

BLACKMAILING BITCH SISTER

silkstockingslover

A nerdy brother blackmails his slutty bitch twin sister.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: A nerdy brother blackmails his slutty bitch twin sister.

Note 1: This is a summer 2012 contest story so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to KatieKay, MAB7991 and Bill for copy-editing and LaRascasse for his plot suggestions.

BLACKMAILING BITCH SISTER

1. CATCHING MY SISTER IN THE ACT

I have always hated my sister...always.

Even back when we were just five years old I hated her. We were both getting ready for the first day of kindergarten and she was already playing the diva persona that she would come to exemplify in the years that followed. I was wearing my favorite Mutant Ninja Turtle t-shirt and Brittany with a big smile on her face, threw the last half of her chocolate milk on me. I was shocked and started crying. To make matters worse, when Mom came in to see what had happened Brittany lied and said I spilt it on myself...and of course Mom believed her. It was this and a trillion other similar trivial but mean moments that was the life of me...the nerdy twin of the fabulous Brittany: cheerleader, prom queen and utter bitch.

While high school was the bane of my existence it was the peak for my sister...she would probably marry the football star, have babies and never leave this god-awful small town. For me, on the other hand, the road ahead was filled with promise and in six weeks I would be off to Princeton on full scholarship...away from my bitch sister who was not only the school diva but who could also do no wrong in the eyes of my doting parents, who had never lived anywhere other than here as well...high school sweethearts who married and lived happily ever after with their two kids, white picket fence, blah, blah, blah.... They could never understand what they called my 'fixation to nowhere'. They couldn't understand why anyone would want to leave the small utopia of Paradise Valley, a very deceiving name if ever there was one.

Regardless, I was just biding my time until I could leave and find real paradise, which I believed was anyplace but here, when opportunity fell on my lap.

My parents were gone to a wedding for the weekend and I was supposed to be going to a buddy's for the weekend (I may have been a nerd...but nerds stick together) when I happened to come home Saturday afternoon and caught my sister in the act. This wouldn't have been a big deal, Brittany was eighteen and had been dating Lucas for two years. They obviously fucked and according to the rumors, a lot. But what made it a big deal was it wasn't Lucas, nor was it a guy, nor was it someone her age.

I heard moans coming from my parent's room, which was odd as well, and before moving further double-checked that my parents' car wasn't in the driveway (their plans could have changed like mine did when Elmer got a bout of the flu...ending our Star Wars marathon only partway through the second movie. My parents' car was not in the driveway. Although a couple doors down, there was a blue Ford Focus I had never seen before.

Curious, I quietly moved up the stairs and I heard a female voice I didn't completely recognize at first although it was vaguely familiar. "Oh, yes, eat my cunt, Brittany."

I stopped, frozen in my tracks. Brittany was with a girl? Now a morally upright brother may have turned and walked out, but, for many reasons, that is not what I did. I was a virgin; other than on the Internet, I had never seen a girl naked. Christ, I was even too shy to buy some adult magazine at a convenience store. But an open door and the promise of lesbian sex and the curiosity of who my sister was seemingly pleasing was impossible to ignore. Realizing the great revenge opportunity as well, I pulled out my phone, turned it onto video and pressed the record button.

I crept forward, my heart full of trepidation, petrified of being heard as the naughty talk continued. "That's it baby, keep licking me. You are such an eager little cunt-licker, aren't you?"

I was just outside the door when I heard my diva sister, whom everyone falls over their feet for, reply, "Thank you ma'am, I love pleasing you."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing and a second later I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My sister was between the nylon legs of someone I couldn't see, my sister's picture perfect ass staring directly at me. The unknown woman moaned, "I know you do my dear, you are a natural-born pussy-pleaser."

At hearing the phrase 'my dear', I held in a gasp as I realized who was on my parents' bed, legs spread open and being pleased by my bitch sister. It was Mrs. Charles our drop-dead gorgeous English teacher. She was in her forties, but I imagine as many teenagers stroked themselves at night to her as they did to my popular cheerleading bitch sister.

Mrs. Charles was a blonde haired, blue eyed goddess who always wore skirts or dresses, always wore three inch or higher heels and always had her legs wrapped in a pair of pantyhose. Although she didn't dress like a slut like my sister did, her breasts were just as ample and showcased slyly by her various blouses. I can't even begin to count the number of loads I have shot thinking of Mrs. Charles' big breasts and to-die-for legs.

The main difference between my voluptuous English teacher and my equally voluptuous bitch sister was that Mrs. Charles was nice. She was a caring, compassionate, sincere and intelligent woman who was my main reference for my Princeton application and my educational idol (both academically and fantasy).

I couldn't fathom in a million years how she ended up on my parents' bed being pleased and seemingly in control of my bitch sister...who always...I mean fucking always...was in control. It was a mystery as unexplainable to me as the Bermuda Triangle...or how to speak to a girl.

I was brought back to the crazy reality as Mrs. Charles moaned, "I'm close my dear, finger-fuck my cunt, my slut."

Hearing a teacher call my sister a slut was shocking and yet hot as hell. I only wished I could see her face as she was brought to orgasm. I recorded, my cock a missile in my pants, my ex-teacher's

orgasm.

"Oh yes, yes, Brittany, suck my clit, get me off, oh yes, fuuuuuck, you dirty fucking sluuuuuut," my Princeton scholar teacher mumbled incoherently as my sister brought her to orgasm.

My sister remained between Mrs. Charles legs for a couple of minutes while our ex-teacher recovered from her orgasm.

I stared at my naked sister from behind and although I had never considered her sexually...she was just my bitch sister... I was suddenly having thoughts of what I would like to do with her.

"Ready to be fucked?" Mrs. Charles asked, still breathing heavily, as she sat up and I quickly moved away from the door.

"Fuck yes," my sister replied, in a tone of desperate hunger I had not heard from her before.

"Grab the strap-on, my dear."

Peeking around the corner cautiously, I watched my sister go to a bag on the floor and pull out a big black strap-on. She handed it to a now standing Mrs. Charles whose big breasts were staring at me. My sister wordlessly wrapped the harness around our teacher's waist.

Once the strap-on was on, Mrs. Charles said, "On all fours, my little cheerleader pet."

Brittany quickly got back on our parents' bed, clearly eager to get fucked by a plastic cock.

"You are such an eager little slut, aren't you," Mrs. Charles asked.

"I'll always be your slut, Ma'am," my sister answered, so unlike her usual in-control demeanor.

Mrs. Charles looked delicious in only thigh high stockings and a cock wrapped around her waist. I wondered if she wore thigh high stockings under her conservative teacher attire all those days she taught me. I was dying to know how my despicable sister and my favorite teacher ended up as sex partners...it just seemed too preposterous to be true and if I hadn't been seeing and taping it, with my own eyes, I would never believe it.

Mrs. Charles joined my sister on the bed and seemed to be teasing my sister. From my viewpoint, I got a great side view and could see that the plastic cock was still not in my sister.

"Please just fuck me," my sister moaned, the teasing clearly driving her nuts. Watching her begging and not in control was easily the greatest moment ever.

"Beg, my slut," Mrs. Charles demanded, making the hot scene even hotter.

My sister, giving in like some cheap slut, begged, "Oh fuck, please fill my cunt with that big cock of yours."

Mrs. Charles obliged and thrust forward, the entire cock disappearing inside my sister.

Brittany screamed, "Oh fuck, yes, fuck your slut, fuck my cunt."

Moaning, dirty talk and hardcore lesbian fucking continued as the sister I despised and the teacher I idolized went at it hardcore, way better than any of the hundreds of porn videos I had watched online. I began rubbing my cock through my jeans as I continued filming the shocking scene, the

greatest moment of my young life. A million ideas of how to blackmail my bitch sister were already spinning in my head as my cock begged for relief.

I don't know how long Mrs. Charles fucked Brittany; five minutes, maybe ten, fifteen for all I know as I just continued rubbing myself and filming before Brittany screamed, desperately, "May I come Mommy?"

"Always with the Mommy," Mrs. Charles replied with a chuckle, "If I didn't know better I would think you want to be your Mommy's little pet slut too."

"Ooooooooooh please, Mommy, can I come," Brittany whimpered, begging like a dog.

"Fuck yourself to orgasm, my cheerleading slut," Mrs. Charles ordered.

Brittany moaned, "Thaaaaaanked yooooooooou," as she began bouncing back hard onto Mrs. Charles plastic cock.

"Fuck you are such a horny little minx," Mrs. Charles assessed, slapping my sister's ass.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God, fuck, yes, yes, fuck, ooooooooooooooooooh, God, I'm commmmmmmmmmmmmmmming," my sister screamed as we both reached orgasm at the same time, as I coated my underwear with my cum simultaneously as Brittany's juices flooded out of her. Brittany fell forward and Mrs. Charles returned to fucking Brittany.

"Keep coming, slut," Mrs. Charles ordered, as she pumped the plastic cock in and out of my sister's still leaking cunt.

A minute later Brittany begged, "Please stop, I can't take it anymore."

Mrs. Charles pulled the cock out and said, "Clean up my toy, slut."

Brittany, her face red with joy, quickly obeyed, bobbing up and down on the plastic cock licking her own cum. I knew then and there I was going to make her suck my cock. I didn't care that she was my sister....I was going to make her my fucktoy....

I kept recording until she took the cock out of her mouth. Then, I quietly went back down the stairs and out of the house as I prepared my blackmail plan.

2. MANIPULATING MY TEACHER

While I waited down the street, I emailed the video to my account. It was about fifteen minutes before Mrs. Charles came out of my house, her bag of toys over her shoulder. Timing it perfectly, I started walking so that we would meet at the end of my sidewalk.

"Hi, Mrs. Charles," I greeted, startling her.

Her face went red instantly and she stammered, "H-h-h-h-hi Samuel."

"What brings you by my humble home in the middle of summer?" I asked, having fun with my rattled teacher.

I had to give her credit, she was quick. "Oh, I was just hoping to catch your Mom to sign some papers for your scholarship."

"Oh, well she should be back Monday. I'll tell her you stopped by."

"Thanks, Samuel, that would be great," she replied, seemingly a bit relieved.

Knowing her dirty secret somehow gave me a confidence I never had before. "Mrs. Charles, you look very nice."

"Thanks, Samuel," she replied, like she would a child, underestimating me like so many others had done my whole life.

Thinking she was safe, she started walking to her car. A little offended by not being taken as a man, I said, "Mrs. Charles, I love your legs in thigh high stockings."

She froze in her tracks. "Pardon."

"You are wearing thigh high stockings, are you not?" I asked, smiling.

"Why do you think that?" she asked, her worried look back on her face.

"Just a hunch. A sexy woman like you would not wear pantyhose," I smugly said, a suaveness in me I didn't know existed.

"Samuel, what has gotten into you?" she asked, surprised by my aggressiveness.

"Not what was just in my sister," I said, revealing all I knew.

There was a long silence before she gasped, her face instantly going as white as a Ghost's, "Oh my God,"

"Funny, that's what Brittany kept saying when you were fucking her," I quipped.

"Oh Samuel, I can't believe you saw that," she was clearly mortified at being caught.

"Actually, I recorded it," I revealed, piling on the dirt.

"You didn't!" she gasped.

"Would I lie to you, Mrs. Charles?" I asked, moving closer to her.

Frantic, she begged, "Samuel, please don't...I would be ruined."

"I have to ask, Mrs. Charles, how did you and my sister end up fucking?" I asked, purposely being crude, trying to take control of the situation.

"Samuel!" she gasped, clearly surprised by my uncharacteristic behaviour.

"Mommy," I countered, repeating Brittany's words during intimacy.

"Please, Samuel," my teacher pleaded.

"I like a girl who begs," I smiled, before going in for the kill. "What are you willing to do to keep your little secret between just the three of us?"

"Samuel!" she said my name again. "What're you implying?"

"I think you know very well what I'm implying," I countered. My beautiful teacher remained silent until I added, "I want you to suck my cock like Brittany sucked yours."

Her face was now sinfully red as she whispered, "And you will delete the video then."

I lied. "Of course, Mrs. Charles." Although I was already thinking of how I was going to tape her blowing me.

She was trying to figure out how to deal with my offer. I suggested, "The garage."

"Now?" she asked, surprised.

"No time like the present," I shrugged.

She looked around and sighed, "Ok, let's go."

Even though I came only twenty minutes ago, give or take, I was rearing to go again. I led her to our garage and she followed as I slyly pulled my phone out of my pocket and into my hand.

Once in the garage, I closed the door and was surprised when she immediately fell to her knees.

Again quoting the scene I had witnessed earlier today, I said, "You are such an eager little slut, aren't you?"

She looked up to me with an angry look, clearly offended at being called a slut, but she undone I belt and pulled my pants down.

My sticky wetness on my underwear was obvious, I apologized. "Sorry, Mrs. Charles, watching you fuck my sister made me shoot my first wad."

A slight smile crossed her lips as she fished my cock out of my underwear. Although I am nerdy looking, pretty scrawny and still with acne, I was relatively well equipped, a solid eight and a third inches erect (I know, nerdy, but I measured). Her reserved behaviour seemed to fade as she held my cock in her hand. She looked up at me and complimented, "What a nice cock you have Samuel."

"Well, you are the first to ever see it," I admitted.

"If the high school girls knew what you were packing you would have to beat them off with a stick," she said, slowly stroking my cock.

"That I find hard to believe. I don't throw a football or bounce a basketball."

"That may be true," she said, licking my cockhead. "But most girls can't resist a nice big cock and you have a nice big cock." She opened her mouth and leaned forward engulfing it.

I let out a whimper, the feeling of having lips wrapped around my cock a sensation way greater than my wildest fantasies. My teacher took her time, slowly moving back and forth as I awkwardly clicked the record button on my camera and moved my hand to my side to get a great side view. I was thankful I had come recently or I would have shot my load in seconds. I watched in awe as my favorite teacher, my idol, sucked my cock.

After a few minutes of slow sucking, she surprised me and asked, "Did you ever masturbate about me sucking your cock, Samuel?"

"Yes," I moaned, her tongue swirling around my mushroom top.

"Of fucking me on my desk?" she questioned, pushing my buttons.

"God, yes," I admitted.

"How about me being your personal fucktoy?" she continued, before returning to my cock and deep throating me. Amazingly, she held my cock deep in her mouth for a few seconds, causing me to shiver with pleasure.

My pretty teacher allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth. Looking up at me she surprised me when she demanded, "Call me a slut!" she wrapped her lips back around my cockhead and pulled back, treating it like a lollipop. A loud 'pop' sound was released as she relinquished the suction on my cock.

"You slut," I whimpered, so in awe of my first blow job.

"You can do better than that, Samuel," she teased, again stroking my cock. "Make me your slut, baby."

Being called 'baby' turned me on even more, making me to come. I said, grabbing her head and pulling her to me, "Suck my cock my slut teacher. I am going to fill your cocksucking mouth with my cum like the cheap teacher whore you are."

She moaned, clearly turned on by the belittlement, as she began to furiously bob back and forth on my cock.

"Faster, slut," I demanded.

She obliged and I continued to talk nasty to her. "I bet you want my big cock in your cunt, don't you, slut?"

More moans as she continued devouring my cock.

"And feel my hot seed filling your slutty cunt," I added.

Her head was moving faster and faster, continually taking all eight plus inches in her mouth. Unable to last any longer, I grunted, "I'm coming teacher slut. Swallow every drop of my cum or else."

She didn't slow down as I exploded my cum in my favorite teacher's mouth. I couldn't believe how amazing my orgasm felt, unlike any that I had done while on my own. After my balls were emptied, Mrs. Charles slowed down and eventually allowed my still-hard cock to slip out of her mouth.

She stayed on her knees, looked up from her submissive position and asked with a sexy smile, "Was it all you thought it would be?"

"Fuck, yes."

She noticed the phone and smiled, "You are quite the bastard."

"You are quite the slut."

Standing up, she leaned forward and kissed me. Funny, I just realized I got my first blow job before I got my first kiss. Her lips were soft and when she broke it a minute later she said, "Can I assume you

will keep your sister and I and you and I a secret?"

"I am not sure that was grammatically correct, Mrs. Charles," I teased.

"You brat," she said, slapping me playfully.

"I never planned to use it against you," I admitted.

Looking at her watch, she said, "Shit, I am late."

"I still want to know how you and Brittany ended up together," I said.

She squeezed my cock and smiled, "Another time, stud."

She turned to leave and I took a risk and said, "Slut, stop."

Thankfully, she did. She turned around with an unreadable look on her face.

"Give me your cell number," I demanded.

"Why is that?" she asked, demurely.

"I plan to fuck you like you desperately want me to," I said, with a confidence in me I didn't know existed.

"You do, do you?" she asked, pulling out a pen from her purse.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Charles. I plan to use you as my slut all summer," I promised, my head spinning with the potential.

She handed me her number and said, "By the way, stud, it is no longer Mrs."

"You're divorced?" I asked, surprised.

"Been separated from him since January, but it's not something I would announce to my students," she said.

"Understandable."

She gave my cock one last squeeze. "Oh yes, I'll be gone for the rest of the weekend, going to the country Jamboree with Mrs. Waters and Ms. Houston."

"Are they sluts too?" I asked, hoping they were.

She laughed. "No, not that I know of. Fuck, you're still stiff as a rock."

I shrugged and said nonchalantly, "I'm the Energizer Bunny of hard-ons."

"That will come in handy very soon," she teased kissing me again.

"Samuel, I have to go. But when I get back, I am going to rock your world. That is a promise."

I stood there my cock still erect and watched as Mrs. Charles, or Ms. Charles or whatever it would be now, sauntered out my garage blowing me a kiss before disappearing. I finally put my cock back in my pants and pondered my good fortune. I pulled out my phone and texted my teacher.

Slut,

I expect you to text me the minute you return. Is that understood?

A minute later I got a return text that rocked my world with only two words.

Yes, Master.

3. BLACKMAILING MY SISTER

I walked into the house and my sister was in her robe in the kitchen.

"What the hell are you doing home?" she asked, surprised to see me.

"Good to see you too," I retorted.

"You aren't staying are you?" she asked.

"Why? Got someone coming over to fuck you?" I said, being crude to her for the first time.

"What did you just say?" she said, fury instantly rising in her.

"Did I use words that were too big for you, sister? I know you barely passed English with Mrs. Charles," I said, purposely mentioning our slut teacher.

I could tell she was startled by me referencing Mrs. Charles, but it never occurred to her that I knew anything. "Just stay out of my way, twerp."

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, quoting her earlier words like I had when conversing with Mrs. Charles.

She again gave me a strange look before stomping away. I smiled and looked at the clock. I would fuck with her for a few hours before trying to make her my slut. I knew incest was wrong and I now had my own beautiful older woman to fuck, but I wanted Brittany. I wanted revenge for all those years of being ridiculed and humiliated by her.

I went upstairs and transferred the videos onto my computer and onto a dropbox. Once done, I burned a DVD for tonight's plan as well. I was amazed at just how well both videos had turned out. I had my blackmailing evidence on a few different media. I resisted the temptation to give myself a quick stroke as I wanted to be ready for what I had in mind...fucking my sister.

Content with the variety of back-ups I had of the videos, I went back downstairs. Brittany wasn't in the house but I saw that she was out back sun-tanning in a bikini. Before today, I had seen her in her bikini a million times and not taken a second glance, but having seen her in the compromising situation I had earlier had me literally drooling at the mouth. In my head I replayed her between Mrs. Charles's legs and then on her knees getting fucked.

It was almost supper so I grabbed some burgers and headed outside to barbeque.

Once outside, I asked my sister, who was now on her back, her firm breasts barely being held in by her bikini top, sister, "I'm barbequing some burgers Brittany. Want me to make you one?"

"Sure," she said, not opening her eyes.

From the barbeque grill, I could survey every curve of her body, a body I was confident would soon be mine. Ignoring me completely, seeing me as just her geek brother, Brittany stood up and stretched, giving me a different angle to survey her curves. She dove into the pool as I cooked the burgers and considered how to use my newfound knowledge.

Brittany came out of the pool, grabbed a towel and headed in the house. I finished cooking the burgers and once done headed inside.

I pulled out all the condiments and made a salad, trying to be the usual geek brother I have always been in the eyes of Brittany. She came down just as I finished getting the table ready dressed in an equally slutty, ridiculously revealing, bikini. Her complete lack of acknowledgement of me as a man only enhanced my eagerness to put her in her place once and for all.

I resisted the urge to reveal my knowledge right then and there.

She actually acknowledged my kindness as she said, "Thanks for the burgers, baby brother," again pushing my buttons. I hated her referencing me as younger because she was born eleven minutes before me.

"You are welcome, big sister," I replied with a double-entendre, implying to her she was older, but I was actually talking about her tits.

She sat down and ate and I waited till she was almost done to start playing with her mind. "Do you know who I saw today?"

"Who?" she asked, barely listening.

"Mrs. Charles," I revealed.

Her head immediately shot up, her face went red and she stammered, "Y-y-you did."

The worry on her face was fun to see. "Yes, right outside our house."

"R-r-really," she again stuttered, worried about what I knew.

I waited a moment. Watching her sweat was fun. "Yeah, apparently she was just going for a walk."

"Oh," Brittany said, flushing with relief.

"But the weird thing was, she was in heels which isn't really the right attire," I added.

"Oh," she said again, clearly trying to come up with a logical reason to defend her teacher.

"So what did you do today?" I asked, changing the conversation, trying to relax her before going for the kill.

Still flustered, but seemingly beginning to think I didn't know about her naughty lesbian tryst with her teacher, lied, "Oh the usual."

"Any plans for tonight?" I asked.

"Lucas is supposed to be coming over," she answered, before adding, "of course, I thought I had the house to myself."

Deciding time was of the essence, particularly if Lucas may be over later, I stirred the pot. "So you two could fuck?"

"Excuse me?" she asked, standing up her face going red with anger instantly.

"I just assumed you and Lucas would use the time to have sex, am I wrong?" I asked, a smugness in my tone I usually didn't have.

"That is none of your fucking business," she snapped, now directly in front of me.

"Of course, you already have been fucked today, haven't you?" I threw at her.

"Pardon?" she gasped.

Her big tits were right in front of me. No longer able to resist the temptation, I shocked her once more by cupping both her breasts.

"What the fuck?" she freaked, slapping my hands away. "You fucking pervert."

"Well, I already watched you get fucked with a strap-on by Mrs. Charles, so I just figured I might as well cop a feel too."

"You did not," she said, shocked by my revelation.

"Actually I got it on video," I shrugged.

"You pervert, I can't believe you would do that," she glared at me, trying her usual tactic of intimidation on me.

"I can't believe you are Mrs. Charles's lesbian slut," I countered. "Does Lucas know you are a cunt-diver?"

She slapped me across the face. "How dare you speak to me that way," she yelled at me.

"You should be nicer to me," I said, not losing my cool.

"Fuck you," she snapped.

"I like that idea," I countered.

"You fucking perv," she shot back, before turning to leave.

"Stop, slut," I said, my tone showing a confidence she would not usually hear from me.

She turned her glare enough to stop most men in their tracks, but I had an ace up my sleeve...the video.

"Big sister, I am going to make this rather clear. You don't do as I say, this tape of you and our teacher goes viral," I informed her.

"You wouldn't?" she said, not yet believing me.

"Bitch, I have spent eighteen years living under your shadow. But that is about to end...now!"

"Really?" she said, still underestimating me.

"How fucking dumb are you," I snapped back. "I am blackmailing you. Do as you're told or I will ruin you."

Her tone shifted from bitchy and threatening to desperate and pleading. "Samuel, please, we can work something out."

"Agreed, we can," I smiled smugly.

She was obviously oblivious to my intent as she sighed, "Great."

Bursting her bubble instantly, I ordered, "Crawl to me, big sister."

"Pardon?" she asked, surprised by my instructions.

"Get on your knees, like you were earlier with Mrs. Charles, and crawl to me," I repeated, my tone condescending, as if I were speaking to a child.

Her glare didn't fade, but she obeyed, even as she said, "I can't believe you are fucking blackmailing me."

I retorted, "I can't believe you fucked our teacher."

She snapped back, unable to play nice, "At least I get fucked."

She obviously was too dumb to realize my true intent still. I countered, with dripping sarcasm, "That you do. Now crawl."

Her whole head was fiery red, even her ears, as she slowly crawled on the kitchen floor to me.

I continued my condescending tone, as I added to the humiliation and power shift, "Good girl."

She looked up with the coldest glare ever, but I ignored it.

She arrived at my feet and I commented, "You must be used to being on your knees."

Suddenly she stood back up, startling me, and then threatened me. "This is over, Sam."

"Fine," I shrugged, "you are about to become an internet sensation."

"How do I even know this video footage exists?"

"Follow me?" I smiled, moving the planned blackmailing of my sister to a more comfortable setting in the living room.

I popped the DVD into our player and asked, "Should I make some popcorn?"

"Fuck off," she snapped, her arms crossed and still standing.

I pressed 'play' and the video started with Brittany's ass up in the air as her body was between Mrs. Charles stocking-clad legs. Brittany whispered, "Shit."

"Oh it gets better," I smiled.

"Shut it off," she demanded.

"We haven't even gotten to you getting fucked," I pointed out.

"Fucking shut it off," she yelled.

I stopped the player and said, "So what is it going to be, big sister?"

"What do you want?" she asked, her tone hinting at defeat.

"To fuck you," I answered.

Her eyes went wide as finally she comprehended my intent. "You got to be kidding me. That is incest," she said, attempting to point out the obvious.

I shrugged. "I am not a big fan of labelling things. I just figure why shouldn't I get a piece of my hot sister?"

"Samuel," she said, her tone shifting to attempting to bargain.

Ignoring her protesting, I interrupted, "On your knees."

"Please," she pleaded.

"Now!"

She was startled by my aggressive tone and lowered herself onto her knees.

I sat down on the couch and ordered, "Crawl to me, big sister."

She again crawled to me and stopped at my feet, her face still fuming red.

"Get on the couch," I ordered.

She did.

"Masturbate for me, big sister," I instructed.

"You got to be kidding me," she said, her repertoire of shock rather limited.

"But get naked first," I added.

She sighed. "You are such a pervert."

"And you are such a slut."

She glared at me. I remained sturdy and repeated the order, "Get naked, Brittany."

Her glare remained, but seemingly accepting her position, took off her bikini top and tossed it at me.

"Like, perv?"

"Very much so," I smiled, staring at her big tits. "Now the bottom."

She again obeyed, giving me a good look at her treasure.

"Now get yourself nice and wet," I ordered.

"I can't believe you are making me do this," she said, but moved her fingers between her legs.

"Open wide," I ordered, "I want to see that cunt of yours."

She again obeyed, revealing a trimmed pussy.

I watched her rub her clit for a couple of minutes before walking over to her and ordering, "Pull out my cock."

"We can't do this," she protested, although she continued rubbing herself.

"Just think of it as another cock," I said, treating her like a slut.

"Fuck off," she said.

"Pull out my cock," I ordered again, ignoring her bitchiness.

"If I do this, you will give me back the video?" she asked.

I lied. "Sure."

Her hand went to my pants and slowly pulled out my already fully erect eight-plus inch cock. A look in her eyes implied she was surprised by my size. I quipped, "Bigger than your football star."

She held my cock in her hands with a look that could only be described as awe. Seeing the size of my cock seemed to turn a switch in my sister as she shifted from reluctant victim to the hungry slut she was.

"Suck it like Mrs. Charles did earlier today," I ordered, revealing another piece of the puzzle.

"She did?" she asked, surprised and yet distracted.

"Yes, she did. A great cocksucker that Mrs. Charles. Let's see if you are better," I said.

Surprising me now, she leaned forward and took my cock into her mouth.

I moaned, "That's it big sister, suck my cock."

She bobbed up and down, taking most of my cock in her mouth. Having already come twice, I was in no hurry and I had bigger intentions for my next load. After a few minutes of my sister being silent because her mouth was stuffed with my cock, something she never was otherwise, I ordered, "Ready to get fucked?"

She took my cock out of her mouth with a surprising hunger in her eyes. Her question seemed more flirty than shocked, "You are not going to fuck your sister, are you?"

"No I am not," I smiled, sitting down, "my sister is going to fuck me."

Something had changed inside her when she saw my cock and she said playfully, slowly stroking it, "Did big sister get baby brother horny?"

"Fuck yes," I moaned softly.

"Is baby brother a virgin?" she asked, continuing her stroking.

"Yeeees," I admitted.

"And you want to lose your virginity to your sister?" she questioned.

Taking control, I grabbed her head and pushed it back onto my cock. She bobbed up and down hungrily, as I asked, "Has my slutty sister ever had such a big cock in her?"

She took my cock out of her mouth and said, "I can't believe what has gotten into you."

"I am looking forward to what is about to be going into you," I countered, her hand still stroking me.

"And no I have not had a cock as big as yours," she admitted. "I can't believe you have been hiding this all these years."

"Enough talk," I smiled. "Bend over."

"You sure know how to woo a lady," she smirked, moving into position.

I stared at her ass, just like I had a few hours ago, before moving behind her. I rubbed my cock at her entrance, feeling the amazing warmth.

"Shove your big snake in me, baby brother," Brittany moaned.

"You want your brother to fuck you?" I asked, loving the power I had over her.

"God yes, fuck your sister," she begged, moving her ass back.

"You will obey me at all times?" I asked, moving my cock away from her wetness.

"Fuck yeeeeeeeees," she whined, her frustration obvious as I slid my cock inside her. "Oh god, Sam, fuuuuck," she moaned.

I moaned back, the feeling of being inside a real vagina even more enthralling than imagined.

I pumped my cock in and out of her for a couple of minutes as I got into a comfortable rhythm before she finally spoke. "I can't believe how your cock fills me completely, baby brother."

"Bigger than your boyfriend," I asked again, although I was confident of the answer.

"Waaaaaay bigger," she whimpered, as all eight-plus inches plowed into her. "Fuck, slam that big love stick in me."

Sweat dripped off me as I slammed into her body with each forward thrust. I could tell she was close as she began to bounce back to meet my forward thrusts. "So good, baby brother," she moaned.

I grabbed her hair and said, "Fuck yourself, slut. Get yourself off on your brother's cock."

"You diiiirty boy," she moaned playfully, as she really began bouncing back onto my cock. Her moans increased exponentially and she screamed a minute later, "You are making me come, baby brother."

I felt her cunt lips tighten around my cock like a vacuum, followed by a gushing that exploded out of her as she collapsed forward.

I continued pumping inside her pussy as her orgasm continued through her. Feeling my own orgasm on the rise, I considered my options. I wanted to come inside her, but had no idea if she was on the pill or anything else so I pulled out and ordered, "Suck my cock, my sister slut."

She turned around, an insatiable hunger in her eyes, and devoured my cock eagerly. Although I briefly considered shooting my load inside her, I wanted one last moment of humiliation for her and decided I was going to coat her face with my cum.

Her expert mouth washed my cock with an abundance of saliva and in only a couple of minutes I was about to explode. I waited until the last minute and pulled out and ordered, "Open wide."

She again obeyed, opening her mouth wide like a dog would for a bone, and I shot my cum onto her beautiful face. My first rope of cum shot high onto her forehead and hair, my second rope of cum hit her nose and lips and my last rope of cum filled her mouth. Surprising me once again, she moved forward and took my cock back into her mouth, but this time moved slowly back and forth, taking in every last drop of my seed.

Finally, I pulled out and reached for my phone in my jeans. Brittany, realizing my intent, said, "Sam, please don't."

"I want a reminder of the first time I fucked my pet sister," I said, using the word pet to imply the power I now had over her. Phone in hand, I instructed, "Now smile, my pet."

She obeyed, seemingly liking her new nickname. A few snapshots later, she said, "I can't believe we just did that."

"I can't believe how easy it was to make you my pet," I replied.

"Fuck off," she said, although this time it was playful. "Once I saw what you have been hiding all this time, I was done for."

"Am I that big?" I asked, not having much experience in the size comparison aspect.

"Fuck yes, if girls knew what you had under your geek exterior you would be a very wanted man," she smiled, her hand instinctively going back to my still-hard cock.

"But they never do look past the exterior," I sighed.

"I can get you laid anytime you want, big brother," she said, stressing the word 'big'.

"As if," I said.

"All I have to do is mention I accidentally saw your package and how big it was and one of my girlfriends, well most actually, would be drooling at the mouth. Trust me, people who say size don't matter are lying. It fucking matters...big time," she said, laughing at her own joke, as she again stressed the word 'big'.

"Well, make it happen, my pet," I said, my cock already ready for another round.

"Your pet, am I," she smiled, flirtatiously.

"My slut," I added.

"Hmmmm," she moaned, moving her head towards my cock.

"My slave," I continued, as her lips wrapped around my cock. She bobbed back and forth again until I asked, "Are you ready to be my slave, Brittany?"

She pulled my cock out of her mouth, looked up at me from her submissive position and smiled, "Yes, Master."

THE END