



# ***Sleeping With My Sister***

*(MF, inc, oral)*

**by Michael**

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If you have read internet porn, then you're sure to have come across so many incest stories that it almost seems common place. But I think in reality there isn't all that much of it going on in families. If you took a moment to think about it you'd realize that having a relationship with a sibling could be very awkward.

The story I'm about to tell you is true and yes, it is about incest. Actually it is about the first time I had sex and that "first time" was with my sister. This story might not be as exciting as all those erotic incest stories you've read on the net, but it is real, every word

is true, even the names that I use.

What happened to me was totally unexpected. My sister Sandy was 16 at the time, two years older than me and a lifetime ahead of me in sophistication. We were on our annual family summer vacation, camping in the Rockies when a summer storm came up causing a rather large branch to break off at our campsite and demolish Sandy's tent. Luckily we were all down at the lake when that happened.

Until that incident our folks had a tent to themselves and both Sandy and I had one for each of us. As it turned out, I think our parent's had special plans for each other that night because they persuaded us to double up in my tent, instead of taking Sandy in.

I didn't mind, although at 14 that meant no jacking off after lights out. (That's why my tent was always a bit away from the others, out of the campfire lit area.) If I had to, I guessed that I could hold out for one night.

As it turned out that one night turned into two and then three. After the fourth night I was ready to explode. I needed to jack off in the worst way but now with Sandy in my tent and the rest of each day in the company of one family member or another, it was virtually impossible to beat my meat.

On the fifth night I was thinking about jacking off more than ever. I had my hand on my throbbing dick and it was all slick with my natural lube and I was thinking about getting up and going to the latrine and beating off there in the dark.

But for some reason I just started to rub on my dick while lying in my sleeping bag next to Sandy. I figured that I could get away with it and I had a bandana to cum in, so what the hell. I turned on my side facing away from my sister and began to slowly jack off. It felt wonderful and needless to say I didn't last very long.

In fact my orgasm was so intense that I groaned out loud as I came. I quickly stifled the groan, but I knew that my sister would have heard it if she was awake. There was nothing I could do but lie there and wait, cum dripping into my sleeping bag. So much cum that I could smell it. I hadn't thought of that!

Finally I fell asleep.

The next morning Sandy got up first and when I climbed out of the tent and walked into the campsite she seemed normal like she hadn't suspected anything. I vowed not to jack off again while she was staying in my tent.

I brought up the idea that we should go into town to see about replacing Sandy's tent but to my surprise, Sandy dissuaded our parents from going. She said that she didn't mind sharing and that we were actually getting to know each other better and she had no complaints.

That fixed it, no way would our folk's dream of changing things if we were suddenly getting along, it's every parent's dream to have their kids like each other. I wondered why Sandy had done that. Did she know what I'd done the night before? Was she trying to make me suffer by staying in my tent so I couldn't get off again?

Looking back, I now realize that my sister had a scheme in mind. I even caught her glancing at me a couple of times that day with a speculative look in her eyes. But being a dumb 14 year old male I didn't have a clue.

That night is when it happened. We got into our sleeping bags and turned the pressure lamp out and I settled in to sleep. Then as the night closed in around us I heard my sister whisper, "Johnny, I smelled your cum last night. Did you enjoy yourself?"

My heart instantly began to pound in my chest and I knew that my face and ears must be flaming red and total embarrassment and humiliation flowed over me. How would I ever live this down? Caught jacking off by my sister. I could imagine her telling all her girlfriends about her dumb-ass little brother and how he wanked off beside his sister on summer vacation.

Finally, in the utter silence left from her statement of fact I croaked, "W-what are you talking about?" I tried to sound incensed, but it was a halfhearted attempt at best.

She didn't say anything. I was facing away from Sandy when her hand snaked into my sleeping bag over my hip from behind, I almost jumped out of my skin. I felt her arm move over me and then I felt her hand sink down my front. She had scrunch up closer and move over me so that her face was near my ear and as her hand touched the front of my briefs (I learned in the boy scouts that you should always remove shirt and pants so that your body heat will warm the sleeping bag faster.) and then she squeezed my flaccid dick through the material of my underwear.

"Johnny, it's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "It just means that you're turning into a man, and men have needs."

I couldn't even swallow; I think my heart was in my throat by this time. I wasn't turned-on by my sister's actions; I was more frightened than anything. I mean, Sandy was and is a fine looking female, don't get me wrong. I admit that even as her brother I'd had a few speculative thoughts about her when she would wear a bikini, but I never actually went as far as thinking about sex with her.

I lay there stiff as a board as her fingers began to massage my crotch and she continued to whisper in my ear, "I'll help you out little brother, let Sandy do it for you tonight." Her hand slipped into my briefs and I suddenly had a girl's flesh touching my most intimate parts.

I wanted to get away, to jump up and run, but at the same time I wanted that hand to jack me off too. Her hand and her whispering were having their affect on my hormone-ridden teenage body and my dick was suddenly stiff as a steel rod as her hand slowly yanking it up and down.

"Mmm, nice Johnny, that would feel nice nestled in a girl's slit, wouldn't it? You'd like to cum in a girl wouldn't you Johnny?" She went on and on with other suggestive things like what it would be like to share me with her girlfriends and how Janet her best friend had gone on about how cute her little brother was. She even suggested that she could fix me up with Janet so she could take my cherry. I guess she just assumed that I was a virgin by the pathetic way was I just lying there.

Needless to say I spewed my cum all over the inside of my sleeping bag. It was glorious! I spurt and spurt and my body jerked and jerked as I emptied myself of my lust as Sandy's fingers continued to pump me, becoming coated with my sticky cum.

Then finally, after I had nothing left, my sister pulled her hand out of my sticky briefs and as she brought it out into the dark of the tent she brushed my lips with her sticky fingers. I instinctively rubbed my mouth with the back of my hand. I didn't want to taste my cum. She playfully stuck a cum covered finger in my ear and I loudly complained that she should stop that, which she finally did.

That was all that happened that night. Sandy just giggled and rolled over and went to sleep. It took me a lot longer to sleep that night. The sensations that I'd just experienced were mind blowing. As I realized what had just happened to me I got a boner again and desperately wanted to do some more things with Sandy. I didn't really know what things, but I was so horny I "needed" more contact.

Finally I did go to sleep, but I didn't sleep very well and was tired and bleary eyed in the morning.

Sandy found little ways to tease me during the next day that only she and I would get. I couldn't tear my eyes of her as we went about our normal day. We went down to the lake to swim like we'd done everyday and I watched Sandy's body with a kind of perverted interest that made me blush with shame.

Unlike the previous day (When I was an innocent) now I thought of my sister "sexually" and envisioned her in all the ways a 14 year old boy could envision a woman. Deep down inside I knew that she had just been teasing me, that she'd end up ridiculing me, but I also now knew what it felt like to be jacked off by a girl, and I was willing to put up with ridicule or humiliation to get some more of that.

When Dad suggested that we go into town for supplies and while in town Sandy could see if there were any tents available my heart almost stopped. She seemed cheerfully willing to go in with Dad and to take a look at what was available. I stayed behind with

Mom, totally dejected, knowing for sure now that Sandy had just been teasing me.

At least I'd have the memory of that night and I'd have a real experience to jack off to now.

You can't imagine my excited delight when Dad and Sandy came back from town with only food and drink. Apparently Sandy couldn't find a tent she liked and had said that instead of buying a crappy tent she'd rather bunk with -- me not that we were getting long so well -- but she just didn't want to waste the money.

I was so happy I almost fainted.

That night I almost gave myself away, I was in such a hurry to turn in. Mom asked me if I felt okay, she noted that I was acting funny. I told her that I felt fine and after that I tried to settle down and act normal.

Finally after what seemed like forever it was time to hit the sleeping bags. I was determined to make something happen. I needed something to happen badly. I'd been hard all day and even had to relieve myself at lunch time in the latrine. I was so ready I knew that I would cry if Sandy wouldn't go along.

That almost happened, or maybe my sister was just trying to show she had the control over our new exciting relationship. She got into her sleeping bag and turned over on her side facing away from me like she was going to sleep. I didn't know what to do. But I had to do something.

What I finally did was what she'd done to me the night before. I reached over her with an arm and shoved my hand down her front. Sandy didn't try to stop me; she just rolled over on her back and smiled at me. I hadn't turned the pressure lamp off yet and wasn't about to now as I unzipped her bag and folded it open to her knees.

Sandy wasn't wearing any panties! She was naked from the waist down and she looked glorious. Sandy is blonde and so is her bush. I just sat propped up on one elbow with my hand on the flat of her stomach and stared at that bush and the vee between her thighs, those wonderful thighs.

Then when she took my hand and began rubbing it against her crinkly golden bush I took over. It was amazing to be so close to a naked girl. I had imagined many times what a naked girl would look like and what I'd do with one if I ever got the chance, but reality was so much better. Her skin was so soft and smooth, much softer than mine, almost alien.

But when my fingers found her slit and her beautiful body stiffened and she gave off a quite groan of pleasure my whole being shrunk down to that one area. I moved my face so close to her slit that I could see everything and I could smell her arousal. Don't ask me

how I knew that, I just did and it was fantastic, that smell made me so hard that it actually hurt.

Then with a little whispered instruction I began to masturbate my sister's slick slit. It was so hot to watch her body jerk with pleasure when I did it right. I was fascinated with her nub, her clit. I knew about that but had never really thought about it before. And when I touched it with my tongue and Sandy went wild, that was all it took, I buried my face between her legs and eat her nub and folds like a maniac. I was careful, but enthusiastic.

It wasn't more than a couple of minutes before I felt juice fill my mouth and Sandy let out a long low guttural groan and her body tensed so hard that she looked like she was trying to give birth or something.

I had cum in my briefs. I realized that I was going to have to make a trip to the Laundromat in town soon.

We played with each other for the rest of the trip and really enjoyed ourselves. Sandy gave me a blowjob just about every night after that and I eat her every night. We never actually had intercourse, although we did end up zipping our sleeping bags together so we had ready access to the other's bodies.

Our family camping vacation of 1998 was the best we ever had. But once we got home the toy shop suddenly went out of business. When I brought up the subject Sandy said that she'd enjoyed it and she kindly called me things like a "real stud muffin", but that we couldn't continue on doing it together. She was nice about it and pointed out that there was no future in a relationship like that and we should just remember it as childish play.

Childish play?

Oh well, what did I have to complain about? After all I got some stunning memories out of it and the kind of experience that guys twice my age didn't have. And I became very popular with the girls in high school over the next couple of years.

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