



## ***Silent Incest*** (MF-teens, bro/sis, inc)

***By AB-2003 (Address withheld)***

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My brother is 18 months older than me and until he turned 17 we were a normal family. Both our folks worked to make enough money so we could live an upper-middle-class life style, so there were many afternoons after school that we were along together in the house.

The first time it happened I blamed myself. My brother was always this god-like person to me. He was the most popular guy in school and was the class president and captain of the varsity football team. He was just too good for it to have been his fault.

Jon had always told me that I was pretty. As far back as I can remember he'd been my protector and biggest advocate, so when one day he came into my bedroom after school and told me how nice I looked I thought nothing of it.

I just rolled over from my reading position and leaned back on my elbows and looked at him with a smile. I always liked to look at Jon, he's so good looking, almost perfect. But on that day I noticed that he had a different look in his eyes. They were dilated and looked so intense. I shivered with a suppressed excitement. I didn't know why.

Then he walked into my room and sat down beside me and began to tell me what he liked about me specifically. He started by telling me that I was sweet, and that I'd always been nice to him and his friends no matter how gross and immature they might have acted.

He continued on with how smart I was and then he moved into the physical realm by complimenting me on my tan, and how well I kept my body. He reached out and caressed my bare leg (I was wearing shorts) and commented on how soft yet firm my thigh was.

I'll admit that my heart rate had increased because of all these compliments and the close proximity of my handsome brother. His occasional touches didn't help my confusion either. When Jon leaned over and kissed me on the mouth I thought I'd faint.

I didn't know how to react, keep in mind that we were always very close and we loved each other. But I'd never thought of my brother sexually before, but that kiss went on for the longest time. I tried to pull away from him but he twined his fist in my hair and held my head still and he began to shove his tongue between my lips.

I hadn't expected anything like this and therefore didn't know how to stop him. After a bit I just stopped struggling and let him kiss me. Even though I was confused and afraid I was also excited. My experience with boys hadn't gone past closed mouthed kisses and light dating.

Jon slowly pushed me flat on my back and climbed on top of me. Now I had the weight of his body on top of me and that made me even more excited and confused. I could feel him pushing his crotch into me and his knee between my legs, which caused them to open against his pressure.

When he started tugging at my blouse I began to squirm around under him trying to disengage from him again, but Jon was having none of that, he just pushed his larger body harder against mine and pulled my blouse open, popping some of the buttons as he did.

I began to say something, I'm not even sure what I was going to say and it didn't matter because he clamped one hand over my mouth and with the

other he unfastened my front-opening bra.

Before I knew what was going on, Jon was suckling on a swelling nipple and my struggles took on a new phase. Now I was struggling to get him to suck harder, I was pushing my breast up toward his face as he continued to suck on my nipple.

I'd never had any feeling like it before. Every time Jon sucked my nipple between his lips I received an exquisite charge of passion that shot through my body to the ends of my fingers and toes, and centered between my legs. It was mind numbing, absolutely wonderful.

After that I didn't protest when my brother tugged my shorts off and pulled my panties to one side and began fingering me. I knew something about fingering, because I'd done it to myself so many times I couldn't count them. But having Jon do it made me go wild.

I started to moan and squirm around uncontrollably, now urging him on, asking him to go faster, deeper, harder. I'd almost forgotten that he was my brother, he was making me feel better than I'd ever felt before.

Then my breathing almost stopped! I felt him trying to shove into me. I knew what he was trying to do and I knew he shouldn't. But I also didn't know how to stop him. I didn't even know if I wanted him to stop.

Any decision on my part soon didn't matter because suddenly I felt a feeling like nothing I'd ever even imagined. I felt so full, so complete. There was a little pain, but when Jon pulled part way back out and thrust in again I groaned in pleasure. The pain went away after the third or fourth thrust.

Soon I was holding my brother just like a lover might, around the waist, as he thrust again and again. I was in heaven as I felt his body moving above me and in me. His breath was coming in ragged gasps as he began to thrust faster and faster, until his body went ridged and he groaned loudly, "Oh, fuck!"

I could feel his body jerk several times and his breathing became super labored. Then after one more intense thrust Jon collapsed on top of me with a huge sigh of contentment. I held him, caressing his back and buttocks as we caught our breath. It had been some kind of experience alright.

We lay there with him on top of me for several minutes and then Jon began to move in and out of me again. He was going for a second ride and

I was going with him. There was nothing I could do about it, I was virtually naked and my big brother was shoved to the hilt deep into me. What could I do about it?

This time Jon went slower with longer deeper thrusts. He moved his hips around in a circular motion and kissed me passionately. He tweaked my nipples with his fingers and whispered in my ear what an incredible fuck I was. Then as if he just realized what a turn on it was, Jon began talking dirty to me. He said, (And I'll remember that first time for the rest of my life) "C'mon you little slut, fuck me back, c'mon, move that hot little body and hump me back."

I was shocked, but excited at the same time. Although I just lay there and let my brother screw me, I thought about fucking him back, I wanted to do it, but I was still so confused. I did like how it felt being under him and knowing that he was enjoying it and all.

But I just lay there and soon, in no more than a couple of minutes Jon's body stiffened again and I knew he'd cum again. It made me feel good somehow to know that I was able to make him so aroused. That's when I began to think it was my fault that this had all happened. I must have sent him some kind of signal or something. Jon would never have done something like this if I hadn't egged him on.

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That was the first time we committed incest. It took me several days before I could even be in the same room as my brother. Every time I looked at him I remembered what we'd done and how it had felt. My face would turn red and I'd have to escape or I would die from embarrassment.

Within a week Jon did it again. One afternoon after school when our parents weren't due home for several hours he walked into my room, this time he was naked. I was sitting at my desk doing my homework when I looked up to see Jon standing in the doorway with a huge erection and no clothes on.

I didn't say anything, I just got up from my desk and went over to the bed. I pulled my blouse off over my head and dropped my pants and climbed onto the mattress and lay there.

Jon moved up beside me and began to fondle my breasts just like the first time. Then when he leaned over and began to suckle on them I was his again. All I wanted then was for him to use me any way he wanted to. I just

wanted to please him and in doing so, be pleased.

I decided that if I just lay there and let him have sex with me, to use my body. If I didn't react or hump back at him, then it was okay. If I didn't show any outward signs of the pleasure I was receiving then I wasn't doing anything wrong.

So for the next 24 months I just lay there whenever my brother needed me. He didn't seem to mind and I learned how to have mind numbing orgasms without showing it. I would just lay there and let it build while my brother rutted like a tiger in heat.

Most of the time I would cum before he did, but he never knew it. I think he always thought that I didn't really like what he was doing to me, not that ever stopped him. But I did like it, and I'll never forget that time in my life. I've always rated my men against my brother's performance, and if the truth be known, he just about always gave me an orgasm, which is more than I can say about my later boyfriends.

Now a days when I'm making love to a man I try to just lay there and let him do his thing, but for some reason most men won't let me alone, they keep asking if it's okay, if I'm okay. I just wish they'd fuck me and keep their mouths shut.

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*This story was inspired by the pictures and was especially written for Kristen's Illustrated Archive by AB-2003.*

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