distracted if you want to play nurse resurrecting patient," Tiffany offered, just before the door opened and Adam got back in the car.

He glanced back at both me and Simon as he said, "Ready for the second flick?"

I was. I found James Dean super sexy and was looking forward to seeing the movie everyone was raving about: 'Rebel Without a Cause'.

"I'd leave you for James Dean in a heartbeat," Tiffany joked to my brother as he settled back in his seat.

"As long as I have the same option for Marilyn, it's a deal," he joked right back.

"You two will love this film," Adam continued, turning towards Simon and me. "It's my third time seeing it."

Tiffany quipped, her tone implying exactly what she meant, "Although you didn't see much of it last time, did you?"

"Not in front of my *sister*," Adam objected.

"Yes, her Virgin Mary ears can't handle the shocking reality of whatever you were implying," I said sardonically.

"Eve, please," Adam sighed.

"What?" I cooed innocently. "Why *didn't* you see the whole film last time, did you doze off?"

The film started and Adam didn't answer, instead just shaking his head with annoyance.

I too was annoyed.

I was sick of being his baby sister and him treating me like he had to protect me from the big bad world.

I was sick of being seen as the minister's kid, a stigma that didn't seem to hinder Adam's popularity, but suffocated mine.

I was sick of being perceived as a goody two shoes because I got good marks in school and was nice.

I wanted to be seen as pretty and sexy.

I wanted to be seen as a sexual being.

I wanted to have an adventure!

Although I really wanted to see this movie, instead I stewed about how I was being treated by both my brother and my date.

Why wouldn't Simon stand up for me?

The answer was obvious... my brother could twist him into a pretzel without even breaking a sweat.

Still... I wanted a man who would fight for me. A man who wanted me. A man who knew what I wanted, and also knew what he wanted and took control.

As odd as it sounds, I wanted a man just like my brother.

Tiffany was leaning on my brother's shoulder again and whispering, her right shoulder moving a fair amount. I wondered if she was giving my brother a hand job.

Feeling adventurous and wanting to push my boundaries, I scooted over to Simon and put my finger to his lips.

He shook his head no as I reached again for his penis.

I ignored his protests as I tried to unbutton his jeans, annoyed he was wearing a belt.

Yet again, he pushed my hand away.

Furious, I scooted all the way to my window and ignored him, staring at the movie, feeling completely unwanted.

A few minutes later, too angry even to watch anything, I closed my eyes, even as I heard Tiffany whisper, "Come on, Adam. I need that dick."

"Tiffany, my sister is right behind me," he whispered, even though I could tell by his tone he wanted to do whatever she was suggesting.

I kept my eyes closed and she said a minute later, "They're both asleep."

"No way," he said.

Tiffany asked fairly loudly, "Simon, Eve, you awake?"

Thankfully Simon didn't respond and I, trying to make it believable, began to snore lightly.

"See?" Tiffany said.

"Well, she *is* a sound sleeper," he said, clearly still unsure about doing something sexual with his baby sister in the car.

What he was saying was in a sense true, since once I was *really* asleep I was impossible to wake up.

"Come on, I need a load of that sweet jizz," Tiffany purred.

"We can't fuck," he stressed.

Tiffany said, "I just need your load. You know how much I crave it."

"You *are* an insatiable little sperm slut, aren't you," he whispered.

"Your jizz is just so addictive, baby," Tiffany purred. "I can never get enough."

"Fuck it," he gave in. "Get sucking, slut."

"Yummy," she said, as I opened one eye to see her blonde hair disappear into his lap.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, and I could see the back of her head bobbing up and down like a yo-yo slightly using the rear-view mirror which was ajar from its usual position. "No one sucks dick like you, my little cock sucker."

She moaned in agreement at a compliment that was usually an insult.

"Maybe I'll shoot this load all over your face and make you wear it the rest of the night," he said, with his confident cocky tone somehow turning me on... even though it was demeaning and derogatory to women.

She whispered between bobs, "Shoot that hot jizz all over my face if you want, baby. You know I love being your little slut."

"Oh yeah, remember when you had my load all over your face while you did your cheer at the year-end assembly?" he groaned, Tiffany's slobbery sucking sounds now echoing through the enclosed space.

I glanced over at Simon who appeared to actually be asleep.

I, on the other hand, was trying to get a closer look. Even though he was my brother, the Sex Act was turning me on and I wanted to see Tiffany sucking my brother's Big Penis.

And although people would call it sick and twisted, I was curious how big he was.

I know... but in my moment of sexual weakness I was no longer a good girl, but a very curious girl who longed to be bad for just one night.

So I leaned way up, my face just half a foot from the back of Adam's neck trying to get a better view of him getting oral sex, even as he groaned, "You're such a hungry slut, sucking my dick with my sister in the back seat."

Tiffany looked up, saw me and smiled, then she agreed, winking at me, "Oh yes, I'm a dirty jizz slut, you sexy boy. Now fuck my face with that big fucking dick."

I was about to move away since I was clearly busted, but I was paralyzed with awe at what I was witnessing and the hot wetness that was leaking into my panties. Plus, Tiffany's wicked smile had seemed to say 'Enjoy the Show.'

So I resumed watching, lifting my body up and leaning forward even more, being careful not to breathe on my brother's neck. I couldn't really see much, just the back of Tiffany's head bouncing around as my brother, as she called it, 'fucked her face.' It didn't really matter: I was watching them having sex! The sounds and even the smells were really exciting, but just the knowledge of what they were doing was best of all!

After a few minutes, Adam pulled out for a minute; Tiffany looked up and with a smile at me, displayed his cock in one hand and gestured with the other at its very impressive length as if saying, "*Tadaah!*"

The first penis I ever saw in my life was my brother's, and... Omigod was it magnificent! Long and powerful-looking, and glistening with a heavy coating of what was obviously Tiffany's spit.

She raised a questioning eyebrow at me, and I nodded silently. My cautious response was not to alert Adam, who was only two inches away from me, but she could see from the awe in my face how I felt. I was in heaven... except I was just an angel unable to do more than watch the sinners sin.

"Are you going to stroke it or suck it?" he demanded, annoyed at the lack of action.

"I just wanted to admire this perfect dick for a moment, isn't that alright?" Tiffany asked, again glancing up at me, wanting to know that I was still watching.

I was, with fascination.

My eyes were staring at my brother's 'dick', as Tiffany called it, and Tiffany spat on it, getting it all shiny while her small hands began stroking up and down the thick shaft for his... and my... enjoyment.

He chuckled, "Well, hard to argue that logic."

"Hard indeed," Tiffany approved, taking it back in her mouth.

"Oh yeah," he groaned. "No one sucks cock like you, my sexy jizz bucket."

"You always say the nicest things." Tiffany joked, as inches away from my brother, I moved my hand carefully to my hellishly heated vagina. It was full of liquid fire again.

"Less talking, more sucking," he ordered, as he grabbed the back of her head and pushed her down on his 'cock'... as he called it. "Take it all, my devilish cock sucker."

It was bizarre, but at that moment as I slowly rubbed my burning inferno down below, I wondered what it would be like if I were the one sucking my brother's big cock. I wondered what it would feel like to be his cock sucker. I wondered what it would feel like to be used and abused... to be called such nasty names by him.

Then he began bucking his ass up, seemingly now, what did she call it... fucking her face.

Loud slobbering sounds vibrated through the car and I backed away just a bit so I could begin rubbing my clit faster... needing to release the Lake of Fire swarming inside me.

"Oh yeah," he groaned, his breathing getting heavier... and mine.

I could feel pleasure in my body taking control and I wondered if I could come exactly when he did... as weird and sick as that was.

"Oh God yes, swallow every drop, you dirty jizz bucket slut," he grunted a good thirty seconds later.

I leaned to the side, between the seats to get a good view of the blow job, no longer caring if he saw me. As I watched my brother ejaculate into Tiffany's mouth, I imagined that I was the 'dirty jizz bucket slut' and I came almost simultaneously and, oops, I screamed, unable to muffle my pleasure, "Yessssss!"

Adam gasped, turning around to look back at me, his eyes going big. "What the fuck?"

I kept rubbing, not caring that my brother was now watching me, as Tiffany took her mouth off his cock and his sperm fountained way up in the air, while mine gushed into my panties.

"Holy fuck!" Tiffany gasped, pumping Adam's dick as his semen continued to spew up into the air like lava and fall back down like rain all over her hair and face.

"Ooooooh, sorry about that, big brother," I moaned, while my first ever orgasm from *anything* kept rumbling through me like a train rolling down the tracks, as I kept staring at his firehose cock and I called him my big brother for the first time in my life.

Adam was confused, staring at me in disbelief, unable to see my vagina through my panties, but able to see my skirt hiked up and my whole hand stuffed down to my sex.

Even bathed in white, sticky jizz, Tiffany was having the time of her life, and she couldn't stop grinning to save her life as she watched the effects of my virgin orgasm on my rapturous face! Playfully, she finally took his cock back in her mouth, which seemed to pull Adam out of his trance as he demanded, "Tiffany, stop!"

She did, but cooed, "But lover, your sister seemed to enjoy watching us *so much!*"

With my dying orgasm still making my body twitch, I suddenly felt an intense rush of guilt. I yanked my hand out of my sopping panties, my face burning red, and fled the car, glancing back at Simon who was finally awake and looking at me confused... as he had done all night.

I scurried to the bathroom, mortified by my behaviour and weakness. It felt like I allowed the devil to control my body, as tears began to form in my eyes, even as I felt a lake of juices swooshing around in my panties as I walked.

I went directly to a stall, sat on the toilet seat trembling and pulled down my sopping wet panties.

What did I do?

Why did I watch?

What was I thinking?

These and other questions swarmed in my head, guilt hitting me like a lightning bolt.

Yet, I also couldn't believe the pleasure that I'd brought on myself... or the sight of Tiffany sucking my brother's humongous cock.

Suddenly Tiffany called out, sounding very concerned, "Eve! Eve! You in here?"

"Yeah," I called back.

"Let me in," she ordered.

I did. She had tiny white blobs all over her hair and face, but didn't seem to mind.

"You okay?" she asked.

"Just feeling real dirty," I admitted.

"Because you touched yourself?" she asked as she casually wiped some jizz off her forehead with a finger and put it in her mouth, as if to say, 'Why would *you* feel dirty?'

"Yes, I never done that before," I revealed, kind of getting her point and relaxing a bit.

"Oh My God!" she gasped. "So that was your first time touching heaven?"

I laughed, her description of an orgasm the opposite of mine, "Or the flickering flames of hell."

She pointed out, "God created us and gave us that organ just so we could feel that pleasure."

"I suppose," I said, thinking that might be true, but my father would argue that *particular* pleasure was reserved by God only for married couples when they wanted babies.

"Don't you dare give me any of that 'supposes'," she said. "We're born to be sexual beings, to give and receive pleasure."

"But my brother saw me staring at his penis," I pointed out, unsure how I could look him in the eye after that... even though I could still see his penis perfectly.

"I've already dealt with that," she said.

"How?"

"I simply explained to him that you were so shocked by seeing such a big dick, that it caused you to scream," she said.

I laughed. "Well *that's* true." After a pause I asked, "Are all boys that big?"

"God, no. Your brother has the Cadillac of cocks," she joked.

"Tiffany!" I giggled.

"And there is nothing I'd rather park in my garage, if you know what I mean," she continued.

"You're so bad," I said.

She added, her naughty sexual innuendo somehow making my pussy tingle again, "Of course I'd rather he goes for a long drive while I go for a long ride."

"Oh, my," I moaned a little, embarrassed by how talking about my brother having sex was turning me on... again.

I sighed, "Simon wouldn't even take his car out to get some fresh air and maybe a car wash."

"A car wash," Tiffany said, roaring with laughter, "*that* is hilarious. I'm adding that to my metaphor repertoire."

"I think maybe *I'd* like to go for a ride sometime," I finally admitted wistfully, my pussy getting wet again and my guilt fading as my exhausted hormones woke back up.

"Too bad he's your brother," Tiffany said. "Otherwise I'd let you take him for a drive."

"Tiffany!" I gasped.

She nodded, "That would be pretty hot! Watching a brother and sister fuck."

Although her words were ludicrous, my pussy gushed into my already soaked panties, and I let out the slightest of moans.

Thank goodness Tiffany didn't hear my moan, or ignored it, as she said, "We should probably get back to the car. Adam will be worried."

I nodded, "Okay."

She pulled me up and gave me a hug. "You know Eve, you're a pretty girl with a great body. I wish you'd stop hiding it."

"Really?" I asked, surprised by such a compliment from one of the prettiest, most popular, girls in the school.

She cupped my breasts, shocking me completely, "These jugs are even bigger than mine."

Another gush into my panties as I got felt up for the first time... and it was by my brother's girlfriend.

Moving her hands away, she decided briskly, "We are going to give you a makeover."

"What?" I asked, already missing her hands on my breasts... as I became even more flustered and confused.

"I'm taking you shopping," she declared, as she opened the stall and walked out.

Horny, confused, questioning my sexuality as I followed her, was I a lesbian? I tried to understand my sexual awakening.

Once back at the car there was no talking. As soon as we got in the car Adam began driving. I glanced at Simon, who now looked even more uncomfortable than when I tried to seduce him.

Simon was dropped off.

Tiffany was dropped off.

Then Adam drove us home without a word.

Once I got to my bedroom, I got undressed and pleased myself once more. While I did I replayed Tiffany's head bobbing up and down, Adam's dominant tone, and mostly Adam's big hard cock... especially while his *jizz* rocketed out of him and rained down all over Tiffany.

Tonight's discovery of the inferno that Tiffany said God gave me suddenly consumed my entire being for the second time as I came again... and fell asleep almost instantly with my hand still in my panties.

.....

I woke up the next day mortified by my weakness.

What kind of girl watches her brother receiving oral sex?

What kind of girl gets all turned *on* watching her brother have sex?

I got up, took off my panties that were now sticky and crusty from last night, and tossed them in my laundry hamper.

I grabbed my robe and went to wash away my sin. Just my bad luck that the Jordan River wasn't nearby, it mighta done the trick.

After a long shower, I went to have a late breakfast and Mom asked, "How was the drive-in?"

"Fine," I answered, too quickly.

"Did your brother behave?" she asked, knowing that we didn't get along too great.

"He was as big a fun Nazi as Dad," I responded.

"Eve!" she shouted at my Nazi reference, then she calmed down and smiled, knowing he was a lot stricter towards me than to Adam. "At least it will make your father happy."

"Peachy," I sighed.

About half an hour later I was back in my room, looking through all my outfits that told me that I always dressed like a 12 year old church girl.

I sighed.

The phone rang and Mom called out that it was for me.

I didn't want to talk to Simon, unsure how much he had seen and what Adam said to him and asked as I went into the kitchen, "who is it?"

"Tiffany," Mom answered, as surprised as I was.

I took the phone and said, "Hi?"

"I'm going to be there in fifteen minutes to take you shopping. Be ready," Tiffany ordered.

I started to speak, but she hung up before I could refuse... not at all comfortable with being alone with her after witnessing what I did, not to mention getting felt up by her.

I sighed, unsure what I was going to say to her, yet also excited about the possibility of shopping with someone who had fashion sense and was popular.

I told Mom. "Apparently I'm going shopping with Tiffany."

"Well, that will be fun," she smiled.

"It will be something," I joked.

She laughed, "Yes, it will definitely be something." She went to her purse and handed me some bills. "Buy yourself a couple new outfits for the trip."

"Mom, you don't have to," I said, surprised because my mom never gave me money... Dad controlled all the money in the house.

"Have fun," she said, ignoring my offer to give back the money.

"Okay, thanks, Mom," I said, thinking it would be nice to have a couple new outfits for the trip which we were heading out on in two days.

Twenty minutes later, Tiffany was always late according to Adam, (who by the way was still sleeping at 12:30) Tiffany rolled up in her parent's car in front of the house.

I went out and got in.

She smiled, "Ready for a makeover?"

"I'm not sure," I admitted.

"Wrong answer," she said, and started driving.

I won't bore you with the details of the three hour shopping marathon where I tried on dozens of outfits, but I did end up with two full shopping bags of clothing including a new bra that, as Tiffany said, would make my tits (her word choice) look utterly delicious, three pairs of sexy (rayon!) panties, two dresses, two shirts that were a size smaller than I was (again to showcase my huge tits according to Tiffany who cupped them at least a half dozen times during the day) and a pink bikini.

I refused to leave the changing room, so Tiffany came in.

It was a bikini that definitely left little to the imagination as it barely covered up my large 36D breasts and showed every curve of my butt. It was also so skimpy that my pubic hairs stuck out.

Tiffany asked, looking directly at my crotch, "Haven't you ever shaved that thing?"

I blushed, as her tone said disgust.

I asked, confused, "Shave?"

"Yeah, can't have guys seeing your bush in that itsy bitsy teeny weeny bikini," she pointed out.

"Oh," was all I could say, feeling embarrassed that my hairy lower region was visible not just *around* the bikini, but even showed a bit *through* it.

"Don't worry, I'll help with that," she offered, before adding, "Shit, you have an amazing body."

"Thanks," I said, flattered by words I'd never heard before from anyone.

"I mean, shit, I could play and suck on those babies all day," she said, staring at me the way guys often stare at girls.

I blushed, flattered by her words even though they made me feel incredibly awkward.

"Guys are going to be all over you when you saunter around in that bikini," Tiffany said, before ordering, "turn around. Let's see that ass."

I did, feeling like a model in one of those fashion shows we did in grade four (the mother and daughter fashion show and tea).

"Girlfriend, why have you been hiding this body from everybody?" Tiffany asked, walking up to me and squeezing my ass. "Shit, you have a nicer *ass* than me too, and mine is amazing."

I stifled a moan as I answered, "Have you met my father?"

"Fair enough, but you're eighteen," she pointed out. "Old enough to make your own decisions and old enough to discover who you are."

"*You* tell him that," I scoffed, as Tiffany let go of my ass. "Remember, he made me double date with you and Adam yesterday."

"But look how well that turned out," she smiled. "You shoulda seen your face when you came!"

"I got rejected by Simon... twice," I pointed out, frustrated.

"Well, don't worry about the Simons of the world. In this bikini, plus the other outfits you got today, the Adams of the world will be trying everything to get inside your joy-hole," Tiffany predicted, her hand tracing my back.

Her touch felt so weird. It was actually stirring weird feelings as my pussy began to tingle and I knew I had to change before I got the bikini bottom wet even before I bought it.

I scoffed, turning away, "Unlikely."

Tiffany walked around in front of me and said, "Eve, you're a beautiful woman with a great body and a sweet personality. You're a catch for *any* guy." She leaned in and kissed me gently on the lips, "Or any *girl*."

Any girl? What the hell was that supposed to mean? And what was up with that kiss? My entire being burned as her soft lips, my first girl kiss, so much softer than the spin the bottle guys, sparked another fire inside me.

I couldn't believe the head cheerleader and my brother's girlfriend was kissing me, nor could I believe how it made my entire body melt or that my mind shut off when I kissed her back.

It lasted only a few seconds, but enough to completely confuse me. She smiled and said, "I'll let you change."

She walked out and I tugged down the bikini just before a gush of wetness leaked from my burning inferno of lust.

I shook my head at the strange lesbian encounter... unsure if Tiffany saw me in a sexual way or was just crazy friendly.

I got dressed and bought the bikini, Tiffany bought a couple of my items too, cos I didn't have enough money.

"Have fun?" she asked.

"I feel like Cinderella, except instead of a cool glass slipper I have a hot bikini," I joked.

"Well, the story *is* similar. Like Cinderella you hid your beauty, had an overbearing parent controlling you and hiding you in ashes... when with one *swoosh* of a fairy godmother," she said, doing a spin just like she *was* my fairy godmother, "you are transformed into a sexy princess. Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo!"

"I don't think the fairy godmother kissed Cinderella," I joked.

"It's the 50s, not the dark ages. I'm a sexy liberated fairy godmother," she smiled. "Actually, I prefer the term fairy sex goddess."

Feeling comfortable bantering so scandalously with Tiffany, I gave her a deep, formal curtsy, "Yes, my fairy sex goddess."

She smiled, "Much better."

Back in her car, she said, "Now to finish the transformation."

"What else is there?" I asked.

"Never question your fairy sex goddess," Tiffany scolded, giving my leg a sexy squeeze.

The squeeze, although harmless, sent an electric trigger directly to my pussy.

Back at her house, we spent an hour as she taught me how to use all types of make-up... transforming me from a wallflower to a beautiful woman. I couldn't believe how make-up could change my looks. I barely recognized myself!

She then said, "Now take off your skirt and panties. Time to deal with that thorny forest and wake up Sleeping Beauty."

"Really?" I asked.

"Really," she nodded, "and then sit on the edge of my bed."

"Um, okay," I said, unsure.

"Just do it. Your fairy sex goddess knows what is best for you," she playfully replied, as she grabbed one of her pom poms and waved it over me like it was fairy dust. "Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo!"

I laughed, "Am I a cheerleader now?"

"You could definitely be a cheerleader," she nodded as she left the room.

I took off my skirt and panties and sat at the end of her bed, my legs crossed.

She returned, grabbed a pom-pom again and waved over me, "Spread your legs nice and wide."

"Like the parting of the Red Sea," I joked.

"Hopefully there is no Red Sea today, neither from a period nor a cut if you move while I shave," she warned, before adding as she grabbed the scissors, "So don't move."

"Okay," I nodded, as I watched her start snipping off my hair.

"I'll cut as much as I can before I use the razor," she said, as she worked.

"Okay," I repeated, still in awe that I was at Tiffany's about to get shaved down there.

She cut hair for a good five minutes, until I could actually see my pink, slightly wet, labia.

She noticed and smiled, "Your pussy is a little wet."

I blushed at her observation, as she leaned forward and before I could say anything she *licked* my pussy! Just three all-too-short laps, creating sensations I didn't know existed, before sitting back up and saying, "You taste as sweet as you look, Cinderella."

"Oh God," I gasped, using the Lord's name in vain for the first time ever.

"No one has ever licked your licorice I assume?" she asked.

I shook my head no, even as my legs twitched from the aftershocks of the incredible brief, surprising stimulation.

"Your brother eats snatch amazingly," she revealed.

"Yuck!" I said.

"You didn't seem to think he was yuck yesterday when you were drooling over his dick," she pointed out, as she put shaving cream on my much less hairy pussy.

"This feels weird," I pointed out.

"Oh, it's going to get even weirder," she smiled, "Now we wait a minute."

"So any summer plans?" I asked, trying to be casual, while my legs were spread open in front of a kneeling girl less than a foot away.

"Fucking your brother as much as possible," she answered.

"Oh Jesus," I said, before realizing I'd now used *His* name in vain too.

"What?" she asked. "You saw his dick. Wouldn't you ride that stallion any time you could if he wasn't your brother?"

"Last night I would have rode *any* dick," I answered, which in my heated lust last night was likely true.

"Even your brother's?" She asked.

"I didn't say that," I protested.

"You said any dick and your brother has a dick, and a very nice, juicy dick I might add," she smiled wickedly at me.

It was so weird. It was like she couldn't get over the idea of me having sex with her boyfriend... with my brother.

"Fine," I clarified. "Any dick but my brother's."

"I don't know," she purred mischievously, "you looked pretty enthralled with his magic wand last night."

"I was enthralled watching you *suck* his... magic wand," I clarified, which was partly true for sure. "I've never seen a girl do that before."

"Ohh, so you were enthralled by *me*?" Tiffany asked, her tone sexy as hell. "Step into my pumpkin!"

At the time it wasn't because of her, it was about the act and my brother's impressive package, but now that she'd felt me up, kissed me and even licked me a bit, all three times taking liberties so casually as if she was saying 'hi', she had me confused... horny and confused.

I tried to imagine what *she* would say to such a question. And going for shock value and with the secret hope she might go back and lick some more between my legs, I answered, "I *did* say I'd fuck anyone!"

She gasped. "You little minx, hiding behind that conservative smoke screen!"

"My fairy sex goddess chased away all the dwarves and woke up my inner slut," I joked.

"I'm about to awaken your *outer* slut too," she said wickedly, "but first let's get this pussy looking ripe and ready to eat."

"Like an apple," I quipped, loving the religious metaphor of Eve's temptation and sin of eating that first apple.

"Soon you will be eating it right to the core, and this ripe apple won't be poison," she promised using a different metaphor, as she began to shave me.

I was so horny and yet as she shaved me, guilt raised its ugly head again.

Not at the lesbian innuendo that was so full of magical promises.

Not at sinning... God made us *all* sinners, and as Tiffany pointed out, he created this pleasure for us to experience, not to run away from... and *God* did I want to experience it!

Not at helping Tiffany cheat on my brother. He was a good guy overall, but overprotective, like most brothers were.

What would he say if he found out Tiffany and I were fooling around?

To my surprise, Tiffany was done quickly, patted my pussy possessively and said, "Much better!"

I looked down, having closed my eyes during the shaving in an attempt to relax (although I sure didn't relax... but instead wallowed in new anxiety) and was shocked that my pussy didn't have a single hair around it!

It was as bare as the day I was born. Okay, as a baby's bottom.

"Wow, now *that* is a transformation," I said, in awe of how nice it looked, my swollen sex with glistening pussy lips in my clear view... and in Tiffany's.

"Oh, but now the *final* transformation begins," she crowed, before leaning in and burying her entire face between my legs.

"Oh, God!" I gasped, with a loud moan.

She licked my vagina, parting my lips with wide, long tongue strokes.

The self-pleasure yesterday was intense, but that was nothing to the crazy stuff I was feeling now! My body twitched and my head went light as my body went gonzo with the unimaginable pleasure. I was powerless to do anything but sit there and shudder! And moan!

"Don't stop," I moaned, as I could feel my orgasm rising quickly. "Whatever you do, PLEASE Don't Stop!"

"Not until I get a taste of your full flood, Eve!" she promised, as her lips went to my little nub I hadn't even known before that I had, and tugged. "Now, this is your clitoris," she continued between tales, "your clit. It's going to become your very best friend, right this moment!"

It was like the heavens had opened up and rained pleasure all over me as I instantly came with the intensity of a thousand liquid fires... as electricity coursed all through me from the tip of my toes to the burning of my fiery cheeks... as I fell back onto the bed.

"Thus concludes your baptism into sexuality," Tiffany purred, as she kept licking me even though she was wrong about the concludes part... I kept coming and coming.

"Oh God," was all I could muster over and over as every ounce of energy was sapped from my body.

Tiffany moved away from my legs, crawled onto the bed, and kissed me.

Her lips were covered with my own sweet juices as she slid her tongue in my mouth. I returned the kiss feverishly, my mouth and tongue the only body parts still working after that orgasm... everything else was totally limp.

I explored her mouth, trying to reach every corner.

When she broke the kiss, she asked, as she pulled off her panties, "Ready to go tongue spelunking?"

"I don't think I can move," I said, before adding, "I think you may have thrown away Eve and replaced her with Raggedy Ann."

She laughed as she straddled my head, "I think I awoke the dormant lust slut inside."

As her own shaved pussy hovered over me, I joked, "You awoke me from the zombie slumber I'd been living in."

I then leaned up, extended my tongue and tasted pussy for the first time. It was heavenly! So sweet and fruity that I was instantly addicted to this natural taste unmistakably created by God.

No way could anything that tasted this good be a sin.

I lapped hungrily, wanting to both taste this delicacy and get Tiffany off.

She moaned, as she began to move her hips up and down and all around and slowly grind every which way on my face, "Yes, you're a natural pussy pleaser, just like your brother."

Hearing her compare me to my brother sent guilt rushing back in a big way. I was having sex with my brother's girlfriend and that was definitely a sin, thinking 'Thou shalt not covet thy brother's slut'. As I played ever loosely with the 10 Commandments.

Now, obviously that part of scripture was aimed at two brothers, but I'm pretty sure my case was similar.

Yet the guilt didn't stop me from my hunger to get Tiffany off and taste the full nectar of her flood.

"Don't stop," Tiffany moaned, as she ground all over my face.

I thought to myself that I couldn't stop even if I wanted to with the way she was grinding on me.

Thirty seconds later, as I kept trying to lick the best I could, I felt her full flood of juices splatter my face as she screamed, "Yesssss!"

I couldn't believe how good her nectar tasted as it coated my face, lips and mouth.

Even as guilt washed through me, so too did insatiable lust, the sweet taste of perfection exploding on my tongue.

After a couple of minutes, she got off me and smiled, "You sure you've never had a boxed lunch before?"

"Boxed lunch?" I asked confused, as I licked my lips searching for any last remnants of her sweetness.

She laughed, "Your innocence is so cute."

Trying to shock her, I used the 'c' word for the first time in my life. "Your cunt tastes so good!"

"Good, because I'm going to expect you to be munching my box regularly," she said as she grabbed a pink robe.

"But you're dating my brother," I pointed out.

"So?" she asked, not seeming to understand such an obvious concern.

"That's wrong," I said.

"Like I said, you're so fucking cute," she replied, before slipping out of her bedroom.

I lay there in her bed, completely confused. Was I a lesbian?

I definitely got turned on by Tiffany, but I found guys cute, and got wet seeing my brother's big cock. All I had to do is think of it, and I could see it again now.

What was wrong with me?

Why had I allowed myself to get sucked into this pleasure of sin?

Tiffany came back in, two cucumbers in her hands, closed the door and dropped her robe.

My guilt faded instantly, distracted by her amazing naked body.

"So," Tiffany said, joining me back on the bed, casually pinching one of her own nipples. "Time to teach you how to suck dick."

"Excuse me?" I asked, even though I'd heard her fine, and suddenly deduced why she had cucumbers in her hands.

"These, Eve, have multiple purposes and multiple homes," Tiffany said, as she moved a cold cucumber between my legs.

I yelped as I joked, "Besides eating?"

"Exactly," she nodded, moving the cucumber to my pussy, "It's a great cock substitute when the real thing isn't available."

"Which is *always*, for me," I sighed.

"You have a big thick dick living right near your bedroom," she pointed out, as she continued teasing my pussy with a long green vegetable that I suddenly wanted inside me.

"You're fascinated with me having sex with my brother. What's *that* about?" I asked, even as I let out a moan because the cucumber was parting my pussy lips.

"If I had that dick living in my basement I'd be playing doctor all day and all night," she relished, resting the cucumber just a tiny bit inside my pussy lips... teasing me relentlessly.

"Even if he was your brother?" I asked, even as I lifted my ass up and spread my legs wider, trying to get the cucumber inside my wanton hole.

"I don't know," she shrugged, pulling the cucumber away from my pussy and tapping my clitoris with it. "The idea of incest is a real turn on. I *may* try fucking my brother when he returns from the war."

"You wouldn't," I dared, my legs twitching with each teasing tap. "Though it would be a nice gesture to a serviceman, brother or not."

"Oh, I'll fuck pretty much anybody as long as the cock is good," she shrugged, as she moved the cucumber away from my fevered box and to my lips. No, *those* lips this time. "Now back to the topic at hand. A cucumber is also a great way to practice sucking dick."

"Really?" I asked, seeing my shiny wetness on the end of the green phallic vegetable.

"The first key is to breathe through your nose," she explained.

"Okay," I said, thinking that was obvious if your mouth was totally full.

"Open up," she ordered.

Although I thought this was silly, I was completely at the whim of this beautiful, intriguing girl. Plus, like in all my academic endeavours, practice does make perfect.

So I opened my mouth and she slid a couple inches of the cucumber into my mouth.

"Now just get used to having that pretty mouth filled up," she instructed.

I wanted to say, 'I'd rather it be full of your pussy,' but of course I didn't because I wasn't that brazen yet and I had a cucumber stuffed in my mouth.

So I did what she said.

I was surprised how much the cucumber, which was long but thin, stretched my mouth. After only a couple of minutes of this, I began to get uncomfortable.

"Don't strain to keep your mouth open, just relax your jaw and let Dick do the work," she instructed, "big cocks like your brother's take a while to get used to."

Again mentioning my brother's penis, which made me replay watching her suck it yesterday yet again.

I could still vividly see his hard shaft and hear his dominant tone. God!

I tried relaxing my jaw as she continued, "And use your tongue to swirl around the top, imagine it's Adam's thick mushroom top. He *loves* that."

And although it was weird and wrong, I imagined it *was* my brother's cock in my mouth as I obeyed, swirling my tongue around the warm head of his delicious... cucumber.

She explained, "When you do things to him with your tongue, that relaxes your jaw because you're focused on something else."

Which it did. My eyes closed, I continued to suck on Adam's big delicious cucumber cock, which was so wrong and yet made me so wet. I even moaned as I swirled my tongue around the cucumber and actually began to bob on it a bit, wondering what his sperm would taste like, trying to get more of it into my mouth, recalling how deep this cock had gone into Tiffany's mouth last night. I hoped he'd come soon, I wanted to taste him!

"Oh yes, you little slut," she purred, her free hand going to my fevered pussy, bringing my fevered brain back to reality and cucumber, "you really want his big dick in your mouth, don't you?"

I moaned both in response to the question and to her hand on my pussy.

Her finger slid inside my pussy as she continued, "I bet you'd suck your brother right here and now if his big cock was available."

"Yes," I moaned, not completely in response to the question, but to the fact that her finger was tapping on something inside my pussy which was bringing new intense pleasure to my very being.

"You want to be your brother's cock slut. You want to be your brother's..." she recited over and over about ten times until she pulled the cucumber out of my mouth.

Her tapping driving me wild, his big cock engraved in my memory and now in my sex fever dreams, and my hunger for cock all drove me to a rapture where I was willing to do or say anything, as I responded, in stunted breaths, my head light, "Yes, God, don't stop."

"Yes what?" she asked, as she suddenly quit tapping inside me.

"Yes, I want to suck my brother Adam's big dick, I want it NOW!" I declared, writhing on the bed like a fish out of water gasping for her last breath.

"Tell me what you want," she demanded, as she moved her pretty face back between my legs, her pretty face inches from my cunt, her finger still inside me.

"To come," I answered.

"No, my incest slut," she purred, taking my clit in her mouth and tugging, but only once. "Tell me what you *really* want."

Giving completely into my lust, as her finger tapped once again inside me, sending tremors throughout me and making me want her to do it again and again, I declared, "I want you to fuck me with that cucumber all the way down and take my virginity. I want to go to my brother's room and suck his cock until he comes in my mouth and all over my face."

She resumed tapping over and over inside me, fireworks exploding, as she continued, "What if your brother wants to slide his big dick inside this slutty fuck hole?"

The dirty talk, her nasty inappropriate visuals, the bewildering combination of my waking dreams and the cucumber, and her magic finger, all had me transformed into a complete lustful bimbo as I

answered, on the verge of complete delirium, "I'll be his incest fuck toy forever," I moaned/screamed, which was the last thing I uttered before Tiffany began rapidly tapping and simultaneously flicking my clit with her tongue. The double pleasure was too much as the invisible tide broke and I came, even harder than last time, "Fuuuuuck!" Was all I could muster as every last joule of energy left in my body was used up.

I lay there, juices flooding, body trembling, head swimming, as I envisioned Adam's cock shooting his load all over my face... and Dear God did I want his load all over me!

Tiffany continuously lapped up my nectar as it kept flooding out of me, as the pleasure just kept coming and coming... just like I was.

Eventually, when this orgasm from the heavens finished washing over me, Tiffany smiled, "I don't think I've *ever* seen anyone come so much."

"Years of dammed up juices finally breaking through the damn dam," I joked.

"No doubt," she laughed, as she moved beside me.

I asked, "What's that you were doing with your finger?"

"You liked that?" she asked, kissing me on the nose.

"Not much, I just want it done to me forever," I joked.

"There's this place in there," she said. "It's a secret, impossible-for-guys-to-find spot, and it triggers pleasure."

"Wow," was all I could muster.

"Oh yeah," she nodded, kissing me again, this time where I could kiss back.

We kissed for a minute, before she broke away and apologized, "I'm not sure we finished your blow job lesson, but I couldn't help myself. You're like a new toy I just bought and can't stop playing with."

I laughed, not at all offended at being objectified, "I'll be your toy any day."

"Never forget those words," she smiled.

I asked, "So what's this obsession with me and my brother?"

"It's fucking hot," she shrugged.

"You'd be okay with him having sex with me?" I asked.

"For sure," she nodded. "I mean we *are* boyfriend and girlfriend, but I play with lots of other girls, and I told him he could fuck other girls as long as I know who."

"That's weird," I pointed out.

"Perhaps, but we both know we each have a lot of sexual needs," she explained. "And on that note, come down to my pantry and have one more snack before you go."

I ended up going down on her one more delicious time before going home.

The next day I practised blow jobs for a couple hours on a couple of cucumbers, eventually able to take six inches without gagging.

Then we were on our way on our trip as we headed to a family reunion across the country... camping the entire way.

I'm not going to lie... I looked at my brother's crotch... a lot.

I got wet wondering what it would be like to suck his cock.

I got wet wondering what it would be like to get fucked by him.

He, of course, seemed oblivious.

Did he know about Tiffany and me?

Did he know that I saw him getting a blow job in the car?

Did he know of Tiffany's obsession with incest? With *his* incest? Or worse, my incest?

These questions swirled around my head creating anxiety and insecurity, while somehow also keeping my loins stimulated.

For three days we stopped at three different historical attractions that were pretty cool, but Dad also stopped us at two churches for meetings (there is never a true work-free holiday when your dad is a minister). It didn't help that Adam and I were together in the back seat, squished together may I add, as Dad had used almost half the back seat for our camping gear. Thus, I was always leaning against my brother... his big cock just inches from me... my pussy constantly on fire. A liquid fire I couldn't quell.

Dad ranted about my new bikini... and forbade me to wear it.

It was the late afternoon of our third day, near a town in the middle of nowhere when I wondered if the incest gods were smiling on me.

Dad offered, while reading a newspaper, "Why don't you two kids go to the drive-in tonight?"

Mom added, "Yeah, your Dad and I have a church meeting and it may go late."

I looked a question at my brother, who shrugged in his usual noncommittal way. I asked, "What's playing?"

Dad answered, "To Catch a Thief, and Rebel Without a Cause, although I don't really like that James Dean character(fellow). He's too wild and a poor role model if you ask me."

Adam agreed to go, giving me a strange look I'd never seen before, "Sure, why not? Nothing else to do around here."

My pussy dampened. I was going to the drive-in with just my brother!

I mean I wasn't expecting anything to happen, but just the idea was exciting.

A few minutes before leaving, deciding to be wicked, I decided to take off my bra and panties and got in the car wearing nothing but a dress and some shoes.

I felt so dirty!

I felt so excited!

I felt like such a slut... maybe even an *incest* slut... my imagination filling with hundreds of ways this evening could go. I sent all the boring ways away and kept the others, so by the time we were ready to leave, my mind was filled with a Technicolor cornucopia of amazing things I might do to my brother and things he might do to me! I told my heart to stop going pit-a-pat: someone would hear!

God, had Tiffany transformed me.

And God, did I need to get laid.

As usual, there was hardly any chatting on the ten minute drive over, with my brother not being much of a talker... at least not unless he had a girl sucking his dick.

He paid for us and we went together to get popcorn and sodas.

Once back in the car, the previews started and there was literally no talking... nor was there any talking all the way through the first movie... although I was preoccupied the entire movie by imagining I was Tiffany and I was doing to Adam what she did last time I was in the car at a drive-in.

I glanced at his crotch a couple dozen times.

I was literally wet... so wet a little rivulet soaked through my dress and onto my seat.

To my surprise, during intermission he started up a conversation as he asked, "So how was shopping with Tiffany?"

"A learning experience," I answered with a playful smile.

"That bikini Dad freaked out about was her idea, I'm guessing," he said.

"Yeah, she said one pieces are for children," I nodded, happy he noticed my new bikini. Taking a risk, I asked, "What did you think of it?"

"It's very revealing," he answered guardedly.

"It's supposed to be," I said, trying to sound seductive as I spoke... deciding I was about to become a rebel with a cause.

"I know, and I don't like it," he said.

"Why?" I asked with a pout.

"You're my sister and I don't like guys checking you out," he answered.

I couldn't resist. I asked, "If I wasn't your sister would *you* have checked me out?"

"Eve!" He gasped, objecting to my forward question.

I continued, "I'm serious. If I wasn't your sister, would you have checked me out?"

"Yes," he huffed, exasperated by the question.

I smiled, putting my hand on his leg, feeling frisky and adventurous, "And what would you want to do to me?"

"Eve!" He gasped.

I said, moving my hand to his cock, which was already a bit hard, "According to Tiffany, boys have expectations for us girls at drive-ins."

This time he groaned, "Eve, don't. You're my sister."

"Tonight, Adam," I announced, rubbing his cock through his jeans, "I'm not your sister, I'm your *date*."

"What's gotten into you?" he said, even as he allowed me to rub his cock.

"Certainly not this... yet," I purred, as I used both hands to undo him and fish down for the now completely hard cock that had been haunting my thoughts day and night ever since I first saw Tiffany going to town on it. I grabbed onto my prize triumphantly!

"Eve," he groaned, then paused and groaned again before he added weakly, "we shouldn't be doing this."

My heart started going pit-a-pat all over again when he exerted zero effort to remove my hand, but just sat there staring at it wrapped around his hard cock.

I wrangled his dick all the way out of his pants and told him, "Brother dear, I haven't been able to stop thinking of this cock ever since I first saw Tiffany sucking it."

"Really?" he asked, surprised and for the first time in his life not in control.

"Yeah, and tonight I'm not just your date, I'm also your *slut*," I declared.

Before he could respond I lay on my side with the stick shift against my belly and took his cock in my mouth, not at all worried that people could walk by and see. We didn't know anyone here. All that mattered was his cock.

He groaned, as a thrill traveled up my spine and my pussy leaked again.

I'm not sure what I expected, having had only a cucumber to practice with, but it was surreal.

It was so hard, but it was soft in my mouth too... like a hard sponge wrapped in velvet.

His cock wasn't as thick as a cucumber, but it still stretched my mouth completely.

Recalling Tiffany's instructions, I swirled my tongue around his mushroom top, liking the feel of his cock head and the ridge that separated his hard shaft from his smooth cock head.

"Oh God, Eve," he groaned, I think out of pleasure, but it may have been in shock that his sweet Virgin Mary sister had just taken his cock in her mouth.

I asked, "Do you like this, big brother?" And as I stroked his shaft, never looking up but focusing on the task at hand (pun intended), I added, "And this time I do mean *big* brother."

"God, yes," he groaned, as I rolled my tongue down the side of his long thick shaft.

"You shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain," I teased, wishing I could get to his balls, but his bunched up pants were in the way.

"God, you're a naughty little temptation," he groaned as my lips and tongue slithered their way back up his shaft, leaving trails of shiny spit behind. Tiffany had said to get it nice and wet.

"Maybe you should teach me a lesson," I said before taking his cock back in my mouth.

"I'll teach you how to be a real little slut," he groaned, shifting into the dominant Adam I'd seen with Tiffany the other day.

I bobbed up and down, the position much more awkward than when I lay or sat in bed sucking the cucumber. The stick shift was a real pain in the butt... literally.

Each downward bob, I attempted to go deeper as I got used to his cock in my mouth in this new position.

"Oh yeah, keep taking more of my dick, my little cock sucking sister slut," he ordered, pressing his hands on the back of my head.

Being called his sister slut sent a rush of adrenaline through me while simultaneously sending another gush down below.

I was committing scandalous incest, willingly and eagerly, and yet I felt no guilt... only lust and a strange sense of natural tranquility that soothed away any guilt, even during this taboo, sinful act.

I, of course, obeyed my brother like a good Christian girl should, worshipping a holy cock created by The Lord himself. Oddly, it seemed natural to commit incest, to get as close as humanly possible as a brother and sister could... well, without fucking, but the night was still young and I had faith.

"Oh yeah, fuck," he groaned, pushing my head down on his cock until my nose was buried all the way down in his pubic hairs while half his cock was buried down my throat.

I didn't move, I just breathed through my nose, as he began bucking his ass up and face fucking me... which felt exhilarating to just be used... to be used as a slut... to be something no one in the whole world thought miss Goody Two-shoes could possibly be.

It wasn't six thrusts later when he grunted, pulled out of my throat but not my mouth and warned, "Here it comes, sister slut."

I felt his seed rocket into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat. My only disappointment was that in this position I really was a sperm bucket, or maybe a jizz conduit, as his spunk shot into me and slid directly down my throat. I didn't get to taste it at all... I still wanted to taste my brother's jizz!

Once he was done, he let go of my head and said, his face looking aghast, "I can't believe we just did that."

I sat up next to him and pouted in his face, "I can't believe you face fucked me so I couldn't taste your load. According to Tiffany, it's really yummy!"

He shook his head before he asked, "And that was your first time?"

"Sucking a cock?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, still stunned by my brazen behaviour.

"Yes," I nodded. I stole a trick from Tiffany and kissed his nose before adding, "And I wouldn't mind another first, too."

"Which is?" he asked, his cock still out, his wonderful *cock* still hard and ready.

"Well you've only been inside one of my holes so far," I pointed out, as I lifted up my dress to show him I wasn't wearing any panties. "And I have another one right here that's already very wet with anticipation."

"Holy shit!" he gasped, staring at my wet, ripe pussy.

"Holy fuck, you mean," I corrected, as I parted my pussy lips to show big brother some pink.

"You shaved your pussy?" he asked, staring at me.

"Your girlfriend did," I revealed.

"I'll have to thank her," he said, and it was his turn to surprise me as he slid me towards the right hand door before leaning over the stick shift and sticking his face between my legs.

"Are you going to eat your sister's boxed lunch?" I asked, using Tiffany's words.

"Clearly you spend too much time with my girlfriend," he chuckled, as his tongue made contact with my pussy.

"I hope to spend a lot more," I moaned from his touch, my tone implying something naughty.

"She *fucked* you, didn't she?" he asked, looking up at me.

"No," I answered truthfully. "But she *did* eat me out and finger me."

"Like this?" he asked, sliding two fingers inside me.

"Yeah, something *very* like this," I moaned, as I enjoyed the double pleasure of his fingers inside me and his tongue on the outside.

"You taste delicious, baby sis," he said, after a few more licks, a few more finger pumps.

"I don't know how you taste," I complained.

"Oh trust me, you will soon," he promised, sucking my clit between his lips.

"Oh fuck!" I screamed loudly, lucky the windows were up or the entire drive-in would know what was happening.

As I neared orgasm, he suddenly stopped and sat back up.

"What are you *doing*?" I demanded.

"The movie is starting," he said, pointing to the screen.

"Get your fucking tongue back on my *cunt*!" I raged, as he started the car and drove towards the exit.

He laughed, "Language, baby sis, language."

As he started driving, I moaned, frustrated and so close, "Are you *really* going to leave me like this?"

He shook his head. "No, it's okay. I just want to find a place with a little more privacy."

"You better fucking hurry before I straddle the gear shift instead," I only kind of joked... my pussy on liquid fire to the point I was willing to do almost anything to get off.

"So did you eat Tiffany too?" he asked.

"Yeah," I admitted. "Is that okay?"

"Fuck yeah," he nodded. "Next time I get to watch, though."

"Maybe join, too?" I smiled wickedly.

"A threesome with the two hottest girls I know?" he said. "I'm in."

"You better be in very soon," I responded, needing to come now... and wanting to get fucked... hard... by my brother.

"Here's a fairly secluded spot," he said, pulling into a tree-covered area.

As soon as he stopped, I demanded, "Get back to pleasing me."

He laughed, pointing to his semi-erect cock and counter-demanded, "Get me hard again."

"You're not hard just from thinking about taking your sister's virginity?" I teased. I then added, as I moved to take his cock back in my mouth, "Don't you want to fuck your kid sister and make her into your live-in fuck slut?"

"Ohhhhhh, fuck," he groaned, as I swallowed his cock right down.

After three quick throat bobs, I asked, "Is that a yes?"

"God, yes," he answered, his cock instantly back to full mast.

"Let's take this outside," I suggested. "This isn't the stick I want poking me," I objected, pointing to the gear shift.

He got out of the car as did I, and he grabbed me and surprised me by kissing me... hard.

This was a lot different than the tenderness of kissing Tiffany.

It was rougher, yet equally satisfying and stimulating.

It was *raw*!

It was *lustful*!

I kissed him back with the same lustful urgency.

When he broke the kiss, he spun me around, bent me over the car and asked, as he flipped up my dress and moved behind me, "Are you sure you want this, Eve?"

If I had any last second doubts, and if he was being sincere in giving me a final chance to reconsider, he probably shouldn't have poked his cock gently against my pussy lips and rested it there while I considered.

I knew it was incest.

I knew it was morally wrong.

I knew it was a sin.

Yet somehow none of that mattered.

I needed his cock.

I needed to get fucked.

I couldn't *wait* to lose my virginity to my brother.

The reality is that as twins we'd always shared lotsa things most siblings couldn't... and now I wanted to share this with him too.

Enough thinking. Time to announce my verdict. "Fuck me, big brother."

"God, I haven't stopped thinking of doing this since I saw you in that bikini," he said, as he slid all the way inside me. "Although I never thought it would really happen. Do you know you've been keeping me up nights? Yeah, that way, too."

"I have?" I asked with a loud moan, as his entire cock entered me and immediately started moving back and forth in my refilled Lake of Fire. I was surprised he was so turned on by me... he hadn't showed any hints he was interested. Or maybe I was just oblivious.

"Yeah, Eve, you're one hot piece of ass," he replied, as he kept slowly fucking me.

"You know all the nicest things to say to a girl," I joked, actually appreciating the comment.

"Yeah, I do," he agreed, as he grabbed my hips and started fucking me faster.

"Oh yes, fuck me," I moaned, this pleasure very unlike the oral sex I'd experienced from Tiffany and briefly from Adam.

As he fucked me, I felt pleasure I didn't know existed.

There were some similarities to having a tongue on my pussy, but also some differences.

Pussy licking was tender; fucking was raw.

Pussy licking focused on the outside; fucking on the inside.

Feeling his entire body slamming into me as I was bent over the car was completely exhilarating and holy fuck, absa-goddam-lutely *nothing* like pussy licking!

I wished I had something to grab as my entire body was consumed with the pleasure God created me for.

"Harder, big brother," I moaned, between his deep strokes. "Use me like you would any other fuck slut."

"God, Eve," he grunted, "you're so fucking hot!"

"So is this," I moaned, as he slammed into me harder and faster.

My moans got louder... turning from whimpers to moans, to grunts, and to loud screams as an irresistible orgasm built inside me.

"Come, you sinful temptation," he demanded, as he grabbed my hair and pulled it hard. It hurt but somehow in a good way.

"Oh yes, fuck, use me," I moaned, being treated so roughly driving me crazy! "Almost, almost, almost, almost..."

"NOW!! You *brother fucker*!" he ordered, which was the name that made me erupt.

"Fuuuuuuck!" I screamed, shouting my carnal lust to the four winds in the middle of nowhere as a pleasure tsunami swept me away!

No way could this possibly be a sin!

No way would the Lord create such pleasure to fulfill a faithful follower and not want them to enjoy it!

No way would I ever want to go back in time and not experience just how great sex could be.

I just allowed the pleasure to cascade through me as the apple was swallowed whole and his big hot worm was still burrowing away deep inside me.

"Oh yeah, you incest tramp," he said, not slowing down at all as my orgasm tsunami continued to sweep me further and further up the shore.

"Keep fucking me," I said weakly, the orgasm still sparking flames throughout my entire body.

And he did, pounding me throughout an orgasm that didn't seem to want to end... the wet flames continuing to consume me like a fire that flickered but wouldn't flame out. I thought it would *never* end and I didn't want it to!

Then suddenly he pulled out, spun me around, roughly guided me to my knees and slid his cock into my mouth.

He grabbed my head and face fucked me for a dozen rough, rapid strokes before he pulled out and ordered, "Open wide!"

I obeyed eagerly! I couldn't wait to taste his jizz and feel it splatter on my face... wanting to be used like a slut... to be used as *his* slut.

I watched him stroke his cock, watching its meatus, its little eye, wink at me with such *promise* and purred, "Come on your sister slut's face, you big fucking hunk of a brother."

I opened my mouth wide just as he grunted and the first wad of his jizz shot out, hitting me right in the left eye. I'd closed my eyes too late as the second rope sailed directly into my open mouth, and

the third splatted on my chin.

I caught a lot of his spunk on my tongue and when I no longer felt warm semen hitting me, I closed my mouth and swished the gooey man seed around, savouring its welcoming taste, then opening my lips just enough to breathe in air across it and absorb its savoury bouquet.

It was slightly salty.

It was an odd texture.

It was yummy!

It smelled like vanilla smoke!

I swallowed it, opened my one good eye, and took his cock back in my mouth, wanting to extract any jizz still in his barrel.

I tasted myself on his cock and realized I tasted pretty good.

"Clean me up, Eve," he groaned, as I slowly bobbed on his cock, part cleaning and part just mellowing out.

After a minute, I stood up and said, "That was amazing."

"I can't believe we just did that," he repeated like he had the first time he came down my throat, looking at me exhausted and a little bewildered.

"Adam, you definitely ate that apple," I joked, playing with the reference.

"And you were the ultimate temptation," he nodded back, his cock still hard.

"Does this forbidden fruit ever go down?" I asked, now stroking it just because I could.

"The serpent's snake is always ready," he countered nonsensically, as we both enjoyed the playful Biblical, whimsical, banter.

"I'll be tempting that serpent the rest of the trip," I smiled, as I lovingly continued stroking his cock.

He looked at his watch. The movie wouldn't be over for another twenty-five minutes.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked *faux* demurely.

He lifted me up, put me on the hood of the car, spread my legs and said, "Time for a forbidden fruit cocktail!"

And as he buried his face in my pussy, I knew this was only the beginning.

I received a second orgasm from my brother's tongue and fingers.

Together we began a twenty-minute journey to our respective third orgasms as he fucked me in a few different positions... each creating different pleasures:

-He spread my legs and slid inside me missionary style... this being a very different mission than our family's prior one in Africa.

-I straddled his lap and ground my body and hips on his cock as we kissed passionately.

-He lay back on the hood of the car as I rode him... loving the different sensations when I was the one in control; when I was the fucker fucking the fuckee.

-We did doggie style again, although this time we were on the grass, and we were so into each other we were oblivious to mosquitoes, and I bounced back on big brother's dick screaming maniacally as he plunged into me, delivering me to my third orgasm.

And then I spun around to my knees in front of him begging, "Come all over my face again, big brother and baptise your sister submissive slut into her new life as your live-in jizz-bucket!"

I think the idea of live-in spunk bucket really sent him over the top and, "Oh yeah," he grunted just a few seconds later as I closed my eyes just in time, getting my second facial of the evening... this one hitting my forehead, my open mouth and my chin.

He slid his cock back into my mouth and I bobbed for a couple minutes savouring the serpent's snake one last time.

He pulled out, pulled me up and smiled, "Sister slut, you look so beautiful with my jizz all over you." It sounded very much like I had just joined an ultra-enlightened religious order and been given the holy name, 'Sister Slut'.

"Thank you, Brother Dominant," I smiled, my entire body flushing with warmth at the compliment.

He looked at his watch. "Shit, we're late."

"You should've come quicker," I teased.

"It was three times in an hour," he defended.

"I'm likely going to *need* at least three a day," I smiled, genuflecting to his cock and blowing it a kiss.

"If I have to," he said *faux* reluctantly, putting his holy scepter away for now.

"You do have to," I said, wiping some spunk off my face and slurping it noisily into my mouth.

"I got some in your eye," he apologized, as he went to the car.

"Yeah, rookie mistake," I forgave, finding my discarded dress and going to the car too.

Inside the car he handed me a large box of tissues as he started to drive.

"Thanks," I said, beginning to scrub his sticky seed off my face.

We drove in silence, each of us concentrating on our task, each of us pondering the consequences of biting the apple.

Once back at the campsite, I joked, "Well, back to being good little Christians."

"Until the next baptism," he added, as we got out of the car.

As we approached the tents, Mom and Dad sharing one and each of us siblings having our own, Dad asked, "Did you guys get lost?"

"Yeah, a little," Adam lied, as he went and sat by Dad at the fire.

I sat beside Mom near their tent and she gave me a suspicious look before she asked, "What happened to your eye?"

"I accidentally rubbed salt in it after eating some popcorn," I lied, hoping I'd thought of something believable.

"Oh," she said thoughtfully, as she glanced over to Adam and then back to me. She moved very close to me, almost touching, studied my face closely, and then reached a hand up to my hair. When she took it away, I saw semen on her fingers.

My eyes went wide.

She moved her fingers to her face and sniffed them as Dad and Adam talked, Adam oblivious that we were busted.

Mom then shocked me! She studied the evidence briefly, glanced at the men, and then looking me directly in the eye, sucked her fingers into her mouth. They came back out clean.

My eyes went even wider as her expression confirmed *my* suspicions of *her* suspicions. No question: she knew!

Without a word, she prodded a finger into my left breast. Yep, no bra.

She flipped up the hem of my dress for a moment. Yep, no panties either.

She then pointed a finger to my dress and I looked down to see a big wad of sperm. "I think you missed some, Eve." She stood up and walked away leaving me bewildered and scared to death!

Did she know that was her son's semen?

If so, why did she eat it?

Why did she walk away?

Oh God!

I glanced over to Adam and he smiled at me.

I smiled back and scooped up the wad of jizz so he could see, and put it in my mouth.

For a few minutes I sat there as dad and Adam talked, Adam oblivious to the anxiety coursing through me and why. But I knew for sure that Mom knew I'd had sex, and maybe she even knew I'd had sex with her son, my brother.

As I pondered what to do next, I noticed Mom wasn't coming back, in fact she'd totally disappeared someplace, so I got up to go to my tent... suddenly feeling very exhausted.

As I did, I heard soft moans coming from Mom's tent.

I stopped and listened.

The moans were unmistakable: she was masturbating. Mixed in with her moaning, I thought for a moment I heard my name, but I couldn't be sure.

I quietly went to my own tent with my head spinning and my pussy still tingling.

So unknown to my mother I joined her in secret masturbation. As I fingered myself, I pictured her doing the same, still able to... not quite *hear* her moans, just to sense them, and I felt very close to her somehow. But after a few minutes I gave up, too tired to come; my brother Adam had totally worn me out.

I no longer sensed Mom's moans as I drifted off to sleep, hoping my sweet Mom had a good orgasm. I was so completely spent that I almost forget to pray.

I prayed... thanking the Lord for guiding me into womanhood tonight... as I knew nothing would ever be the same. And please Lord, don't say anything to Dad....

The End... or just the beginning.

Potential Future Chapters:

50s Family: And Mommy Too

Mom confronts Eve about last night and they end up exploring each other in the tent.

50s Family: Backseat Fucking

Lucky guy fucks both his sister and Mom while Dad drives.

50s Family: Backseat Sodomy Gomorrah

Eve gets her anal virginity taken.

Or

50s Family: Church Sodomy Gomorrah

At a church event, Eve discovers the pleasures of anal sex.

50s Family: Daddy Too

Dad somehow gets involved.

50s Family: Drive-In 3some

Back home, they go to the drive-in with Tiffany.

50s Family: Family Orgy

All four spend a night together on the beach.

Other ideas??