

BACK SEAT SISTER SLIP

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Brother secretly fucks twin sister in a car full of guys.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Brother secretly fucks twin sister in a car full of guys.

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Back Seat Sister Slip

"Are you really going out in *public* dressed like that?" I asked, gawking at my eighteen-year-old sister Shayla, my twin, dressed in the sluttiest Batgirl outfit I'd ever seen. Her ensemble, if you could call it that, included a sexy pair of black thigh highs that only enhanced her sex appeal, making my cock harden within my far more vanilla Luke Skywalker costume. I mean seriously, her skirt was so short, there was a good inch plus of bare skin showing between the skirt and her lace top stockings!

Fuck, she looked amazing.

Fuck, I hated that the hottest, sexiest girl I knew was flesh and blood and standing right in front of me on the one hand, but untouchable on the other, because she was my sister.

"Of course I am! But are *you* going out dressed like *that*?" She shot back sarcastically. She was a popular cheerleader dating a college basketball player, while I was somewhat of a nerd, who was so different from her that almost no one believed we were even siblings... but nevertheless, we were; twins, even.

Before I could come up with a witty response, she glanced down and checked out my fleshy lightsaber tenting out my costume... neither my boxers nor the fragile Skywalker fabric adequately restraining my not so secret salute, which was aimed directly at her... these cheaply made one-piece outfits not good at concealing *anything*. To make matters worse, it had snaps to open and close the crotch, that also opened and closed down its legs, which were only about four inches long. Didn't the designer know that guys above the age of two didn't ever *wear* things like this? But Shayla didn't care about that; she only scoffed, "Are you hard?"

"I'm eighteen; I'm always hard," I shrugged, trying to dismiss her obvious implication that my twin sister's hot outfit, her big tits, her nylon-clad legs, and her pink painted toenails were the cause of it. Truth was, I jerked off to her a lot... and to her almost as hot friends... I even used her soiled panties to jerk off with quite often, or with her pantyhose, after a game.

"Brent, I know you jerk off with my panties," she mentioned bluntly, making my eyes go wide.

I'd be a great con man... *not*... so I just stammered, "I-I-I don't know what you're talking about."

"Y-y-you don't know what I'm talking about?" she mocked... which she often did.

Attempting to regain some of my tattered pride, I responded with zero originality, "No, I *don't* know what you're talking about."

"Just so you know, the panties you snatched the other day had a big load of Mike's cum soaked into them," she said with a wicked smirk on her face.

My cheeks went an even darker shade of red... any slim chance she didn't know the truth vanished, as I went speechless. I often sniffed... and then sucked... the wetness out of her panties while reading incest erotica, watching faux incest porn and stroking my cock.

Which now made me wonder... had I sucked another guy's cum out of her panties? And then *swallowed* it? Gross!

"So, my dearest bro, do you usually just *sniff* the pussy juice out of my soiled panties, or do you actually *suck* it out of them?" she asked, sidling up to me...my cock aching even though she was shaming me... as I kept my head down to slyly admire her nylon-clad feet... which also turned me on.

"I've also figured out you have a nylon foot fetish," she said, now standing before me... knowingly wiggling her perfectly manicured and painted toenails.

"So?" I shrugged, that latter point not nearly as disturbing as the thought that I *must* have sucked her boyfriend's cum out of her panties.

"So... and I'm just asking, mind you... nothing *at all* personal... don't you think jerking off while picturing your hot sister...while using her cum-filled panties to do it... while *also* visualising her oh-so shapely nylon-encased legs and feet... is... perhaps... just a *little* fucked up?" she asked with saccharine sweetness.

"You're being ridiculous," I said, sticking with my complete verbal denial even though my expression gave me away.

"And your *very own sister* isn't the reason you're rock hard...*right now*?" she asked, astonishing me by unsnapping my crotch and grabbing my hard dick through my boxers!

"Ooooooh," I groaned, shocked to feel my sister's hand on my dick.

"Oh wow, my baby brother has a *big dick*," she taunted. But she was rather astonished, judging from her tone of voice and the expression on her face. She always called me her 'baby brother' because she'd been born three minutes and six seconds before I was, and fuck, I always hated to hear about it.

Trying to regain a few shreds of dignity, even while, surprisingly, her hand remained on my dick, a fantasy I'd savoured hundreds of times... and!... fully aware my eight-inch cock was bigger than most guys'... I taunted back, "Yeah, it's probably bigger than your college boyfriend's."

She was quiet for a few endless seconds before she gave my cock a firm squeeze, and admitted in a soft voice more to herself than to me, "Actually, it's quite a *lot* bigger."

Stunned by her frank response, I remained speechless as she pulled her panties down, a red thong actually, and shoved them into my shocked, jaw-hanging-open mouth. "Here's a fresh pair for you to use. Or it's not technically fresh, since I came in them while Amanda finger banged me in the car before dropping me off today. And I know you want to fuck *her*, too."

As I stood there speechless, her *indeed* wet panties *indeed* in my mouth, she turned around and strutted away.

Holy fuck... what just happened?!

Amanda was a fiery redhead with green eyes, who always made my cock harden. She was from Ireland, and she had an accent that couldn't *help* making a cock harden. She also wore expensive and fashionable apparel since her parents were loaded, and her mom was reportedly a runway model. So yes, I most certainly *did* want to fuck her.

So did my sister and Amanda lez out together? *That* I'd imagined many times... very vividly... but until now, my sister hadn't ever made any hints she was bi, and she always had a boyfriend older than she was.

My cock raging... my head spinning... and still trying to process the stunning reality of what had just transpired... I pulled the wet thong out of my mouth and sniffed it.

"I *knew* you'd do that," she said triumphantly, suddenly returning to the living room.

"Hey, I've just learned my sister is a lesbian," I protested, as if that were a perfectly good reason to be sniffing her thong.

She sauntered in front of me, boots now in hand, they were sexy as fuck over-the-knee boots I might add, and explained, "First of all, I'm not a lesbian, I'm bi. I'm fond of both cock *and* cunt."

Hearing my sister use the 'c' word was almost as wild as her squeezing my cock earlier. Although she was super hot, and she knew how to use her body to get whatever she wanted, she was a feminist, or she at least claimed to be a feminist, having even scolded me a while ago for calling Mrs. Jansen cunt for giving me a B in Chemistry.

"Second, I have a few girls at school who willingly go down on me whenever I text them," she continued, again squeezing my cock with her free hand. She smiled, "And two of them are friends of yours."

"What? Who?" I asked, with a moan, while she slowly rubbed my cock... seemingly very impressed by it.

"Sorry, I don't get girls to eat my pussy in the science lab, or a bathroom, or the cheerleader's dressing room, or a teacher while I'm on top of her desk... and tell," she responded wickedly, making me moan again... and I was now worried I was about to come!

"A teacher? On her desk? And in her *classroom*?" I asked, that latter visual the most intriguing one.

"Two of them actually," Shayla drawled, using her fingers to roll around the top of my cock head.

"No way," I denied, while I tried to figure out which two teachers they could be. My sister was a lot of things... both good and bad... but a liar wasn't one of them. If she bragged she had girls eating her pussy at school, including friends of mine, and even including teachers... it had to be true. Her fingers on my dick were driving me wild, and I was getting very worried I might come in my boxers!

"Way! Including..." she embellished as she really worked my cock over... was she trying to make me come? "...your *favourite* teacher."

"Mrs. *Walker*?" I gasped with a moan. My English teacher, who wore nylons every day, and who seemed to know I had a nylon fetish, because she sat on her desk, legs crossed, often dangling a heel and sometimes even dropping it to the floor, and then often leaving her sexy nylon-clad foot out in the open for a few minutes for me to drool over. (Have I mentioned I always sat in the front row for a better view? No? Then now you know.)

"Maybe, maybe not," she sing-songed. "But I *will* tell you that whoever it is, she often texts me during her prep period, begging me to leave my class so she can eat me out in her classroom while I'm on top of her desk."

"Oh God," I moaned, about to come.

"And your friends, well one of them anyway," she continued, now really working my cock over, "has even eaten my pussy inside this very house, while you were in another room doing whatever you were doing."

"Whaaaaat?" I grunted as I *did* come in my underwear from realizing she could only be talking about Emily, since she was the only friend of ours of the female persuasion who'd ever been in our house.

"You're a *very* sick boy," she smiled as she kept rubbing my cock through my orgasm, "coming from your big sister stroking your big cock while you imagine our mutual friend 'E' eating her out."

"Fuck," I gasped weakly, while soaking my underwear.

"So, so *very* sick," she purred, giving my still hard cock a final squeeze, before turning away.

As I stood there in complete shame and awe... totally confused about what this meant... the bottom of my costume still hanging open, since my sister had just given me a hand job... I heard the garage door opening, meaning Mom was home, our dad having left us when we were seven.

Since my sister's thong was still in my hand, I reached under my costume and stashed it inside my underwear... on the side, where it wouldn't get soiled by my cum.

"Creative hiding place," Shayla smiled, as she sat down (with the entirety of her sexy thigh high stockings within view, I'm just saying), then sliding a sexy foot into her equally sexy boot... gazing at me steadily the entire time.

"Yeah... I... *Jesus!*" I said nonsensically, totally unable to process what had just happened in any way, or to speak in any rational way.

"You've received the gift of my underwear, obviously happily, so now you'll kindly give me *your* underwear," she ordered, one boot on, and a hand extended.

"What?" I asked, having heard her, but befuddled by her request.

"Hurry up, Mom will be walking in here at any moment," she demanded, waving her hand around in an urgent, bossy fashion.

"Okay, okay," I agreed, urgently pulling them down and off, her thong falling to the floor. I grabbed the thong and handed her my cum-stained underwear, before hurrying to snap myself up, even though I had no idea why I was complying with such an order.

Shayla examined the big load inside them and gasped, "Shit, you shoot buckets!"

Before I could respond, even if I had any idea what to say, we heard the door into the kitchen open.

"I'm home," Mom sang out like she did every day when she got home... which always made me feel warm and safe.

Shayla's thong was still in my hand, and she whispered, this time because she was concerned, and not just because she wanted to control me, "Quick! Hide my thong!"

"Where?" I asked, flying into a sudden panic about getting caught with my sister's soiled panties in my hand, which I needed to do something about, within the few moments before Mom came into the living room!

Shayla stuffed my boxers under a couch cushion while she suggested, "Wrap it around your dick."

"Yeah, right," I said, stretching out the short legs of my costume to do just that, thinking that made perfect sense, since I didn't have any pockets, or anywhere else to stash it.

A second later Mom came into the room, kissed my cheek, and said, after briefly examining my costume, "You look cute, honey."

"Great, that's what we eighteen-year-old guys *always* go for, Mom, women calling us *cute*," I said, trying to deflect my anxiety and guilt, but also hating that word. I was actually decent looking, had had a few girlfriends, a few blow jobs, and had even fucked a couple of girls. So I wasn't some virgin nerd... although I still *was* a nerd, if my academic achievements counted, plus a geek, because of my obsession with science fiction.

"Sorry, you look handsome, then," she corrected herself.

"Mom, *really*?" I sighed wearily.

"He's fishing for sexy," Shayla pointed out, both of her tall boots now in place on her feet and legs.

Mom turned around to greet her daughter, but said instead, her tone leaping from sweet and motherly to firm and motherly, "You, young lady, are *not* going out dressed like that!"

"But it's *Halloween*, Mom," she said, standing up, likely going for intimidating. "By *law* I have to be dressed like this!"

"Shayla Marie Sorensen," Mom barked, and employing our full names was a quick, clear clue that she wasn't happy with us.

"*Mahawam*, I'm just going to a party," Shayla said, always annoyed at her mother's response to her fashion sense.

"Not wearing that outfit, you aren't," Mom repeated.

Not wishing to witness the Battle of the Stubborn Females, and knowing this could easily become a lengthy embroilment, I headed off to my room, just as my cell rang.

"Hey," I answered.

"We're here," Steve said.

"Oh, okay," I said, looking at my watch to see it was already nine. Time certainly flies when you're having a surreal kinky encounter with your sister! I *had* planned on putting on some fresh underwear, but now I didn't have time... while my sister's panties were tangled around my hard cock, that was definitely tenting out my outfit even more without the underwear to help keep it under wraps.

"What about *him*?" Shayla asked, great at deflecting blame by pointing a finger, in this case literally, and at my dick.

"What *about* him?" Mom asked, looking back at me, still wearing her nurse's uniform... since she worked at one of the few hospitals that still required their nurses to wear all white, including most significantly for me, white pantyhose.

"He's not even wearing any underwear," Shayla said, pointing out my cock, which was unashamedly (unlike the rest of me) pointing right back at the two of them.

Mom looked down at my crotch, and her face went a shade of embarrassed red.

"I-I-I've got to go," I stammered, "Steve is already here."

"Oh good, then he can give me a ride too," Shayla blurted out hurriedly.

Mom, rattled by seeing my erection it seemed, and clearly too tired to endure a marathon battle with her daughter, sighed and caved, "Just go, then. But at least behave yourself!"

"I always do," Shayla said. "Let's go, big brother," she said, bouncing past me... awarding me that honorific for the first time ever, and for a very nefarious reason... and as I followed her out, I wondered if Mom had twigged onto her daughter's penile innuendo.

Once we got outside, I said, "I can't believe you said that."

"It worked," she shrugged. "And it was true."

"You're not wearing any underwear either," I pointed out, as we headed down the walk to Steve's VW beetle.

"I'm not, only because *you're* wearing them," she said, which I suppose was technically true.

"I'm not wearing...."

Shayla punched me in the shoulder, quipping, "Punch buggy, no return!"

As we reached the car, Shayla popped around to the driver's side and asked, "*Hey* sexy, can you give me a ride to the Parkers' party?"

Shayla always flirted with all of my friends, especially with Steve, and thus she always got whatever she wanted from them.

"I'd love to, but I only have room for one more passenger," he said sorrowfully, since our other two closest friends, Eddie and Baker, were also in the car.

"No worries, I can just sit on Brent's lap," she said, which made my eyes go wide. This prospect would have been a turn-on even *before* what had just happened... but now it carried an entire new level of sexy implications!

"Well then, climb on in," Steve said, as he got out of the car to allow first me, and then my sister to clamber into the back seat.

"The Parkers live fifteen minutes out of town," Eddie pointed out, clearly annoyed by this unexpected complication. He was our Sheldon, meaning he always needed to be on time for *everything*. He also thrived on structure, or rather he obsessed whenever it was threatened. Shayla had likely just placed both of those life requirements at risk.

Once I'd settled into my seat, I quickly adjusted my hard cock, just before my sister sat down in my lap... and directly onto my hard dick... making me groan.

"Are you okay, big brother?" my sister asked solicitously, leaning back against me, which enabled her to grind across my cock... clearly she was enjoying playing the tease.

"Yeah, I'm good," I said, more worried I might come in my costume than I was about any minor discomfort.

"Drive, chauffeur Steve," Shayla ordered imperiously, leaning forward to rub the top of Steve's buzz-cut head, again her body shifting across my cock... which hadn't softened at all after dropping that load, and it likely had no intention of returning back to slumber mode for a while longer. She *had* to know what she was doing to me!

"Yes, my fair lady," Steve said as suavely as he could manage from his lofty teenaged perch in life, preening under all the attention from my sister he could get. He, or actually *all* of my friends, had a serious crush on my sister.

"Ooh, aren't *you* the Prince Charming," she crooned as she leaned back against me... once again her ass slow dancing across my cock... and this time *she* let out the quietest of moans.

"I'll always be princely for *you*, milady," Steve said, flirting pathetically over his shoulder as he began driving.

"This detour will make us very late," Eddie sighed.

"That's okay," Baker said.

"It *isn't* okay! Our entire plan has just been tossed out the window," Eddie disagreed.

"So what *are* you studs planning for tonight?" Shayla asked, my cock resting directly beneath her pussy.

"We're going to a different party," Baker said, sitting to our right and definitely checking out my sister... a box of beer resting between us.

"Which one?" she asked, swiveling her body around towards Baker, and thus teasing my cock some more.

"Howie's," Baker said. "The plan is to play some dungeons and dragons, and then head out to the midnight showing of the epic The Rocky Horror Picture Show, just like we've done for the past four Halloweens. It's always a blast!"

"No, I won't allow that," she said, wiggling her ass a little... seemingly for my benefit... but as if she was oblivious to what she was doing to my hard cock. "Change of plan: you guys are now attending

the party at the Parkers'."

"Really?" Baker asked, as I flinched my cock, deciding to counter her evil flirting with some of my own, by pretending I only needed a slight adjustment.

"Sure, it's the biggest Halloween party out there, all the hottest girls in school will be there, and you can always watch that silly movie anywhere, anytime," she said, noticing my flinch, and responding by scootching her ass around on my cock.

"It only plays in theatres on Halloween every year," I pointed out, flinching my cock a couple more times, going along with this strange backseat game, any hesitation to play naughty games with 'my very own sister' having flown out the window back when she jerked me off.

"No, we already *have* plans," Eddie protested, but the other two guys were willing to dump *any* plans, no matter how cherished, for the chance to hang out with my sister for a while longer, *plus* with all the other cheerleaders.

"Trust me," Shayla said in a seductive voice that made my cock flinch again, while assumedly doing the same to the other two guys (and *maybe* Eddie too, but I doubted it). "You'll have a *great* time!" She looked back to me knowingly.

"Can't we just stick to our plan?" Eddie whined.

"You can always watch it on DVD, or Blu-Ray, or whatever you have it on," she said, this time clearly grinding on my cock... calling my bluff.

Deciding enough of this teasing, no way did I want to come in my outfit again, which at this rate I would, and very soon, I said, as I lifted her up and off of my throbbing cock, "Actually Sis, watching it at home isn't at all the same thing as sharing it with a rowdy crowd in a theatre," I pointed out.

"That's *right!* And besides, we have *plans*," Eddie repeated, getting totally rattled because nobody except maybe for me, appeared to care about his sacred *plans*.

"Oh Eddie," Shayla wheedled, leaning forward and placing a hand on his shoulder. "Won't you attend this hot party for little old me?"

"I-I-I don't... know... h-h-ow... wh-wh-what..." Eddie stammered, totally losing his chain of thought, likely because this might be the first time a girl that wasn't his mother had ever touched him.

"Please, sexy," Shayla said, ignoring my whispered admonition that she was going too far, but instead, she reached underneath herself in the darkness and squeezed my cock, while repeating to Eddie, "For me?"

I groaned.

"Okay," Eddie agreed, then turned his head away, his cheeks burning red.

Shayla turned back to me, her hand still gripping my cock, and asked innocently, "Sorry bro, was I accidentally squishing you?"

"A little," I responded innocently since we were playing to the crowd, but getting super worried I might come again, since even normally, I could come twice pretty quickly.

"Let me reposition myself, then," she said, leaning over the bottles and resting her hands on Baker's leg.

In a moment of spontaneity... of lust... of my throbbing cock... or a moment of insanity... I used this brief reprieve to unsnap my costume and pull it up enough to release my cock, and untangle her panties from it. I then positioned my cock so it was angled directly towards her pussy, which I couldn't see in the dark since we'd just entered the highway... leaving the lights of the city streets behind... and waited to see how she reacted.

As she sat back down on my lap, it was her turn to gasp, as my erect cock slid deep inside her.

Now sitting on my lap, all my eight inches inside her pussy, she twisted around and gazed at me in complete shock and confusion.

I just shrugged... not sure how else to respond.

She was so wet that my cock had slid smoothly and easily inside her.

Was she wet because of sitting in my lap?

Had she been stimulating herself all this time?

These and many other questions swirled inside my head, but at the centre of my attention was her remaining frozen, with my cock deep inside her.

This was surreal!

It was so cool she hadn't freaked out! She hadn't moved away. She seemed to be pondering what to do next.

I didn't mean to, but my cock twitched inside her... making her moan.

"Are you okay?" Baker asked, concerned for my hot sister.

"Yeah, yeah, it's just a little leg cramp," she dissembled, as she was still looking back at me, then she moved her ass up and off of me... squirming around a little to get comfortable, which meant rubbing herself some more against my cock, which was now resting between her pussy lips, but no longer inside her hot hole.

I tried to appear impartial while she seemed to be processing what had just happened and what to do next... but she only asked, in a tone that indicated the other decision had now been made, "So you guys are all coming to the party with me, yes?"

"Do we have a choice?" Baker asked.

"Of course you do! You can either do as I say... or you can do *what* I say," my sister shrugged as she moved back a bit, and my cock head slipped back inside her.

Was that on purpose?

Or by accident?

The uncertainty was turning me into a horny mess.

I was desperate to fuck her... yet I wanted her to be the one to initiate it... although I already *had* initiated it when I positioned my cock at her pussy just as she was sitting back down.

I was stressed that I was committing incest... no matter that it was an accident on her part after a stupid, rash decision on my part.

I was worried about getting caught by my buds with my dick inside my own sister... which would be pretty damn hard to explain.

"Then *my* choice is to do whatever you say at all times," Baker said, drooling over my sister, my cock only about two inches inside her. Which was *way* better than zero inches!

"Oh, how sweet you are," she purred in full flirtation mode, letting out a soft moan as she once again leaned forward, sticking her tits in his face... my cock now just barely inside her.

A mixture of spontaneity... hormones... curiosity... mischief... lust... I made the decision for both of us, and I raised my hips and slid my cock all the way back into her pussy.

My sister froze again... again with my entire cock inside her... and she looked back at me with an expression that might mean anything... shock... curiosity... confusion... intrigue... is there a name for a facial expression that encompasses all those feelings into one? There should be, since I was looking at it!

I imagine it was similar to the look I'd had when she first grabbed my cock in our living room... God, that seemed so long ago now... when in reality it was only twenty-ish minutes ago.

Suddenly feeling guilty for what I was doing... I slipped out, and lowered myself back to my seated position.

Time stood still... although it was likely only a few seconds... before she turned away from me.

Feeling guilty and disappointed, I went to tug my costume back down over my hard cock, but Shayla reached her left hand, the one Baker couldn't see, back to my tool, positioned it against her wet pussy again and slowly... deliberately this time... lowered herself slowly back onto my cock.

My eyes went wide. She was once again sitting snugly in my lap... only this time there was a subtle but huge difference... she'd *freely chosen* to put my cock inside her!

"Ooooooh," she moaned as she leaned back against me, growing accustomed to the eight inches of her brother's cock in her pussy.

"You okay?" Baker asked again.

"Yeah, my brother just has a lumpy lap," she explained, not moving, just resting against me... clearly unsure of what to do from here.

As was I.

Now we were both in limbo.

I was inside my sister.

My sister was sitting in my lap with her brother's cock deep inside her.

In the back seat of my friend's car.

With Baker sitting right next to us, the box of beer the only thing hiding my cock and where it was from his view.

"So... are you still dating Mike?" Baker asked, fishing for a miracle... oblivious to the one I was experiencing right next to him.

"Yes," Shayla said, studiously stoic, clearly processing her rash decision just like I had mine, but meanwhile continuing to flirt and tease poor old hopeless Baker, "But if I wasn't, I'd be all over you."

"Really?" Baker said, falling hook, line and sinker.

"She's kidding, actually," Steve threw into the mix. "Obviously, she'd be dating me."

"Maybe we should all just have a gang bang together," Shayla offered, which unintentionally made my cock twitch in her pussy... which made her in turn moan ever so softly... the idea of all four of us gang banging my sister was wild! Yet now that I was already inside her... I wanted her just to be mine and mine alone.

"Oh God," Baker gasped, as Shayla leaned across and brought her hand to his crotch to give it a playful rub... my own cock remaining halfway inside her.

"Shit," Steve gasped from the driver's seat, swerving a little.

Only shy Eddie remained still and silent.

"Or maybe just a bukkake," Shayla tossed out wickedly, the visual of my sister taking three loads of cum (excluding shy Eddie's) all over her pretty face also pretty fucking hot... since any bukkake was such a hot sex act.

This was my chance to pull out... to right a wrong... that is, if she *considered* this wrong... yet I stayed the course by remaining motionless... I'd let *her* decide what happened next.

This current episode had begun with her accidentally sitting squarely onto my cock. Then a bit later, I'd made the decision to purposely slide into her pussy. And then after I'd relented, *she'd* decided to sit on my cock *again!* And now here we were. This chain of events had been the most intense form of mutual teasing ever!

There had been no fucking. Only insertion. So far.

"Is this fresh growth because of me?" Shayla asked, after she placed her hand onto Baker's cock through his costume.

"Oh God," he moaned.

"I'll take that as a yes," she said, while openly rubbing his cock... my cock still resting halfway inside her.

"If you don't stop, I'm going to...." Baker groaned, and obviously came in his outfit.

As Shayla sat back onto my cock, tacitly declining this opportunity to terminate our incestuous stalemate, she said while she slowly moved her body back and forth, slowly fucking herself on my cock, "Sorry about that."

I silently reappraised my recent thought about 'only insertion'. So where were we now? Fifth base? Sixth?

Eddie looked back for the first time; he was easily the shyest of the four of us, and he gave my sister and me a perplexed look... just as Shayla settled back down, taking all of my cock into her pussy yet again. And now there was no question: she'd committed herself to fucking with me (in a good way). And for my part, my only real issue had been how *she* felt about doing this, so... Game On!

"Ooooooooooh, mmmmmmmmm, hey sexy," Shayla smiled into Eddie's shy face, using her flirtation with him as an excuse to issue a moan that was really because she was once again sitting completely down with her brother's cock buried in her pussy... although her flirtation was also sincere... she just *loved* flirting with and teasing my friends... exerting the power she had over them.

Shayla leaned forward a little to flirt with Eddie some more, raising her pussy just a little... leaving my cock still over halfway inside her.

"H-h-hey back?" Eddie stammered, then instantly jerked his head back to face the road.

Shayla lowered herself back onto my cock, and I made it twitch deep inside her. She leaned forward again, and asked Steve from about two inches away from his right ear, "How long until we're there, sugar?"

"Five minutes," Steve said. "Give or take," whereupon Shayla sat back down on my cock, and I realized she was fucking me... well, slyly fucking me.

Sitting back up, she said, reaching her hand between the two seats, "Well, drive safely, Mr. Chauffeur. Tonight we're getting you boys laid."

"What?" Steve gasped, as Shayla wigged her ass slightly, which I took as an invitation to begin fucking her steadily.

I glanced over at Baker who was staring at my sister, made sure the box would hide my actions, and I began slowly fucking.

"Yeah, there'll be lots of sexy, drunk-ish girls there," Shayla said. She then looked admiringly at Baker and said, "And if you other guys are as well hung as Baker here, I'm certain you won't have any difficulty in getting one of my cheerleader friends to suck and fuck you."

"Oh my God," Steve said out loud, as I continued slowly, surreptitiously, fucking my sister... wondering if she would... and could... really set these guys up with her hot friends.

"Would you?" Baker asked... he and Eddie both virgins. While Steve had hooked up with a girl named Beth a few times.

"I'll get you guys into the party," Shayla explained. "After that, you'll have to turn on your charm."

"I can do that," Steve said.

"I don't know if I can," Baker said, not a very confident young man.

"Oh, I think you can, big boy," Shayla reassured him as I kept slyly fucking my sister... wondering how long we could get away with doing this on the sly.

"I don't know," Baker said doubtfully, as she settled back down, again sitting firmly on my cock.

"You're so bad, big brother," she whispered ever so quietly, her hot breath tickling my ear as she slyly began grinding her hips and slowly fucking herself on my cock.

"As are you," I whispered back, still in awe of what was happening... and what had begun as some silly flirtatious play, then had shifted to an accidental insertion (at least on her part), had now become some very purposeful and willing incest on both of our parts.

"We don't have much time," she whispered, and she braced both of her hands on the back of the driver's seat while slowly fucking me.

I couldn't believe this was happening! My hot cheerleader twin sister with a college boyfriend... was willingly fucking *me*!

I knew I wasn't going to last long if she continued slyly moving her hips back and forth. I didn't think I should come inside her. Yet if she kept doing whatever she was doing with her pussy... which somehow seemed to be flexing its grip around my cock... I was going to explode, and thus do just that!

"Mmmmmmm," Shayla moaned as she continued slowly grinding on my cock... seeming to be getting close herself. After a minute or so of sweet... soothing... sly... grinding, she said, "Your driving is so sexy, Steve."

"It is?" Steve asked.

"Yes, it actually turns me on," Shayla moaned, obviously trying to hide what she was really doing behind some more excessive flirtation.

"It actually does?" Steve asked, perplexed, looking into her face via the rear view mirror.

"Yeah, there's nothing sexier than a man taking control," Shayla said, wiggling her ass.

I figured that was her sly, silent way of telling me it was my turn to do the fucking.

"What I mean is someone who just takes what he wants," Shayla added, actually turning around to glare an insistent look at me, since I hadn't yet taken what I wanted by resuming to fuck her.

"I can be that man," Steve offered, oblivious to what was happening directly behind him.

"I just bet you could," Shayla moaned sexily, while I lifted up my hips to fill her.

Steve suddenly slammed on the brakes, and Shayla was thrown forward, but then fell back onto my cock and landed hard, screaming, "Fuuuuuck!"

"Ohhhhhhh," I moaned, reaching new depths in my sister's pussy.

Baker looked over, so I squeezed my sister's left leg to warn her... since there was no way he could see anything that hand did.

"Sorry, a deer jumped out in front of us, and I almost hit her," Steve explained.

"You scared the *shit* out of me," Shayla complained.

"Yeah, and then you slammed right down on top of me," I added.

"Oh, dearie me! Did I hurtie your little wee-wee?" Shayla asked in a teasingly 'widdle' baby voice, but she was also wiggling her ass delightfully on my deeply imbedded dick.

"You did *something*, anyway," I joked, as Steve got us back up to highway speed.

Baker said, likely the bravest thing he'd ever said, "You can sit on my lap if you want?"

"I think we already know you couldn't handle that, Mr. Sharpshooter," she teased, and she leaned over and squeezed his dick again, which was still hard.

As she did, I turned slightly sideways and began fucking her harder... not crazy fast like I wanted to... I couldn't allow any sounds of my slamming into her... but still hard enough to stimulate both of us better than before.

"You're still hard, big boy," she said to Baker, as she allowed me to fuck her freely.

"Y-y-yeah," Baker said, clearly in awe that this hot cheerleader was touching his dick... again!

"What *would* happen if I sat on your lap, sexy?" Shayla asked with a soft moan, as I fucked her as smoothly as I could, given the awkward position and situation we were in.

"I-I-I don't know," he stammered, obviously overwhelmed by the unaccustomed attention he was receiving.

My balls were beginning to boil, and I knew I wouldn't last much longer.

As if reading my mind, my sister said (to Baker, thank God, not to me), "I bet you'd just erupt all over me!"

"Ooooooh," Baker groaned.

"Are you going to come again now?" she asked, still rubbing his cock through his costume.

"Yesssssss," Baker moaned, and I took her question to him as permission... as her moans increased...although she hid the real cause by teasing Baker.

Shayla turned to me and gave me a nod, which I took as permission to come inside her, knowing I'd only have a few more strokes in control before exploding, as she added, in reality speaking more to me than to Baker, "Yes, and I bet you'd come inside me, if we were actually *doing it*."

"Oh, God," Baker groaned, looking like he was about to shoot another load into his costume.

A few more strokes, and I was done. I wanted to moan, but I bit my lip to control any obvious sound that would give us away, as I erupted inside my sister's pussy.

"Yesssssss," Shayla moaned loudly, while I filled her, and she rubbed him furiously.

"Fuuuck," Baker grunted, as he came too.

Shayla fell back against me... her body quaking as much as mine was... and I was sure she'd just orgasmed from my coming inside her.

"So hot," Shayla moaned, looking soulfully at Baker while her body quivered against mine.

"I think Shayla should join us in the front seat on the way home," Steve said, as he slowed way down and pulled up to a farmhouse.

"Oh? What would you want me to do up there?" Shayla asked playfully, as she leaned against me and recovered from her orgasm.

"Anything you like," Steve said, a lot more suave than Baker.

"Oh, really?" she asked, and the car came to a stop, while both of us recovered from the crazy orgasms we just gave each other.

"Yeah," Steve said, looking into his rear-view mirror.

"Could you guys stop hitting on my sister?" I complained, having ordinarily put a stop to it within the first few seconds, when I wasn't being distracted by... you know... fucking my sister.

"Too late for that," Steve said.

"Yeah, it's not *my* fault all your sexy friends want to fuck me," Shayla said, slyly wiggling her bare ass against me... my cock still buried inside her.

"So... we're here," Steve announced.

"Well boys, have fun," Shayla said. "I may need a ride home, so don't take off without me."

Eddie got out of the car, and Baker, sheepishly, did too, as Shayla climbed off of me... her wetness and mine dripping onto me, as her ultra-short skirt automatically fell into place as if nothing scandalous had just happened..

I quickly snapped my costume together inside the dark car, then I too got out... my cock still hard.

Shayla sauntered off without another word... as Steve helped me out of the back seat and noticed my cock poking against my costume.

"You got hard from your sister sitting on you?" he asked.

I shrugged, trying to act casual, even while I felt more cum leaking out of my shaft, "What can I say?"

"You're a very sick man," Steve congratulated, and he high fived me.

"Did she really get you off?" he then asked Baker.

Baker answered not with shame, but pride, "Twice!"

"Fuck, why did I agree to drive?" Steve sighed.

"Because you don't drink," Eddie said, always getting more talkative when no girls were around.

"Still," Steve said.

"Let's go inside and find some hot ladies," I urged.

"I'd still rather carry on and go to the other party," Eddie said doggedly.

"If there's only as much as a one percent chance of my getting a hand rub from Shayla, I'm definitely staying," Steve said. "And it's my car, so end of story."

"She's my sister, you know," I reminded them.

"Yeah, yeah," Steve said, as the other two started walking towards the party. As he was closing the driver's side door, which for some reason I hadn't yet done, he asked, "Why is there a thong on the back seat?"

My eyes went wide as I shrugged, "I have no idea." Then I thought to add, "It's *your* car, horn dog. Don't you know who's been partying back there?"

....

Epilogue:

Neither Eddie nor Baker got lucky that night... although Steve hooked up with some girl from another school.

I, on the other hand, ended up in the barn with Amanda, who as she sucked my cock, looked up at me after a couple of bobs and said, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you really *did* feck your sister, you wanker. I thought she was only slagging me!"

But that's a story for another time.

THE END... MAYBE

I considered having a second scene in this story where Shayla beckons her brother to a barn. Yet, I decided it made more sense to end the chapter here since the focus was the wicked backseat sex.

Are you interested in reading more?

I have a few ideas but no real clear plan:

Sister Can't Get Enough

Shayla summons brother to barn for a good old fashion fucking.

Sister Shares

Sister beckons brother where Brent walks in to find his crush Amanda having some lesbian fun with his sister and....

The Ride Home

Sister tipsy really enjoys the ride home.

Caught by Mom

The siblings can't get enough of each other when Mom comes home early from work and....

Other ideas?

Share away.

