

# SISTER'S COMFORT

***silkstockingslover***

*Sister comforts her brother after he catches girlfriend.*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

8.8k words

**Summary:** Sister comforts her brother after he catches gf getting spit roasted.

**Note 1:** This is a **Halloween 2022 Contest Story**.

**Note 2:** Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

## **Sister's Comfort**

Sometimes life sucks, and other times life surprises the shit out of us, but occasionally life is fucking amazing!

Sometimes all three of these circumstances happen on the same day, or even all at the same time.

But before we get to the crazy Devil's night (another name for Halloween) that changed my life forever, I need to set the scene for you.

First, I have a twin sister named Maya. She's athletically gorgeous, and oh so sweet.

Second, I should note that while I was a brilliant student... but socially not super popular nor an outcast, my sister was both smart *and* popular. She was on the volleyball and basketball teams, while I was on no teams and a member of no clubs. She loved high school; I tolerated it. We were opposites in many ways, and yet we were surprisingly close. We didn't have any sibling rivalry, and we always got along well together.

Third, I was a virgin. This was partly by choice and partly circumstances. I was a decent looking guy with a decent body (I liked working out) and a slightly-above average dick size at six inches (the average was somewhere between 5.1" and 5.5"... I'd checked... I believe every guy checks). I wanted my first time to be with someone I cared about... a lot. I wanted it to be special, and although I'd dated a few girls in high school and had some fun with them, I'd actually refused sex twice (not the few hand jobs or two blow jobs though, and I'd gone down on three girls... which I'd really enjoyed doing. Listening to a woman moaning is a real turn-on.

Fourth, and this may seem irrelevant right now, I loved Halloween and so did Maya. We always loved dressing up in outfits that matched... which may be corny for a brother and sister, and even more so for twins... but we'd done it every year since we were born... although of course for the first few years it was only because our parents choose our outfits. But once we were old enough to start making some of our own decisions, we continued the tradition, because we enjoyed it. In our freshman year of high school I was Mario, and she was Peach; in our sophomore year we dressed as Peanut Butter and Jelly (I was Peanut Butter). In our junior year I was Fred Flintstone, and she was Wilma (that year it was weird, because she was dressed very skimpily for a brother-sister duo. In our senior year we really outdid ourselves; I was Jon Snow, and she was Daenerys Targaryen. It worked very well since I had long, dark hair (but no beard) and Maya had the light blonde hair and fair skin to match her character.

Yes, once we were in middle school we started getting razzed for wearing our matching sibling costumes, but my very popular sister never gave into the peer pressure and teasing. She was always her own person and never gave a shit what other people thought. I loved her for that. I was never as brave as she was, but her insistence upon our following our 'tradition' lent me the courage to follow her lead, and even to enjoy myself.

During the next summertime we decided to go old school next Halloween, and for the first time ever, repeat a costume set we'd worn when we were younger... Scooby Doo characters. When we were five, I'd been Shaggy while she was Daphne. We decided to do it again.

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Of course, the next fall we entered college. We both attended the same one, which was only two hours away from home... close enough to get back if we needed to, and it was far better than any schools closer to home.

Maya was attending on a sports scholarship (both basketball and volleyball, just like in high school; I was on an academic one (chemistry and math).

She pledged and was accepted into the most popular sorority on campus; I lived in a dorm with a cool roommate named Derek.

During the weekdays, we were both swamped with our studies, so we only saw each other occasionally, but we made a point of spending every Sunday brunch together to stay in touch... and I attended every home game she played volleyball in. (College volleyball began immediately when school did, and her basketball season wouldn't begin until early November.)

By Halloween, one thing had changed in our lives... well, mine more than hers.

I'd found a girlfriend.

Her name was Emma.

She was a hot one.

And a wild one.

A hottie who really brought me out of my shell.

We hadn't had *actual* sex yet, but she'd blown me in an Uber, in a movie theatre, and in a Victoria Secret change room.

I'd fingered her in the same Uber and movie theatre, and eaten her to an orgasm in Victoria Secret, where embarrassingly for me (but not for her), her orgasmic scream alerted everyone in the store to her climax.

One day (again to my embarrassment but not hers) she even did a cum walk after I'd dropped a load on her face. I was hesitant at first when she wanted me to hold hands with her so everyone would know who her cum donor was, but before long I was feeling quite proud that my accomplishment was being aired right out in public like that.

Like I said, she was wild... and she did a great job of helping me to get comfortable with college, and to do more than just study, work out and play video games, which had always filled my non-

studying hours back in high school.

Which leads us to my horrific, shocking... but also my thrilling escapades of Halloween 2022.

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First, the horrific... although it was supposed to be thrilling.

But wait... first there was some wickedly good:

Emma decided to dress up as Velma, and I mean a *hot* Velma, with orange thigh high stockings (which I didn't even know anyone sold instead of just the unsexy socks). She also told me, "Tonight's the night!"

She didn't need to say anything else to clarify her intent. I replied, "Yeah? That's so cool!" agreeing that if *she* was up for it, it was indeed time. I wasn't sure I loved her, but she was amazing, and however the future went for us, I knew I'd never regret losing my virginity to her.

The party we went to was at a sorority house (not Maya's). We all posed for a great selfie with me grinning like a fool with my arms around the waists of Emma and Maya... which of course was Shaggy's ultimate dream... to be between Velma and Daphne, who were dressed in authentic, but slutty as fuck, outfits. Maya's Daphne costume was living hotness, with Daphne's exact shade of purple pantyhose... which just like the Emma's orange thigh highs, I hadn't known was a thing. If she weren't my sister I'd want to fuck her.

Okay, truth be told, I *had* wanted to fuck Maya for the past few years. She was ridiculously hot, and that night her being dressed like Daphne made her almost irresistible... which was made clear by all the guys (and some girls) drooling all over her.

Maya went off to dance with some of her girlfriends while Emma and I danced and drank together.

We were both on drink number four (or maybe more) when I needed to break the seal and piss...which took a lot longer than one might think, since the line was ridiculous. And then when I returned to the main party, I couldn't find Emma anywhere.

I looked for her for a good twenty minutes, worried she'd gotten sick (she tended to really hit the booze at these parties... which got her even wilder... like the time she'd blown me on someone's back porch while people squeezed past us. I was embarrassed by being caught in the act over and over without pause, but she hadn't minded at all.

I was going upstairs to the bedrooms, thinking maybe she'd passed out somewhere, when Maya appeared out of nowhere and stepped right in front of me, stopping me in my tracks.

"Don't go up there, Bruce," she said, having stopped me halfway up the stairs.

"What? Why not?" I asked.

"Just don't," she insisted, giving me no explanation, but with deep sadness and worry in her eyes... something was very wrong.

"But why not?" I demanded.

"Bruce, just trust me," she insisted sorrowfully. She obviously knew something I didn't, and whatever it was, it was so awful she didn't want me to know what it was!

Concerned, worried and confused, I pushed past her. "I have to find Emma, Maya!"

I hurried past some other students who gave me looks that could only be described as pitying... but I couldn't figure out why, as I pushed myself through the crowded hallway and made it through to a marginally open door.

"Don't go in there, Bruce," Maya called out from about twenty feet behind me. "Just DON'T!"

Not at all expecting to see what I was about to see, I pushed open the door, stumbled in, and froze in my tracks.

Emma was on a bed... completely naked except for the thigh highs she'd told me earlier today she'd bought just for me... just for our special night... knowing my fascination and kink for nylons... my pervy fetish I didn't really understand... I just found them hot.

She was on all fours on the bed getting spit-roasted, a term I'd learned from watching a lot of porn, while Barry (a senior football player who was already getting talked about becoming a first-round pick for the NFL draft) was fucking her from behind, while Perry (the richest asshole who'd attended my high school) was pumping his dick in her mouth.

And this fuck fest was obviously consensual, since Emma was vigorously bouncing back onto the well-built Barry before rocking forward to take all of Perry's dick in her mouth... while she moaned like I'd never heard her do before when I'd fingered her or eaten her out.

Perry caught sight of me, so he smirked as he pulled out of her mouth and shot his load all over her face... and Barry paused.

Emma moaned, "Yes you hot stud, *give* me that cum shower," while she stopped bouncing and begged the asshole to come on her face.

Barry then resumed slamming into my girlfriend as she moaned, even while her face was now covered in cum, and she said nastily, words I'd never heard my girlfriend use, "Oh yes, fuck my pussy with your big fucking dick!"

I couldn't move a muscle... or speak.

I was stunned. And still motionless.

Then the scene got even worse when Jake, another jock asshole, an ex of my sister's no less who'd also gone to my high school, got onto the bed and asked, "Want some more cock, Emma?"

"Yeah, *shove* that nasty cock in my mouth," Emma said lustily, cum dripping off her chin.

"You're sure?" he asked, sneering at me while all I could do was stare back helplessly.

"Yes, give me that dick," she said, and then she too turned towards me, and her eyes went wide. "Oh shit! BRUCE! I..."

The guilty look on her face was then replaced by Jake's dick as he slid it into her mouth.

"Sorry, man, those are the breaks," Jake shrugged as he began fucking her face.

"You *assholes*," I finally managed to break my paralysis and cried, as began moving toward the bed.

I felt someone pulling on my arm, so I looked, and saw Maya clinging to me with tears streaming down her face. She begged, "Bruce, please don't torture yourself, she's not worth it... let's get out of here!"

I wasn't sure what I'd been about to attempt since any one of those three fuckers could kick the shit out of me without much effort, so I gave in to my sister pulling me out while she yelled at her ex, "Jake, you're really a piece of shit!"

"It's not my fault your brother's girlfriend loves doing what you always refused," Jake taunted her just as we reached the hallway.

Maya led me downstairs through throngs of people, all of them obviously knowing about the sex show upstairs... most of them making fun of me, a few others looking sympathetic and perhaps saying kind words. Maya said, "Whatever they say, don't answer. In fact, don't even *look* at them; just keep following me outside!"

Once we were outside, I broke down completely while my sweet sister comforted me. I was so lost in my pain that she even needed to hold me up or I would have collapsed on the lawn.

"I saw a few sympathetic faces, but most of those people are *fucking assholes!*" Maya said, really pissed by what had just happened.

"Y-y-y-yeah," I agreed, openly sobbing for the first time since our father died.

"You deserve *way better* than that skank," Maya added, wrapping her arms around me and pulling me tightly against her... and I was suddenly able to smell her sweet perfume, feel her large, firm breasts pressing against my chest and her leg against my dick... which for reasons I still can't explain after what I'd just witnessed... was rock hard.

"She told me we were going to have sex tonight for the first time," I said, not sure why she needed to know that, but I had nobody else to tell.

"And instead she's the centrepiece in an orgy? That's just shitty," she said, still holding me tightly in her arms.

"Yeah," I said, and then I added through a sigh, my cock inadvertently twitching against her leg, "Nineteen years and counting."

"Huh? What do you mean?" she asked, giving me a confused look, I guess partly because of what I'd just said, and very probably because of my hard dick pressed against her leg. She then apparently caught on, since she looked at me sadly while she leaned away from me and said, "Wait! Bruce, you're not saying you're a *virgin*, are you?"

"Yeah, I am," I admitted.

"But what about Kimberly?" she asked. "And Carrie?"

"No and no," I said. "I wanted to lose it to someone really special."

"Really?" she asked, astonished by my answer.

"Yeah, I know. Stupid, right?"

"No, it's not stupid at all," she said as she wiped away a tear rolling down my cheek, which made me feel so pathetic. "I think it's sweet."

"Yeah, because any guy wants to hear that he's sweet," I sighed. "That, and 'you're a nice guy'."

"You *are* a nice guy," she insisted.

"Such flattery. And how many 'sweet nice guys' have *you* ever dated?" I asked.

She sighed now. "Not any. Which has always been my mistake. Jake for instance... he's a real asshole!"

"That's *every* girl's mistake unfortunately," I consoled her.

"Yeah," she said, pondering our conversation while I sat down on a bench.

"I knew she wasn't the one," I said, "but she was a lot of fun."

"You seemed happier with her than I'd ever seen you before," she said as she sat down beside me.

"Yeah," I said. "I was." Then after a pause I added, "I guess."

"You guess?"

"Yeah, she was fun, wild, and well... hot," I said, "but she didn't have much substance."

"I see."

"Sadly, who I *really* need is someone just like you,"

"Like me?"

"Yeah, *exactly* like you," I said. I wasn't hitting on her, just stating facts. "You're hot, and you're sweet, funny and smart."

"Did you just call me *hot*?"

"Yeah, and I'm not the *only* one who thinks that. *Everyone* thinks you're hot," I said. "Even some gay guys think you're hot."

"You know your attractiveness is lots more than just looks."

"That's what I thought in high school," I said. "Once I got into college, everything would be different. Yet here I am: different school, same shit."

"Trust me, I know," she said, her hand dropping onto my leg.

"How would *you* know?" I asked, knowing her high school experience had been substantially different from mine."

"How would *I* know? You know how everyone sees you as smart, but that's all they see?"

"Yeah."

"Everyone sees *me* as a hot chick athlete," she said. "And nothing else."

"And that's bad?"

"Nobody ever notices my intellect. They don't even *care* if I have any smarts or not," she said. "I'm just some babe playing sports whose ass looks good in shorts."

"I've never thought of you that way."

"Guys also assume I'm a sure thing."

"I guess," I said, never having thought my sister had *any* problems. Certainly not any social ones.

"And whenever I tell a guy no he automatically asks if I'm a lesbian."

"Every guy's dream," I joked. "Fucking a lesbian so she changes sides."

"You guys are all the same," she said, shaking her head and giving my leg a squeeze.

"Yes, we really are," I said, placing my hand on the side of her leg and feeling the sheer silkiness of her purple pantyhose.

"Actually, I don't think you're *nearly* as bad as most guys. I think it's cool that you're waiting for someone who really touches your heart to make your first time special."

"Most guys would call me a pussy for wanting that, instead of just banging some fox and moving on," I shrugged, wishing I could move my hand up and down my sister's pantyhose-clad legs. But I didn't, for obvious reasons.

"In hindsight, I wish I'd waited too," she said, resting her head onto my shoulder.

"You do?"

"Yeah, doing it in the backseat of Ralph's car all cluttered with fast food containers wasn't very romantic."

"I guess not."

"And both he and the sex were completely forgettable."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah, and he lasted less than two minutes."

"That's such a travesty!" I gasped, hoping I'd last *much* longer my first time. I'd jerked off four times today, hoping it would help me last longer tonight.

"Yeah, and I didn't even *come close* to getting off," she added. "And after *he* finished, he just drove me home, without either of us saying a word. Not even Good night'."

"That's inexcusable," I said as she stood up, her nylon-clad leg rubbing against my leg.

"Let's go," she said.

"Where?" I asked.

"If you don't mind, I'd like you to walk me back to my sorority house," she said. "I don't need to be anywhere near *this* one anymore."

"For you? No way would I *ever* mind doing anything you wanted me to," I said. I stood up and she inserted her arm inside mine. It would have been so romantic if she weren't my sister, and I hadn't just seen my girlfriend getting spit roasted. No, she was my *ex*-girlfriend now, and we didn't need any official breaking up talk... what she'd done had made it plenty official.

"Really? In that case, I want you to be a better man than all the other boys around here."

"How would I do that?"

"It's not hard. Just be who you already are, she said, "but also make sure the woman you're with gets off too."

"I couldn't imagine ever *not* doing that!"

"Then you're part of a tiny minority of nice guys. And I'm sorry, but you *are* nice... *really* nice... and I'm not putting you down by calling you that."

"Really?" I asked, that kind of courtesy from a guy just seemed like common sense. Why would a woman want to be with a guy, if he didn't make sure she enjoyed the experience too?

"Yeah, really. Would you like to hear a true confession?"

"Sure, if it's something you want to tell me."

"I've never come from having sex with a guy."

"But you have with a girl?"

"I didn't say *that* you pervert," she scolded playfully, squeezing my arm.

"You didn't *not* say it either," I countered, a visual of my sister having lesbian sex a very hot one.

"Fine, nosey! I've only ever come from using my fingers, my toys, and with another girl," she said. "Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"Um, that's not *exactly* what I wanted to hear about my sweet sister," I pointed out, and then I slyly adjusted myself while we continued walking.

"Did you just adjust yourself?" she asked.

"I plead the Fifth," I grinned sheepishly.

"That's an American thing," she pointed out. "We live in New Brunswick."

"I still plead the Fifth," I said. "But it's terrible that no guy has ever been a real man for you."

"*Tell* me about it!"

"If you weren't my sister..." I said, and then realized what I was about to say and stopped mid-sentence just as we reached her sorority house.



She halted immediately. Turned to look me in the eye. God was she hot! "If I weren't your sister... then what?"

I had no idea what to say. What I *shouldn't* say was right on the tip of my tongue, since I'd often jerked off picturing us fooling around, and I'd read lots of incest stories about siblings while imagining Maya and me were the characters. I finally blurted out the only logical (and fairly harmless) thing I could think of. "But you *are* my sister."

"True. But what if I wasn't?" she asked, seeming to be slightly flirting with me for the first time in our lives.

"I don't think you'll like me anymore if I answer that question," I said, and I started walking away while once again adjusting my dick. Maya was always hot, but in her Daphne outfit she was a complete goddess.

"I won't? Try me," she said, quickly catching up with me and taking my hand in hers... which felt both oddly strange and equally (but still oddly) natural... even more natural than when Emma's fingers had been entwined with mine. "But first let's go up to my apartment."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, it's getting chilly out here."

"Yeah, I guess it is," I agreed, following her into the sorority house. "But am I even *allowed* in here?"

"Sure," she said, as we walked upstairs to the second floor while I got an amazing peek at my sister's legs from behind, in her sexy purple pantyhose. Fuck, was she hot.

To my surprise, she really did live in an apartment, albeit a small one. We entered a tiny but nicely appointed living room that had a couple more doors, probably leading to her bedroom and bathroom. (As opposed to my dorm, which was just a bedroom with a small desk attached to the wall and a large, shared bathroom down the hall.) Once we'd entered the room, she went to a minifridge and grabbed us two beers while I sat down on the sofa. She handed me my beer, slipped out of her heels, sat down next to me, and then totally surprising me, she rotated her body around and dropped her feet onto my lap. At home over the years we'd sat next to each other watching television many... I don't know, a couple thousand?... times, and she'd *never* done that before!

"Bruce, will you please massage my feet?"

"Um, sure," I said, her request a literal dream come true. I loved nylons... but I loved nylon-clad feet even more. And although I'd never said anything to anyone except Emma (because she was a bit of a freak), I loved not only the feel of nylons, but also the smell and the taste of them. I wish I could explain any of this, but I can't. I'd sucked on Emma's nylon-clad toes, licked the sweat off her soles, and smelt the sweet homemade scent. That's the what. But the why? Who knows?

"That feels really nice," she said. "Especially because I know you have a pantyhose fetish," as my hands went to her right foot and I'd begun massaging it.

"Y-y-you do?" I asked.

"Yeah, you've been staring at Mom's feet like forever, but also mine, and pretty much anyone in sight wearing nylons, ever since I can remember," she said as I rubbed her sole worshipfully.

"I have not," I lied.

"Sure, sure," she said. It was obvious she knew I was lying.

"Okay, maybe I *do* like nylons," I admitted, figuring there was no point in still lying to her... not while her heel was resting directly atop my hard cock and making it harder.

As I massaged her foot, which I was very good at doing, she asked, returning to the question she'd left lingering when we came in from outside, "So what *would* you do to me if I weren't your sister?"

"Jesus, Maya!" I said not angrily but frustratedly, this alluring side of her was really hot, but also awkward... especially since I was focused on her silky sheer foot... and my cock was raging.

"Tell me," she insisted teasingly, as she brought her other foot into play, lightly rubbing it against my cock while her blue eyes looked right into my identical ones. "What would you do to me right here and now... if I weren't your sister."

"You really want to know what I'm thinking right now?" I asked.

"Yes, tell me," she said. "Be a man and spill."

"Okay, I will. But please don't shoot me after I tell you! So first of all... I'd caress and kiss every part of your legs, feet and your ass in your pantyhose."

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, raising her foot to my lips. "Do you mean this foot?"

"Yeah, this very one," I said weakly, getting a strong whiff of her stocking-clad foot with it directly on my lips and just beneath my nose.

"These are very expensive pantyhose," she said as she traced her toes up and down my face. "I order them from England. Did you know that in England they call them tights?"

"I did," I moaned, not because of her foot resting on my cock, but from the silky sheer stockinged foot wandering around on my face with its exotically sweet scent.

"Do you like my nylons, big brother?" she asked (I was born three minutes before she was).

"They're very nice," I said, continuing to inhale her naturally sweaty foot scent in one long breath for as long as I could... this was a literal dream come true.

"Nice?" she objected. "You think they're only *nice*? As in you're a nice guy so you'll never score?"

"No, I think they're really sexy," I hurried to correct myself. "It's just that you're my sister."

"That's true. But in secret, have you ever been a naughty boy and fantasized about *fucking* your sister?" she asked, as she changed the position of her foot from her heel resting on my cock, to her entire sole pressing down on it.

"Maya, stop it!" I groaned, one foot on my face driving me wild with its silky soft sensations and its sweaty sweet scent, and her other foot resting firmly on my cock... my very *hard* cock.

"Answer the question," she coaxed as she wiggled the foot on my cock, forcing me to moan.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Yes, what?" she asked, her foot dancing lightly on my dick.

"Yes, I've fantasized about fucking you *lots* of times; is that what you wanted to hear?" I asked, and I was unable to resist her anymore, so I grabbed the foot in my face with both hands, pressed my face against it, and took a huge breath before licking her sole.

"Oh my, you dirty boy," she moaned and giggled as I worshipped her foot.

"Your foot smells so good, and it tastes good too," I said, eagerly loving on it.

"You like my sweaty stockinged soles?" she asked, as her other foot kept slowly rubbing my dick.

"Love them," I admitted, my tongue exploring every niche of the sole of her foot, while I continued savouring her scent.

"That feels really nice," she said as I licked my tongue up to her toes, and started pleasuring each toe individually.

I didn't say anything... I didn't feel the need to. I just focused on pleasuring her foot... each toe... not wanting this moment to end... ever.

After I'd worshipped all five toes, she pulled her foot away and told me, "Now the other foot."

"Do you like my doing this?" I asked.

"Yeah, it feels amazing."

"Emma called my foot fetish weird," I said as I took her other foot and began licking the sweat off it, once again relishing the taste and scent enveloping me.

"I didn't say it's not weird," she said, her other foot moistened by my saliva, now resting on my cock. "You're a real freak."

"Yeah, sorry about that," I agreed, knowing I was always a freak whenever there was a question about what turned me on.

"You don't need to apologize. You're a freak, but I love it."

"Then you wouldn't mind if I wanted to lick and smell your nylon-clad feet all night?" I asked, completely intoxicated and hypnotized by them.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as I tongue-bathed her sole. "Usually I'd love that, but tonight I have some other Devil's night sins in mind for us to share."

"You do?" I asked as I licked my way to her cute red-painted toenails.

"Yes, I'm considering some *very* devilish things," she purred in the most sensual voice I'd ever heard in real life, as her foot began rubbing my cock in a circular motion.

"You are, are you?" I asked, trying to sound suave... except that really wasn't me.

"Oh yes, tonight's the Devil's night," she said as I sucked her toes. "The night when civilization's stifling rules cease to exist."

"They do?"

"Yes. They're gone. Vanished," she said. Then she instructed, "Keep sucking on my toes, but whip your cock out for me too."

"Really?"

"Yes, right now," she ordered.

"Okay, but only because I'm a liberated man, which means I know the perils of disobeying women. One peril being some guys might go and start a war. Again," I said, keeping my lips on her toes as I pulled down the cheaply made bottom of my costume and my underwear to release my very hard cock.

"Oh my," she said, as she wrapped both of her feet around my cock. "I bet you've fantasized about this happening, haven't you?"

"Yeeeeees," I groaned, as she massaged her soles up and down on my dick.

"You have a big dick, big brother," she purred.

"Oh God," I moaned, her ministrations too good to be true.

"What else have you fantasized about?" she asked.

No longer holding anything back, since that line had now been crossed, I gave her a list of things I'd long fantasized about: "Eating your pussy, watching you suck me, and fucking you in every conceivable position."

"That's it?" she asked.

"There are *more* things you'd allow me to do to you?" I asked, distracted by her smooth, sheer hosiery gliding smoothly up and down my dick.

"Well, I wouldn't mind your giving your sister a big facial, or pounding my asshole... those are a couple more," she added wickedly.

"Oh, God," I groaned as she took her feet away, spun herself around quickly and smoothly, laid down and took my cock in her mouth while also presenting me with a great look at her ass and legs... especially when I lifted her dress to admire her pantyhose-clad ass... which was when I discovered she wasn't wearing panties.

I squeezed her ass, while my sister... my twin sister... my hot sister... slowly bobbed on my cock.

"Mmmmmm" she moaned as I caressed her pantyhose-clad ass... which was so perfect. An image better than any Da Vinci painting.

A minute or so into Maya's amazing blow job, and I was caressing my hand all over her silky sheer ass. But then a worrisome thought occurred to me. Of course there should be an *abundance* of worrisome thoughts going around in my head since we were committing incest, but that wicked thought didn't faze me. No, what fazed me was: was she drunk? I didn't want her to regret what we were doing tomorrow, or worse, not remember tonight at all. So I asked, my hand resting on her ass, "Maya, how much have you had to drink tonight?"

She crawled up to my face and said, looking into my eyes, "You mean alcohol? Not a drop. I never drink. And if you're asking about semen, the answer is kind of the same. I haven't had any... yet."

"Thank God," I said, a huge wave of relief (on two counts) washing over me as I pulled her in and kissed her.

In 'Back to the Future', a kiss was when Marty's Mom realized she didn't have an intimate connection with her son (of course she didn't know he was her son), but that wasn't the case with Maya and me.

The moment our lips touched, I felt fireworks (and I'm sure she did too), and a chill ran up my spine, since our kiss was both intimate and passionate. We really did share a connection that was way deeper than just familial.

So for a few minutes, at least three or four, time seemed to stand still, and we just kissed, our tongues soon exploring everywhere inside each other's mouths... our hands holding each other's cheeks.

"It's time for you to fuck me, Bruce," she said when we broke the kiss, lust in her eyes... she seemed to want to do it as much as I did.

"You're sure?" I asked, even though I'd never wanted anything more in my life.

"Yes, I want to be your first," she said, her hand going back to my dick and stroking it.

"Well, you certainly pass the test: I can't imagine ever loving *anyone* as much as I love you."

"And I love you just as much," she said, kissing me again.

"So we're really doing this?" I asked as I pushed her back onto her couch and dove between her legs.

"Tonight I'm completely yours," she promised.

"Mmmmmm," I said as I brought a hand to her pussy, which was glistening through her pantyhose like a perfect pink picture.

"Oh yes, Bruce," she moaned.

"You're soaking wet," I said as I rubbed her pussy through the silky sheer hosiery.

"I've fantasized a lot about doing this too," she admitted, "and it was always with you."

"You have?" I asked, this revelation as exciting as everything else that had happened tonight.

"Yeah, ever since puberty I've gotten turned on by the idea of having incest with you," she said as I continued teasing her pussy. "Why do you think I decided to dress up like a slutty version of a Scooby Doo character?"

"You dressed like a slut to turn *me* on?" I asked, shocked.

"Yes, you were still single when we shopped for these costumes," she pointed out.

"I guess I was," I said, trying to process that she'd fantasized about me.

"You're sexy and sweet, and you have a nice cock. And when it turned out Emma was coming with us tonight, I went commando anyway, just like I'd originally planned to do for you."

"And I love this sex play, especially now that I'm doing it with you," I said as I brought my face down to her pussy and sucked on it through her pantyhose.

"Ohhhhh, Bruce!" she moaned as her body quaked uncontrollably while I sucked on her clit... her scent and taste sweetly exotic.

"Such a tasty pussy," I said, knowing how women were often insecure about the taste of their pussy. Fishy? Most men were idiots.

"Fuck, Bruce!" she cried out as I put some serious pressure on her clit... although her pantyhose prevented me from doing much probing between her wet, pink, pussy lips.

"You taste so fucking good," I said, and wanting to get inside her pussy, yet wanting her pantyhose to stay on, I used my hands to rip a large hole in the crotch.

"Now you'll have to buy me a new paaaaaaaaair," she said awkwardly through her groaning as I slid my tongue between her pussy lips and worked her over... Emma having said I was amazing at going down on her.

"For sure I will," I agreed, not minding the cost, just the glistening wet pussy now fully displayed directly before me.

"Oh, fuck Bruce, eat my cunt," she moaned, her hand grasping my hair... well, my Shaggy wig.

Hearing her saying those words, well, more accurately moaning them, especially the forbidden cunt word, was so hot that I did her even more wildly... my tongue rapidly licking, probing and exploring every aspect of her pussy.

"Yes... fuck... oh God... Bruce," she moaned, her legs wrapping around me, her ass lifting higher and her hands holding me down.

Sensing she was getting close, which was its own turn-on for me, making my twin moan, beg, whimper and then cum was the ultimate rush... although my mind could change once I lost my virginity. So I really worked her pussy over... probing her hole... wiggling my tongue up and down her drenched pussy... and then as her orgasm seemed imminent, I suddenly attacked her clit.

"Oh, oh, oh, *fuck!*" my sister screamed as her orgasm struck, and her cum flooded out of her and into my hungry mouth... as she held my head deep in her wetness.

I lapped my sister's cum hungrily, until she released my head and gasped, "Fuck me, big brother. Fuck me now!"

"You want it now? You got it," I said, not asking anymore if she was okay with what I was doing, as I hurried my dick between her legs.

"Yes! Fuck me, Bruce," she demanded, my cock poking into her pussy lips.

"This is a dream come true for me," I said as I looked into her eyes and slid into her pussy.

"Mine tooooooo," she moaned as I filled her up.

"You're so lovely, Maya," I said as I plummeted all the way inside her, gazing into her eyes.

"You're not too shabby yourself," she returned the compliment with a soft moan.

"Don't you mean Shaggy?" I joked, knowing I was being corny.

"You're right, I do. Shag me, Shaggy," she grinned wickedly, playing along with my corniness.

"Yes Daphne," I said as I began slowly fucking her... in awe of losing my virginity not only to my sister... but to this awesomely beautiful woman.

"Oh yes, that's so good," she moaned, squeezing her tits through her thin costume.

"Hey, I should be doing that for you," I objected as I placed my hands on top of her hands and onto her large, firm tits.

"Yeah, give it to me, Bruce," she said as I fucked her. "Slam that big cock into my pussy!"

"You want it harder?" I asked as I went faster, the sensations of being in a pussy... inside *Maya's* pussy... very different from inside being in a mouth... not better or worse... just different... different good.

"Yes, fuck me hard and deep," she begged as I squeezed her breasts, wishing she wasn't wearing that costume so I could see her tits.

"I can do that," I agreed as I began fucking her harder and faster.

"Yes, deeper, even deeper, big brother," she moaned, clearly enjoying this incestuous act we were committing together as much as I was... her heartfelt moans making me feel so damn good about myself!

I did as she requested, slamming into her.

"Yes, don't you *dare* stop fucking me like this," she said through a lustful, urgent moan.

"Oh fuck," I groaned; this was the most surreal ecstasy of my life.

She suddenly pushed me off her and said, "Now I want to ride *you*."

As I rolled onto my back on the couch, she straddled me and dropped her pussy right onto me.

"Ride away, gorgeous" I said as she leaned down and kissed me.

I kissed her back in a passionate moment, as she ground on my cock.

For a minute, maybe more, we kissed and she continued grinding slowly on my cock, until she broke the kiss and began bouncing on my dick. "God, I love your cock!"

"I love your everything," I said as I reached for her dress and started pulling it off her.

"You want to see your sister's tits?" she asked.

"Yeah, I really do," I said as she helped me take off get her outfit, and soon I was staring at her sexy, white, lace bra.

"These tits?" she asked as she cupped them.

"Yeah, those timid ones that are still hiding under your bra," I answered like the horny teenage boy I was.

"You're saying you want to see more?" she asked, reaching behind her back.

"Definitely," I responded, as she released the bra while still riding my dick.

She took it off, tossed it aside, and I was then staring at her firm tits and hard, pink nipples.

I leaned forward and sucked on her right nipple and she moaned, "Yes, suck on my nipple, big brother."

"Such perfect tits," I said as I sucked that hard nipple between my lips.

"They aren't too small?"

"Are you joking? They're perfect," I said, considering them the exactly right size... not big enough to eventually start sagging, and not too small, either.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she rode me, and while I sucked her nipples and cupped her breasts.

For another minute I worshipped her breasts.

"I can feel your dick throbbing inside me," she said as my orgasm was getting close.

"That's because I won't last much longer," I warned as she really milked my cock while riding me.

"Then come inside me."

"Really?" I asked, encountering another surprise.

"Yeah, really. Unless you'd rather come on my face."

"You'd let me do *that*? Oh, that's hot," I said. So she took that as what I wanted, quickly got off me and sucked my cock, glistening with her pussy juices, into her mouth.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, and after just a few bobs I warned her, "I'm about to come, baby doll."

She sucked me for a few more bobs, and then just as I erupted, she pulled back, and my cum shot helter skelter all over her beautiful face.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned as an abundance of my cum splattered all over her.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she purred as I showered her with my sticky white seed.

As soon as I finished shooting, she took my cock back into her mouth and gobbled down any last remnants of cum she could find.

Yet not wanting this heavenly experience to end, and wanting to make her come from getting fucked, I ordered, "Bend over. I want to fuck you from behind."

"Mmmmmmm," she said as she scooped up some cum dripping off her chin, and sucked it into her mouth, before she got on all fours onto the couch and offered me up a perfect pose of her amazing ass.

"What an ass!"



"Do you want to *fuck* my ass?"

"I-I-I... that wasn't what I meant."

"But what I *asked* was whether you wanted to fuck your hot sister's ass?"

"I wouldn't refuse such an offer, but are you sure?"

"Yeah, I *love* getting fucked in the ass," she said, and she used both hands to spread her ass cheeks for me.

"Oh fuck," I said as I admired her cute little starfish.

"There's a tube of lube in my bedroom, in the top drawer beside my bed," she said. "Go and get it."

"Okay," I said, as she pointed to the door on the right and I went in, opened the drawer, and found the lube, plus a couple vibrators and a strap-on. Interesting!

I grabbed the lube and a vibe and returned, thinking I'd ask her about the vibe not much later.

I returned, and she saw the vibe and asked playfully, "And what, pray tell, are you planning to do with that phallic-looking toy?"

"I was considering my options. Top of the list is how about I double penetrate my sexy sister?"

"Mmmmmmm," she purred. "Kinky! I've never done that. Yeah, do it to me!"

"Sweet," I said as I went behind her while she spread her ass cheeks apart for me again.

But instead of opening the lube, first I bent forward and licked her cute, puckered asshole.

"Oh my," she trembled as I licked her buttohole.

"You taste salty and sweet," I complimented.

"Nobody's ever eaten my ass before," she moaned.

"Then is it okay?"

"Yes indeed, don't stop," she moaned.

"I won't stop until you want me to," I promised as I licked and probed her asshole.

She then said, "*That* didn't take long for you to satisfy me! Now lube up your dick Bruce, and fuck my asshole."

"As you wish, princess," I said.

"Oh, I wish I *were* Princess Buttercup, and you were my brave Wesley," she smiled, looking back at me with love in her eyes.

I lubed my cock generously, poured some of it between her ass cheeks, and positioned my cock at her asshole.

"Just go slowly at first," she said as I positioned my cock head.

"Slowly it is," I agreed, not wanting to hurt her.

"Now push."

"Okay, here goes," I warned, and after some brief resistance from her sphincter, I watched as my cock slid inside her ass.

"Oh fuck, Bruce," she moaned as my dick disappeared inside her amazingly tight ass.

"So tight," I moaned too.

"So good," she still moaned, clearly getting accustomed to my dick in her ass.

"Yeah," I moaned yet again as I rested against her body... my dick all the way inside her.

"Now fuck me nice and slow," she said.

"Slowly it is," I said, and I pulled out and pushed back in while I reached for the vibrator.

"Oooh," she moaned over and over... her moans sounding so fucking sexy.

After two or three minutes she instructed me, "Now start going faster."

"Like this?"

"Yes, fuck my ass just like that, big brother," she moaned, pleasure now consuming her.

As I did, *just like that*, I turned the vibrator on and slid it into her pussy, which was a bit awkward with my dick in her ass, but I managed.

"Oh, you bad boy," she moaned, "double-teaming my holes like that."

"You like it?" I asked, feeling a rush from taking control.

"Yes I do. And do you like using me as your slutty sister?" she asked as she began bouncing back to meet my forward thrusts.

"Fuck yeah," I agreed. "Do you want to *keep* being my sister slut?"

"Fuck yeah," she moaned loudly as she really began fucking herself on my dick.

"Then ride me, my sister slut," I said as I watched her really working herself on my cock.

"Pull my hair," she demanded, as her moans echoed through the room.

"Oh yeah! You want it rough?" I asked, reaching out with my free hand and pulling her hair.

"Yes, I want a twin who knows what he wants and takes it from me," she moaned.

"And I want a slutty sister who'll take my cock whenever I want her to," I said, her ass feeling so amazing, and the vibrations in her pussy delivering extra pleasure to my dick.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned. "Do you want your twin sister to be your ongoing cum dump?"

"Fuck yeah," I said, loving the way she said such nasty words.

"Then fuck my ass as hard and fast as you can," she ordered, even though she was the one doing the real fucking. But we timed it perfectly, and soon we were fucking each other in sync, but also recklessly and with utterly wild lust.

Moans... groans... echoed through the room.

"Keep fucking me just like that," she moaned.

I did.

Sweat poured down me as I got the workout of my life. This was the best calorie-burning exercise ever, and unlike in the gym, the motivation to keep going wasn't a problem..

I pulled a little harder on her hair, and she said, "I'm getting close."

"Then come, my sexy sister slut!"

"More, more," she moaned.

I want sure if she meant she wanted more hard fucking, or more dirty talk, so I gave her both. I kept fucking her with hard thrusts into her ass as I listed off, "Come all over your brother's big cock,"

"Take my dick up your asshole," "Beg for my permission to come, my nasty slut."

"Oh yes, big brother! May your slave sister *please* come from your cock fucking up her shit hole?" she responded nastily, clearly about to burst.

"Come, my cum bucket, my slut, my slave, my wicked little whore," I listed off, my words flowing out so smoothly as our bodies endlessly collided into each other with lustful fire.

"Yes, yes, yes, you sister fucker, yes!" she screamed as her second orgasm erupted from her... her entire body trembling again while she came hard.

I continued pumping into her ass, my balls starting to boil again after spewing a load onto her face only a few minutes ago.

"Come in my ass, big brother," she demanded weakly, as she kept coming and coming.

"You want my load in your ass, you nasty brother fucker?"

"Yes Bruce, dump your load deep up my asshole," she said. "I want to feel your cock pulsing and exploding up my dirty shit hole."

"Oh fuck, your nasty talk is so hot," I moaned, her wicked words increasing the intensity and expediting the boiling load churning inside me.

"Destroy my asshole, paint my insides white with your cum, unload a load deep in my bowels, deposit your seed in your sister's shit hole, confirm me as your three-hole slut," she babbled wickedly, easily the nastiest diatribe I'd ever heard either in real life or in any porn movie... and I watched a lot of porn.

"Fuck, take it you ass slut," I grunted and kept slamming into her, loving the sensations of my cock pulsing and shooting inside her.

"Oh yes, fill my asshole, Bruce," she moaned while I did.

"Fuck," I moaned, as I had my second orgasm from my sister and somehow, in a miracle of miracles, I'd lost my virginity to my sister... to my favourite person in the world... twice... well, you know... both her pussy and her ass.

"So good," she moaned as I kept coming and coming in her ass.

Eventually I pulled out and she said, "Come with me."

"I just did," I joked.

"No, come and sleep with me," she said as she took the vibe out of her pussy and turned it off.

"Like *sleep*, sleep?" I asked.

She stood up and took my hand. "Yeah, you okay with that?" she asked... wearing only her purple pantyhose with the crotch ripped out.

"Yeah, I'm definitely okay with that," I said as she led me to her bedroom.

Two minutes later, her head resting on my shoulder, her body cuddled in my arms, still wearing her pantyhose resting against my leg, she said, her hand on my chest, "Tonight was rough for a while, but then it got amazing, Bruce."

"Yeah, thanks to you, it became the best night of my life."

"Yeah," she said, her hand slowly moving on my chest. "And I meant what I said, you can fuck me again anytime you want."

"Love to. But it won't be easy."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Our difficulty will be that quite a few people around here know I'm your brother," I pointed out.

"Then we'll have to be careful," she said.

"Agreed."

"I love you, Bruce."

"I love you more than anyone, Maya," I replied as I kissed her.

Just one kiss, and then we both drifted off to sleep.

I no longer had a girlfriend... the filthy cheat... but Maya had become someone so much better... a woman I truly loved was in my arms, and she was willing to do almost anything for me... just like I'd do for her.

What had begun as a great day but had then tragically fallen apart, had finally ended up becoming the best day of my life!

Crazy!

THE END