

A SIBLING LOVE STORY

silkstockingslover

A brother and sister become intimate in New York City.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

10.8k words

Summary: A brother and sister become intimate in New York City during the holidays.

Note 1: Be warned if you are a fan of my mostly sub-domme writing please stop right now. This story although has subtle hints of submissiveness, the heart of the story is two siblings falling for each other during the backdrop of a winter evening in New York City.

Note 2: Also, although my style isn't dramatically different, I am also doing a he said, she said format this time (getting into the heads of both the brother and the sister), which some may find distracting or annoying.

Note 3: This is a Valentine's Day 2013 Contest story so please vote. Yet, I should note this started as a 2012 Christmas story but as the story took turn after turn I realized it had become romantic and I delayed the release until now, thinking it fit better as a Valentine's Day story because of the true love between a brother and his sister. That said, I kept the Christmas setting as it is just a set up for the LOVE STORY I plan to tell...an unorthodox love story but a love story nonetheless.

Note 4: A thanks to MAB7991 for editing this and so many of my other stories.

A Sibling Love Story

He Said:

Do you have any idea what it is like to have a sister that is easily the hottest girl I had ever met in real life? Jayda is pretty much every guy's ultimate stroke fantasy. She has that rare blonde hair that is almost white, the bluest eyes imaginable, and a smile that makes pretty much any man melt. You would assume she would be a cheerleader and dating the football quarterback, yet she was actually a nerd of sorts who broke all the stereotypes of high school. Yet, oddly despite her undisputed beauty, she was actually a very shy and insecure young woman. It seemed those rumors were true, women who are visual perfection are so intimidating to actually ask out as I had never seen Jayda actually go out on a date. It didn't help that she rebuked the stereotypes by not going to parties, not hanging with jocks and not dressing like a skank.

She was on the debate team, the school choir and spent her after school time split between dance and volunteering. Although it was only December she had scholarship offers to most of the Ivy League schools once she graduated high school.

As for fashion, she seemed to actually try to hide her beauty by wearing very little make-up, wearing her hair in pigtails or a ponytail most days, and dressing as if she was from a different decade. She wore long sundresses most days, with pantyhose and a variety of, as she called them, funky shoes.

To make matters worse, every girl I dated I compared to my sister. I dated a few very pretty girls but couldn't get past how they were so shallow, so vapid or just downright mean. Although I liked them

from the outside, their insides were tainted. Sadly, no one compared to Jayda. It was never a conscious comparison, but that was always the end result. Is such a theory creepy, I suppose, although obviously this wasn't information I shared with my buddies when I invariably dumped some hot girl.

I didn't realize it then, but in retrospect it is all crystal clear...I was in love with my younger sister.

I had just finished the fall semester of my junior year of college and Jayda had completed the fall semester of her senior year of high school when the stars all lined up. And I swear, I didn't plan what was about to happen. Truthfully, although I knew my sister was drop dead gorgeous, I had never thought of her sexually...she was my sister.

Jayda turned eighteen on December 21st, the day after Christmas holidays started, and I had surprised my Broadway obsessed sister with two fourth row center stage tickets to a showing of her favorite musical Phantom of the Opera...in New York City.

I originally bought the tickets for my sister and mom, while dad and I would find something more manly to do, but again the stars lined up and fate was clearly smiling amused. The basement of our family home flooded because of a broken pipe. Mom and Dad had to stay one more day for a plumber to arrive. Mom insisted Jayda take a bus to NYC and not miss the show and that I was going to go to the show with her.

I met her at the bus station just after three PM and like every other time I saw her, I was mesmerized by her beauty. After a quick brother-sister hug, I have to admit my cock got a slight tingle we headed to the hotel to get ready. Mom had originally booked supper for the two of them at some fancy restaurant before the show.

On the walk to the hotel, Jayda thanked me profusely for:

A) getting the tickets

B) agreeing to go with her

C) and renting a tux (which she noticed me carrying slung over my shoulder)

I shrugged, and said, "You deserve it sis. You only turn eighteen once."

We arrived at the hotel, while checking in at the front desk the desk clerk mistook us as being a couple which Jayda thought was hilarious. She laughed even harder when the woman handed me the key and said, "Enjoy your stay, Mr. Clark."

She chirped as we headed to the elevator, "Can I help you with your bags, Mr. Clark?"

"Respect your elders," I playfully retorted, being three years older than her.

"Sure thing, Mr. Clark," she smirked as we got in the elevator.

Once in the room, which was actually a suite (I couldn't imagine how much our parents had paid for this for three nights), we were in awe. After looking around the room acting all decadent and rich, I pointed out, "Dinner reservations are in just over an hour."

"Oh my God, oh my God," Jayda freaked out. "I need to shower, do my hair and make-up and get dressed."

"You look great," I said, thinking all I planned to do was put on some more deodorant and change into the tux.

Frantic, she ignored my brotherly compliment and headed to the bathroom.

I quickly changed into my tux and gazed out over the city from the eighteenth story. It was fun to watch the ant-like people scurrying every which way but yet seemingly going nowhere.

Looking at the clock, I knocked on the door, "Forty minutes, Ms. Clark."

"Shit," she cursed, her tone so frantically cute; plus I don't think I had ever heard her swear before.

Making it worse, I pointed out, "Of course you really only have thirty minutes since it is a couple of blocks away."

"I hate you," she called out, playful yet clearly in rush mode.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened and the moment I saw her I knew my sister had changed from a girl to a woman, from a teenager to an adult. If she was beautiful before she had transcended to a whole new level of beauty. The only word that could remotely do her justice was stunning. A part of me, undeniably, lusted for her. Perfection was so close to me, yet completely out of my reach. The only word out of my mouth was "Wow!!!" with an infinity of exclamation marks. I felt my cock uncontrollably salute her radiant beauty.

Her facial expression and response was so Jayda, her insecurity on her sleeve, "Really?"

"You look like you are ready for the red carpet," I complimented, her hair down which somehow enhanced her beauty even more, I couldn't remember the last time I saw her without her hair in a ponytail, a bun or pigtails. Her almost white blonde hair also seemed to bring extra attention to her blue as the ocean eyes, as did the slight make-up she was wearing. It seemed to me, she literally glowed. Lastly, she was wearing red lipstick that made her luscious lips stand out and my dirty mind instantly imagined them wrapped around my cock. I quickly tried to squelch the naughty thoughts that my typical man brain brought to life against my will.

"Don't tease me," she replied, clearly not believing me, still somehow insecure.

Trying to prove my sincerity, I pointed out the obvious, "Jayda if you were not my sister I would hit on you relentlessly." Her red dress was classy and yet fit her curves with such smoothness it was as if the dress was a second layer of skin. The dress held her firm breasts perfectly and showed just enough cleavage it would hypnotize any man.

"As if," she said, turning sideways to look in the mirror. A grimace on her face had her seeing some imaginary flaw that girls always seemed to see in themselves.

From this new angle I could see every curve of her body like a silhouette. Besides her breasts that stood out even more, her ass curved perfectly, elevating her perfection to an 11 out of 10. It was clear that God had finally perfected geometry and biology with my sister. "I am serious, Jayda. You are a very pretty woman." I considered all the bitches from high school who were pretty outside and how the way they treated people made them ugly to me, but in Jayda her insides were just as pure and beautiful as her outside.

She turned to me, looking so perfect and vulnerable, and asked, her tone full of insecurity, yet a slight smile on her face now, "Do you really think so?"

"I know so," I smiled warmly, looking down at her legs in tan pantyhose, her toes painted red to match her dress, standing out. My cock ached to be released, the sight of her pantyhose feet impossible to ignore. I imagined rubbing her feet with my hands, I imagined sucking each of her toes in those silk stockings, and I imagined her stocking-clad feet moving up and down on my raging hard-on. I added, my voice sincere, my intent still pure, regardless of a growing hunger down below and in my horny mind, "Jayda, you are a very beautiful woman and any man would be honored to be with you."

Her cheeks blushed and she said, "Oh Andy, thank you."

"That said," I had to break the rare moment of honest intimacy between brother and sister, "the clock is ticking."

"Okay, okay," she said, bending down to reach for her ruby red heels that matched her dress. Watching her with inappropriate thoughts for a brother, I imagined lifting up her dress and taking her from behind. She sat on the edge of the bed; slipped into her four inch open-toe heels and buckled them. Even though the act itself was innocent, it only made me want her more. Looking up at me, her smile genuine and wide, she said, "You look pretty handsome yourself big brother."

It was my turn to blush, my sister complimenting me. Although I wasn't the perfect specimen my sister was, I came from the same gene pool and had never had a problem with the ladies. I got lucky as often as I struck out, but overall I did pretty well. Joking, I said, "Yes, I look very dapper."

"Dapper indeed," she smiled, her tone just a hint of sexiness I was used to getting from a girls I would hook up with. Standing up, she stumbled forward and crashed directly into me.

Temptation giggled like a school girl, as I caught my sister by her breasts. It happened so quickly that I didn't have time to react other than to just catch her. Time seemed to stand still even though it was probably no more than a couple of seconds that her firm breasts were cupped in my hands as I caught her and quickly pushed her back up.

I stammered, "S-s-sorry."

Her cheeks almost as red as her lipstick stammered back, "N-n-no, it's my fault, I am so clumsy."

Trying to break the sudden awkwardness I suggested, "We should go."

"Alright," she agreed, unable to make eye contact with me.

Silence lingered between us as we each tried to figure out how to get past our awkward moment. All I could think about was how big, and firm her breasts were.

Once in the elevator, I couldn't help but look at her teasing white flesh. The contrast between the red dress and her white breasts a delicious untouchable tease.

It was Jayda who broke the silence. "So thanks for coming."

"No problem," I replied, meaning it.

Exiting the elevator, we began walking and I noticed Jayda still struggling with walking in her four-inch heels. I offered her my arm, which she graciously took. The comfort and stability of my arm seemed to instantly relax her. She explained, "Other than practicing in my room, I have never walked in four-inch heels before."

"Why today?" I asked, even as I realized just how good and natural having her arm hooked with mine felt. If only she wasn't my sister.

"I wanted to feel like a woman," she answered, before adding, trying to hide her insecurity, "Plus not many reasons to dress up back home."

"Touché," I agreed, our town too small for many dress up events.

Jayda walked in tourist like awe as we slowly walked the four blocks to the restaurant, looking like a couple and not brother and sister. I had been to New York twice before and knew the area a bit.

The four-block walk took ten minutes because of the pedestrian traffic and Jayda's star-struck gazing.

"Here we are," I announced as we reached our destination.

Jayda smiled, "Thank goodness, my feet are already killing me and I am starving."

"Well being Cinderella is painful," I joked.

"Are you my fairy god-brother?" she countered.

We laughed as we entered the restaurant, her arm still draped around mine.

Ten minutes later, we were seated and had ordered from the menu. "Heels are off," she announced, with a sigh.

"Thanks for the update," I quipped back, even as I resisted the temptation to take another good look at her stocking-clad feet.

"I figured you would want to know," she smiled, with what seemed to be a hint of flirtation.

I briefly wondered if she somehow knew of my foot fetish, but couldn't think how. I don't know why I said it but I did. "Does baby sister need a foot massage?" I asked.

I expected her to say no or to at least not take me seriously, but she answered, "God, yes."

Before I had time to react, her stocking-clad left foot was under the table and in my lap, just inches from my suddenly erect cock. Instinct took over and I took her foot in both my hands. Having a stocking foot fetish, I had given many women foot massages and am quite good at it.

On first touch, she let out a soft moan and my cock involuntarily flinched, desperate to break free from its restrictive cotton prison. Much to my surprise, her stockings were pure silk, so much softer than nylon pantyhose or stockings. I briefly wondered how she ended up purchasing not only pantyhose, but silk pantyhose.

We continued chatting although it was clear that my hands were making her feel good as her responses were delayed. After about five minutes, I asked, "Does Cinderella need her other foot massaged?"

I asked the question trying to keep this fairy tale evening continuing as surreally as possible.

"Please," she replied, again just the slightest tad of sultriness in her voice, throwing me off a bit.

I let go of her foot and a moment later felt her right one replace it, and she startled me completely when her stocking-clad foot landed on my crotch. It lingered there for two, maybe three, seconds before she looked at me in a way I couldn't quite place, as if she put her foot on my crotch on purpose, she said, "Oopsies."

She moved her foot away, but so slowly that her toes seemed to slide down my cock, as if she was investigating my size. If she wasn't my sister, I would have taken this as a clear indication that she was game for whatever naughty ideas I had in store for later in the evening.

I took her foot tentatively in my hands, all the while trying to ignore my cock that was desperately crying for freedom considering what had just occurred. It could have been an accident, but her slow removal and her smile, which implied flirtation, had my head spinning and my cock demanding attention.

A couple of minutes later our salads arrived and I reluctantly let her foot go. Her smile dazzled brighter than the Christmas lights behind her, "Thanks big brother."

I replied playfully, "You are welcome baby sister," yet I was beginning to really wonder if Jayda was flirting with me, even though the thought itself seemed absurd.

The rest of dinner consisted of eating a delicious meal, drinking a full bottle of wine (I looked twenty-five and Jayda somehow passed for twenty-one, so we had lucked out not being carded), and a lot of conversation. I couldn't help but feel there was an underlying sexual tension that was simmering below the surface...I felt it and I was growing more confident she felt it too.

For desert she ordered the 'Chocolate Climax' and quipped to me, after the waiter left, "I have never had a climax before."

I actually had wine shoot out my nose as I gasped at my sister's words.

She smiled a look dripping with a naughtiness I didn't really think existed in her, "What?"

"I can't believe I'm talking about climaxes with my sister," I replied, adding, "I like to think of you as a sweet, pure virgin so "I hope you are referring to the dessert."

"I am all of those things," she replied with a sigh, before adding, her naughty smile back, "but I hope not for much longer."

I was stunned into silence. Was she implying that she wanted me, her brother, to take her virginity?

She continued, "I am so sick of people treating me like a sweet innocent girl. If they only knew how many hours I spent online reading and watching porn, I even have written a couple of stories."

"Porn stories?" I asked stunned, trying to get my head around this bizarre conversation.

"Dirty stories of innocent virgins who become sluts," she said, no longer smiling.

"You are fucking with me right?" I asked, completely unravelled by what I had just heard.

"Maybe," she smiled, the double-entendre obvious. Did she mean she was 'fucking' with me like she was kidding or that she wouldn't mind 'fucking me'?

The waiter arrived with dessert and she joked, "Come help me with my CLIMAX big brother."

My cock screamed for attention as I stammered, trying to play along and act casual, "S-s-sure baby sister, I would love to help you with your CLIMAX."

Without missing a beat, my so-called innocent sister replied, "That is a promise I plan to make you keep," before taking a bite of the chocolate dessert. She let out a moan like Meg Ryan did in her orgasm scene in 'When Harry Met Sally', "Mmmmmmm, this is so good."

My cock again flinched in my pants demanding, begging, for release. I took my fork and decided I too could play the flirtation game. "Yes, I bet I could eat this all night long."

It was her turn for her face to go red. I had called her bluff. We ate in silence, the playful, clearly sibling inappropriate, banter lingering ominously in the air.

Desert done, the bill paid, we headed to the theatre. She again hooked her arm around mine, but the banter had turned everything to awkwardness. Neither of us knew what to say or how to return to our usual sibling conversation.

The huge FAO Schwarz store with the massive Barbie display finally broke the conversation fog. "OMG," Jayda gasped, stopping in her tracks and tittering on her heels; if her arm wasn't hooked to mine I am sure she would have face dived into the sidewalk.

"I didn't think you were a Barbie Girl anymore," I joked, remembering her saying she wasn't a kid anymore on her sixteenth birthday, 'that Barbies were for kids'.

"Shut up!" she said, singing that horrific song from the one hit wonder band Aqua, "I'm a Barbie girl, in a Barbie world."

Suddenly noticing it myself, I pointed out, "Actually, you know you really do look just like a Barbie."

"Really?" she asked, with such an innocence that made it obvious my statement had flattered her.

"Seriously, if they were making a live action Barbie movie you would be the perfect casting choice," I continued.

Her hand slid down my arm and she took my hand in hers, our fingers intertwining. A simple everyday thing, holding hands, we had done it many times when we were younger, yet this time it was intimate and the feeling inside me spoke volumes. I wanted my sister; not in a 'nasty fuck her brains out' way, no sadly I wanted her in an 'I want to make love to her all night' way.

She seemed to feel the same way as for a moment there was silence. Finally, I said, "We have a few minutes, Barbie Girl."

"We do?" she asked, her eyes big as a little girl on Christmas morning.

"Come on," I smiled, pulling her into the pink haven of a childhood past.

Once in the store her eyes lit up like the Fourth of July, her head ping-ponging from one crazy elaborate display to another.

I noticed a Grease Barbie doll display and reluctantly let go of my sister's hand and said, "I will meet you at the front in five minutes."

"Ok," she agreed, distracted by the overall girly ambiance.

I snuck away and grabbed two Sandy dolls knowing they were the perfect present. She loves musicals and her favorite movie as a kid was Grease. I have heard the soundtrack a thousand times blaring out of her room or in the car on road trips. I quickly paid for them and had them double bagged so baby sister couldn't see what I bought.

I was a couple of minutes late as the line of moms and daughters was long; I felt a bit strange being the only male in line and the only one without a daughter with me. I almost shit at the price, but figured it would be worth it to see the look on her face.

She was waiting for me at the door and teased me when she saw me with a bright glow in the dark pink bag. "Pink really is your color."

"I know, it really brings out my inner feminine side," I quipped.

She took my arm and I led her back out into the hustle and bustle of early evening in New York City. There were men in suits talking on their headpieces; there were ladies in dresses with bags from overpriced stores; there were teens with baggy pants with their underwear showing; tourists snapping pictures left and right; there was every race, every religion, walking side by side. If only the world could move with such smooth motion, such randomness and such multiculturalism.

A couple of minutes later, we reached the theatre. Suits and ties, dresses and heels everywhere, another smorgasbord of races and ages, waiting for a night of musical entertainment, waiting for a fun escape from their day to day lives.

We got into line as Jayda looked around star-struck. I let her look and just enjoyed the strange feeling of tranquility that washed over me just by holding her hand.

Finally, the doors opened to the theatre and we walked in together looking like a young couple to anyone looking our way.

"Enjoying yourself?" I asked, after our tickets were scanned.

"It is even more amazing than I had imagined," she said, still overwhelmed by the sheer thrill of being here.

"New York City does go over the top better than anywhere else," I joked, giving her hand a gentle squeeze.

After a few minutes of celebrity searching, Jayda said, "I really should go to the ladies' room before the show starts."

She gave my hand a gentle squeeze and let go leaving a sudden emptiness in me. As I watched my beautiful sister saunter away, I shook my head. What was wrong with me? Sure she was flirting with me. Sure she was the most beautiful person inside and out I knew. Sure she was the perfect woman for me. Yet, she was my sister. I could feel the internal fight between right and wrong, my head vs my other head, and yet I flip-flopped back and forth between the two extremes. I wanted nothing more than to make love to my sister, yet obviously that was wrong. Why did doing wrong seem so right? Why was the apple so tempting? Why was Eve so perfect?

"I'm back," she said, taking my hand and comfortably fitting back into me like the puzzle piece lost long ago and finally found. Seeing me lost in thought, she asked, again giving my hand a slight squeeze, "What you thinking, big brother?"

"Oh, nothing," I lied.

"Too bad," she purred, as if reading my dirty thoughts.

We looked at souvenirs; I bought her a t-shirt and a poster and got a quick kiss on the lips for my thoughtfulness. "Thanks big brother," she said, a sultry sweetness in her voice, another hint of her flirtation with me.

Hands again perfectly entwined like they were meant to be, we headed into the auditorium and to our seats.

She said:

Once seated, we were silent. I had given a plethora of flirtatious hints of my intent, my hunger to commit incest, yet I wasn't sure my sexy brother was catching on. I wanted to lose my virginity to my older brother. I pretty much screamed it to him with my words, my actions, and my dress, and he had responded in kind with his own flirtation, yet I wasn't sure if he understood my true intent.

I am eighteen; I am a virgin; I love my brother more than any boy or man I know. He is funny; he is sweet; he is drop dead sexy; he is compassionate and caring; he is perfect boyfriend material, perfect for anyone, but me...his sister.

Although my friends always talked about how lucky I was to have such a hot brother, I always disagreed. I had perfection in my reach, but was not allowed to touch it. I had the shiny red apple in my garden, but could not take a bite. I was completely handcuffed by society's draconian views of incest. I knew, even more as this glorious evening transpired, that I loved him, not only as a brother but also as a potential lover. I am determined to lose my virginity to him tonight, to give myself unconditionally to him. But how does one say such a thing to your own flesh and blood? What if he doesn't feel how I feel? What if he thinks I'm sick and twisted for wanting such a thing?

The idea of seducing my brother occurred rather accidentally while reading porn online. I had read quite a few stories online and had come to read a lot of one author's stories. Her stories of seduction, submission and stockings hit all my hot spots. Sadly, after reading all the lesbian, non consensual, mature, group and even gay stories, I craved more. The author had a variety of incest stories and hungry to submerge myself more into her words, I reluctantly clicked on an incest story.

After reading just one incest story the light bulb went on.

One story and a naughty, socially unacceptable idea popped inside my head. I tried to push it out of my thoughts and fantasies, but the more I tried to push it away the more I wanted it. I began fantasizing about seducing my brother; having him make love to me, take my virginity. I tried to shake the naughty, inappropriate thoughts out of my head, yet the dreams and fantasies only got more intense and more constant.

Becoming obsessed with my brother, I searched Andy's home computer which he had left, instead taking his laptop to college and learned of his fetish for pantyhose and stocking-clad feet. I always wore pantyhose and wondered if I had somehow triggered his fetish. I decided I would dress to tease him during the Christmas holidays even though I never expected for my fantasies to become a reality. Yet, then fate decided to allow the dominoes to all fall into place; the flooding, the play, a hotel alone and a night out in NYC all seemed to set the scene of seduction.

I put my hand on Andy's leg just as the lights went down and gave a squeeze. I exclaimed giddily, "This is so exciting."

"I can't wait," he replied, mocking my excitement.

My hand moved up just a smidge, desperately trying to say what I couldn't say with words. I noticed his eyes go big and it took all my internal strength not to go for broke and find out if my brief foot assessment was right, he is big.

Instead, I focused on the musical I had dreamed of seeing since I can't remember when. The next hour flew by as I immersed myself in the haunting love story of Christine and the Phantom. Their relationship was so complex and so taboo that I instantly made the parallel between their relationship and the one I was considering.

As the lights came up for break, I turned to my brother and said, trying to stir up the heat, "Well, first a chocolate climax and now I am near an oratory orgasm."

"This may not be the best place for that sis," Andy replied, always quick with a one liner.

"I guess I will have to wait until I get back to the hotel," I countered, literally throwing myself at him with innuendo.

I noticed him slyly adjust himself, using his program to attempt to hide the impact my words were having on him. I could also see he was trying to process my intent and I revelled in the thought that I was making him hard. I could literally taste the forbidden fruit, so tantalizingly close and I wanted to take a big bite. I leaned in and kissed him on the lips, just for a second longer than a sibling kiss would be, before standing up and saying, "I need to powder my nose or whatever else these dressed up women do during intermission."

He laughed uncomfortably as he stood up too. "I will get us something to drink."

"Wine," I suggested, "I want to get a little wild tonight." I started walking through the aisle before turning around and adding, "Actually, I want to get a lot wild tonight." I saw his jaw drop just as I turned and continued down the aisle, leaving him little doubt of my intent I hoped. Was I crossing 'The Point of No Return'?

After my restroom break, which was tediously long (why are women's restrooms not bigger?), Andy was waiting for me with a glass of wine. I sauntered over to him and taking the wine I again pushed the invisible line we were seemingly balancing on, "Are you trying to get your sister drunk?"

"That would be fun to see," he replied, "I have never seen you drunk before."

Frustrated by his answer, I quipped, dripping with intention, "Well, you may see a whole new side of me before the night is over, BIG brother."

"I would like that," he smiled back, finally hinting he was catching onto my obvious flirtation. I was literally throwing myself at him (as I had I even did when I fell into his arms back at the hotel).

"I am not sure you can handle me," I retorted, moving in as if going for another kiss.

He stared at me like a deer in the headlights.

I leaned in whispering into his ear, making sure my hot breath lingered on his ear, "Do you think you can handle me big brother?"

He stammered, clearly surprised by how aggressive his sweet sister could be, "I-I-I can handle whatever you thrust at me."

Moving away, I retorted, making sure I had the final word, "I was hoping you would be doing the thrusting." I grabbed his hand, and led him back to our seats, assuming any last doubts of my intentions were hopefully gone.

Once seated, I could tell Andy was uncomfortable. I could also tell that he had a pretty obvious tent in his pants.

I considered just reaching over and squeezing my brother's cock, but resisted as the occupants of the seats beside us were both back now...but the temptation was becoming hard to resist, pun intended.

He handed me the pink bag and said, "One last gift for my adorable sister."

"You shouldn't have, you have already got me so much," I replied, taking the bag, giddy with getting another present. I opened the bag and pulled out the first of two boxes, a Grease musical doll of Sandy dressed in her Rydel cheerleader's outfit looking so sweet and innocent. I pulled out the second box which was of Sandy after her transformation, dressed in a black leather pants she wore at the end of the film. I looked up at him, giddy with the thoughtfulness of my brother and warmed by the thought that he remembered something from so many years ago.

He smiled, "In many ways you remind me of Sandy."

"I do?" I asked, curious where he was going with this.

"Of course," he explained. "You are sweet, innocent and beautiful like cheerleader Sandy and..."

He stopped and I pushed him on frustrated by his not finishing his thought, "And?"

"And," he continued, "yet, it seems, you are also naughty, sexy and drop dead hot like leather pants Sandy."

"Oh my," I gasped, my whole body melting by my brother's very accurate understanding of me. I was innocent like Cheerleader Sandy and yet I had a naughty side, a wild side, desperate to break out like Leather Pants Sandy.

"You are perfection, Jayda no matter what version of Sandy you want to be," he said, taking my hand and giving it a soft squeeze.

I wanted to fuck him right then and there, to give myself to him unconditionally and would have if I wasn't in the Majestic Theatre just about to watch Act 2 of my favorite musical ever.

As if on cue, to protect me from a growing hunger I was beginning not to be able to sedate, the lights dimmed and I was again pulled into the romantic world of over a hundred years ago. I again envisioned I was Christine and trying to balance the expectations of society with her own desires, my own desires.

As Christine loved the Phantom, I loved my brother; as Christine couldn't resist the temptation of the Phantom, I could no longer resist the temptation of my brother. As my favorite song of the play was

performed, I crossed the last invisible boundary, my own Point of No Return, as I slyly moved my hand to his leg and slowly slithered up until my hand rested firmly on his, I was happy to find, fully erect cock. A slight gasp left his lips on contact, but he didn't move my hand away, instead, moving his right hand to my leg.

His hand on my leg had my pussy burning up and I wanted his hand to move further north, to touch my tingling pussy. Yet, as if he knew that was what I wanted and knew the power he had over me, he just allowed his strong hand to linger there...a tease...a temptation...a major fucking distraction.

Trying to imply my need, my permission, I slowly rubbed his cock through his dress pants, but his hand remained glued to my leg, his face remained stoic and unreadable.

Time could not move fast enough as I returned my attention to the play, trying to focus on the climatic ending, to the show I had wanted to see since I can't remember when...yet now I had a new climatic ending I wanted to see and, in this case, perform.

Once the play finale came to an end, we both stood up to give a standing ovation as the cast came out for their final bows. I took quick glances at my sexy brother and he seemed to be glancing at me as well, both of us assumedly thinking the same thing...what now?

Once the applause faded, I wandered if my Cinderella story would have a happy ending, but instead of my foot perfectly fitting into a glass slipper, I wanted my brother's cock to perfectly fit my pussy.

He reached for my hand and slowly, silently, we exited the theatre. Once out in the late winter New York evening, Christmas lights everywhere, Andy asked, "Would you like to go to Rockefeller Centre and see the Christmas tree?"

"Sure," I agreed, although my tone couldn't hide my disappointment. Before the past few hours, I would have been super excited to see such a popular tourist attraction, but now all I wanted was to finish what I had desperately tried to start.

He smiled, as if reading my mind, "We have all night, Jayda."

"Ok," I replied, shivering as the evening had cooled off dramatically while we were inside watching the show.

Andy took off his jacket like a gentleman and put it over my shoulders and took my hand and we began walking in the most beautiful city in the world, not as brother and sister, but as something undefined...something unexplainable.

As if on cue, the clouds began to drop the smallest snowflakes I had ever seen, a reminder that it was winter, it was Christmas.

TV does not do reality justice. Once I was standing in front of the massive Christmas tree, I was in complete awe with just how big and beautiful it was. Looking at Andy, he was staring at me and not the tree.

"Isn't she beautiful," I asked.

"Yes, yes she is," he replied, never breaking away from looking at me.

My face flushed and I felt a heat burn in my cheeks even as the cold breeze brought me chills.

Again, as if on cue, as if Cupid was singlehandedly making sure an act of incest was consummated on this glorious night, a man walked over to us and raised his hand over us, revealing a sprig of mistletoe.

Andy smiled at me; I smiled at him. We leaned towards each other in perfect unison, in perfect symmetry, the whole massive city going silent as the inevitable moment occurred. Our lips touch like a whisper as we gently allowed our lips to meet. At first the kiss was soft and tentative, both of us just allowing the kiss to elevate us to a higher plane. Once our mouths opened our tongues explored each other, the original tentativeness was replaced with a fiery passion I had never felt before. My body tingled, my mind went blank and my knees weakened, as I gave in completely to the simple sensation of a kiss.

The man chuckled, "Well, I guess I know what you two will be doing later."

Andy looked at me; I looked at him, we each blushed at the man's words, before without a word quickly heading back to the hotel.

As soon as the elevator door closed, like two magnets, we were pulled together as he pushed me against the wall with an intense urgency. His hands roamed my hips, my ass and my legs, purposely he avoided both my breasts and pussy it seemed.

The elevator slowed to a stop and as soon as it opened, he pulled me like a caveman to our room where he fumbled with the key before, we finally were alone. The door closed, both our breathing stilted, we froze in place taking a moment to take each other in.

Andy asked, "Are you sure about this, Jayda?"

Although cliché, I responded, "I have never been more certain about anything in my life."

"But I'm your brother," he said, as if trying to convince himself this was a bad idea.

"If I wasn't your sister, what would you be doing to me right now?" I asked.

"I would be doing naughty, nasty things to you," he admitted.

"Well, let's pretend for one night I am not your sister and you are not my brother. For one evening we are just two lovers who just want to be with each other," I suggested, as I slowly, moved my hand to my shoulder and teasingly allowed my dress to fall to the floor.

"Oh God, Jayda, you are so beautiful," Andy complimented, literally drooling at my now near-naked body, as he stared at my tiny thong that was the last line of defense from Andy seeing my pussy, suddenly wishing I had gone commando like I had considered but chickened out.

I sauntered over to him, and as I stopped directly in front of him and I quoted Grease, "You're the one that I want."

"Sandy," he whimpered, as my hand reached for his cock.

"Tell me about it, stud," I quipped, as I lowered myself to my knees.

"Oh God," he gasped, as I hungrily pulled his cock out of his pants.

His big stiff cock, eight inches at least, in my hand, I asked, "Is this hard because of me?"

"It is all for you," he groaned, as I slowly moved my hand up and down my big brother's cock as I had fantasied about so many times.

"You know I have never done this before," I explained, looking up at him, before adding, "unless the banana I practised on counts."

"Fuck, Jayda, I can't believe you," he grunted.

"Well, believe this, Andy. I want to suck your cock," I admitted, opening my mouth and leaning forward.

"Aaaaaah," Andy moaned, as my lips wrapped around his warm cock.

I focused on the mushroom head at first, just slowly moving back and forth, getting used to my brother's girth in my mouth.

"That's it sis," Andy instructed, his hand gently going through my hair, "take your time."

I used my tongue and swirled around his cockhead while creating extra saliva like I had read online somewhere. It seemed to work as he grunted approvingly. His approval had me wanting to make him moan more and I began to slowly take more and more of his cock in my mouth.

He Said:

"Oh God, Jayda," I whispered, as I watched my cock slowly disappear between the perfect lips of my sister. She was a magician with her mouth and tongue and I knew I wasn't going to last long after having been constantly teased all night.

I respected her determination as she slowly engulfed all my cock inside her mouth. Once the last inch disappeared, I complimented her, "You took it all, baby-sis."

She moaned on my cock at my words and I felt subtle vibrations pulse through me. She began to pick up the pace and was soon bobbing back and forth on my cock, not like some cocksucking whore, but with a growing hunger to get me off.

I knew I wouldn't last much longer and warned, "You are going to make me cum soon, sis."

She took my cock out of her mouth, smiled naughtily and said, stroking my cock with her hand, "I want to taste you."

Before I could respond, she returned to my cock and devoured my cock like a woman on a mission. Within only a few seconds I could feel the bubbling in my balls and I was soon coating my sister's throat with an abundance of my cum. Impressively, she didn't slow down swallowing it all. It seemed she really was amazing at everything.

Finally, she pulled my cock out and looked up at me. I smiled down and said, "Wow, and you have never done that before?"

"No," she said, as I grabbed her hands and pulled her up.

Looking into her eyes, I said, "That was amazing, Jayda."

"Agreed," she smiled, adding naughtily, "it tastes way better than I imagined."

I joked, "It is my rigorous diet."

"Well, I think I could start my own new diet," she smiled back, grabbing my still semi-erect cock.

"Take off your bra," I instructed.

"Is that an order?" she asked playfully.

"Indeed, it is," I replied.

She slowly moved her hands behind her back and a second later her breasts popped into full view as her lace bra fell to the floor. She asked, smiling playfully, "Do you like?"

"Like is not the right word, I love them," I said, moving my hands forward and cupping them in my hands.

It was her turn to let out a little moan.

"You have no idea how long I have wanted to see you like this," I whispered, as I leaned forward and took her very stiff left nipple in my mouth.

Again she moaned, this time louder and I felt her body quiver at my touch. Like her focused attention on my mushroom top, I replicated the pleasure on her nipple. Between slightly heavier breathing, she asked, her insecurity brimming back to the surface, "You have?"

Moving to her other nipple, I replied, "Jayda you are so naive. You really don't know how beautiful you are, do you?"

"Aaaaah," she moaned at my slight nibble on her nipple.

A moment later, I moved back up, took her hand and looked into her crystal blue eyes and said, meaning it with all my heart, "Jayda, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever met, both inside and out. Besides having beautiful eyes, luscious lips, glorious hair, firm breasts, a tight ass and amazing legs, especially in pantyhose may I add, you are also the kindest soul I know."

She replied, her voice showing she seriously didn't believe my words, "You really think so?"

"I know so," I replied, leaning in and kissing her softly.

Breaking the kiss, she smirked, "Glorious hair, really?"

I pinched her right nipple playfully, "I am an engineering student, not a wordsmith, brat."

"Ooooooh, playing rough are we?" she teased.

I surprised her, picking her up and carrying her to the room that was supposed to be for our parents, but was ours for the night. I tossed her onto the king sized bed and after quickly getting out of my clothes joined her, climbing on top of her and returning to her lips, this time with aggressive passion.

Our tongues danced as we explored each other's mouths with the fervent hunger of two first time lovers, which in reality we were. Five minutes became ten as we just kissed and explored. My hands explored her entire being, I gently moved them through her hair, I slid my hands down her sides and hips, I cupped her firm, heavy breasts and I rubbed the top of her pantyhose getting

dangerously close to her pink pleasure, yet never touching. She in return put her hands in my hair, pulled me closer to her, caressed my back and finished with her hands squeezing my ass.

Finally, I broke the kiss, "So you really are you a virgin, baby sister?"

She nodded, before clarifying, "Unless you count the times I fucked myself with my hair brush fantasizing about this very moment."

"Slut," I joked.

"Your slut," she countered.

"Is that so?" I asked, as I began to kiss her neck.

"I'm yours, big brother," she moaned, as I splattered her neck with more kisses.

I slowly moved down her body, kissing her arms, her breasts, her belly and listened to her slightly increased breathing at my tender touch. I reached her pantyhose covered legs, the soft silk of her pantyhose and her tiny thong the last thin fabrics keeping me from and my sister's cunt. The forbidden fruit now so close I wanted the moment to last forever; there would never be another first time with Jayda, there may never even be a second time.

I leaned forward and put my mouth directly on her silk covered pussy and she let out a loud moan. I could taste her wetness through the silk pantyhose and instantly wanted more, but I also wanted to tease my sister.

She Said:

His lips on my pussy brought a pleasure I couldn't fathom existed, and I whimpered in frustration when he moved away from my needy pussy and moved down my leg. He kissed my inner thigh, he caressed my silky legs and slowly found his way to my feet. Taking my foot in his hand, he slowly took each of my toes in his mouth. The intimate act, the focused attention, triggered more teases of pleasure in my body and I wanted more. I finally couldn't take it anymore and begged, "Andy, please, please fuck me."

He ignored my pleading and replicated the attention on my other foot. His hand simultaneously caressing my ankle and calf as his mouth did wonders.

I again pleaded, trying to be nasty, this time to get his attention, "Big brother, come fuck your baby sister."

He smiled, "All good things come to those who wait."

"That's what I want...to come," I whimpered, using my legs to pull him back to me.

He fell forward and was again directly between my legs. He asked, his finger tracing ever so gently my wet pussy lips, "Has anyone had the privilege of licking this pink perfection?"

"You will be my first everything, big brother," I whimpered, his gentle tease driving me wild and making me even more desperate to come.

"Mmmmmm, I like that, I am your first," he purred, gently tapping my clit.

"Aaaah-ah-aaahh," I echoed, his direct touch to my swollen clit like drum beats of pleasure.

The next words out of my brother's mouth surprised me. "Do you have scissors?"

"What? Why?" I asked, frustrated.

"It's a simple yes or no question," he replied, smiling, clearly knowing his teasing was driving me mad.

"Not real scissors," I answered before adding "but in my purse is a small pair in my manicure case."

"Awesome," he said, standing up and leaving me alone in the room. I considered getting myself off, I was so hungry for a climax but I resisted the temptation curious what my naughty brother had in mind.

He returned and positioned himself back between my legs. I watched curiously as he cut a hole in my pantyhose. More surprisingly he then instructed, "Lift up your ass, sexy."

I obeyed and he pulled my pantyhose down a bit. He then surprised me again as he began cutting my thong. "What are you doing, Andy?"

"Getting rid of this inconvenience," he answered.

Once cut, he tossed my ruined Victoria Secret thong on the floor and instructed, "Lift up your ass, gorgeous."

I again obeyed, responding playfully, "Getting a little bossy big brother."

He yanked my panties off and pulled my pantyhose back up as he explained, "I want to make love to you with your pantyhose on."

"Hmmmm," I moaned softly, anticipation building excessively.

He Said:

I looked down at my beautiful baby sister her legs wide open, pussy glistening and had to resist the temptation to just plunge inside her. I wanted this to last forever; it was still surreal that the most beautiful girl, no woman, in the entire world, was still a virgin and wanting me, her big brother, to take her virginity, but before I took her virginity I had to taste her pussy.

I stared at her damp pussy, so perfectly framed by her trimmed naturally blonde pussy hair. I wanted to take a picture of her perfect pussy that was begging to be pleased. I leaned forward, extended my tongue and tasted my sister's sweet nectar.

On touch, she her legs trembled and she moaned loud, "Oh myyyyyy."

Not surprising, her taste was like champagne and I licked her slowly in no hurry to quit tasting her. I moved my tongue up and down like a paint brush, slowly parting her pussy lips. I smiled to myself knowing that I was going to drive her fucking crazy with lust before finally allowing her to reach her climatic peak.

She Said:

I couldn't believe Andy was licking my pussy, nor could I believe just how amazing it felt. It was a new sensation unlike anything I had ever done while alone and my breathing got heavier in seconds.

Looking down at my brother between my legs was surreal and it only made me wetter and hotter at the incestuous act we were committing. Wanting him to know how good it felt, I moaned, "Oh God big brother, that feels so good."

He hummed on my pussy lips in return which brought a new rush of pleasure pulsing through my body.

A couple of minutes later his slow licking it had my breathing beginning to get more erratic as I could feel the bubbling of my orgasm. As if sensing my growing lust, he swirled his tongue around my clit which caused yet another sensation of pleasure to cascade through me. "Oh fuck, yes Andy, shit that feels so good, don't stop."

Looking up from his sinful position between my legs, he asked, flicking my clit with his tongue after each word, "Do-you-like-your-brother-licking-your-sweet-little-cunt?"

"God, yes," I screamed, as each flick of my clit had me near euphoric pleasure. "Make me come, big brother, make me your sister slut."

He took my clit in his lips and licked aggressively and instantly my orgasm exploded out of me like Hoover Dam breaking. "Shiiiiiiiiit, Aaaaaaaaandy," I screamed, as I grabbed his head and pulled his face deeper into my flooding cunt.

He Said:

I eagerly drank the champagne of my goddess sister who was a flooder as she continued coming and aggressively began rubbing her cunt up and down on my face as she came.

Her rough use of my face for her own sexual pleasure turned me on even more and I continued licking and pleasing her the best I could.

Finally, she let my head go and I crawled up and watched her as the last trembles of her orgasm flushed through her. Her pursed lips, her red cheeks, her closed eyes and her slightly messy hair turned me on and my cock was rock hard and ready to fuck my sister.

I leaned down and kissed her gently. She opened her eyes and said, "I didn't have a clue I could feel that good."

"Well, I think I can make you feel even better, baby sis," I smiled, biting her lip playfully.

"You better not be writing a check you can't cash," she countered.

"Oh I can cash it, sis, it's just whether you can handle the deposit," I smugly retorted.

"Well, my till is wide open," she replied, her tone dripping with sultry seductiveness.

I slowly moved back down and staring into her eyes began rubbing my cock up and down her very damp pussy lips, a chill going up my spine as she moaned hungrily.

I teased her pussy lips, my cockhead almost sliding inside her, but resisting the almost impossible temptation to fuck her as I heard my baby sister string together the most swear words I had ever heard her say in her entire life.

She pleaded, "Please fuck me, big brother, Fill my cunt and make me a woman." Such words coming from the most beautiful woman I had ever seen made it impossible, to deny my hunger any longer,

never mind they were coming from my sister. Her control over me continued as she pouted her lips and asked me in a voice so sultry my dick flinched, "Big brother does want to fuck his baby sister with his big cock and make me his sister slut, doesn't he?"

She reached for my cock and tried to pull it in herself. No longer able to resist the taboo act any longer, I leaned forward, my cock at her pussy entrance, I leaned down and kissed her again. Our tongues twirled in each other's mouth as I slowly slid my cock inside my sister's pussy.

She Said:

I couldn't fathom a more glorious sensation than what I felt as my brother's cock slowly slid inside my wanton pussy, his tongue dancing inside my warm mouth and his naked body was pressed against me. I moaned into my brother's mouth as his cock slowly went deeper inside me. It was like slow motion, I literally felt every nerve-endings in my body spark as his cock finally filled me, the last remnants of my orgasm still trembling through me.

Breaking the kiss, Andy looked down at me, his dashing smile only enhancing this perfect moment, and said, "I love you, Jayda."

"I love you too, Andy," I whispered back, our eyes locked into each other's.

His eyes never broke contact with mine as he began to slowly move his hips. I moaned, smiling, "I love all of you, big brother."

"Ditto," he groaned back.

For a few minutes the only sounds in the room were my soft moaning and his low grunting as we both enjoyed the sweet sensations of each other's bodies.

The slow love making was amazing and yet I needed more to get off, my orgasm bubbling just below the surface...a dormant volcano that was dying to explode. I continued to look into my brother's eyes and begged, "Harder, big brother, fuck me harder."

He smiled back and without a word shifted from the slow burn of love making to the hardcore thrusts of lust and a new pleasure instantly cascaded through me as the bubbling lava inside me began boiling. "Oh God yes," I screamed, as my brother's cock slammed into me, his body colliding into mine as two became one.

He Said:

Her increasing moans, her begging and how even during sex she looked radiant and beautiful had my balls boiling in only a few hardcore thrusts. Her pussy was the tightest I had ever felt and I couldn't explain how for the first time in my life during sex it was about more than just me. I didn't care about my orgasm, I wanted Jayda's first time to be perfect.

I tried to think about anything but the reality that I was fucking my sister as I tried to hold back my inevitable orgasm as sweat poured off my body as I thrust in and out of her.

Her moans increased and my virtuous sister suddenly became a foul-mouthed sex fiend, "Oh fuuuuck, Andy, pound my pussy, harder big brother, fuck your baby sister."

Her foul language made it almost impossible to hold back and I knew I was not going to last much longer.

She Said:

It is crazy how your body can simply take control of you. All I could think about was coming again and conservative shy me was replaced by insatiable hungry me. It was like my brain was turned off and I was turned into a babbling bimbo who would do anything to come, which somehow was turning me on even more. My orgasm was bubbling to the surface as Andy continued hard deep thrusts inside me bringing increasing pleasure to me.

"I'm soooooo close," I moaned. "Are you close, big brother?"

"Sooooo close," he grunted back, looking so sexy while he fucked me.

"Come in me, Andy," I begged, wrapping my pantyhose clad legs around him and pulling him even deeper into me.

"Oh fuck, Jayda," he groaned, as he continued slamming into me.

"Oh God, yes, Andy, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuuuuuuuuuck," I screamed, as fireworks exploded in my head, tingling sensations quivered through the very core of my being as my orgasm erupted through me causing my long dormant lava to flow out of me like a never ending waterfall.

As the eruptions of pleasure continued to quake my very being, my eyes closed, I heard him grunt, "I'm coming too, little sister."

Warm gushes of cum coated my pussy walls as my brother shot his seed deep inside of me. "Yeeeeees, come in me, fuuuuck," I screamed, the sensation of being filled as I flooded out simultaneously somehow enhancing the already perfect bliss I was experiencing.

He collapsed on top of me as his cock continued to pulsate inside me as my own quivering sensations refused to dissipate. He kissed me gently as we both just glowed in the aftermath of our intimacy.

Minutes later, the final tremors of volcanic pleasure finally fading, Andy rolled over and said, "Holy shit."

"How eloquent," I quipped, hitting him playfully.

He Said:

"I just mean, WOW," I re-worded trying to put into words just how amazing the intimate experience had been. The feelings inside me were indescribable. Usually after sex, I was already planning my escape or regretting the experience, yet after having sexual intercourse with my sister an act of incest, I felt no guilt, no regret...only an afterglow I don't ever recall happening with anyone else. I wanted to just hold her in my arms.

"WOW, indeed," she smiled back, the aftermath of a taboo act now lingering awkwardly between us.

"I can't believe we just did that," I said.

She blushed as she replied, "Me neither."

I put my hand on her belly and traced her stomach gently as I said, again staring into her eyes, suddenly nervous at how she may react, "I do love you, Jayda. As a brother, but also as a...."

She Said:

My heart warmed at his sincerity and his cute nervousness as he tried to break the awkwardness we were both feeling. I reached down for his impressively still pretty firm cock and said, "I don't want this to be a onetime thing either, big brother."

"Aaaaah, you are insatiable," he groaned from my touch, seemingly relieved.

"We only have just this one night in this luxurious hotel until mom and dad arrive," I coyly pointed out, slowly stroking his cock.

"That is a good point," he smiled back, his hand cupping my breast.

Just as he leaned to kiss me, my phone rang. I sighed, "It may be Mom."

"Well, don't FaceTime her," Andy quipped pinching my nipple.

"Behave," I retorted, slapping his hand as I got off the bed and grabbed my phone. "It is Mom. Hi, Mom."

Five minutes later, I had told Mom about dinner, the show and the luxury hotel and she had informed me that unfortunately she and dad were not going to be making it to New York after all as the basement fix had turned into a nightmare. While Mom chatted on and on, Andy came over to me and falling to his knees began licking my pussy. I tried to push him away, but he had a firm grip on my ass.

"Yes, Mom, Andy has been very, very accommodating," I agreed, the irony of the question and the reality of the situation utterly hilarious.

A moment later, Andy's tongue distracting me I said, "But I need to go, Mom, it has been a long, day full of wonderful surprises and I am exhausted."

Hanging up the phone, I pushed him away and said, "You fucker."

"Sister fucker," he retorted.

I smiled down at my sexy brother and said, "I got some good news and some bad news."

Looking up at me, he asked, "What is the bad news?"

"The basement situation is worse than expected and Mom and dad are not coming to New York after all."

"That's terrible," Andy said, standing up. Moving towards me, "And what is the good news?"

"We have two more days in New York City, just you and I," I said, grabbing for his cock and slowly stroking it hoping he had enough energy to go one more round.

His arms pulling me into him, he said, "And what are we possibly going to do in New York City for two more days?"

"I can't think of a single thing," I playfully retorted, kissing his cheek, moving my stocking clad left leg up and down his leg.

"How many orgasms do you think you can have in one night," he asked, squeezing my ass cheeks.

"Only one way to find out," I smiled as our lips crashed into each other, no longer sister and brother, but lovers.

THE END