

The next chapter of **Ricky**.

In the last installment we learned Hermione, when she was a girl, had developed an intense physical attraction to her brother Joe. Here we see how they lose their virginity to each other. (Yes, teenage brother-on-sister scenes ahead.)

If you like this one so far, look in the Bisexual/Incest section for the links called “**good-son**” and “**trevors-summer**” to see what previous works I’ve spilled into the world here. That’s not all of them, but *Trevor’s Summer* includes headers which point to the rest.

It goes without saying, I hope, that this is fiction, at least as far as I know. Though the main voice in this narrative is that of a nineteen-year-old young woman, I’m actually a man, but I hope I’ve made the storyline authentic and believable from a woman’s perspective. If you like it, hit me up at **arionneos** at **gmail** et cetera and let me know what you think (if you don’t like it and want to say so, that’s fine too).

Don’t bother writing at all, though, if you want to tell me what a perverted freak I am as you study and analyze every single word over and over and over again.

===== **begin chapter** =====

## **7. July 3 - July 4, 1991: Temptation and Fulfillment**

Hermione got out of the shower, steam billowing out through the open bathroom door, and toweled herself off with deliberately-casual languor. She’d discovered in the last few days that dried boycum was hard to wash away at first, especially from where it crusted in her small patch of pubes, but she also discovered that she didn’t really mind. She had lay naked for him two more nights, let him come on her bare skin both times, and she knew it wasn’t going to be enough for either of them any more.

Joe was in the living room, sitting on the couch, clad only in tight briefs. She knew he could see her from where he sat; she knew it and let him look, let him watch as she rubbed the towel all over her bare skin. She wrapped it around herself like a short dress, tying it off under her arm, and went out to him.

He blushed as he looked away and she saw that he was fully erect, thrusting achingly upward in his cute little clinging white undies. His corona showed in the taut cotton, an inverted vee surmounted by a broad round head that was straining at the waistline, his penis pushing up and outward like a huge overripe cucumber; and at his root the full shape of his scrotum swelled with potential, plump and full, cleft like a peach where his balls lay. He lifted his leg, trying to hide it all, but it wasn't really possible. He was too large, and he was too hard.

"I left you some hot water," she smiled, settling beside him.

His eyes slid up along her thighs. "Uh. Oh. Okay. Thanks."

"You gonna go for it, or what?"

"*What?*" he said, too sharply, and she smirked at what he was thinking.

"The shower? You need one, bro, and I want you to smell nice if you're gonna take me to the movies today."

He stared at her and his voice did something it hadn't done for more than a year; it broke into a squeak.

"The ... the *movies*?"

"Yeah," she said. "The movies. You know, movies. Films? The theater? There are some good ones playing and I want to go. So go on. Get cleaned off, and I'll put on something, and we can ... you know, just go out and have a good time."

"But ... why do you want to go to the movies with me?"

"Why do you think? We hardly ever get to really talk to each other any more, Joe. I thought it might be fun for us to just go out somewhere together, just the two of us with none of the kids around, and hang out and talk for a while." She pretended to be hurt. "But if you'd be too *embarrassed* to be seen in public with your *little sister*, I'll understand."

"You're not little," he said, his eyes on her breasts. He gulped and his face reddened further. "I mean, I never thought of you like that, like ... like my..."

"You don't think of me as your sister?"

“No, I — I do, Herm — I mean I just never really thought of you like being my *little* sister. You’re only a year younger than me. You’re more like ... like a friend, not like Phil or Mike, I mean, you’re a girl...”

“Nice of you to have noticed,” she said. “I know my tits are small.”

“They —” He sighed. “I think I’ll go take that shower now.”

“I think that’s a good idea,” she said, feeling a little piqued despite herself.

Her irritation at him vanished when he stood. His cock was still solidly erect, and the little briefs failed to contain it all. The tip popped out above the waistband, pointing straight up toward his face, and the elastic strained, lost its fight, and slid slowly down along his full shaft.

He gulped, staring at her, neither one of them wanting to look down, neither one wanting to acknowledge what had happened, both of them completely aware of it. “Do you ... do you still want to see a movie or something?”

“Yeah,” she said.

“W-which one?”

“*City Slickers*.” She licked her lips. “It looks ... like it should be pretty funny.”

“Okay,” he nodded, and his eyes flickered to her breasts, and she let her gaze drop.

His penis was throbbing a little, his balls drawn tight to his crotch, his eight-inch heft almost half uncovered in the clinging briefs. A shimmering bead of clear fluid had gathered at his tip, and now it slid down along the head, slowly, tasting his mass a fraction at a time.

Her eyes went to his again and they shared a blush, and he left to clean up.

They walked to town together, not saying much; they were both too preoccupied with their thoughts. Joe had put on a pair of shorts and a tank top; she was in a short sundress. The top was quite flattering on him, letting all his best muscles show clearly, and the shorts were just a little snug on the dimples of his butt. He’d taken the time to do his hair, and she caught the scent of cologne from him too. She thought he looked very handsome, despite his casual attire. “You clean up pretty well,” she said.

He shrugged, but he smiled a little. “It was like you said. If we’re gonna go to the movies or something I don’t want to stink the place up.” He glanced at her. “You look ... you look really nice.”

She gave him a smile. "Thank you."

"Is that a new dress or something?"

"Or something," she nodded. "Mom took me clothes shopping last weekend when you were at Phil's. Do you like it?"

"Yeah," he said, his eyes roving. "It's really pretty on you." The dress was light and breathy, custard yellow, and it ended well above her knees. "Only..."

"What?"

"Well, you ... maybe you shoulda put on some underwear," he murmured. "I can see right through it."

"Well, it *is* a sundress, Joe. I wanted to get a little sun." He was right; she knew it. Her aureolae were visible in the gauzy, thin cloth, and the little delta of her pubic hair showed as a faint shadow. She had picked the dress deliberately, just as deliberately choosing not to wear anything beneath it.

And she was very glad he'd noticed.

Her brother fell silent as they walked on, and she wondered what exactly she was up to with him.

What they were up to *with each other*.

This wasn't teasing; it went way beyond that. It wasn't flirting, either, not exactly; flirting was light and playful, with an undercurrent of uncertainty about what it might or might not lead to. This was more serious, more deliberate. This was ... this was almost a seduction.

Where could *he* be thinking it would all end up? Was he also thinking of tonight, what might happen between them when he climbed into bed with her for his *visit*, naked and hard?

He was her *brother*, but the truth of the matter was that he was also a gorgeous *boy*, and she was intensely attracted to him. She couldn't help herself; she could not stop it or deny it any more. He was the only boy she knew so well, so completely; he was the only boy she thought she could trust; he was the only boy she *knew* she loved. She adored all of her brothers, but Joe was nearest to her in maturity and personality; of them all, of every boy she had ever known, he was her favorite. Pain in the ass that he was sometimes, he was beloved of her.

She had known that maturing into womanhood would bring with it certain ... *desires*, her body's growing need for fulfillment. But she couldn't have guessed what that would mean for her. Or ... or for him. She had expected, one day, to have sex, but until recently she hadn't imagined wanting to have sex with *Joe*.

And the worst part of it all was not that she knew he had to be feeling the same way, was just as filled with forbidden desire; the worst of it all was that he was her brother, this was *not allowed* — and yet he was always right there, always so tantalizingly near, always just a touch away but impossible to have completely for her own.

Oh, but if they only could...

Raw surges of frustration and heat, *sexual* heat, ran under her skin as they walked along, as she watched his well-cut arms swing, the muscles in his broad chest smooth, his stride even and sure, the lump of his penis large and obvious in his shorts. And he kept looking at her, at her body, naked but for the thin dress, and she knew he had to be feeling it too, or something like it.

She didn't think about what would happen if they gave in to it all, let the impossible happen. Her mind still shied away from it, withdrawing in shock whenever she imagined kissing him, touching his flesh, lying naked with him; then pushing him back on her bed, climbing atop him ... her first time, her very first, and his too ... taking him into herself, having him inside her for the first time...

*No, she thought. No. Oh God, no. With Joe, with him, with my brother, oh God no...*

She was terrified of it.

And yet, there they were, going to a movie together almost like a date; and she was leading him along a little but he was ... yes, he was following; they were doing the kinds of things couples did, and there was only one place she could imagine it all ending up.

She was terrified, but she wondered ... what if, what if they just let go, went ahead, and...

Just a few minutes was all it would take. Just a few minutes. Not so long. Not such a big deal. Things they did alone, they would do with each other instead. And then they could get on with their lives together, finished, fulfilled, everything between them done and both of them moving on to more *normal* relationships. Right?

The terror was, her fear was that it might not be so simple. If they. If they did. Would once really be enough, for either of them?

She didn't think so. If they started, they might never stop.

Their family was due home sometime tonight so they could all watch the fireworks tomorrow. That made it harder, added a sense of urgency, of desperation. She wanted to ... she wanted to do *something* while she was still alone with her brother, she wasn't sure what; and she knew that if it went too fast it would be terrible for

him, and it would be bad for her as well; but she had only *one afternoon* left to let him know, to show him, to make him understand just how much her feelings for him had stopped being sisterly and turned into ... into something else.

And it was *too soon* for that.

If she fucked him that afternoon, or even gave him head, it would be *far* too soon. For both of them. It would totally ruin their relationship, destroy them as family. She didn't know how she knew, but she was certain of it, and she did not want to sacrifice a lifetime of love for her brother in the name of a few minutes of fevered thrusting.

She needed more *time*, needed to let herself and him get used to the ideas they were having about each other, and *she just didn't have it*.

They only half paid attention to the movie. Hermione was very aware of how close to her he was, the warmth of his body radiating out to caress her skin through the thin dress. Her heart thumped and she felt a light sweat break on her brow; she shivered.

"You cold?"

"A little," she nodded. The theater was very cool, the AC working overtime, but that wasn't what was wrong. She wasn't truly cold; she was burning up, but she knew it wasn't a fever; she didn't feel sick, but her stomach was fluttering and her pulse felt erratic, thready.

She didn't know *what* it was; and yet, she did.

He shifted a little, slid his arm around her shoulders, drew her near. His bare biceps rolled as he cuddled her, his skin hot. "Better?"

She shivered again as she nestled to his side, listening to the rapid pulse of his heart in his broad chest; and the sensation lifted a little, got a little easier to bear, as Joe held her gently. Under his arm she saw the rich tufts of his maturity and caught a light aroma, faint and not unpleasant, male and musky. "Yeah," she said. "Thanks." She let her hand slide above his waist, around his hips.

He smiled at her and returned his eyes to the screen, where Billy Crystal was mugging to Jack Palance's perfect deadpan, but neither of them were in the movie any longer. They were too involved with their growing

attraction to care about anything else, and they cuddled together in the dark, all alone with each other on a crowded planet.

Her pussy was wet, and she saw that his cock was hard; he wasn't wearing underwear either; and he saw her looking at it and didn't try to hide it from her at all; he just gazed at her cleavage, at the peaks her nipples made in the thin dress, and he smiled.

When they got home there was a message light blinking on the machine, and they listened together to the recording. It was their mother: One of the transverse joints on the van had gone out and they were going to have to stay put until it was fixed. The family had gone to a fairly remote location, and the only town for miles was very small. With the holiday the mechanic had estimated a two-day delay in even getting the parts, and at least another day for installation, putting everyone's return off until Sunday at the soonest.

Even through the static of poor reception she could hear Dad in the background, swearing a little about Chrysler and Iacocca and the expense and the backwoods-Ozarks know-nothings who were out to screw them all, blind to the irony that the little town they lived near wasn't exactly a booming metropolis of sophistication. Todd, their youngest brother, was giggling; he was Dad's cheerleader and always responded like that when the old man went off on one of his rants. She could imagine him grinning at his son and winking.

Hermione felt a tight coil in her belly loosen and she became almost giddy with relief.

"What're you so happy about all of a sudden?" Joe said as he dialed their folks' portable.

"Nothing," she said, and planted a kiss on his cheek. He stared at her, dumbstruck. "Thanks for taking me out today, bro. It was great."

"Y —" he nodded. "Hey, Mom? Yeah, we got the message. Huh? Huh? I can barely hear ... Yeah, we went to see a movie, just ... *A movie*. No, we're fine, it's okay, don't worry about it ... I said *we're fine*, yeah..."

She went outside to water the plants, humming quietly to herself, glowing. *Three days*.

It was enough; it was enough.

In a while the screen door banged. She smiled at Joe, her eyes widening a little; he'd taken off his shirt and his bare muscles glistened in the afternoon light. "They all right?"

"Yeah," he said. "Mom's kind of bummed that she'll have to miss the Fourth with us, but I told her we'd

make it somehow. Dad's more pissed, but you know how he is. He'll get over it and the next thing you know it'll be like he planned to take another week all along."

"A week? I thought Mom said a few days."

Joe shrugged. "I told 'em we're fine. They're staying to next weekend instead. The week will be mostly shot by the time they get everything fixed anyhow. She said they'd roll in sometime Monday or Tuesday next."

"Oh," Hermione said, feeling her entire body flush. "Oh."

"That's not a problem, is it?"

"Of course not," she said, trembling. *A week. A whole extra week alone with him. Twelve whole days, just him and me...*

She didn't know how Joe had handled the negotiations, and she didn't care. She had the time after all. All the time she needed, and more.

She fumbled the hose and it dropped, water spurting from the sprayer when the handle hit the grass, a gout of it landing on her brother.

"Hey, butterfingers, watch it," he said.

She grinned and picked up the hose, pointing the nozzle at him threateningly. "I might be a butterfingers but at least I can aim, Mister Puddles-on-the-Rim."

"That's not me; it's Tommy," he said, laughing, putting his hands up and backing away. "Besides, I had a shower already."

"Never too much of a good thing," she said, letting a jet of spray fly. It spattered on his bare chest, the water beading on his skin.

"No fair," he said, still grinning. "I don't even got a hose."

"Oh yeah you do," she said, spurting his crotch. "Ooh, look, wittwe Joey wet hissewf!"

He charged her, laughing, and tackled her, but he was careful not to slam her onto the ground. He wrestled with her, sputtering as she sprayed his face, and got the nozzle away from her. He stood above her, dripping, his chest heaving, blades of grass clinging to his body. "I give up!" she said.

"No prisoners," Joe grinned, and soaked her.

She shrieked and got up, running away, laughing as he chased her and sprayed her back. She made it to the



spigot and turned the water off, still laughing, soaked to her skin. She turned to face him, and his grin faltered and his eyes grew very round as he looked at her, and in a flash she understood why.

She hadn't changed after their date; she was still in the sundress, and the thin cloth, saturated and sticking to her skin everywhere, had become transparent.

His shorts bucked in front, and she saw her brother get the erection, watched his penis swell in the damp, loose cloth until it stood, tall and firm, jutting up between his legs.

Hermione swallowed in amazement. It had happened so *fast*. It had taken less than three seconds for Joe to go from completely soft to absolutely rigid as he stared at the dress, clinging to her naked body; and she felt a trickle in her thighs that wasn't anything to do with water.

He was panting slightly, staring at her crotch, and she realized she was doing the same.

"I ... think I'll go inside now," she said. "And get changed."

"Yeah," he said distantly. "Okay."

She gave him an uneasy smile and slipped past him as he began coiling the hose, moving like a man in a trance.

She had time to get dinner started before he came in at last. He found her in the kitchen and stood there, eyeing her uncomfortably. She'd changed into a tee and panties, and wondered if that hadn't been a mistake. He didn't seem to be able to look at her for very long.

His mouth worked. "Sorry," he finally murmured.

"Forget it," she said, and tried to smile. It felt like a rictus, out of place on her face, and she stopped. "I guess you were right. I should've put on some underwear."

He shrugged, seeming fascinated with a spot in the middle of the kitchen floor. "I didn't mean to ... to pop a boner like that," he said. "I mean, not right in front of you and all."

"It's okay," she said quietly. "It happens."

"I just ... sometimes, Hermione, I can't help it. You know? I get so ... so crazy sometimes, it's like s-sex is all I can think about, and I do things that ... they're crazy. And I know it's wrong, but I just can't help it. And ... and I'm sorry."

She knew he was apologizing for a lot more than getting an erection in front of her. “Joe...”

“It was a good day,” he said. “And I ruined it.”

“No. No, Joe.” She went to him and took him in her arms. He shook, clutching at her, and in a moment she realized he was crying. She held her brother near, soothing him, and let his tears flow; she knew the reaction was about his guilt, his shame, and especially his terror at the way he felt for her.

She knew it because she had the same feelings herself.

It was wrong; but it felt so very *right*, and they did not understand what was happening to them or why, but they did not want it to stop.

She smoothed his hair as he wept, his tears flowing onto her neck, his broken sobs hot on her throat.

His shaking settled in a while and he was left gasping in her arms.

“You didn’t ruin anything,” she said as the last of his remorse shuddered out of him. “It still is a good day, bro. I’m glad we’re able to ... just hang out together for once, you know? Just you and me. I’m glad you stayed behind with me.”

“Yeah,” he nodded, hugging her. “Me too.” His lips were beside her ear, and she shivered at the tickle of his breath.

They clung together, swaying slightly. “It wasn’t anything important, Joe. I got a little wet, and you got a little hard. So what?”

Where their hips met she felt the soft mass of his cock twitch and stir, filling a little against her pussy. “You got ... wet?” he said.

“You saw it; I was *soaking*,” she said before she realized that he’d misunderstood. “I mean you ... you really sprayed me down good.”

“Yeah,” he managed. As if he knew what she’d meant all along, hadn’t misinterpreted her words in the slightest, hadn’t given voice to exactly what had been happening to her earlier. She *had* been soaking, but it hadn’t been water.

“Joe, listen to me.” She leaned back and put her palms on his naked chest, stroking gently, the smooth warm skin soft under her touch, and he was hardening as he stood so close in her arms, and she did not draw away. Her brother. Her good, beautiful brother. Young and sweet, just fifteen, his body a glory, his precious

existence all she could ask for. Her feelings for him swelled, filled, became her.

She remembered the day, his eleventh birthday, when he'd been knocked out and nearly died.

He'd been playing and dived foolishly off the bow of a boat, concussing his head on the keel. He'd bled so awfully, and for a moment he had stopped breathing; she had feared him dead as he was given CPR, had feared him lost to her forever, and when he had gasped and taken a breath on his own and puked up lake-water she had sat down and wept uncontrollably.

She had nearly lost him that day.

But he was with her now. She felt him breathing as she stood in his arms, felt the beat of his heart and the column of his full erection pressing against her, felt the life happening in his lovely body, and she knew they were going to make love and she swelled at the warmth of it all.

It was all that mattered. This boy, that boy, *her* boy: He would lay with her, and she would accept him. Her dear sweet brother Joe.

She looked into his face and smiled. "I love you," she said. "No matter what, always. You're my brother, and you're my best boy friend, and I love you more than I can say, and that is never going to change. No matter how ... crazy you may get. No matter what you ever do, everything will always be okay. I always have loved you and I always will love you. You know that, right?"

He blinked at her. "Yeah," he said, drawing her near again, clinging to her tight, so tight. "God, Herm, I love you too. I love you so much."

"I know you do," she whispered. "You've got good taste."

He chuckled and they parted, breaking the embrace reluctantly, and he helped her finish the dinner preparations, not trying to hide his arousal from her.

The evening was a little like their date at the movies had been. They reclined together on the couch, near one another, switching off between *SNL* and *In Living Color*, sharing popcorn. When the last of the kernels were gone Hermione set the bowl on the coffee table and cuddled up to her brother, sighing happily.

He hesitated for only a moment before letting his arm slip around her shoulders.

She rested her cheek on his bare warm chest, listening to the sound of his breath, feeling the sturdy thump

of his heart. It was beating fast, as fast as hers, and she caressed his skin.

His arm slid down around her waist, his palm resting on her hip, and he stroked her thigh.

They sat like that for a very long time, snuggling, touching, caressing; and Hermione knew that what she was feeling, what she was thinking, was the same thing that Joe felt. It was far deeper than ordinary sibling affection, this flaring heat that rose in her as she cuddled with her half-naked older brother; and she knew that later on they —

Could it be all that wrong, really? How could they be thinking this way when it was supposed to be so bad? How could anything that felt so good be so terrible?

But if they ... if they ... what would happen to them? They could lose it all, lose *everything*, but what was worse was the fear that if they didn't ... let themselves go on like this, it would be worse, so much worse: She did not want to spend all her life wondering what *might* have been with him, if only they had faced the truth together.

They would have to go on; they would have to trust in this, their love of one another, the love that was driving them slowly, inexorably, helplessly together into the unthinkable. The dreadful taboo of incest, the forbidden union of brother and sister, two innocent bodies made one by passion and desire.

They flicked aimlessly around the channels for a while, not really watching the TV at all; and eventually Hermione took the remote from Joe's hand and killed the tube. "It's after midnight," she whispered. "Happy Fourth of July, bro."

"You too," he murmured, stroking her hair.

She sat up and looked at him, looked at his gorgeous body, looked at the solid rise between his legs. He'd been hard most of the evening and she was sure he had to be aching with it by now; and she knew what to do to relieve him. She'd seen him do it to himself plenty of times by then.

He looked a little dazed as he stared at her, and she touched his cheek, caressing it. His clear grey eyes met hers, and she saw that he knew; they both understood the same thing in that moment, what she was about to do for him. She saw the flicker of uncertainty in his eyes, then the acceptance; and she knew.

It was time.

She didn't say anything. She just let her hand slide down, down over his chest, stroking his stiff nipples,

down over his rippling belly, and paused at the peak in his shorts. If she went further there would be no turning back; she would not be able to undo what was about to happen next, and she wanted to give him a last chance to back out before she crossed that line with him.

He swallowed, then settled back on the couch with a gentle little sigh as her fingertips brushed lightly along the heft of his engorged shaft.

She took a breath, thought *here we go*, and slipped her palm over her brother's eight-inch-long, swollen cock, touching him in this way for the first time in their lives, grasping him softly as he let out a small moan of anticipation. It was all the permission she needed; she knew that he was waiting for her to go on.

She squeezed gently, feeling him through the cloth, astounded at how hard he felt, how impossibly solid he was. She felt his pulse throbbing gently in his rigid penis, each beat of his heart distinct in his desire-filled flesh.

She undid the snap, lowered the fly. His cock's head, flared and full, appeared between the flaps.

"Are..." he gulped. "Are you ... sure?"

He'd been jacked off before, she knew; but by their brothers, by his friends, just boy-on-boy play. Never by a girl, and never by her, his sister; he was a virgin and he was offering her a final chance out; because he knew that if they both went on with this, if they began this exploration with each other, there was only one way it could end. Their mutual attraction had been growing for months, gestures and flirtations and teasing erotic games all building to this single moment, and he knew as well as she did that this was the end of their brother-sister relationship, the beginning of something else, something much, much more.

She knew that, if she went on, they would end up...

For the first time she faced the thought directly.

...They would end up having sex together.

She smiled at him and whispered. "I'm sure, Joe."

He nodded jerkily, his chest heaving. "Okay."

She spread the flaps of his shorts open.

She reached inside.

He was there, and he was rigid, and she pulled him free.

She watched his face as her hand closed on his bare shaft, watched him shudder as his eyes rolled. "Yeah,"

he murmured. “Oh, *yeah*.”

She looked down at him, at her brother’s cock in her hand, and began massaging him as she’d seen him do.

His breathing deepened and he settled lower on the couch, and she pulled downward at his waistband. He lifted his ass to let her strip his shorts off and relaxed, naked, and she began to masturbate him in earnest, his sex throbbing in her grip, blood-warm and rigid, but the skin elastic and smooth, the feel of his turgid shaft springy and resilient. She watched herself as she learned for the first time what a penis felt like, watched her hand move over his dry veined length, saw his full scrotum bobbing gently between his parted thighs with each of her strokes. It looked so ripe, so plump, so heavy.

With her other hand she cupped his balls and he grunted. “*Ahh*. Careful.”

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” he said, “but they’re ... they’re real sore, Herm. I’m so *full*...”

She knew what he had to be full of. “Too full?”

“Y-yeah,” he said.

“Not for much longer,” she murmured, and was more gentle after that, carefully cradling her brother’s heavy, warm testicles as she stroked the mass of desire that rose between his legs, her fingers sliding gently over his skin, then gripping tightly to jerk firmly, then returning to a gentle caress again as he writhed beside her, moaning more loudly as she progressed. She listened to his breathing pick up speed, watched him begin to squirm under her ministrations, and she felt his balls retract under her hand and knew his moment had to be near, and she gripped him firmly once more and began a long, solid stroke. His hips twitched, twitched again, and his body jerked.

“*Ahh fuck*,” he managed, “I’m gonna *come*,” and then he groaned loudly, and then he did.

She gasped at the sensation; his cock stiffened to full rigidity in her palm and she felt it pulse from root to corona. He let out another loud moan and his hips bucked upward as he pulsed again, the spasm rippling through his muscles, from his thighs and back and into his cock, and then a blob of pearly white fluid spurted from his engorged purple tip. It flew high and landed between his pecs, and she kept on stroking him, her thumb at the apex of his head, and he grit his teeth and hissed and he **shot** and he saturated himself, long ropy streams of semen jetting from his flesh in eight tremendous surges that she felt bursting through the length in her fingers,

stunned at the sheer terrifying power of his deeply-male cum, his hips thrusting fiercely as his cock bucked and pumped in her hand and he cried aloud, growling, as he fired and *fired* his heavy, rich boy-fluid. Streaks of white coated his chest and belly, and still he came, *still* he was shooting; he gave a low groan and bore up hard and shuddered, his dick steel in her clutch, and a thick flow of cum welled from his tip to roll heavily over the head, down the shaft, onto her hand. She felt her skin go slick where it touched his, and she kept stroking him, and his hips twitched spastically and he let out three more pulses of his seed, the last barely a trickle, before he gasped and pulled her hand away. “*Okay*,” he said. “*Okay*. I’m done. I’m done.” He took a shuddery breath and stared down at himself, at the rivers of his own jizz on his naked body. “Jesus,” he panted, awe in his voice, his cheeks flushed. “Jesus *fuck*. That was a *lot*.”

“It seemed like it,” Hermione murmured, looking at the glisten on his skin, on her own hand. Joe’s cum. Her own brother’s cum. She had made him come with her hand; his sperm had been inside his body just a few moments earlier, and now it was all over him, and on her too, because of what she had done to him.

“I never shot that much before.” He sounded breathless.

“Really?”

“Yeah.” He leaned forward and picked up his shorts, wiping himself off with shaking hands. “I didn’t get to jack off all day,” he said. “And I guess I was pretty full.”

“Really? Not even in the shower before?”

“Nope. We had a movie to go see, remember?” He looked up at her. “Did I get any on you?”

“Just on my hand,” she shrugged, wiping it on her tee.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I figured you would. It’s not like I’m gonna get pregnant from it. I couldn’t anyway, no matter what.”

He leaned back wiping at his chest, looking down at his gleaming cock, still completely hard. “Huh?”

She smiled, but there was pain in it. “Remember how hard I fought with Mom when I turned fourteen?”

Joe nodded. “I didn’t know if she was about to kick you out, or what.”

“Me too,” Hermione murmured, lacing her fingers and tugging at them. “That was when I went on the pill.”

“You ... what?”

She looked at him. “That was my birthday present,” she said. “The pill.”

Joe’s eyes widened, and he nodded. “So that’s why Mom was freaking.”

“That’s why,” Hermione said sadly.

Joe sat up awkwardly and put his arm around her, his bare warm thigh pressing to hers. “Sorry it was so bad,” he said.

“Well, it’s over now,” she said, and then she turned to him, and she cried against his bare chest. He held her as she sobbed, making small soothing sounds, stroking her hair and letting her work it all out.

In a while her tears were done and she smiled wetly up at him, warm in his good, strong arms. “Thanks, bro,” she murmured.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” she said, her hand slipping over his pecs. “I got you all wet.”

“Again,” he smirked, and she laughed as he dabbed at himself. Reasonably dry, he tossed the stained shorts onto the floor and sat back, staring down at the reddened flesh of his cock, still half erect. “Thanks, Herm,” he said quietly. “That was ... *God*, it felt good. I really needed that.”

“I guess you did.” She smiled and cuddled against him once more.

He drew her close. “It was *so great*.”

“Any time, bro,” she said.

He stared into her eyes and saw she meant it. “Do you want ... can I do anything for you?”

She hesitated. “Yes.”

“Okay,” he whispered, his hand slipping up along her thigh. He paused near her center and she pushed him the rest of the way and he moaned gently when he touched her, her panties soaking, glazing his fingertips.

“Ohhhh,” she managed, pushing him harder against herself. “Oh yes, Joe. Oh *yes*.”

“God you feel so wet,” he rasped. His cock, she saw, was solid once more.

“I am. Jesus, I’ve never been this wet before. Come on, Joe, come on.” She lifted his hand up to the waistline of her little pink lingerie, pushed his fingers beneath it, parting her knees; and he gasped when he felt her for the first time, his hand moving clumsily down until he found her slick warmth. She looked down at what he was doing to her with his finger and guided him, showing him how to lay his hand flat and put his fingers fully



against her, rocking and shuddering beside him as her pleasure rose rapidly.

He moved steadily on her and discovered her clit, the tip of his middle finger sliding over it and eliciting a grunt of desire from her. He picked up the speed of his motions and looked down too, watching with her as he felt a pussy, her pussy, for the first time in his life, and she reached over and grabbed his cock because it looked so good standing tall and proud between his thighs. "Oh Jesus," he moaned.

She got on her knees beside him and hooked her thumbs under her panties, watching his eyes widen. He took his hand away as she slid them down over her thighs, letting him see what he'd been touching, letting him see the glisten of her need. He stared and licked his lips, his cock jerking rigidly, his breath coming in short sharp puffs. She settled beside him once more as his hand found her best place again.

She slipped her palm over his belly, along his hip, and fondled his balls gently, then took him in her hand. He was as helplessly erect as he had been a few minutes before, when he had come in her hand for the first time.

"You don't have to," he said.

"I don't mind," she said.

In a moment he nodded. "Okay."

She smiled. The first time had opened a door for them; now they were stepping through it together. She was showing him now that it hadn't been a fluke, or a one-time-only sort of thing; she was proving to him that it could happen again and would happen, as often as he wanted it to; and, if he wanted it, there could be more.

"Take off your shirt," he murmured, lifting the hem. "Okay? I ... I wanna see your tits."

"They're not very big."

"I don't care. They're beautiful. They're perfect. Come on, Herm, take off your shirt. Let me see them."

"All right." She sat up beside him and lifted her tee away, feeling her still-budding, small breasts bouncing on her chest with the thrusts of her heart as she stripped for her brother, her ribs flexing visibly under skin as her torso writhed into nakedness. She tossed her hair free and dropped the shirt onto the floor next to his cum-crusted shorts, then took him in her hand again, massaging him as he openly admired the view. "Do you really like them?"

"Oh fuck yeah," he smiled, lying back fully on the couch beside her.

"Thanks." She thought her tits looked good, even if they were a little on the small side still; the aureolae

were pink against the lighter cream of her skin and her nipples were solid peaks. She shivered softly at the raw hunger in his eyes and leaned over his hips, imitating a porno she'd seen, letting her breasts slip around the shaft of his cock. Her brother gave a little moan of pure pleasure at the gentle friction of her skin on him and she began rocking softly above him, letting him tit-fuck her. His hands moved to her shoulders, caressing softly as she played with his sex, massaging the corona with one hand and fondling his balls with the other. The warm solid shaft of Joe's cock glided easily on her chest, and her nipples, sliding back and forth over his thighs, stiffened further, sending beautiful ripples through her body to center around her clit. She knew without having to look that her cunt was dripping.

It went on for quite a long time; she played with him, teasing him, learning from his breathing and shudders what he liked best; and she felt her brother's penis pulse and surge at her ministrations, felt it become a living thing all to itself as she massaged him and stroked him and toyed with him.

She moved over a little and straddled his shin, sliding her wet cunt up and down his leg, panting like a bitch in heat. He knew what she was doing and smiled at her, shifting his leg under her, helping her masturbate herself against him as she worked him over with her breasts.

He began rocking his hips gently, thrusting up with each regular downward stroke of her body; and she looked down between them to admire the view and watched the skin of his head tauten and begin to glisten; she watched the bead of fluid break from his meatus; and she felt his heart beat faster and faster, listened to his breathing quicken; and then he shuddered once, then again; and he moaned, softly, "Here it comes," and it did; she watched her brother come between her tits, watched his cock pump fiercely for a moment, and then a thick jet of his juice spattered on her cheek and she came too; she let out a groan at the flare of heat in her clit and humped herself against him fast and hard and came on his leg; and she kept on, kept working him, gasping and moaning with him as they let the pleasure fill the air around them, finishing him and herself as he shuddered beneath her gentle rhythmic touch and he glazed his belly and her chest with his cum. It was right under her nose, a lake of seed pooling in the arch of his ribcage, and the scent of his issue was rich and earthy.

She dipped her lips, and she drank of him as he watched, stunned and silent; and she came again as she took his semen from his skin into herself.

She knew now when to slow down and simply lay on him softly, caressing him a little, letting the final traces

of Joe's orgasm ripple through his body, watching the last ebb of his sauce slide out of his flesh.

She sat up, a pearly comma of her brother's cum on her chin, and looked into his face to smile at his dreamy eyes. "Thanks," he murmured. "It was even better that time."

"Really?" She glanced down at the hot moist glisten of her cunt, then at the streak of fluids she had left on his shin, the product of her first orgasm with any boy. It had *definitely* been better for her.

"Yeah," he said, tugging gently at her arm. She let herself be pulled down to lie beside him naked, skin to skin, her groin settling on his hip, the slick smear of his cum making her tits even more slippery. "It's *way* better with a girl," he whispered, his hand soft in her hair.

She smiled and nuzzled his armpit. "I said any time, bro," she whispered, "and I meant it."

He reached and stroked her cheek. "I got it on you again," he said, taking it away. He looked down at the shine on her breasts. "It's all over you."

"It happens, I guess," she shrugged, resting her face once more on his chest, gazing down at all the boy that lay in her hand, all the boy-juice that lay on his body. "It's just cum, Joe."

He sighed contentedly. "Yeah..."

"You weren't as full this time, were you?"

He chuckled. "Not like before."

She took her hand away from his half-flaccid penis and trailed her fingertips around in his cream, painting abstracts of it onto his skin, smearing more of it onto herself, capping her nipples with the glisten. "It's still a lot." She looked into his face once more. "Isn't it?"

"More than usual," he said. "You came too, didn't you?"

"Yeah. Twice."

"Was it good? I mean ... for you?"

"It was nice, Joe. It was *very* nice."

He slid his hand along her bare torso. "Good."

"Thanks for making me come too, this time."

"Oh, you bet." He studied her for a moment. "You ... you knew, didn't you?"

"About what?"

He blushed and shrugged.

“Yeah,” she said. “I knew. I knew you came in sometimes. I wasn’t really asleep.”

“I ... I wondered,” he said. “Sorry.”

She shook her head. “Don’t be. Don’t be. Never be sorry. If you hadn’t done that, we could never have done ... this.” She found his cock filling again in her hand. “Or what we’re about to do.”

He shuddered. “Jesus. You — you mean...”

“Yes,” she said, sitting up beside him, pulling him up beside her. “It’s time, Joe. Let’s make this the best Fourth we’ve ever had.” Her fingers were lacing into his hair. “I’m ready. If you are.”

He nodded rapidly, his cock stiff. He was. He was so very ready.

She smiled, leaning in toward him, and he sighed, his breath falling moist on her mouth, and their lips touched.

She kissed her brother, kissed Joe, kissed his smooth lips; she kissed her brother Joe.

She pulled back, studying his face, and he smiled softly, and she smiled too, and she leaned in and kissed him again; she opened her mouth a little and licked softly at his lips and he parted them and their tongues darted out, met, tasted; and his mouth tasted like her own because he was her brother; and she reached down between them and lifted her thighs and glazed the head of his heavy cock in the fluids of her slit. He let out a low, shuddering moan and kissed her harder, drawing her near; and she slid her groove along his shaft, lubricating him, preparing him; and he began massaging her breasts as she lifted up and put him into position, and she eased down, and she felt his plump head begin to slide into herself; but there was resistance, and then pressure, and then pain.

She gasped and eased off. His cock popped free, pointing upward between them both, the tip full and gleaming.

“You all right?” he whispered.

“Yeah,” she said. “Yeah.” And she kissed him again; and she lifted up and guided her brother’s penis toward her once more, partly into her, but again the pain came and she couldn’t, she just couldn’t. It was still too soon for this. It wasn’t *really* the Fourth, and she wasn’t ready; and she settled on him and held him as they caressed one another, kissing softly. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, nuzzling his ear. “It ... it hurts.”

“It’s okay,” he said, the shudders in his body betraying him. “Don’t ... don’t worry about it.”

She grunted in frustration and leaned back, looking down at the press of their hips together. She took his cock in her hand and pulled it toward herself, rubbing the tip in her fluids once more, and he pushed her hand away. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

“It’s gonna hurt no matter what,” she said. “It’s my first time.”

“Herm...” She looked up at the tone of his voice. “Herm, forget it. It’s just ... it’s too soon. I know. Forget it.” He pulled her to himself and kissed her again. “It’s okay. Really.”

But he was still shaking, and so was she; and she needed to do something.

She rocked her hips forward a little, sliding her open pussy over his shaft, and he gasped.

She leaned back a little to look at him. He swallowed hard, and she slid her open cunt along his cock again, and he blinked rapidly, taking an unsteady breath.

She reached down and put her hand flat on the top of his shaft, pushing him against herself, and rocked her body on him again; and he clutched at her hips. “*Fuck*,” he hissed.

“Almost,” she said.

She pulled his head against her arch, stroked the warm tip on her clit, and smiled at him, masturbating herself with his penis, masturbating him with her labia.

She leaned in for another kiss and he gave it up willingly, and when they parted they both looked down to watch, to see, as his bare cock glistened with her fluids and her pink pussy slid and stroked on his flesh.

“Now,” she whispered. “*Now, Joe. Right now.*”

His eyes found hers. He nodded.

Her inner labia moved just like lips on him, and she worked his head in a slow circle around her arch, kissing his cock with her pussy; and she rocked above him, stroking along him slowly, then rapidly, then slowing again to let his head slide a little into herself once more until she felt the pressure; and she eased off, then pushed again, then whimpered *now* and didn’t stop, and the pressure built and then it was ... *gone*, and as she felt his body tense she said *yes* and rolled him around in her vestibule, then began to let him fully inside, and as he gasped in her ear she took him entirely into herself, her brother sliding rigid within her warm, smooth channel, and his hands fell to her hips and they were fucking, *they were fucking*, and she began rocking above

him, leaning back, smiling at him as he at last, at last had her, and he leaned in to suck her cummy nipples and she pulled his face against her chest, her breath quickening as she moved closer and closer to her first cum having real sex, and he leaned back and stared at her in rapture and she kissed him, fucking him, and she felt his cock surge suddenly and he gasped; and it bucked and jumped in her body, in her cunt; and the head rammed deep into her and she felt a surge of warmth spurt from him, felt as it squirted out around his ridge, and she thrust him in and out quickly on her clit, coming herself as Joe's heavy cream coated their joined sex organs in a frothy, bubbling torrent.

He shuddered as he came in her pussy, giving up his virginity inside her as she lost hers with him, and as the last of his eruption ended she slid herself along him, stroking him to his root with her wet, cummy cunt; and she fell against him, panting as he shuddered, thrusting to the finish of her own orgasm on her brother's erect flesh.

She relaxed, breathing fast, and felt him hold her near, as near as they had ever been before, and she kissed his ear and nuzzled his throat she knew that, for the moment at least, it was enough.

She leaned back and smiled at him, his penis still inside her. "Come on, bro," she whispered. "Let's go to bed. We've got a lot to do before morning." She kissed him. "And a whole extra week to do it."

He smiled.

Joe lay beside her face to face, staring at her, his eyes wide and glistening. "Thank you," he murmured.

She stretched and slipped her body against his, feeling the three loads of his semen shift and settle within her. She kissed his lips and stroked his face. "Thank you, bro. It was great. Every time."

"Really? Even the ... I mean, the first time, it was over so fast."

"But you lasted a lot longer the other two," she said. "And it was all great. It was everything I ever hoped it would be. And so much more."

"Yeah," he said. "Me too. Herm?"

"Yeah?"

"Why ... well, why did you do it?"

"Because I ... I wanted to, Joe. I never did it before and I wanted to see what it was like. I wanted to find out.

And I ... I wanted to do something nice for you. Especially after today. It was just so nice being with you today.

And I wanted to ... show you how much I appreciate it. How much I really love you.”

“I love you too,” he sighed. “I never felt like this before. I never felt so good.”

“Me too.” She pecked his nose and they smiled, embracing, forehead to forehead. “Besides, well, what’s the big deal? I mean you crank it with the others all the time.”

“Well, yeah, but that’s just it. It’s like, you know, just hands. Not ... not sex. I mean, we ... we do it to each other. It’s all give and take; it’s not just take only, no give.”

“You gave, Joe,” she said. “You gave a lot. God, you made me come so hard.”

He beamed. “Really?”

“Jesus, yes. Your ears must still be ringing from all the screams.”

“Huh? What?”

They laughed, snuggling, brother and sister naked together and no longer afraid.

“Everything’s different now,” he said. “Isn’t it.”

“Yes,” she said. “And no.”

He nodded solemnly, and they held one another for a time before he spoke again.

“And ... so anyway, with the others we’re, you know, we’re all guys, and so, like, even when we’re playing the game, we ... we all kinda want the same thing at the same time. But I didn’t know if you...”

“I did,” she whispered. “I’ve wanted to for months now.”

“Me too. God, Herm, me too.”

She smiled, snuggling nearer, feeling his arms tighten around her waist. “What’s *the game*?”

He tensed a little. “Uh...”

“Okay. Never mind. Some kind of boy thing, I guess.”

“Y-yeah.”

“Well ... whatever. Did I do it right?”

“It was *perfect*, Herm. It was just perfect. And it’s a *lot* better with a girl than ... well...”

“Even your little sister, who sprays you with a hose?”

“I think I sprayed you a little with my hose, sis,” he said, and they laughed. “And you’re not little.

Remember?”

“Neither are you,” she said, tugging playfully at his cock. “You’re a *very* big boy.”

He chuckled, delighted at her willingness to touch him so freely now. “Yeah, well, we’re all like this. It must run in the family.”

“It must,” she agreed. He was right; all her brothers were large, bigger than any of their friends; she’d seen enough of boys turned on in their briefs to know that much, at least. Joe was enormous and still had some growing to do but Tommy was only an inch or so behind him; and Billy had recently begun to enlarge noticeably as well, pushing six now without even trying. Even Todd, who was only nine years old, already sported a respectable four inches when he was fully erect, both longer and thicker than any other kid his age.

Joe settled back, reclining fully on the mattress, and she cuddled up alongside him. He yawned, stretching, and she watched his muscles move and flex. Shiny patches, streaks of dried cum, shone on his belly and chest, and she slipped her arm around his waist.

“You’re a girl,” he murmured. “And we fucked. You’re the first girl I ever had sex with. That’s why it’s a big deal.”

“And girls don’t play *the game*?”

“Not ... no,” he said.

“Well, it doesn’t have to be a big deal,” she whispered. “We’ll just play our own games from now on, all right?”

“Okay,” he said. “Yeah. Okay. I — I love you, Herm.”

“I love you too, Joe.”

She listened to him breathe deeply, watched him smile. Her brother. Her brother Joe. The pain-in-the-ass too-horny boy she loved so much, so much.

She put her head on his chest, nestling to his warm bare body, her brother and her first lover.

It had gone far better than she’d hoped it might; the line had been crossed silently. She hadn’t had to talk him into it, there had been no lengthy conversation or negotiation, and there had been no scenes of anguish or guilt when it was done. She had simply unzipped his shorts, took out his cock and jacked him off until he came, and then they had done more, so much more, and now they were going to sleep together in her bed.



She held him for a while as he lay there naked beside her, watched his penis soften slowly, watched him fall asleep, and then she pillowed her head on his arm with a happy little sigh and slipped away herself.

===== **end chapter** =====

The next chapter will return to Terri's world of today and to her first-person voice, and we'll find out what her reaction is to everything she's just learned. Is she freaked out? Is she okay with it?

Is she turned on?

And we'll learn something about Hermione's son Ricky that has been hinted at throughout the story.

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Skip this part if you want; I'm going to talk about dialogue here, as well as editing.

Dialogue is pretty hard to not make stilted. While it's fun (sometimes so much fun it hurts, wink wink) to imagine and write hot steamy sex scenes, it's helpful to let the characters actually, you know, *converse* and shit from time to time, which means writing dialogue.

For me the way has always been to imagine what real people might actually say to one another while things are going on, so instead of having Joe say, "God, sis, you're really hot," I don't even have him say anything: His body speaks for him, as with the scene where his briefs pop down to expose his hardon and precum.

Similarly I don't have Hermione say, "Let's fuck now, brother"; instead she says, "If you hadn't done that, we could never have done ... this. Or what we're about to do." Remember, incest is a taboo, and it's pretty much almost never — except in bad porn — that you get two people saying things like, "I really want you to fuck me

now, Mom” or “I never sucked a dick before, brother. Can I try yours?” What would *you* say in that kind of situation? (Apart from, “Holy shit, I can’t believe this is really fucking happening.”)

Figuring out how real people talk while forbidden things are in the air takes some practice and maybe a bit of an “ear”. The payoff, of course, is the realism of the scene when you’re done with it. I think it’s worth the effort to play out the words in my mind until they sound just about right.

As for editing — this chapter was originally three more chapters that I collapsed into one single part because, much as I liked the teasing and build-up, the story was just dragging. That’s the hard part of writing objectively; sometimes you have to strike off some parts of the narrative — even some you like a lot — to keep the story going. Self-editing is hard to do, in more than one way.

I still have the elided chapters. If you’d like to read what I cut out, drop me a line and I’ll send it. Think of it as the “deleted scenes” part of the “special” menu on the DVD.

I might be late a week or two on the next chapter, mostly because I’m still in stall recovery and have to refit some of the story. I’ll kick the next part out as soon as it’s finished. Meanwhile, thanks for reading, and hang in there. There’s much yet to see, and I think most of it will be pretty goddamn hot.