**A Sister’s Dilemma**

by Pookie's Family

I would call myself a good girl. I do what I’m told—usually at least. I finish my homework before calling or texting my girlfriends; I don’t drink or smoke, and since I’ve gotten my driver’s license, I’ve been super extra careful whenever I drive. It’s only been two months and not a scratch or a ticket! That’s unlike my brother, who had already been in a full-on, “his fault” car accident after he’d only been driving a week—A WEEK!

That’s my brother, he’s just so accident prone, but I love him dearly.

My brother. That’s the topic of this journal—my brother. I’m not sure how to put my thoughts in order, or who is ever going to end up reading this with my permission, because I plan on revealing a lot more to this collection of blank pages than I think I ever could to a real person.

Well, the names herein may or may not be changed to protect the innocent, but definitely to protect the guilty! ☺

I may as well get started by introducing the players in question.

First, there’s me. I’m somewhat on the skinny side and my skin is pretty pale (but not Goth pale) because I spend a lot of time indoors on the computer, or even more likely, reading. I’m an avid reader. I suppose I’m kind of nerdy. I much prefer science fiction and fantasy over those teen vampire novels my friends read. I wear glasses when I’m at home and contacts when I’m out. My last serious boyfriend was months ago. You can call me Amber.

My brother, Zach, is almost exactly a year older than me—370 days to be exact—which sucks a little bit, because often we’ve had to share a birthday party or two during some of the rougher times.

Let’s see, the other people that I’ll definitely have to mention are my mom—she’s a great mom, really. She’s just overworked and underpaid. She has a lot of stress being the only breadwinner since dad died about two and a half years ago. I’ll get into more of that later.

The other real person that I’ll need to mention is my BFF Becky. She’s as cliché as you can get when you think of teen girls. She cares about her looks, boys, her makeup, her latest pimple, her hair, whatever Robert Pattinson is doing and when will he respond to her letters, etc, but I’ve been best friends with her for years and years and I love her dearly.

I’m just a little bit smaller than she is, by maybe half a size, so whenever she gets tired of something, decides it’s too passé, or (god forbid) outgrows it, she gives it to me. I don’t mind getting her hand-me-downs. I’ve been pegged as Becky’s poor geeky friend for as long as I can remember, and it helps mom out considerably. Mom could never afford to buy most of the stuff that Becky just up and throws away without a second thought.

Well, these are the four main characters in this little play of mine that I call my life. Now the main focal point of my tale pretty much involves my brother because it has to at first, and then because I want it to. I know that sounds pretty vague, but I promise that I’ll explain it all in due time. I just want you to see where my mindset is as I go from point A to point B here. Please—bear with me.

It really all began soon after our dad died.

Well, about two and a half years ago, dad was driving home after a late night party with some of his friends from work. He had a little too much to drink because he drove off the road straight into a tree at 65 miles per hour, killing him instantly. Needless to say, our family was devastated. I have a tough time writing even this much without crying. I think I’ll take a break and come back to this later.

Mom works as an assistant for a mortgage broker. She pretty much spends her day typing, copying papers, and taking phone calls. A number of years ago, I went with her on one of those take-your-daughter-to-work days, but I hated it. Luckily, I had brought a book with me and pretty much spent the whole day in a corner reading. I can’t even remember what book it was now, but I recall not liking it that much.

In any case, mom works five days a week, at least eight hours a day, in the most unrewarding, boringest job ever. I think I’d rather be flipping burgers than doing that. I plan on taking Journalism once I get to college—my grandparents have a college fund set up in Zach and my names that should pay for at least a couple years of junior college.

Let me fill you in on what happened to my brother Zach, because that’s really where it all sort of started, at least for me, that is.

Zach took dad’s death pretty hard. He started rebelling even more, he would get into shouting matches with mom, and he would skip school whenever he felt like it. All I could do was to stay out of it and keep my head down. I was going through my own issues.

Well, on one of the days when he decided to skip school, he was skateboarding and not watching where he was going and he got hit by a car. He got hurt bad—really bad. Mom and I were an absolute mess. Zach’s whole upper body was in shambles. When the car hit him, it smashed up his right arm and crushed his right shoulder, and when it threw him, he landed hard into a curb that did the same to his left side.

The doctors say that he was inches away from shattering his neck, which would have outright killed him as would if he hadn’t been wearing a helmet (thank god). Zach was in a coma for about a week, and couldn’t remember anything about the accident once he woke up. Luckily, he didn’t hit his head as hard as the doctors thought and he didn’t end up having any brain damage.

He had to stay in the hospital for a few more weeks and have a couple of reconstructive surgeries on his arms and shoulders before he was allowed to recuperate at home. By then it was June and school was out. The insurance didn’t cover any sort of home nursing, and Zach wasn’t in any condition to take care of himself yet. He still had to wear a cast that encompassed both arms and his shoulders, so when you looked at him while he was standing up, he was stuck in a position that made him look like he was trying to fly or do the chicken dance. He could wiggle his fingers, but the casts wouldn’t allow him to move his arms at all. He had to be stuck in that cast, in that way, at home, for six weeks.

Guess who had to take care of him?

That’s right, me.

Mom had used up all of her family medical leave/whatever and absolutely had to go back to work. My summer was going to be awful! I couldn’t go out with Becky or anything; I had to be home, on call, for whatever Zach needed, whether it be pain medicine, helping him eat, or (yuck) helping him go to the bathroom.

I think I’ll start with the first day that mom had to go back to work, leaving Zach and I at home together. I remember the details pretty well from that point on.

Zach was in the living room, reclined as best as he could in the recliner and watching TV. The remote control was wedged into his right hand that was sticking out from the upper body cast. He could use the control just fine as long as it was in his hand, but it proved too difficult for him to try to pick it up off a surface. The cast just didn’t allow for that much flexibility.

I’d jury-rigged a neat hanging basket that he could wear around his neck and the basket could hold a sports bottle with a straw sticking out of it, so without too much effort, he could move his head and get a drink when he wanted one.

I never really cared what was on TV, because I was ensconced in my book while sitting on the couch. I was fully engrossed in my story when I heard him call to me.

“Amber?”

“Hm?”

“I…uh…hate to bother you but…”

“You need something?” I asked as I put the bookmark in my book. I couldn’t be mad because it had been well over an hour since I had to do anything for him, and that was only to fill up his sports bottle with fresh water.

“Yeah, sort of. I have to…I have to pee,” he said, almost like he had to admit he lost a game. I could tell that he was really embarrassed to tell me, but mom told me that I would have to help him go to the bathroom. As gross as it sounded to me, I knew that I had to be the supportive sister, whether I wanted to be or not.

“What do I need to do?” I asked, resigned to my post as nursemaid.

“I…I’ve had to pee for a while, I just, I know that’s the last thing you wanted to do this summer was to help your invalid brother use the toilet…”

I interrupted him. “Zach, it’s okay. Really.” I tried to be as supportive as I could and sound as calm as possible because I could tell that this was much harder on him to ask for my help for something like that than it was for me to provide it. Zach had always been so independent and brash, so this was a completely new side to my brother—the helpless victim. He wasn’t the type of person to ask anyone’s help for anything.

I repeated, “What do I need to do?”

“Well, help me up for starters. I can’t pull the lever on the chair to sit up.”

I walked over and helped him up first to a sitting position then without touching his cast, I lent support for him to be able to stand up. It was already pretty warm, even though summer wasn’t officially going to start for another week, so all he was wearing was a pair of gray sweat shorts. Due to the cast, he couldn’t wear a shirt even if he wanted to.

“Do I need to help you take off the shorts?” I knew I had to; I just didn’t know if that should be done out in the living room, or in the bathroom.

“Well, yeah, but that can be in the bathroom.” Zach said sheepishly.

“Alright, let’s get this over with!” I said in a fun way to try to lighten up the mood.

Zach sighed heavily and headed towards the bathroom, with me right behind him.

Once we were in the bathroom, I asked him in a similar fun tone, “Will this be a peepee, a poopoo, or both?”

He snorted, seeing that I was trying to brighten up the both of us and replied,

“Just pee.”

“So…shorts off?” I asked.

“Well, down at least…”

Without drawing that part out any further, I grabbed the sides of his shorts and pulled them down to his knees. His cock popped out and I could tell that it wasn’t completely soft. I hadn’t been with a guy yet, but I knew what cocks looked like both hard and soft. I did have the internet, you know.

“Do you need me to hold it or can you aim without touching it?” I asked, hiding my curiosity as well as I could.

“Uh, maybe, but I do need the toilet seat up. Thanks.”

I put the seat up for him and stood there, waiting for his next command. His cock wasn’t getting any smaller or softer, quite the opposite.

I couldn’t contain my curious nature and asked without thinking, “Why is it hard?”

Zach noticeably winced and groaned before saying, “I don’t have complete control over it. I really have to pee, and that sometimes gets a boner going; I’m embarrassed that you have to help me, and that adds to it.”

I could tell that if he did pee, that is, if the pee left his dick in a straight line, it would shoot all over the top of the toilet.

“Do you need me to help you aim it?”

“I’m sorry, Amber, it’s almost impossible to pee with a boner. I have to wait and let it go down a little. I’m sorry you have to see this.”

I could tell that Zach was really embarrassed, but he couldn’t really do anything about it. His face was all flushed and everything. My heart was hurting just a little for him because I felt far worse for him than I ever did for myself having to help.

“Well, what can I do to help it go down? Yell at it? Bad penis! Down!”

Zach laughed and said that would most likely have the opposite effect. It was good to hear him laugh. He hadn’t laughed much at all in the last few months. He closed his eyes and began to recite a mantra of some sort.

“Okay, think of bad things, gross things, pain. All of the hours of pain in the recovery room after the first operation. That nasty old nurse that smelled like an ashtray…”

“Dog poop,” I added.

“Huh? Dog poop?” he was brought out of his meditation. I’d been carefully watching his cock the whole time, and it was working. It was getting noticeably softer.

“You hate the smell of dog poop,” I offered.

“Right, the smell of dog poop,” he closed his eyes and continued.

“What about cat poop, too?”

“Uh, okay…”

He had to close his eyes for a few more moments, and then when it looked like his cock was about half hard, he said, “Alright, let’s try it now.”

I took that to mean that I should hold his dick and aim it better into the toilet. He jumped a little when he felt my hand on his cock and it immediately was hard again.

“Aw, damn,” was all he could say.

I didn’t remove my hand, instead I said, “You know, you’re just going to have to get used to this.” I had never expected that I was going to be the professional one and my brother was the one to be flustered instead. “You’re looking at six weeks of this. I’ve accepted my fate. You’re just going to have to accept the fact that you need someone to help you pee.”

Zach nodded and swallowed. He took a few breaths and focused on the toilet. I didn’t move my hand, I just held it in the same position and pointed the end right into the center of the toilet bowl. I figured that in time, pee would finally come out of it and we’d be done with it.

It took about 20 more seconds and finally pee did start to come out, first as a slow trickle, then as a long, powerful stream. His dick did get a little softer, but not a lot softer. I knew that I couldn’t move or say anything or else he could get hard again and lose focus. I was amazed at how much pee he had in him. He must have been holding it for a while.

Once the flow stopped, and there were just a few drips left, I grabbed a small wad of toiler paper and dabbed the end of it before tossing it in the toilet, closing the lid, and flushing it. I then washed my hands at the sink before realizing that there was something that I didn’t do.

“I…uh…my shorts?” Zach said and I realized that his shorts were still around his knees.

I laughed and apologized for both not pulling his shorts up promptly and then for laughing. He said it was okay and that he really appreciated how cool and collected I was. I fixed it, and put his shorts back in place, making sure that his package was neatly centered.

“Thanks, Amb. You’re the best sister ever!”

“You got it, bro! I never expected that I would be the one to keep a level head!”

He looked down; embarrassed once again that he had to put me through that.

“No, no, don’t get me wrong. I just thought that I would be freaked out or grossed out and I wasn’t. I know that wasn’t easy for you, but it was way easier for me than I expected,” I explained. “In all actuality, I was dreading having to help you do that, but it was nothing, really, and it can only get easier from here.”

“As I get more used to it, I understand,” nodded Zach.

“There you go!” I said, never expecting that I’d be the one giving him a peepee pep talk.

I had to help him pee one more time that day. It got a little hard with me holding it for him like I had before, but it was a definite improvement over earlier. It went like that for the next few days, with us getting more and more comfortable with each iteration. Mom said that I was doing great, but that she also needed me to help him go poop and to give him a sponge bath at least once per day, and if I did, she’d buy me the new cell phone that I really wanted. I would have done those things without the reward, but the thought of getting my own cell phone out of the deal made it that much easier.

Once again, it was easier on me than it was on Zach. I’d babysat for the neighbor’s kids many times, so I’d changed my share of poopy diapers and what not. For the first few days, he had waited until mom would get home before going poo, but mom insisted that I help him even when she was home because she had so much on her plate to deal with. I won’t go into details on that one. But the first time I gave him a sponge bath? That I will write about.

“Okay, big boy, it’s time for your bath!” I said, smacking him on the leg. “Mom said it’s my responsibility now.”

Zach sighed and said, “I know. She told me. We can’t get the cast wet though.”

“I know,” I said, “but you can sit in the tub, right?”

“If you help me stand and sit in it, I can.”

“Understood.”

Zach was able to get himself out of the chair by then on his own, and as soon as he was standing, I pulled off his shorts.

“You, uh, didn’t want to wait until we got to the bathroom?” He asked helplessly.

“Nah, this way, I can drop these off at the laundry room.” I secretly loved the control that I had over him, but I wasn’t going to be obvious about it. I was no Nurse Ratchet.

We went off to the bathroom, and he got there before me because I had to make a detour to drop off his shorts in the hamper.

“Okay,” I began, “do you want to be in the tub before I turn the water on, or do you want me to first get the water at a good temperature before you get in?”

“Which do you think is best?” He was looking to me for guidance. “I haven’t taken a bath in years!”

“Well, I usually take showers myself, but that would probably get your cast wet. I would say that you can look at it two ways. If you get in first, you’d have a less likely chance of slipping, but the water would either be too hot or too cold at first until I found the right temperature. I’m sure you don’t want scalded balls.”

He chuckled and said, “You got that right. Okay, it’s probably safer if I get in first, so I’m going to have to trust that you aren’t out to cause me even more pain.”

I nodded and helped him lower himself into a sitting position in the tub. I slowly turned on the tap and kept my hand on it until it was at a comfortable temperature before I turned the faucet on stronger and set the drain plug.

While it was slowly filling, I realized that I had to go pee, so without explaining myself first, I lifted up the toilet lid, pulled down my jeans and sat down on the toilet. I could tell that Zach was uncomfortable but he couldn’t do anything about it.

“I promise that I won’t look,” he offered sheepishly and I could tell that he had his eyes shut.

I was barely able to hold back a laugh at the irony of the situation. I not only had to see him naked, but touch his naked body and his penis just to clean and take care of him, yet right then he was more embarrassed about seeing just a little of me as I peed. I finished quickly and wiped before pulling my jeans back up and then crouched down on the bathroom rug in front of the tub.

“You know, you could have looked…” I stopped when I could see that his cock was rock hard and throbbing. “Oh!” I said, surprised by just how hard it was, and there was nothing he could do to hide it from my sight.

“I’m so sorry, Amber; I have no control over it.” He sounded dejected, like his own body wasn’t obeying him. I felt bad for him. If I knew in advance that the simple act of me going pee was going to do that to him, I would have held it!

“Don’t be sorry, Zach. I should have either asked if it was okay or held it. I wasn’t thinking. Are you still okay with me washing you even though you have a boner?”

“If you don’t mind me having one—I doubt it’s going to go down anytime soon.”

“Well here, I’ll start with your legs and feet then…”

I proceeded to wash his lower extremities with soap and a washcloth. Up until that point, he really had only an occasional sponge bath, with a small tub of water and a sponge. The doctors told my mom that it would be fine for him to sit in an actual tub as long as the cast didn’t get wet, so this was to be the first time that Zach was going to get seriously clean since before he had the accident.

I proceeded to wash his feet and his legs, slowly and methodically. Rather than feel inconvenienced, I felt like I was really needed, that I was really making a difference for someone who couldn’t help themselves. I washed up and down his legs. I washed as far up his front and back as the cast would allow. I even washed his butt as well as I could, which was pretty challenging because I could only wash one cheek at a time by the way he was sitting. All that time, his cock was as rock-hard as it could possibly be.

“Well, I should be washing this, too. Should I use the washcloth?”

“Uh, that might hurt. Just your,” he swallowed, “just your soapy hands would be fine.” I couldn’t tell if he was nervous or excited. I didn’t focus on the sexual nature of it, I just wanted to complete my part of the deal.

I got my hands good and soapy and began to work gently washing up and down his extremely hard cock.

“Oh, Amber,” he moaned, “You wouldn’t believe how good that feels.”

I washed along his tender balls as well with my other hand at the same time. He slid down a little in the tub as he shuddered at my gentle touch.

“You want me to keep washing you like this?” I asked rhetorically.

“Oh god, yes,” he moaned.

“Okay, just tell me when you want me to stop,” I said.

“Oh, please don’t stop,” he panted, “just…just keep doing that.”

I knew full well that I was giving him a handjob, but I was so curious to see what would happen if I really got into stroking him. It didn’t take long and within a minute he cried out, “Oh, oh, here it comes!” I was about to stop stroking, but he kept saying, “Keep stroking! Keep stroking!” So I did. Within moments spurts and spurts of whitish goo shot out and landed in the water as he moaned and shuddered with the orgasm I gave him. That was the first time I had ever seen a guy come in person.

“Oh my god, Amber, thank you so much,” he finally opened his eyes which had been shut most of the time up until then. He gave me the most grateful, affectionate look that I’ve ever seen from him and my heart almost burst.

I actually started to get a little misty in my eyes—that I was able to bring some level of happiness and relief to what must have been a daily hell for my brother to live in, not being able to do much of anything for himself.

“We don’t have to tell mom about this now, do we?” I asked.

He laughed in his oh-we-would-be-in-so-much-trouble laugh as he replied, “Telling mom would be a really bad idea!”

I thought about how long it must have been since he had been able to touch himself to get off, let alone being able to scratch himself or anything, and a flood of emotion suddenly came over me that I had no control over. I started to cry, not out of sadness or concern, but that I felt so bad for my brother right then and so happy too that I was able to give him some semblance of release from his discomfort. Tears started streaming down my face and I made a noise that was somewhere between a laugh and a sob, partly because I didn’t really know why I was crying, and that surely Zach would get the wrong idea as to why I was acting so.

“Oh, Amber, oh please don’t cry,” Zach was mortified; “I swear to God that I won’t tell anyone. You really didn’t have to have done that. Please don’t feel like I made you do that. Please don’t…”

I interrupted him from his concerned rambling. “Oh Zach, I’m not crying because I just jerked you off,” I laughed, tears still streaming down my face. The look on Zach’s face was of complete bewilderment. He had no idea what he could do or say because he had no idea what was going on in my head—hell if I did either,

“I just feel so bad for you that you can’t do that for yourself, that,” I paused trying to collect my thoughts, “that I just broke down, I guess.” He was about to say something, but I wouldn’t let him.

“Listen, I can’t go more than a day or two without touching myself. Seriously, the only days where I don’t are the messiest days of my period. And even then, it’s not for the lack of wanting to, it’s that my cramps are so bad, I can’t get myself off. Not to mention, try having to wear a tampon and/or a pad at the same time. It’s just not possible.” I laughed again nervously as I wiped the last of the tears from my eyes with the back of my hands.

Zach seemed like he was relaxing a bit with me talking about my gross girlish necessities. If he was grossed out by my menstrual talk, then he didn’t let on that he was. He just seemed thankful that I wasn’t crying anymore.

“Girls masturbate that often?” Zach was honing in on the parts of what I said that seemed to interest him the most.

I laughed again, but more affectionately, “I can’t speak entirely for all of girldom but there’s more than a few of us that can probably put the boys to shame on the frequency of pleasing ourselves, if that about sums up your question.”

“Wow.” That was all he could say as he looked down at the tub in thought. You could no longer see the dollops of cum that he’d produced; it was all blended in with the soapy water.

We were both silent for a few moments, each of us not knowing the right thing to say before I finally offered, “Well, are you ready to empty the tub and have me rinse you off?”

He blinked and nodded, evidently his thoughts had been miles away. I wondered what he was thinking about. I decided to let him keep his private thoughts to himself, but I was willing to listen to pretty much anything he had to tell me right then if he wanted to. I wasn’t brave enough to tell him that though, and my older self would like to smack some sense into my younger self.

You just jerked off your brother and then told him about being horny all the time even on your messiest period days—get yourself some balls, girl! Not his balls per se, I mean to say, I wish I had the courage to tell him what I was beginning to feel. Oh well, it wasn’t meant to be, I suppose

I emptied the tub and rinsed him off with warm water before awkwardly helping him stand (that would have been a funny video to put on YouTube) before drying him off.

“Feel better?” I asked while drying off his legs.

“You have no idea,” he inhaled and exhaled deeply before continuing, “if I could only wash underneath this cast too. I can handle the itch now, I’ve just trained myself to ignore it, but the smell? I feel like I smell like a hospital, 24/7.”

My brother always had a really good sense of smell—his nose seemed to rule his life. Mom had to throw some of her perfumes away because they made him sick, no matter how little she used.

“You really don’t smell that bad—at least now, after your bath. I mostly smell the soap,” I offered.

“Yeah, well the upper half of me is what I smell. My own body odor coming from underneath this cast drives me more crazy than not being able to move my arms.”

I smirked and said, “I would much rather smell like dogshit than lose the ability to move my arms. Something like that would drive me insane!”

“Oh, it’s hard, believe me, but now that it’s been a couple of weeks, I’ve gotten used to it. That’s why I’ve been going barefoot all the time—so I can use my feet to do more stuff. In fact, if I could figure out how to take off my shorts and put them back on, I bet I could pee by just using my feet to lift the toilet seat up and flush it.”

I was quite intrigued by that idea. “What about when you’re done peeing–wouldn’t pee still drip off the end of it?”

I looked down at the still-exposed member in question. It wasn’t completely soft. In fact, I think I saw it move when Zach realized that I was looking at it more attentively.

“I think if I had a towel hanging on this rack saved just for something like that…”

I interrupted him, “Ew, wouldn’t it get soaked with pee?”

Zach said, “Just a few drops here and there and nobody would ever notice.”

“I really don’t mind helping you pee Zach,” I said reassuringly.

“And I love you so much for that sis, you couldn’t imagine.”

I actually could imagine, but I let him continue anyway.

“I’m just worried…” He then paused, looking a little embarrassed again. I couldn’t help myself but look and sure enough, Zach was getting harder again as well.

“Zach, what could you possibly be worried about? Have I not proven to you just how supportive I am with everything you need? When was the last time you heard me complain about having to help you with anything?”

He thought for a moment and said, “When I asked if you could fill up my water bottle earlier, you said, ‘Sheesh! Again?’”

“Zach, I was joking with you! I was already up and I’d even asked if you needed anything.”

“Amber,” he began very solemnly, “I just feel so bad about being such a burden on you. I know you’d rather be doing things with your friends than having to take care of your disabled brother.”

“Zach, seriously, listen to me. You are not being a burden, not in the slightest.” I had grabbed his face to look at me. I couldn’t turn his head much because of the bothersome arm support contraption he was in, but he looked into my eyes which was my whole goal in the first place.

“I feel honored that I can help you through this…”

He was about to say something but I wouldn’t let him.

“I’ve actually been able to use you as a valid excuse to get out of doing things with Becky that I really didn’t want to do. All she ever wants to do is browse through expensive clothing stores where I can’t afford to buy a single damned thing ever. Do you know how frustrating that is? Hours and hours of shopping for clothes that I don’t really even like let alone could ever afford? I would choose jerking you off in the bathtub over that anyday.”

Oh my god, did I just say that last line? Where were my filters that were supposed to stop me from saying something like that?

I laughed and smiled, trying to make it seem like I was joking, but I was dead serious inside. How many girls would seriously rather jerk off their brothers than go window shopping at expensive clothing stores? I must have been the only one in the world. I started to feel a little proud of myself for being so unique, for well, uh, for giving unto brothers. ☺

Well, Zach was hard again. All I had to do was simply mention jerking him off, and whoosh! Hard penis! It was almost like a magic spell incantation! I’d make for a great witch!

What’s that, ma’am? Your husband can’t get it up for you? Stand back, let me get my wand and…Petrifico Phallus! Yes ma’am, you are most welcome!

“Amber,” he began nervously and I let him talk without interrupting him this time, “you don’t know how hard it is…”

I looked down again and could see how hard it was—rock hard!

“…how difficult I should say…”

Oh, THAT kind of hard! I still didn’t interrupt.

“…it is for me to stay soft while I’m so exposed like this.”

“Oh, I don’t mind!” I smiled reassuringly to him.

“I can see that, and I really, really appreciate that, I do. But I know for a fact now that I wouldn’t possibly be able to pee again if…”

I completely saw where he was going with his thought and nodded, “…if I was holding onto it at the same time.” His cock was throbbing, and I wasn’t even pretending to try to touch it. Wow!

“Uh, yeah, pretty much.” He looked down, and his face was red to match his pulsing cock.

“Well, here,” I offered, “let’s give that plan of yours a try.”

“Plan?” He asked, his mind being elsewhere.

“Let’s set up a towel on this rack for you to wipe your willy on after you pee and see if you can do the rest with your feet then.”

“What about my shorts then?” He asked as I took another towel and started to leave the bathroom heading in the direction of the living room instead of the bedrooms to get fresh clothes.

“C’mon,” I said as I headed for his recliner with the fresh towel.

He grimaced, not sure what I was doing, but followed without complaint. I covered up the seat of the recliner with the towel and motioned for him to sit.

“Uh, that’s nice and all, but aren’t we forgetting something?” He said, his cock still at full army salute.

“You’re not going to be able to pee independently if you’re going to need someone to undress you every time.”

“What?” he gasped, “You, you expect me to just be naked?”

“What’s the big deal? I washed your butt myself and you have a towel on the chair. Just sit down and stop being such a baby about it. If I don’t care that you’re naked, with or without a boner I may add, then why should you?” I was more commanding than I expected to be, but he just shrugged with his face since he couldn’t with his shoulders, sighed and seated himself down on the towel I had so meticulously laid out for him.

“Comfy?” I asked, standing with my arms on my hips in what I suppose was a dominant stance in hindsight. He nodded without looking at me and just stared at the blank TV screen. I took the hint and placed the remote in his hand.

“Hungry? Thirsty?” I said, ready to do my duty to serve him if needed.

“I’m, I’m good,” he stuttered, “th-thanks, Amber.”

“You are welcome!” I smiled at him, grateful that he didn’t have any more complaints. If anyone should have been complaining about him being naked it should have been me, but it was my idea! No, I know that’s not fair. He didn’t really have much control over the situation. I was in control and I kind of liked it.

I really did want to keep helping him go pee, as weird as that sounded, because there was a certain level of intimate control about it that I’m not sure that I fully understood at the time. All I knew then was that it was kind of kinky and dirty and I got myself more than a little aroused at the thought of having his cock in my hand and it immediately becoming hard without my brother having any control over it at all. I was the one in control and I was making myself wet and giddy just thinking about it.

I couldn’t wait until the next day, when I fully planned on jerking him off in the tub again. I’m wet right now just thinking about how I felt back then. Now is a good time to take a break from my story. I have to go…tend to something, yeah. I’ll write more later! ☺

The rest of that afternoon, Zach didn’t ask me for anything—not a single thing. I had to take it upon myself to provide him with a fresh sports bottle of water for his neck basket. I knew he was thirsty, so I was just guessing that he must have felt really embarrassed about what happened in the bathroom and was trying his best to keep his mind off it or else it would be obvious what he was thinking about.

I pretty much left him alone. I figured that given enough time, he’d become more comfortable with the situation and not be so easily aroused. I sat on the couch reading most of the day; occasionally sneaking peeks over at his exposed parts at times when I was sure that he wouldn’t be able to catch me. It alternated between being hard and soft all day long.

After a couple of hours, he finally sighed and started to get up. I offered to help, but he refused.

“Let me try,” he pleaded.

After a few attempts to rock back and forth, he was able to come to first an awkward crouch, then a standing position. I tried not to watch, but I just had to. Once he was finally standing, I clapped supportively.

“Thank you.” He said stoically and headed off to the bathroom.

I so wanted to see him try to pee without any help, but I knew that it would only make him more self-conscious about it, so all I could say was, “Just yell if you need me!”

About five minutes later he came back with a triumphant look on his face.

“Success?” I asked.

“It was easier than I expected,” he said proudly, “it was actually harder to get out of the chair!”

“Well, then, congratulations!” I said. “Did you remember to put the toilet seat back down?”

“I did, actually.”

I snorted, not actually being serious with my question. “Zach, you didn’t have to put the toilet seat back down. Mom and I would certainly understand.”

“Oh, I did forget to wash my hands.”

I didn’t get it at first until he turned to look at me with his silly-oh-really face until I realized that not only could he not wash his hands, he couldn’t risk getting the cast wet.

“Ah, right!” I laughed and so did he. He took his place back on the recliner and the rest of the afternoon passed without incident. He did finally agree that he was hungry, and allowed me to make him a cheese sandwich. Normally he just wanted a smoothie so that he could drink it with a straw, but I convinced him that I could easily feed him a sandwich and he agreed to it.

The bolder me of today would have straddled him and/or sat on his lap to feed the sandwich to him, but the less adventurous me from back then politely placed a paper towel on his lap and pulled a chair up next to him and fed him that way. When five o’clock rolled around, Zach finally looked over to me and asked if I could get him some shorts to cover up since mom would be home relatively soon from work.

“I thought you said you were comfy!” I teased. I knew he’d be extra embarrassed if he were to be naked around both mom and me, even if she were to allow it, which I wasn’t sure if she would unless Zach insisted. I knew he wouldn’t though.

“It is more comfy than I expected, but I just can’t be naked around both you and mom, I just can’t.”

“Why not? We’ve both seen you naked.”

“It’s not that, I just would feel way too self-conscious. Any stray thought would give me a boner and I…I just can’t. Please understand.”

“Did she jerk you off in the tub too?” I felt guilty for asking that right after I said it, but he immediately replied with a resounding no. His cock was definitely getting hard again. I was such a naughty girl! My delight at making him hard again overpowered my guilt.

“Amber, please, you’re just torturing me now.”

I laughed and did start to feel guiltier than my titillation would allow, so I sighed and went and got him some shorts. I decided that he didn’t need underwear. Shorts would be enough.

I came up with another naughty idea and quickly took the shorts and hot-footed it down the hall and over to him still on the recliner. He started to get up, but I quickly said, “Here you go,” and slipped the shorts over his head where he couldn’t reach them as I began laughing. He groaned, not enjoying the humor of the situation as much as I did.

Rather than try to rock his head around with what limited range of movement that he had at the time, he just sat there waiting for me to feel guilty and fix them. He couldn’t have been too upset because his boner was at full mast the entire time. I just had to get a picture. I took out my digital camera and snapped a few shots, giggling to myself the entire time.

All he said was, “Ha. Ha. Very funny.”

“Very, very funny!” I said as I snapped a close-up of his cock without him knowing.

“Wait! What’s that click? You aren’t taking pictures of me like this are you?” He didn’t sound angry per se, but definitely annoyed.

“Don’t worry,” I said, “you can’t see anything.”

What I said was true, with those shorts over his head, he couldn’t see anything. I, on the other hand, was getting some great photos of his hard meat.

Put down that camera and start sucking on that handsome cock, girl! He couldn’t stop you even if he wanted to! That’s the modern me thinking. The me from back then was having too much fun with a little good-natured torture.

Zach, if I could go back in time and stop myself from teasing you and give you some sweet sisterly oral-loving right then instead, I most definitely would! I’m sure the thought of doing that crossed my mind back then but I just didn’t have the nerve to follow through with it.

After a few candid shots, Zach just patiently waited for me to hide my camera away where only I knew and help him put his shorts on the right part of his body.

“I know, it’s my fault why you’re so hard,” I said as I was figuring out how to tuck his rigid penis down into his shorts. He just glared helplessly and said nothing. It seemed like it had an easier time bending to the right, so I pressed his cock up against the side of his body and pulled the front of his shorts up with my other hand.

“Success!” I said, wiping some moisture off my hand onto the shorts. I probably thought it was pee at the time. I know exactly what that moisture meant now though.

He sighed and thanked me for finally coming through.

“No problem!” I beamed and gave him a cheesy wink. He smiled but didn’t deign to snicker. I didn’t finish getting him dressed anytime too soon because right then, I could hear the front door unlock, which was a telling sign that mom was home.

Mom was grateful to hear that I’d given Zach a bath and she rewarded us with take out Chinese. Mom and I alternated in helping to feed him. Neither of us acted like anything out of the ordinary happened that day and mom never caught on.

For the next few weeks, a regular pattern emerged. I helped Zach use the toilet in the mornings and I would give him a bath right afterwards. If it was a weekday and mom wasn’t there, I’d jerk him off in the tub and neither of us talked about it. He became more and more comfortable being naked around me, and even when I tried to tease him or find ways of making him hard, he was getting better and better at resisting.

Eventually, he stopped getting hard in the tub when I bathed him, which made me a little heartbroken. When I finally asked him about it, he told me that he really appreciated me helping him get his release, but it just wasn’t right, with us being brother and sister and all.

I didn’t have the nerve to press him for more, so I just let it be. He was finally able to switch into a more mobile cast system where he could move his arms more freely, but he still had to have them in a rigid position while he slept. Once that happened, he no longer needed me to bathe him. I offered, but he declined.

I cried in my room a couple of times, and I was angry about it a few other times, but I was able to get over it. What I would do from time to time was to look at the pictures I’d taken of his cock–I’d put them on my computer–and I’d masturbate to them. I wished that my brother was still in a state where he needed my help like before, and I cried at how mean that was of me to wish such a thing. It certainly wasn’t easy being a horny teenage girl.

I’m going to fast forward two years. Two years of nothing between my brother and me save for an occasional knowing look when certain topics came up, like when we talked about me having to help him right after the accident. I ended up getting a boyfriend named Isaac, whom I lost my virginity to. I didn’t enjoy it and I’m not even sure if he did. It’s definitely not worth me writing about in detail. Our relationship ended on a sour note after about a six month duration. I’m sure I’ll talk more about him later, it’ll be hard not to, but I certainly don’t plan on giving him more space on these pages than he deserves.

In that amount of time, my brother went through three girlfriends. All three had long brown hair–very similar styles to mine actually–and two of them even wore glasses. Something always caused a rift between Zach and whichever girl he was with. I think his longest relationship lasted about eight months, and that was with Sandy.

His shortest was with Patricia, and I think that I liked her the best even though she wanted to be a little too friendsy-frenzy with me. That’s my term for someone who just won’t leave you alone—she was always using me to check up on Zach if he wouldn’t return her call or text quickly enough and she’d ask me for advice on how to make him like her more and be more attentive to her needs. I almost told her that he liked to be jerked off in the bathtub, but I thought the better of it.

Overall, I thought she was sweet, but I knew it wouldn’t last. She was way the fuck too clingy. Zach don’t want no clingy bitches! ;) The third girl came and went so quickly that I don’t think it even counted as a relationship; I can never remember her name anyway. Well, in any case, we’ve jumped ahead two years after Zach’s accident.

He healed up really well, but still couldn’t do any serious heavy lifting without discomfort, and his doctors did stress to him to not overexert himself or he could rupture something. Mom wouldn’t let him skateboard again, which was fine, since he didn’t really want to. He took up jogging and bicycling instead. He tried to join the swim team, but the constant arm rotations needed for swimming only aggravated his left arm socket so he quit after only a few weeks of constant discomfort.

I did get that phone that mom promised me, but she didn’t tell me that the cell plan did not come with unlimited texting at the time, so in just the first few months, I had racked up a phone bill in the hundreds and hundreds of dollars range. It had to be shut off until mom and I could pay it off. After two months of not going a minute without using it, I had to go more than six months without it. Was I more than a little butt-hurt and pissy about it? Yeah, you could say that.

Luckily, I spent a lot of time at home and I got a free app on our home computer that could text. During that time, I sneakily spent hours and hours exploring the seedier side of the internet until I stumbled across a collection of erotic stories that caught my eye. Initially, I didn’t think that much about them until I read a really good one about a brother being seduced by his sister unknowingly at a costume party (she knew it was him, but he had no idea it was her).

That story made me so unbelievably aroused while reading it that I had to have my left hand down the front of my pants while I had my right hand on the mouse, scrolling down the story as I read. Thank God that mom and Zach didn’t come home because I don’t know if I could have stopped myself from reading it until the story was done.

I had made myself so wet and sticky that I had to immediately change my underwear—no fuck it, I’m calling them panties. I can call them panties if I want to; it’s my right as a female. Guys wear underwear, girls wear panties. Chickens have breasts, I have boobs. They’re not that big, but dammit, they’re mine and I want them called boobs. I know—I’m distracting myself again with silly semantics.

Oh, one more thing, I get wet; I don’t get moist. Cakes are fucking moist. I get WET. Got it? Okay. Oh, sorry, one more thing, don’t ever call me or what I have between my legs a CUNT unless you’re looking to get disemboweled like Mel Gibson at the end of Braveheart. Can I get a shout out, girls? Where was I?

Oh yeah, I had to not only change my PANTIES, but my jeans were soaked as well. Damn! It almost looked like I’d peed myself! Never in my life had I made myself that aroused before. Before I put on some fresh clothes, I just had to get myself off. All it took was me lying on my bed with my legs spread wide, using my hand to touch myself with my eyes closed and replaying the story in my head with my brother Zach and myself in the lead roles, and I’ll be damned if I didn’t make myself come any less than a dozen times.

In the span of about fifteen minutes, I’d made myself come more times than I ever had in my entire duration of a relationship of having sex with Isaac, combined.

Fuck heroin! Fantasy incest stories, you are my addiction!

I was so thankful that mom and Zach were both out for so long. I was able to clean up and compose myself with plenty of time to spare before either of them got back in. In fact, I almost got back online to search for even more stories but thought the better of it. I was sure that I could probably work myself up again pretty quickly if I did. Was I that insatiable?

Before I could spend too much time contemplating my insatiability, mom got home, bringing various groceries along with a rotisserie chicken that she picked up from the supermarket. I helped whip up a salad just in time for Zach to get in from whatever he was doing. I couldn’t remember if he had gone off to a friend’s house or what, but when I saw him come through the door with his gym bag in hand, I knew that must have been where he was–the gym.

Mom already had the chicken on the table along with a pasta salad that was leftover from something she made a few days before. I added the green salad that I made to the table along with some whole wheat dinner rolls. Zach quickly washed his hands after he took off his shoes and his sweat jacket and he was actually the first one seated at the table.

I brushed up against him while I was placing some silverware in the center and I could smell his body spray mixed with a hint of manly musk. He had definitely showered at the gym and he looked and smelled amazing. He, being far more attuned to odors than myself, always made sure that he was as fresh and clean as a five-star hotel room.

I couldn’t help but quiver a little as the memories of the wonderful orgasms that he’d unknowingly helped me achieve earlier ran through my mind without me having any ability to stop them.

“Are you okay, Amber?” Zach asked, obviously noticing my change in behavior.

“I’m just so hungry,” I said, “I haven’t eaten much today and this all looks so tasty!” I accentuated the word tasty by grabbing his shoulders and giving them a firm squeeze.

That seemed to appease him, but little did he know that my hunger for him had far more sway over me right then than any food on the table did.

“Oh, keep doing that if you can,” Zach said in regards to me squeezing his shoulders, “I’m so tight after my rehabilitation workout today.”

Of course that was why he was at the gym! He was still doing strength training on his arms and shoulders. He had very special types of routines that he did and special equipment that he used to best help with his continued recovery. He could bike ride for miles and jog for hours, but it all still caused strain on his injuries, even two years after the incident.

“Sure!” I said, happy to be having any kind of contact with my increasingly desirable brother. I slowly massaged his neck and shoulders to the sounds of his groans of appreciation. Groans that made me think of what kinds of noises he would be making if we were having sex together and I felt those all too familiar stirrings in my private area that started off as a warm tingling accompanied by a wet spreading of that warmth and an unmistakable desire to have something—anything—down there to make use of that area.

Whether that would be a finger, a tongue, a dildo, or a cock mattered to me less and less the more that deliciously warm tingling spread. If I could have only had a third hand discreetly down my pants, that would have been so desired right then. There I was, wishing for a third arm when my brother had to endure a month and a half without the use of any arms of his own at all.

That didn’t help my arousal any because it immediately brought back fresh memories of me jerking him off in the tub and playing around with him while he was naked and erect. He had a nice-looking cock two years prior, as I still had the photos to prove it, but it must have been even bigger and better by now. It had been a long time since I’d seen him naked and that was only when I sneakily watched him get out of the shower one day and he didn’t know that I was home at the time. He wasn't hard then, so I could only imagine what it would have looked like fully erect.

“Oh Zach, let your sister eat,” said mom who was not only sitting at the table, she was almost done with her salad.

“I’m not making her,” he pleaded, “she offered!”

“I can’t eat knowing that he has these painful knots in his shoulders,” I said as I continued to rub away while my sexual arousal remained heightened.

“You should be so grateful that you have a sister like her,” said mom, accusing Zach of underappreciating me, “you heard how hungry she said she was.”

“Oh, believe me,” Zach said as he moved with my massaging rhythm, “I am quite aware of just how good she is. I couldn’t have asked for a better sister!” He turned to look up at me behind him as best he could and smiled a very sweet and sincerely thankful smile which just about made both my heart and my vagina gush.

“Honey,” mom said as she started on her chicken, “why don’t you tell him that you’ll be happy to massage him more AFTER dinner.”

“I can do that,” I said as I gave him one last strong squeeze.

“Thanks, Amb!” He said just as sweetly as before. I couldn’t help but bend over and give him a quick kiss on the cheek. Oh, I so wanted to kiss so much more than that on him, but I played it cool and sat down in my chair and began helping myself to the salad.

I was a happy camper all throughout dinner while I thought about how I was going to be touching my brother after we were done eating. I can’t remember any of the idle talk we had because all I could think about were more naughty things and that continued to keep me wet the entire time.

After dinner, I quickly helped mom clean up and put away the leftovers, which there wasn't much of. I had about the equivalent of half a chicken breast, mom took some of the dark meat, and pretty much the rest of the chicken was consumed by my ravenous brother. He had definitely worked up a considerable appetite at the gym. Well, I had worked up a considerable appetite for him while he was at the gym, but you know about that part already.

“Alright, sport,” which was a nickname I used for him pretty often, “we need to work out some of those kinks.” I stood and stretched and cracked my knuckles in preparation.

I thought he was just going to be sitting in the dining room chair, but he had gotten up and pushed it into place.

“Where’re you going?” I asked.

“You’re serious about the massage?”

“Of course I am.” I was a little taken aback. Why would I lie or kid him about something like that?

“Oh, cool. Sorry, I guess my mind has been elsewhere. Uh…should I lie down on the couch?”

“That’s a good idea. I can get your whole back that way.”

He went into the living room with me close behind him. Mom remained in the kitchen, still putting dishes in the dishwasher. Zach was wearing a light gray t-shirt and dark gray sweatpants. He was about to lie down on the couch on his stomach before I stopped him.

“Wait…take off your shirt.”

He looked like he was about to say something but didn’t. He did a brief shrug then took off his shirt and tossed it over onto the recliner. You might remember that recliner—it’s the same one that was his home for six weeks straight about two years prior.

Once he was shirtless, he proceeded to lie face down on the couch without me stopping him that time. I immediately climbed on top of him and straddled his butt before resting comfortably in a position that allowed for me to easily massage both of his shoulders and for me to be able to put my weight into it a little.

I wasn’t exactly in the best shape per se, but I could do a good twenty push-ups in gym class without collapsing. I wouldn’t have minded having a little more weight in the boob department, though. I started out massaging him slowly and firmly and then I upped the stakes by really getting into it.

I got into a massaging rhythm almost like I was doing CPR on his shoulders. While doing that, I was grinding my hips into his butt bone and stimulating myself a little in the process. Oh, how I wished he was turned over and I was riding his bulging bronco like a lusty cowgirl. Instead of riding his juicy cock, I was dry humping his coccyx. In reality, I was rubbing against his tight ass with my inner thighs and I certainly wasn’t anything close to being dry.

“Oh Amber, that feels so good,” he said as he moaned appreciatively.

My dear Zach, all I’d have to do was close my eyes and I was sure that I could make myself cum doing that if he only kept saying more things just like that. That is, him saying my name and adding about how good I felt.

I couldn’t just stick to his shoulders though. In order for me to not lose my balance, I would also massage down to his lower back, which would enable me to reposition myself on his butt. I wouldn’t have been sliding around so much if he didn’t have those darn sweat pants on. Yeah, I was just gonna have to take those off too.

Without warning him or saying anything, I pulled back and slightly off of him, grabbed his sweatpants, and quickly began to pull them off.

“Whoa! Amber! I’m not…”

Before he could say it, I noticed that he indeed wasn’t wearing any underwear and I’d almost had them down to his knees before he was able to reach down and grab the front of them which hadn’t gotten as far due to them being under him.

“…wearing any underwear!” He said the last part loud enough for only me to hear.

I tried to quickly cover my delight and said as if it didn’t mean anything, “So?”

“So? I can’t be lying naked on the couch underneath my sister!” He was trying to pull his sweats back on but I wasn't making it easy for him to do that because I still had a tight grip on them.

“Don’t you want your butt massaged?” I said, trying to make it look like I had planned it from the start when it was merely a wonderful coincidence.

“Amber, if mom wasn't home, I just might be okay with it, but please…let me put at least the bottoms on, okay?”

Oooh, so he’d be okay with some naked fun if mom wasn’t around? Duly noted! I read much more into that that he probably meant, but I didn’t care. I was too turned on at that moment to not jump to extremes.

“Are you actually giving your brother a massage or just tormenting him?”

I quickly looked around to see if mom could see us and there she was, in the hallway behind us.

“I am,” I said, defending myself, “it’s just that these thick sweats of his keep getting in the way.”

“Zach, do you still want to wear the sweats for some reason?” Mom asked curiously.

“Well, I, uh,” Zach began to say but paused.

“He’s not wearing any underwear,” I added for him.

“Uh, yeah.” Zach said sheepishly.

“Ahhhh,” mom said understandingly, “I’ll go get you a towel then.”

Way to go, mom! I beamed but Zach couldn’t see my expression. “Problem solved!” I said triumphantly.

He didn’t have anything to say, so he just continued to lie there.

Mom soon brought out a bath towel which she handed to me. She then picked up his gray t-shirt off the recliner and asked, “Are you going to wear this again after you’re done?”

Zach strained to see what she was referring to and said, “I’ll probably change into shorts.”

“Well, here, give me his sweats and I’ll take them both to the hamper then,” mom said expectantly.

I placed the towel on his back and proceeded to pull his sweats down again without him fighting me that time. Instead, he reached back to grab the towel I’d placed on him and he tried his best to modestly cover up his exposed butt, which he was only partially successful at doing.

Mom’s face remained placid, so if she was experiencing any emotion, she was hiding it pretty well. I was just excited about being able to touch my brother’s fit, muscular body without having any of his clothes in the way to hinder me. Mom actually helped me pull the sweats off his feet without saying a word. I then made a display of carefully covering his butt with the towel to show that I respected his modesty.

“Now, where were we?” I asked.

“Let me adjust the towel some,” he replied as he pulled one side of the towel underneath him a bit.

“Would you rather have the towel under you instead?” I asked, giddy with the thought of not having to deal with even that much anymore.

“I just need something between me and the couch down, uh, there.”

“Ah, you mean your penis? You don’t want it rubbing against the couch?”

“You could say that.”

“Well, here,” I said, moving off him again, “just pull the whole towel underneath you and we can fold up over you whatever’s left if you want.”

He did and centered the towel underneath him. I daintily folded the sides up and the towel was just big enough to slightly overlap where the ends met at the crack of his ass.

“There! Perfect!” I said as I patted him on the butt.

I centered myself slightly below his butt and began massaging his back up to his shoulders and he began to relax and loosen up a bit. The whole sweatpants ordeal had tightened up his muscles again. Every time I made it down to the small of his back, I ever so slightly edged the towel apart until the right side slipped off completely and hung off the open side of the couch. Zach didn’t even flinch, so I left it there.

The other side was just barely covering up his other cheek. I slowly went back up to his shoulders and then back down again, but this time I didn’t stop at the small of his back but instead kept on going and started firmly massaging his exposed butt like it was something I did every day.

He must have expected that I’d do that because he didn’t move or react at all. I massaged his butt for a few moments and then returned to going up and down his back again; each time I massaged his butt on the way down. I even slid back down his legs so that I could massage his upper thighs. Once I was lower, I had to completely lie on top of him so that I could still reach his shoulders and then I would push myself back up to a sitting position the further down his back I got and I lingered languorously on his lusciously firm ass.

I heard my mom chuckle behind me before she said, “When Amber gives a massage, she doesn’t do a half-assed job does she?”

I didn’t act like I was doing anything out of the ordinary, but I felt like I should have some sort of witty reply.

“The gluteus maximus,” I began, “is a very important muscle. If it is strained or pulled, it can cause all sorts of discomfort and distress to the owner.”

“Really, now,” she laughed again, “you know, Zach, you should be super appreciative of your sister right now. I bet there aren’t very many girls out there willing to massage their own brother’s bare butt.”

“Well, it was her idea,” Zach responded helplessly as if he couldn’t have stopped me if he wanted to.

“It might have been a different matter if he didn’t keep himself so clean.” I spread his cheeks apart and said, “See! No poopy in the butt-butt!”

“HEY!” Zach reeled and bucked trying to get one of his hands back to stop me from doing that.

Mom laughed as she scolded me, “Amber!” She couldn’t help but laugh; Zach didn’t see the humor in it.

“Okay, I’m good. You can stop ‘massaging’ me now.” He was pulling the sides of the towel over himself as I released my grip on him.

“What, you no want happy ending?” I began to speak in a fake Asian accent, “Happy ending only ten dolla!”

Zach groaned and mom said jovially, “Okay you, get off him and let him be.”

I took my time getting off of him as I said, “It’s every sister’s right to tease her brother every now and then. That’s my reward for being such an awesome sister.”

Zach didn’t get up right away but he did hold the towel closed behind him as he lay on the couch. He knew full well that when I was feeling the need to tease, I wouldn’t be letting up anytime soon. I had a feeling that he was sporting an erection and the fact that he wasn't getting up or rolling over only confirmed it in my mind. I was super wet by then, but I could do a pretty good job of masking my arousal.

It was possible that mom was thinking the same thing because she said, “Amber, why don’t you help me empty the dishwasher and give your brother a little privacy for a change?” I relented and left him in peace, at least for then.

Cleaning up the kitchen was oh so exciting…not. By the time I was done, Zach was off in his room or somewhere, so I just retired to my own room. I was still pretty worked up and I would have loved to have been able to get myself off, but I decided that I’d best do that later.

I had a little desk set up in my room where I kept my laptop, so I decided that I’d best distract myself by going online and visiting my social media sites. Not much had happened since I’d last perused them, so I found myself wandering over to the erotic stories pages again. They were calling to me louder than a chocolate cake did to a chubby kid.

I tried to talk myself out of reading more but I couldn’t resist. Luckily, I didn’t find any that were very good, so counter intuitively, reading them actually helped me calm down my sexual urges for a change because they were so uninteresting. I felt a little relieved, but my pussy was sort of mad at me for not letting her have another orgasm or two. “Later girl,” I assured her, “I’ll give you as many as you want!” My pussy could be so demanding at times! Sheesh!

Night quickly approached and I’d spent most of the evening sequestered in my room, so I ventured out into the living room. The TV was off and mom was seated in the recliner reading a book about JFK. Zach was nowhere to be seen. I kicked back on the couch and turned on the television.

I checked the couch in the spot where Zach’s penis would have been, but if there had been a wet spot or anything left there, it had long since dried up without a trace. All I could find on TV was a myriad of cooking shows where one person continuously got eliminated for not being the best. I picked one at random and watched it.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew, my brother was bending over me and asking me in a shocked tone, “You want me to what?”

“Huh?” I said, waking with a start. “What what?” My eyes popped open and I could see that the TV was turned off and mom was nowhere within my field of vision; Zach was leaning over me, wearing only a pair of boxer shorts with something noticeably stirring inside of them.

“I couldn’t hear you,” Zach whispered loudly, “you said something that sounded like ‘Oh Zach, please kiss me!’ At least I think you said kiss.”

“Really,” I said incredulously, “I was asleep. I must have been talking in my sleep then. What else did I say?”

“I couldn’t tell, but I could hear you slightly from down the hall call out my name a few times, so I thought for sure you were awake.”

“That is soooo weird! I was totally asleep! Are you sure I didn’t say anything else?”

“It sounded like you wanted me to kiss you, or at least do some sort of action to you,” Zach said, looking embarrassed, “I’m pretty sure you must have said kiss.”

“Oh,” I said, my mind whirling. I doubt that I actually said kiss—I most likely said something much more intimate by the way he was acting. My guess would be ‘fuck.’

“Wow! What time is it?” I asked as I sat up.

“It’s almost midnight and mom’s already gone to bed. She told me to keep an eye out for you and to not let you sleep all night on the couch.”

“Aw, that’s sweet!” I yawned and stretched. “I still have to shower and brush my teeth actually.”

“I showered at the gym,” he said.

“I remember,” I said as I yawned again and began to stand up. I had a little crick in my neck from the way I had been laying on the couch, but it wasn’t too bad.

“So you’re off to bed then?” I asked, rubbing the side of my neck that hurt.

He nodded and said, “Here, let me,” as he took his right hand and began to massage the part of my neck where I was rubbing.

I practically melted at his touch, so grateful that he was touching me for a change and not the other way around.

“Mmm,” I smiled lovingly at him.

He continued to rub my neck as he said, “Did you still want that kiss or…”

As a response, I grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face towards mine until our lips met and we kissed. The kiss started slowly and then we began to kiss each other even more passionately.

“Okay,” Zach said, a little taken back but still smiling, “now that's what I call a good night kiss!” I just nodded and swallowed, “Uh, yeah.” I so wanted to do more than just kiss him that it almost burned inside me.

“I didn’t thank you for that massage earlier,” he said, “I really liked it.”

“Um, you’re welcome,” I said sheepishly, not knowing what else to say.

“So, uh, good night,” he said, giving me one more smile before he turned away.

“’Night,” I said; he was already a few steps away. I wanted him so badly but I just didn’t know how to express myself. If only I could have gotten some sort of feeling from him that he wanted me too, that would have made everything so much easier. If only he knew that I just wanted him to rip our clothes off and have him throw me to the floor and start ravishing me in any way that he wanted, but there was no way for me to tell him that.

My mind was all in a muddle and I just stood there for a few moments trying to compose myself. So…I must have talked in my sleep, that was a given. Zach wouldn’t have made that up. By the way he acted, I was talking like I wanted him to do something to me which he decided meant that I said ‘kiss me’ but that ever-so-noticeable bulge in his pants decried something different. That is, unless he got aroused at just the thought of kissing me, which would have only been in my favor.

I started to rationalize my way of thinking even more so. Now if I did say ‘kiss me’ then he would have definitely acted like he thought I said that, but he acted like I said something more than that. Check. Whatever I did say in my sleep aroused him, unless he was aroused to begin with, but I could also be certain that he was aroused earlier by my slightly forward and suggestive massaging of him. He may have still been turned on from when we did that.

But…was he turned on, or just embarrassed? I heard that guys could get boners when they got sexually embarrassed, and that may have been the case earlier that night. So that all put me back at step one. It really all came down to whether I turned him on or not, and I didn't have a definitive answer to that yet.

Damn! If he had any idea how much he turned me on, would he have been honored, titillated, or repulsed by the notion? If I only had the courage to come out and ask him, but I just wasn't that brave. Woe is me! My mind then wandered back to him giving me a more passionate kiss, on my lips no less, than I’d ever gotten from him before and my arousal was refreshed. It was time to go make my little girl happy!

I showered and played with myself a little in the shower as I sometimes did. I couldn’t get too into it because I hated wasting water and I’d much rather be laying down than standing in the shower while doing it. Besides, it was about time for me to shave my pubes again. They always felt so much nicer to the touch when they were freshly shaved.

It was a shame that I didn’t have a boyfriend, or ahem, even my brother to appreciate my personal dedication to a well-shaved pussy. I did hate getting the shaving cream inside my pussy though, that’s because it burned and stung and was ever so not sexy.

The water washed away my own lubricating juices all too well. I’d given my clit a few too many orgasms before in the shower and then regretted it later due to it then burning and stinging for a while afterwards. Once my lust for an orgasm passed was when I’d realize the burning that was left behind.

My favorite method was just lying in bed, lightly touching myself until I started to make myself wet, and then using my own self-generated all-natural lube so that I could first finger myself until I got my fingers pretty wet, then I’d move some of that moisture to my clit for a good old-fashioned manual orgasm that way.

While in the shower, I didn’t mind fingering my asshole a little bit. Just a little bit of soap and my finger would slide right in. At first, I did it because I was curious and wondered if it hurt when people had anal sex, but then after a few times, I sort of began to like it. I convinced myself that I should do it regularly because it helped keep me cleaner that way. I wished I had a vibrator or a dildo or well, an erect brother to help me scratch that itch that my fingers just couldn’t reach.

I played it safe and just went to fingering my ass while in the shower once I’d washed off the shaving cream. I’d let my pussy have a grand old time once I got her into bed. I kept my fingernails short because, well, I just didn’t like long fingernails. If some women out there wanted to have them, like my friend Becky got a manicure almost every week it seemed, then go ahead and let them.

It might help if I didn’t chew on them when I was distracted or caught up in a tense story. It wasn’t an obsession or anything, I just had a bad habit of chewing on my nails sometimes, okay? Well, back to my ass, I was enjoying my fuck-finger (that’s my middle finger, of course) twiddling around in my ass when I decided to step it up a notch and try another finger and it went in just fine. So there I was with two fingers up my ass, and well, that was about it. I tried to see if I could get a third one in as well, but I stumbled a little, forcing me to stop and pull them out, so I just went ahead and finished up my shower. That was the most I could ever recall playing with my own ass and it was leaving my pussy feeling a little neglected.

I turned off the shower, dried off, and decided that it was warm enough that I could let my hair dry overnight. I usually left the bathroom wrapped in a towel, but I figured the hell with it and hung it up in the shower. I would have loved to have had my brother catch me naked in the hall and I was planning on acting all embarrassed if he did, but that didn’t happen. He was in his room and likely sound asleep as was mom.

By then it was one in the morning but I wasn't tired. I had gotten a substantial nap on the couch and I was wide awake. I normally slept wearing a long t-shirt style nightgown, but once again, I decided ‘the hell with it’ and chose to sleep completely naked. What had come over me? Why was I changing my habits and routine so much in the course of one day?

I quickly pushed any annoyingly distracting thoughts out of my head and started focusing on what I really wanted to focus on: the thought of my brother fucking me.

I could go on and on about the details of me masturbating, but then I’d never be able to get on to the really important parts of my story here. Needless to say, I made myself come over and over again that night thinking about all of the delicious things that I could do with a horny and willing brother and I so wanted it to be real; I almost cried in frustration once I’d finally gotten over my last orgasm.

I quickly threw aside the thoughts of woe-is-me and began to focus on what I could do to make my fantasy a reality. Inspired by the incest story that I so loved and the fact that Halloween was soon approaching, I began to develop a plan of action. Such a plan would require my friend Becky, cute oblivious Becky, and a good deal of advance planning on my part in order for my plan to bear fruit.

I made a few notes so that I wouldn’t forget any important details once I woke up in the morning, because I knew that I would have to start working on them right away if I had any chance of pulling it off.

Cue Halloween night.

The event: Mardi Gras Halloween Masquerade Party

Location: Amber’s house

Time: 6:00-10:00pm (It wasn’t a weeknight, but mom wouldn’t let us go any later than that.)

I invited a number of my friends from school, which there weren’t that many of, but I let Becky invite even more from her extended clique. Zach agreed to come and invited a couple of his friends too. I heavily hyped Becky on it and told her that my brother and some of his hunky older athletic friends were going to be there and she was sold.

She even offered to host it at her house, but I insisted that it would be good for me to branch out and try to be more sociable, and she was surprisingly supportive of that idea. She even pitched in and helped pay for some really elaborate masks for everyone to wear, knowing that the likelihood of anyone actually showing up in proper masquerade attire was slim to none.

We made up some fun games with twists on Halloween classics, like instead of “Pin the Tail on the Donkey,” we had “Put Marie Antoinette’s Head in the Guillotine Basket” and other fun morbid games like that. Winners of the party games were to be given strings of beads to wear, much like the kind that girls would get in New Orleans for flashing their boobs.

Instead of beer or any alcohol, because mom was to be on hand the entire time, we had sparkling apple cider and sparkling grape juice to substitute for wine and champagne. We had some fun treats made and we planned to let everyone eat cake since it was heavily influenced by Marie Antoinette after all. Becky was all set to spend the night with me too, because she’d have to stay late and help clean up after the party, which she was more than willing to do.

But first, I started prepping my brother a few days before the party:

“Hey Zach.”

“Yeah?”

“You know my friend Becky?”

“Of course I do.”

“She, well, she asked me if I knew if you were seeing anybody.”

“Really? She asked you that?”

“Yeah, I thought it was an odd question for her to ask.”

“What did you tell her?”

“I wasn’t sure actually. Are you seeing anybody?”

“Hmmm. Well, no, I’m not really seeing anyone at the moment. Why did she want to know?”

“She wouldn’t say, but she seemed a little embarrassed to ask me. I couldn’t tell if she’s just curious or if she’s wanting to set you up somehow.”

“Do you think she likes me?”

“I always thought that she thought of you as a surrogate brother, as far as I knew. Do you want me to ask her?”

“Sure. Can you be discreet about it?”

“How so?”

Zach rubbed his chin for a moment and said, “Like don’t let on that I’m curious about why she wants to know if I’m single or not; I don’t want to make anything awkward between any of us. Maybe bring it up in casual conversation and make her think that it was you asking her the question and not me.”

“That’s fair,” I said, “but just for the record, are you the least bit interested in her if that turns out to be the case?”

“You know, I hadn’t really thought about it.”

Zach rubbed his chin again and furrowed his brow while staring at me—almost staring through me.

“Let’s play it safe for now,” Zach said, “I admit she is definitely cute and not normally my type, but I certainly wouldn’t send her away if she came crawling into my bed in the middle of the night.”

Duly noted! My heart practically skipped a beat with the flood of ideas that instantly came over me.

I disguised my excitement the best I could and chuckled, taking what Zach said as a joke and replied, “Nice. Do you want me to tell her that?”

No no no!” Zach said laughing back. “That’s definitely not discreet!”

“I’m just teasing you,” I said. “I’ll be very careful. She’s all about discretion too, why do you think she put me up to this instead of asking you outright?”

Zach just shrugged and didn’t say anything.

I shook my head and acted like it wasn't completely my idea the entire time. “I don’t know if I’m supposed to be a matchmaker or what. I’ll try to get more information regarding her feelings and/or intentions and get back to you, okay?”

“Sure. That’ll work.”

In the mental checklist I had prepared that held the line, “Size up Zach’s feelings about Becky,” I could only mark it with a huge excited happy face. This plan might just work out after all!

Becky came over the night before the party and surprised me with a very expensive-looking period gown that looked like something straight out of Dangerous Liaisons. She had one for herself as well. We went to work assembling the masks for people to wear, ours being the most elaborate.

We decided on using the identities of Madame Voulez for Becky and Madame Soiree for myself and everyone at the party would be required to refer to us by those names or forfeit a string of beads if they had one in the event they called us by our real names. Everyone would start with at least one string, just for costume purposes, but would gain more throughout the evening. Whoever would end the night with the most beads would win a special prize.

We made fancy little brochures for everyone out of my scrapbooking supplies that detailed the games, events, and rules for the evening. That night, after Becky had left, I approached Zach to tell him what Becky and I had supposedly discussed about him.

“Okay, I found out a little more about Becky for you.”

“Yeah?”

“She does sort of have a little itty-bitty crush on you, but she’s terrified of anyone finding out about it.”

“Afraid? Why?”

“Well, for starters, because you’re my brother. She doesn’t want anyone to know that she’s interested in you. I told her that I’d be really careful when telling you this because I’ve already told you more than I think she wanted me to.”

“Well, what is she thinking then?”

“I can’t be sure but she said that she absolutely, positively doesn’t want anyone at the party knowing that she’s got the hots for you.”

Zach chuckled, “The hots for me, eh?”

“Don’t laugh! She’d be mortified if you thought it was funny.”

“I wasn't laughing at that, just the way you said ‘hots for me’—I thought it was cute.”

“Well, in any case, she did want me to let you know that at the party tomorrow…”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t be offended if she acts completely indifferent towards you or like there isn’t anything out of the ordinary going on between you two.”

“Okay?” Zach was somewhat confused, I could tell.

“It’s all an act. I have my own character I’ll be playing as well. For the whole evening, you’ll have to refer to us as Madame Voulez and Madame Soiree.”

Zach smirked. “Ahh, okay. Who is who?”

“I’ll be Madame Soiree, which is French for night party or something.”

“Sure, sure. So Becky is Madame Voulez then?”

“Exactly.”

“I suppose I could do that.”

“It’ll all be part of the evening festivities. Everyone will be required to refer to us by those names or risk losing prizes.”

“Prizes, eh? Sounds like you two have gone to a lot of preparation for this.”

“We’ve been planning all week!”

“Sounds like it should be fun! I’m looking forward to it!”

“Oh, I almost forgot; Becky, I mean Madame Voulez, wants to be sure that any correspondence or messages that the two of you might have for each other needs to go through me.”

“So you’re Bec…Madame Voulez’ secretary then?”

“That’s a good way to look at it.”

“Sure, I’m game. This sounds like more work than I expected, but that also sounds like it could be fun too.”

“Whew!” I sighed.

“Why the heavy sigh?”

I was taken aback. Why did I sigh?

“I..uh..was kind of worried that you wouldn’t go along with it; I even told Becky that she shouldn’t get her hopes up in case you weren’t willing to play along.”

“Au contraire, mon frère,” Zach said, “or whatever sister is in French.”

“Yeah, frère means brother.”

“Well, you know what I mean, this little party and scheme that the two of you have worked up actually sounds like a lot of fun. It almost sounds like an old French story or something like that.”

I nodded and smiled back, “It does kinda, doesn’t it? I don’t know what part I’m playing here in the middle of it all. If this goes south, I’ll feel like I’m to blame.”

“Don’t worry, dear sister! You’re just the middleman here. If nothing ends up happening between Becky and I, I’m certainly not going to hold it against you just because she’s your best friend. I’m sure you’re feeling torn between being a good friend and being a good sister.”

I nodded again, “I guess that’s a good way to look at it.”

“Is Becky so shallow that she’d hold you at fault if it doesn’t go as she’s hoped between the two of us?”

I shook my head, “I doubt she would.”

“Well, I for one am looking forward to tomorrow evening’s festivities with Madame Voulez and Soufflé…”

“Soiree,” I interrupted him.

“I know, just keeping you on your toes!” He winked.

I had a few more things to prepare before I went to bed. Once I was finished and happy with a few secret things that I had made, I just knew that I wouldn’t be able to sleep with how much nervous excitement I had for the following day!

Alright, so back to…

Cue Halloween night.

Becky had arrived early and we immediately began decorating the house with our Mardi Gras party favors and streamers. We set up the apple-bobbing tank in the kitchen where there was tile because mom didn’t want any water splashing out onto the carpet. Our apples were all spotted and mushy so we made a last minute switch to “Les Pomme de Terres” instead and pretended that we’d planned to bob for potatoes the entire time.

Keeping with the whole guillotine theme, we encouraged people to pretend that they were bobbing for little heads. Most everyone thought it was good, wet fun, but two of Becky’s more stuck-up friends thought that bobbing for raw potatoes was beneath their dignity.

All in all, it was a pretty good party; in fact, it was more fun than I’d expected. A lot of work, yes, I expected that, but it was more fun than I anticipated being the co-center of attention. I was completely prepared to let Becky be the ringleader but since it was my house, she wanted me to lead more of the games.

People remembered to call us by our Madame Voulez and Madame Soiree monikers better than I anticipated. Nobody was penalized for mixing the two of us up, just as long as they didn’t call us Amber and Becky. We actually ran out of the beaded necklaces faster than I expected because the games went quicker than I’d planned and we played them multiple times, so for the rest of the evening, people were encouraged to bet beads they already had in the hopes of winning ones from other players.

Zach even came up with the idea for a “Paris, Texas Hold ‘Em” poker match where people could trade their necklaces in for poker chips. Pretty much all of the guys and a few of the girls played in that. The big winner of the evening was Zach’s friend Joel, who took home the pot which was then converted into more necklaces than he could comfortably wear. Some of the girls tried to see what they could do to get a necklace away from Joel. Rumor has it that one of Becky’s skankier friends offered him a blowjob in the bathroom in exchange for ten necklaces but he politely declined.

I was honored to present Joel with the plastic trophy topped with a huge Hershey’s kiss that read, “Grand Winner of the World’s Biggest French Kiss.” That was when we passed out the cake and sparkling cider and toasted the evening’s festivities. Becky made a point to take everyone aside and let them know that she’d planned for them to make a special toast on my behalf without letting me know of it ahead of time.

Everyone cheered and thanked me for hosting such a fun party. For most of the evening, mom had stayed out of our hair and monitored the door for visitors. One of Becky’s nicer friends named Cindy volunteered to pass out candy to any trick-or-treaters to come along. She definitely wasn't the one accused of offering blowjobs for necklaces, you could be sure. I never found out if the skank in question ever got that pearl necklace she was looking for after all.

As the evening was wrapping up, I slipped Zach a note that read:

Be sure to check your pillow for a secret message from Madame V.

He read it, nodded, and then secreted the note away from other prying eyes.

The concern about people staying too late wasn’t even an issue as most people left right after we’d hosted the cake and prize winners. Runner-ups got little mini-bags of kisses to take home as well. We had the place pretty well cleaned out by 9:45. Two of Zach’s friends that stayed until the end had tried to convince him to go with them to another party that was still going on, but he declined.

Whew! I’d never thought about him possibly getting taken off after my party to go to another one! One big bullet dodged there! I knew that I was getting myself too worked up. Even if he had gone to another party, he would have come back home eventually. Mom wouldn’t have been okay with him staying out past midnight, even on Halloween. She was always paranoid that some other disaster was waiting right around the corner that had my brother’s name written all over it.

I thought it would have taken longer, but with mom and Zach pitching in, we had everything cleaned up by 10:30. I noticed Zach occasionally giving Becky furtive glances to try to size up her intentions, but she was completely oblivious. Whether mom noticed or not, she didn’t act like anything was out of the ordinary, but she did agree that Becky…ahem…she corrected herself, Madame Voulez and I threw a pretty darn good party and she was rather impressed with our ingenuity.

Most of the ideas were mine, but I gladly shared the spotlight with Becky once again, hoping that it would continue to cement in Zach’s mind that Becky was a creative and talented sort—one that could actually pull off everything that I’d secretly been working towards.

By 11:30 or so, Becky and I retreated to my bedroom and Zach to his. Mom stayed up, making sure that every fiber of carpet and particle of glitter was back in its proper place. We had vacuumed and everything afterwards, but mom was convinced that there was still mess left to clean up.

Becky had brushed her teeth and was already in her jammies when I’d gotten into the bedroom. I could make up something here about Becky and I doing some lesbo stuff, but she wasn't like that. I had been sleeping naked, but just for safety’s sake, I’d put on some pajama bottoms and a t-shirt to sleep in.

We talked for a while about the fun we had and when or if we should do something like that again, but by the time it hit 12:15, Becky was out cold and lightly snoring.

The next step of my plan was inching that much closer. I was certain that Zach had gotten the message that I…I mean…Madame Voulez had left for him on his pillow. So then all I could do was to wait until the time was right for me to act.

I bet you’re wondering what the note said that Madame Voulez left on my brother’s pillow.

It went something like this:

“After the clock strikes one in the morning, you will be visited in secret in your bedroom by Madame Voulez. You may not talk to Madame Voulez. You may not touch Madame Voulez. There may be no lights on in your room. You are not permitted to wear any clothing at all. You must be completely naked. You will lie down on your bed and say nothing. If you have done all of these things, then Madame Voulez will be pleased and she, in turn, will please you as well. Just remember: No talking, no touching, no lights, no clothes.

Madame Voulez awaits.”

The minutes ticked by agonizingly slow until it was finally one in the morning. I carefully crept out of bed, just in case Becky was a lighter sleeper than I anticipated, and I quietly stripped off my pajamas. Once I was naked, I slinked over to the other side of the bed where Becky’s bag was and I took out her makeup kit.

My eyes had grown accustomed to the light level and I could see well enough even without my glasses to know which bottle was Becky’s choice perfume. I took a small amount and dabbed some along the base of my neck and a dot between my boobs. I put her kit back just as it was.

I picked up her costume dress that she’d just left lying on the floor and ever-so-silently slipped it on. I didn’t wear the slip or the bloomers underneath it though. I wanted there to be easy access to my lady parts. To finish off the ensemble, I donned the mask that Becky had worn all evening. So in the darkness, I most surely looked and smelled like Becky did as Madame Voulez.

I briefly considered if I should do anything about my breath, but I’d only brushed my teeth an hour before, so I was sure that would be fine. I quickly went through the checklist in my head and figured that I had everything covered. As long as Zach did what the note told him to do, my elaborate plan might just work after all!

I noiselessly opened my bedroom door and peeked out. The small night light at the end of the hallway was actually painful to my eyes, so I averted my gaze from it lest I lose the night vision that I had gained over the course of the previous hour. The gleam from a digital clock reading 1:12 was more than enough light for me to see by.

I crept down the hallway towards my brother’s room; the only noises in the house that could be heard were the soft hum of the refrigerator and the ticking of an old grandfather clock, both of which were in the kitchen at the opposite end of the hall. Finally at my brother’s door, I stopped and carefully turned the doorknob. My brother was a snorer, so if he was asleep, I would surely have heard his snoring by that point, but it was ghostly silent save for the faint echoes of the kitchen noises that I’d already mentioned.

Ever so slowly, I opened his door and almost jumped when I heard a whisper in the darkness, “Madame Voulez?”

Damn it! He wasn't supposed to say anything!

I obviously couldn’t talk or I’d be found out on the spot, so I made a quick shushing noise that I’d heard Becky use on more than one occasion and quietly closed the door behind me. It was indeed dark. The only light in his room came from his digital clock, so everything was cast in a faint green hue.

Without a word or a sound, I approached him on the bed, and I could tell that he was covered up with his comforter at least. If he wasn’t naked beneath that, Madame Voulez would be quite perturbed! I made my way to the foot of his bed and slowly climbed up on top of it.

At the bottom edge of his bed, I took the comforter in both hands and slowly pulled it off of him and he did not resist. As the coverings receded, I could tell that he was indeed naked beneath them and I was delighted to see the shape of something large and erect protruding upwards from his groin. My heart was beating quickly from the thrill and pounding so loudly that I was sure that Zach could hear it as well.

Once he was uncovered, I climbed over the bulky mound of the comforter towards him from below and I placed one hand on each leg and slowly spread his legs apart, which he complied without saying a word. As I was getting closer to his cock, I could see it better and better in the low light level of the room, and even though I couldn’t see it perfectly, I could tell that it was bigger and harder than I’d ever seen it before.

It had grown in size noticeably since I’d last had intimate dealings with it two years prior. My heart was beating so fast that I was afraid it would burst right out of my chest. Without a word, I slowly took his manhood in one hand and he let out a quiet gasp and a shudder at my delicate touch. I couldn’t wait any longer—I just had to have that wonderful thing in my mouth! I bent closer and kissed his frenulum and then the underside of his glans (thank you anatomy textbooks!) and then without another delay, I stuck the tip of his cock right into my mouth and began sucking away!

Now this was a cock! I used to blow my last boyfriend Isaac on occasion, but his dick was small, hairy, and never got completely hard. My brother’s cock was the exact opposite of that in every possible way. It was long, rock hard, and to my surprise, freshly shaven—even his pubic hair was completely shaved off. I couldn’t help but moan quietly, I just couldn’t, because this was a cock that truly deserved to be in my mouth!

It was too big for me to fit more than half of it in my mouth at once, but I could tell that he was enjoying it by his moans of ecstasy as I sucked on his cock and caressed his silky smooth balls. I knew that I could easily make him come, but my pussy was aching too much, insisting that this wonderful thing be inside of her. I’d been wet pretty much the entire day with anticipation and with no good opportunity to relieve myself!

I popped his manly meat out of my mouth and quickly lifted up my dress and climbed on top of him. Even though it was too dark to see anything under there, I could tell exactly where that gorgeous cock was going to go, and it slipped right inside me even easier than I’d expected. As I slid down onto his shaft, I shuddered with delight at just how good he felt. Now that was what a cock was supposed to feel like! Oh what a glorious thing!

I could barely contain myself; I was shaking so much trying to go up and down on him that I couldn’t find a rhythm. Luckily, he either ignored or forgot about the “no touching” clause and immediately put his hands on my waist, straightened me out, and then started, slowly at first, but he then began to pick up speed and with each deep thrust, I knew that I was getting closer and closer to one hell of an orgasm.

I knew in the back of my mind that I absolutely couldn’t say anything, but I whimpered and moaned in a way that surely wouldn’t betray my identity to him. The thrusting of his magnificent cock deep and hard into my ever-so-wet pussy felt better than anything that I had ever felt before. Deep, hard, longing thrusts filled with passion and lust, and the fact that I knew that it was my loving brother the whole time only added to my enjoyment, tinged with a slightly guilty naughtiness by having him thinking that he was fucking Becky instead did nothing to dampen my pleasure.

As I felt the orgasm well to its breaking point, I knew that it was going to be huge. I started to pant and gasp as the orgasm began to wash over me, nay flood over me, and I couldn’t keep my head straight as I moaned and squealed with orgiastic glee and quivered like jelly on top of him, his thrusting not only continuing but getting stronger as I could tell that he was nearing his own climax as well, and then before my intense orgasm was even close to being over, he whispered, “I’m gonna cum. Can I cum inside you?”

I continued to ride him, assuring him that it would be okay, with a quiet “Mmm-hm!”

I was still coming so I couldn’t have stopped him if I wanted to! His thrusting then became labored and jilted as he whispered again, “I’m coming!” Knowing that he was gushing inside of me only heightened and brought new life to my orgasm that I was thinking was about to end, but with just the idea that he was spurting his brotherly seed deep into me renewed my orgasm to new heights as we grunted and moaned and came together inside our own little eternity of ecstasy.

I knew that it could be good, but that was even better than I’d hoped! I had planned to leave right away so that he wouldn’t get suspicious of me, but I couldn’t move. The afterglow from the best orgasm of my life had me dazed and paralyzed.

“Oh my God, you were amazing Amb-I mean Madame Voulez!”

My heart skipped a beat. Did he really know who I was after all? I froze for a second and then decided to run for it, but when he could tell that I was trying to get away, he grabbed my arm and pleaded, “No, no, please don’t go! I swear I won’t tell anyone!”

I still tried to struggle to get away, but he had a tight grip on my arm. My brother was pretty strong, but he wasn’t hurting me or anything.

“It slipped, I’m sorry. I know that I was supposed to say Madame Voulez, I just forgot. Please don’t leave.”

I was only half struggling by then.

“Amber, please.”

I felt like there wasn't any point in keeping up the charade any longer. I was found out. I took off the mask and sat back down on the bed and said somewhat dejectedly, “How long did you know it was me?”

He gently rubbed the arm that he’d previously had a vice grip on and replied, “Oh, pretty much the whole time.”

“Seriously?”

He chuckled and said, “Yep.”

“What gave me away?”

“Well, I had my doubts from the very beginning that Becky was actually interested in me, but I was willing to play along with it just to see what was going on.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, for starters, Becky’s a nice girl and all, but she can’t act to save her life. I remember a school play that you were both in a few years ago and she was simply dreadful in it.”

“What does acting have to do with it?”

“Well, earlier tonight she approached me when I was the only one in the kitchen and she was clutching her stomach like it was bothering her.”

“Where was I at?”

“You were probably hosting one of the games at the time.”

How did I not know this? Why didn’t Becky come to me if she was sick? I was completely oblivious—I guess that I had too many things on my mind to notice her feeling ill.

“So, did she have a stomach ache?”

“She said her cramps were really bothering her and she had forgotten to bring any Motrin with her from home.”

“She’s on her fucking period?” I whispered the question rhetorically.

Zach chuckled, “Yep. That was the last clue that I needed, actually. I could tell that she wasn't interested in me in the slightest degree. Your message on my pillow was just icing as far as I was concerned.”

“Wow, and you were able to get that aroused knowing that it was me the whole time?”

“Amber my dear, I was able to get that aroused BECAUSE I knew it was you the whole time.”

“Wow, I thought it was just me.”

“Amber, I’ve got to be honest with you…”

“About what?”

“I…I’ve been fantasizing about you for years now.”

“Holy shit! Are you serious?” I squealed delightedly and hopefully not so loud as to wake up anyone else in the house.

“Seriously, ever since my accident and you took care of me in every possible way.”

“Me too! Why didn’t you make a move then? I’ve been practically throwing myself at you!”

“I knew that it wasn’t right, and I had convinced myself that I was reading more into it than was really there.”

“Well, you weren't.”

He chuckled again, “Yeah, I get that now.”

“Is that why all the girls you’ve dated since then resembled me in some way?”

That took him back for a moment. “You know, I didn’t think about it that way, but you might have a point. Actually, do you remember Cyndi?”

That was her name—the girlfriend that I could never remember.

“Vaguely. What about her?”

“Well, we were having sex, like the second time, and when I was about to cum, I called her your name by accident and that really freaked her out.”

“Holy shit! Seriously?”

“Yep! I think we’d broken up before I even finished ejaculating!”

I snorted and laughed and had to stifle myself with my hand. We then just rested on his bed for a few moments without saying anything.

I ended up breaking the silence.

“I wonder if Becky will mind having cum stains on the insides of her dress.”

“Uh, speaking of that, are you…?”

“Am I?”

“On the pill or anything?”

“Oh yeah, I’ve been on birth control for years. It regulates my periods and controls my acne.”

“Whew, I was a little concerned, I must admit.”

“No worries there, dear brother, we can fuck all we want and not have to worry about getting pregnant!

“Fantastic! So I don’t have to wait for Madame Voulez to spend the night again do I?”

“What, for us to do this again?”

“Exactly, I’d much rather have Amber anyway.”

“Uh, okay! You mean we could be doing this every night?”

“Pretty much whenever you’re up for it. I already have a tough enough time staying flaccid around you as it is.”

“Oh God, yes!”

The thought hadn’t fully sunk in until right then. I could fuck my brother practically any night without pretense! Oh my God, that would be fucking amazing! I rolled over towards him and moved to kiss him, which he fully returned with passionate vigor. We kissed for a good while and only separated to catch our breaths.

“That reminds me,” said Zach, “you know that night when you fell asleep on the couch?”

“Oh yeah, when you woke me up because you thought I wanted you to kiss me.”

“That’s the one. You want to know what you really said in your sleep?”

“What did I say?”

“Oh, Zach! Fuck me! Fuck me, Zach!”

‘No, seriously?” I was stunned and pretty much right as to my earlier assumptions.

“Seriously, I was worried that mom might’ve heard you too so I woke you up intentionally.”

“Holy shit!”

“That's what I thought! I almost took you right then and there, I was so horny!”

“Why didn’t you then?”

“Knowing what I do now, I certainly would have! I was suspicious with all of your Becky-might-like-you talk and I wondered if it wasn't some elaborate plan instead, and I was right!”

I laughed and said, “You want to know something? I’d planned the whole party just as an excuse to do this whole Madame Voulez midnight thing.”

It was Zach’s turn to laugh, “That is fucking awesome! It turned out to be a great party, too!”

I shook my head at the entirety of it all. “How did everything come together so well?”

He shrugged and we kissed again.

I then whispered to him, “Would you like to be visited tomorrow night by Madame Voulez again?”

He smiled and replied, “As long as it’s you, you can wear whatever you like, but if you want my opinion, I’d rather just have Amber, just smart, funny, beautiful, sexy Amber. Being naked too wouldn’t hurt.”

“You got it!”

With that, I gave him one more kiss; I grabbed the mask that I had tossed aside, and retreated back to my room. I stopped to grab a hand towel to dry off with and made sure that there weren’t any cum splatters on Becky’s nice dress. I got back to my room, and Becky was still out cold. I carefully replaced the dress and mask where she had left them.

I didn’t want to wear my pajamas but I did anyway, and oh shit, I see by the clock that it’s now one in the morning as I’m writing this. Madame Voulez, ahem, I mean Amber, has someone patiently waiting for her loving embrace in another room right now, so this is where I’ll end my tale.

I hope you enjoyed it! I’ve gotten so worked up just writing about it, that I can’t wait for my brother’s big, delicious cock to be sliding in and out of me right now.

Enough of this, my lover awaits! ;)

FINIS

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