

Bullied to Buff



Jason Crow

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By

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Chapter 1

"Is it getting better, or do you feel the same?" my sister Kaylee asked.

I just came home from school where the usual group of about five boys picked on me. One of them had thrown my backpack at me, after throwing my books on the ground of course, and hit me on my head. They let me alone after that, and I walked home. Alone. So here I was... A scrawny boy, turned fourteen two days ago, being nursed by his baby sister.

I felt my tears welling up in my eyes and did everything in my power to prevent myself from crying in front of her. The bump on my head and the likely black eye weren't that bad, but being bullied all the time was getting the better of me right now.

"It's getting better. Thanks..." I said glumly.

My sister came home a few minutes after me and immediately saw it had happened again. She took the icepack and put it against the bump on my head. In the meantime, she wiped the dirt out of my eye with a wet cloth.

"You should talk to someone about this, Wyatt," she said to me.

"Pfff... Who should I talk to? Mister Hoffs? Yeah right. He'll just say again that I should stand up for myself."

"How about mom?"

"I don't want to make things more complicated for her! She's got enough problems of her own"

"Then you must talk to grandpa about it!" She sternly said to me.

"I'll think about it..." I trailed off, wanting to let it rest for now.

We both sat in silence for a few minutes lost in our thoughts. I honestly

didn't know what to do about the bullying anymore. Yesterday there was another school shooting in the news, but to me, that wasn't an option. Although, admittedly, it briefly crossed my mind and I was ashamed of that thought.

The boys that were picking on me called me a freak. It started after our first gym class together at this school. I'm a skinny kid. That's a fact. And I have the biggest dick in our class, which became clear that first time we showered together. Up until then I never thought of my dick as big, but I quickly learned that 5 inches soft is big for a thirteen-year-old. This was emphasized by my tiny frame. But I didn't ask for it. Heck! I don't want it... I just want to be normal, but from that day on I was a freak. Not 'horse', 'snake' or 'meat'... Nope... They decided it was 'Freak'.

Of course, the thought of them being just jealous crossed my mind. But I just couldn't wrap my head around the whole problem so I was pretty quick to discount the thought. It just wasn't fair being picked on this much. Not after all we've been through already.

"I'll start doing the laundry," Kaylee said and snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Okay. I'll go vacuum and clean up the kitchen. But I've also got some homework I need to take care of."

"Me too. I'll do it after the laundry. Shall we make dinner together?" Kaylee asked.

"Sure. Good idea! I'm planning to make some lasagna. You can cut the vegetables if you want."

"Okay. Oh. And I might need some help with my math homework. Can you help me with that after dinner?"

"Of course Kaylee. Just let me know what you need and we'll look into it."

“Thanks, Wyatt! You’re the best brother in the whole world!”

Kaylee gave me a big hug and we each went our way to do our chores. Kaylee went to the basement of our two-story home and I took the vacuum cleaner to clean the first floor. Our house was nothing special, but considering our past it was awesome. My mom told me all about it a few months ago...

Chapter 2

I was born almost exactly fourteen years ago. My mom and dad lived in a nice house in the suburbs back then and I was born “out of their love” as my mom always said to me. After I was born, my dad found it difficult to cope with the situation of being a young dad. Most of the time women get a Post Natal depression, but apparently so did our dad; he started drinking. Looking back, according to my mom, that is where the misery started.

Pretty soon after I was born, my mom was pregnant again. She'll never admit it was an accident, but I guess that it was. During mom's second pregnancy, my dad lost his job and we had to move out of our home and into a small, two-bedroom apartment downtown. My mom found it difficult to deal with, and our dad drank even more. Well, eventually my little sister was born and that's when everything went to shit even more.

My dad started doing drugs right after Kaylee was born. I don't know what kind of drugs and frankly I don't care. It did involve needles, and that's all I know about it. This meant my mom had to raise us by herself and as the money grew tighter, so did my mom's mental health. She didn't tell me when it started, but eventually, she started doing the drugs together with my dad.

By this time, I was five and Kaylee was four years old. I heard some stories from my grandparents about the apartment being filthy and Kaylee and me being dirty and very underweight. To hear the stories, our parents were into drugs pretty bad. My mom was selling her body to get the money for their stuff. Our apartment had become some sort of brothel where the guys came to. Sometimes four or five guys a day! And my dad only encouraged it, because this way there was money for his shot. Luckily I don't remember anything from these days, but my mom assured me it wasn't pretty.

This went on for almost two years before my grandparents took us away from them. They fed and raised us like their own children. When they took

us in, they also found out that my dad had molested Kaylee. There is no proof of him molesting her sexually, but the physical abuse was obvious when we went to our grandparents. She had all sorts of round marks on her back and one on her shoulder. These later proved to be cigarette burns. My dad had put his cigarettes out on the back of his daughter. We both had a few bruises, but they still don't know where these were from. Perhaps he hit us too, but we both have no recollection of that.

The moment our grandparents found out about my sister's burns, they went to a hospital to check her out. The doctors said she had a neglected broken upper arm too. This fracture had grown together at the time and it couldn't be fixed properly, but Kaylee must've had a lot of pain from that fracture and no one cared.

For my mom, losing her kids was a major wake-up call. And my grandparents going to the hospital with Kaylee also triggered the child protection services. Luckily for my mom, some things came together at that time. She met a really kind social worker when she was looking for dope and she helped my mom to get into a rehab clinic. This was when she went to detox. Most of the time people don't succeed the first time. But my mom did! She was determined to get back on track and to raise us properly. She detoxed cold turkey which can be dangerous, but she wanted it that way. It took her almost six months in total, but she came out like a new woman.

Due to some stupid administrative mistake, the child protection agency assigned temporary custody over Kaylee to our grandparents, but I was moved into a group home full of foster kids. Being eight, almost nine, I remember this part quite clearly. I absolutely hated it there! I had no privacy, the so-called caretakers were way too strict and the food was awful! Thank god I only had to live there for six months, before the error was corrected and I could move back in with my grandparents. My grandparents were furious about the fact that I wasn't immediately put into their custody. They hired a nice attorney to help them and he barely charged them for his services. Thanks to him, everything was handled fairly quickly. I didn't agree with six months being quick back then though, but

apparently, this kind of stuff usually took fourteen to eighteen months to correct.

When my mom was clean, she came to live with us and her parents. Our dad was completely out of the picture by now. We were evicted from the apartment we had lived in, and we didn't have a clue where our dad was. Probably on the streets somewhere. By that time my mom found out about all of the abuse our dad had done to my sister, and she was devastated! My grandfather later told me that my mom was close to relapsing. It took my mom several therapy sessions that my grandparents paid for to help her cope with the situation. But, true to her word, she stayed strong and clean and took care of us from the moment she came from rehab.

My mom did have to work things out with CPS though. After a long struggle with them, she gained full custody over us. My grandparents aren't wealthy or anything, but they helped her out. And that taught me a valuable life lesson. Despite her mistakes, they helped my mom out and gave her a second chance. I now firmly believe everyone deserves a second chance! And because of my grandparents, custody was awarded to my mom. I clearly remember the five of us celebrating.

After a few years of working mostly two jobs, mom found herself a nice two-story home in a reasonably nice neighborhood. It wasn't the suburbs, but it wasn't the ghetto either. Two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. One bedroom, the small living room, and a kitchen downstairs. Downstairs, in the basement, boxes full of junk littered the filthy concrete floor. The brick walls were painted sometime long ago, but the paint was falling off at a lot of places. It had a few small windows at the top. These windows were so dirty, you could only see if it was night or day. It looked awful. The only reason I usually went down there was to do laundry or grab cleaning supplies.

But the three of us, with a little help from our grandfather, fixed this house up all by ourselves. I've never seen my mother more proud than when we were decorating our new home.

All this misery also brought the three of us close together in a weird way. Since we moved in, I felt like I belonged to a team that can't be broken or separated. I love my sister with all my heart. And, despite the mistakes my mom made, she crawled back up and gave my sister and me a home. Not just a house, but an actual home. I know Kaylee doesn't blame my mom for what happened to her and neither do I. But I know my mom still isn't completely over it and probably never will.

And as fate would have it, exactly one month after we moved in, the police came knocking. I opened the door and was scared shitless. "Not again!" I thought.

"Good afternoon. Is your mother home?" one of them asked.

I called my mom and she turned white as a sheet the moment she saw the cops. She sent me to my room and ordered me to take Kaylee with me. Kaylee and I didn't talk to each other. We just sat there, afraid of what was coming. About half an hour later, my mom came into my room. I wasn't expecting this, but she looked relieved.

"What was that?" I asked

"I don't know how to say this, so I'll just...." And she paused. "Your father was found yesterday. He's dead."

"Oh.." Kaylee and simultaneously said.

"Yeah. He OD'd and they found him somewhere under a bridge. Literally." And I could see the burden lift from my mom's shoulders.

It took a moment for this to sink in. My mom just sat there looking at us, and Kaylee started to cry. The poor thing. She didn't know what or how to feel about this.

"So now what?" I asked my mom.

“Now nothing.” She calmly said. “He’s dead and honestly I’m glad. He gave me the two nicest people I know, and I’ll always be grateful for that. But the things he did to us are unforgivable. So the county will take care of his body, and I don’t want a funeral. He doesn’t deserve that.” That’s when her tears came.

The three of us cried together for a few minutes. Of course, it was a sad thing. But I agreed with my mom. He did absolutely nothing during his life to deserve a memorial of any kind. His parents died a long time ago. Even my mom never met them, so we didn’t need to take them into account either. This was it. My dad was gone. We hugged each other, cried a bit more. That’s all we did when my dad died.

Chapter 3

So here we were. Helping out our mom, who sometimes still worked a double shift but was making progress with her career. Two years ago she was hired as an account manager to sell garden equipment to DIY shops. At first, it was telesales, but she quickly made a name for herself and was sent on the road. A few times a month she'd be away for a maximum of two nights in a row, which meant Kaylee and I had to take care of ourselves. We didn't mind that one bit. After all we've been through, Kaylee and I got along really well. Helping out our mom this way, also meant our lives would progressively get better. A good thing coming from the hard work our mom did, was that we had some money now. Our mom almost paid off all her debts and maybe in a year or so, we'd be moving to a bigger home closer to our grandparents. So yeah. We were happy with the situation, even if it meant being alone a lot and managing the household.

While cleaning and doing my homework, I couldn't concentrate and my mind constantly drifted off to how to solve the bullying. The moment I put the sauce in the dish, I had an epiphany! I couldn't make my dick smaller, that one was easy. But I could make my body bigger... This was it! I needed to buff up... I played with the thought in my head during dinner. I needed equipment, that was obvious. But if I remembered correctly, our grandpa had some in his attic. And I needed a place to work out. But with some elbow grease, I could turn the basement into a workout place. And I needed to watch my diet. I heard something about protein and stuff, so I needed to look into that.

"Are you okay Wyatt? You don't seem to be listening to me," I heard Kaylee say, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Huh? Sorry, Sis. But I think maybe I found a solution."

"Really? What you wanna do?" she asked.

"Well... I'm going to start working out. I want to get a lot wider, and that'll probably stop 'em."

“Oh...” she trailed off. “Maybe that’ll work. I guess,” and she went quiet.

“What is it?”

“When you start working out, I won’t see you that much anymore. You’ll be in the gym after school, and we can’t cook together, and I’ll have to do all the cleaning by myself, and you won’t help me with my homework anymore and...” she blabbered on

“Whoa! Stop.” I laughed. “I’m planning on turning our basement into my private gym.”

“Oh...” and a smile spread across her face. “So you’ll stay at home? And we’ll still cook together and stuff?”

“Yeah! We will. You don’t think I want to change that, do you?”

“Well, if you put it that way... It’s a great idea, Wyatt! But how are you planning to pay for the equipment? That stuff is quite expensive, I heard.”

“Grandpa has a lot of the stuff in his attic. He’ll probably let me lent that stuff. I just have to ask him.”

“And the basement? It’s messy down there...”

“I guess I can clean it out this weekend. I don’t think mom will have a problem with that, but I’ll text her and ask if it’s okay.” And as I said it, I took my phone out of my pocket.

“Do you think there’s also room for the punching bags grandpa has?”

“Ehhh... I guess. Why?” I asked without looking up from my phone.

“Well... I want to get a bit more in shape too, and I want to be able to defend myself. And when we work out together, I think we can help each

other stay motivated and stuff.”

I looked up from my phone and saw Kaylee blush. I hadn’t thought of that, but doing stuff together was a great idea. Not just for motivation, but also to have someone to talk to. And this way Kaylee could be my buddy at the bench press.

“I think that this is a great idea, Sis! If mom is okay with it, we can create our own little gym in the basement and be more fit together! I like it a lot!” That last part I said with my Jim Carrey / Dumb and Dumber impression my sister likes so much, and she started laughing.

That moment my phone buzzed, and mom had replied already. I read the text and she responded that she was okay with it. She even said she liked it. We just needed to clean out the basement ourselves, and the washer and dryer needed to stay accessible. Those were all the conditions she had.

“Well,” I said to Kaylee. “Mom is okay with it, so now I’ll just have to ask grandpa and maybe next week we’ll be working out together.”

“Great,” Kaylee cheerfully replied.

“And if it doesn’t stop the bullying, at least I’ll look good and we most likely had some fun together”

“Haha! True! We do need to document our progress, Wyatt. I saw some videos and pictures online from people doing the same. That way, you can see how much progress you’ve made.”

“Good idea. We can use our phones for that. We’ll just have to free up a corner in the room to make these pics and videos”.

Kaylee got up from her chair and hugged me. I could feel she was happy for me that I found some solution and started working on the problem. I felt glad that she supported me and wanted to help me with it.

“I like it a lot,” she said and tried to mimic my impression. Poorly...

Chapter 4

That next Saturday we worked hard to get our basement cleaned up. My grandfather offered to help me with the junk that needed to be thrown away. So we threw everything we didn't need any more into his pick-up truck, and he knew a guy, who knew a guy to get rid of this stuff. It was late in the afternoon when Kaylee and I checked out our hard work. Without all the stuff there, the basement was way bigger than I ever imagined. Our grandfather joined us and praised us for our hard work.

"Thanks, grandpa! I'm going to paint all the walls white. On that wall, I'll make a rack to store all the weights, and that wall will be made of only mirrors so we can watch what we do. And on the ceiling, I'll make..."

"Whoa kiddo! How are you going to pay for all that? Those mirrors are expensive. And that storage rack you talk about, can't be made out of match sticks..."

"Oh...." I said a bit disappointed, knowing he was right.

"Tell you what.. I've got some leftover wall paint and some brushed you can use. I think it's enough to paint this room. And I know a friend of mine has a large piece of linoleum. With that on the floor, you can turn it into a real room. After all this is finished, we'll look into the rest, okay?"

"Okay. You're right. Thanks for helping us out!" And I gave him a tight hug.

The next weekend Kaylee and I were painting the walls and it was turning out great. We were both wearing a t-shirt and shorts. Both with a lot of paint stains on them. The paint increased the humidity in the basement considerably so we were both sweating a lot.

"Damn! It sure is hot in here," I puffed.

"Yeah. This might become a problem when we're both sweating down here," Kaylee answered.

I looked at her and realized she was right. I never thought about this. I walked over to the opposite wall and opened the small window to let in as much fresh air as possible, although this wouldn't be much considering the small window.

"Do you mind if I take off my shirt?" I asked, already knowing what the answer was.

"Go ahead. I'll probably see you shirtless plenty of times down here," she smiled.

"I guess so too. Too bad grandpa wouldn't help us build a shower in here..."

"Ah well. No problem. We can shower upstairs." Kaylee answered while her eyes went to my chest.

"You don't look THAT bad..." she said to me with a faint glow in her eyes. "Sure, you can gain some more muscles, but the definition is there already."

"You really think so?" I asked insecurely.

"Yeah. I do." And she continued painting.

I started painting again too. and before we knew it, the basement was done. It was turning out great! Tomorrow our grandpa would be coming over with the equipment and the linoleum. He offered to place the linoleum with us, so by the end of tomorrow, we would have our own gym.

"We're really dirty now, you know?" Kaylee laughed. "Especially you. You're practically covered in paint!"

"I know. I'll go shower first," I said.

"No way! I'm going first!" Kaylee laughed and started running upstairs with

me hard on her heels.

While she was running upstairs, she was taking off her shirt and threw it at me to bring me off balance. Her shirt hit me in the face and I couldn't see anything for a few moments. This gave her enough time to reach the top of the stairs first. That meant it was a lost cause for me. Despite that, I didn't want to lose and ran after her, trying to catch up. But she was too fast and reached the bathroom first. As she ran in front of me without her shirt, I saw she was wearing a little black bra... Wait... What? Does my little sister need a bra?

I stopped dead in my tracks as this fact hit me like a ton of bricks. I never thought of my little sister as a girl or woman. She was my sister. Nothing more, nothing less. And now she was becoming a woman. The bathroom door slammed shut after her, and as always, she didn't lock the door. A microsecond, the thought of going in there and take a quick peek at her flew through my head. It was barely there, but undeniably present.

Of course, I immediately dismissed it and dropped her shirt in the laundry basket, along with my t-shirt and shorts. Dressed in my boxers, I went to my room to process what I just saw. After Kaylee finished, I went in and took my shower. The rest of the evening was uneventful, and I pushed the thoughts of my semi-nude sister to the background.

Chapter 5

The next morning we were off to an early start. Our grandfather picked us up, and we helped him haul the equipment down from the attic and into the pick-up truck. After we finished with that I helped him place the linoleum on the floor. Lastly, we moved the fitness equipment into the basement and placed everything in one corner. Kaylee and I were planning to place it in the right spot later, so we could decide on the best possible layout together. Our mom had cooked us a great dinner, which we ate together as a big family dinner. Grandma had joined too, and it felt like we were finally a normal family.

During all the hard work, I couldn't stop checking out my little sister. She was wearing a loose-fitting t-shirt, and I couldn't quite see if she really had developed some breasts. At one point, we were both leaned over and put something down on the floor. Her T-shirt hung a bit low at her neck. But I still couldn't see inside her shirt enough to check for boobs. I was torn between two thoughts, however. For one, she was my sister and needed my protection. So I needed to stop being such a perv. But second, I was a healthy boy with a lot of interest in girls lately and breasts in particular. So I wanted a peek. This mental conflict was making my brain hurt.

After dinner, Kaylee and I offered to do the dishes, which was much appreciated by our mom and granddad. We sincerely thanked him for all the help when he went home. Kaylee and I had planned to place the equipment after dinner, but it was becoming late already, and we were both tired from the hard work during the day, so we decided to do this tomorrow after school. Our mom thought it was okay, but only as long as we did our homework first. Although she said she would be gone the next day and Kaylee and I would be alone for the night, she also said that mothers know when their kids are disobedient. We smiled at that and assured her not to worry. She laughed too, and she hugged us both, commenting on how proud she was of us.

The next day, after we came home from school, we both rushed to do our homework and our chores. We both finished around the same time, and

we went downstairs. We stood there looking at our newly created gym, not quite knowing where to start. At that moment Kaylee opened her notebook and showed it to me.

"I made a little sketch on how we maybe could set up everything," she timidly said.

I looked at the drawing and couldn't find anything out of place on it. Heck! I immediately liked it.

"I've searched online a lot on how to do this right...." She said, waiting for my answer.

"Wow, Kaylee! You've done a great job!" and smiled at her. "This a great setup, so let's get started!"

"Really? Great. But what if we don't like it?"

"Well... No big deal. We'll just move it again" I said, walking toward the bench press.

We moved all the equipment in the right place together. As I was drilling some holes in the wall and ceiling for my pull up bar and Kaylee's punching bags, she went upstairs. I was screwing in the last screws when she came down with a few tubes.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I went to a few stores and asked for some posters to put up here.."

"Oh... Great idea!" I said enthusiastically.

I was done with the pull-up bar and walked over so we could check out the posters. We both picked our favorites. I had one with a boy about fifteen years old, shirtless and in spandex shorts, pulling himself up. This was the body I was aiming for! I hoped by putting it up, it would motivate me to go

on. Kaylee's was almost the same, but with a girl. The girl was about sixteen I guessed, punching on a bag, also in spandex shorts and a spandex crop top. I thought she was hot. Especially her six-pack.

The other posters were just decoration, except an old Queen poster with the typical Bohemian Rhapsody pose of the four band-members at the start of the video. I'm a huge Queen fan and was looking for this kind of poster for a long time. And now Kaylee had got it for me. Around six 'o clock, we were done and went upstairs to fix and eat dinner. As we sat down at the table across each other, we were both super hyped, and all we could talk about was the stuff we did and were going to do.

"I also did a lot of research on what to eat and what not to eat," Kaylee said.

"I did a little research too. What do you think we should do?"

During the rest of the dinner, we made our plans for our diet for the next year or so. We agreed it was easier for both of us if we ate mostly the same things. Me eating more calories, of course. During the dishes, Kaylee brought up the subject of documenting again.

"I think we should start with a baseline and measure everything about once every two weeks, maybe once a month. What do you think?" she said, looking at me with a bit of anticipation in her eyes.

"Okay. I guess... Didn't think of it too much. But I guess you're right. That way we can keep detailed track of our results. What do you want to measure?"

"I also looked up the relevant stuff to measure..." she started.

"When did you do all this?" I asked surprised.

"I did it at school. I had a lot of gaps in my schedule because I'm ahead in my class. So I used that time to go to the library and search."

"I see... You're sure you didn't skip classes?" I asked sternly.

"NO! I swear!" she immediately responded.

"Okay, okay. Relax! I'm just messing with you," I smiled. "So what do we measure each time?"

"Well... She started. Weight, of course, height, bicep girth, neck size, thigh girth, calve size, waist, chest size..."

In the back of my mind, I saw myself measuring her bra covered chest. I felt a little stir in my pants and quickly snapped out of it.

"And we need to take pictures of these body parts and put them on our computer so we can compare our development even more properly. And of course a video from top to toe, front and back."

"That's a lot," I sighed. "But I guess you're right. It'll be worth it in the long run."

"I think so too. Shall we start with that? We can use that one corner we kept clear for the measuring and pictures. That way the pictures always look the same."

"Okay. Let's go downstairs" I said, cleaning up the last part of the dishes and sink.

When I came downstairs, I turned on the lights in the basement and clicked on the spotlight in the corner. Kaylee took out her notebook and her telephone. She'd also taken a tape measure to measure us.

"Who's first?" I asked.

"I don't care." She said. "We both need to do it."

“Okay then. I’ll go first” I offered and stood on the scale.

“Ehhh... Wyatt?”

“What?” I asked a bit annoyed.

“Don’t you think it would be more accurate if we do this in our underwear? That way, the weight isn’t dependent on the clothes you wear. And measuring the biceps, upper leg, and stuff will be a lot easier,” Kaylee said while blushing a bit.

I knew it had taken her a bit of courage to bring it up and I also knew she was right. So I didn’t argue with her on this part. And besides, I was wearing plain black boxer briefs that didn’t really show my junk, so that wasn’t an issue either.

“Okay... You’re right.” I said, stepped down, and started taking off my t-shirt.

“It’s not like I’ve never seen you in your underwear before...” Kaylee trailed off.

“I know it isn’t. But we were a lot younger then.”

“Well. It’s no big deal. We’re brother and sister. It’s not like we’re doing it naked. Is it? Although... That would be even more accurate,” she laughed.

“Yeah... Whatever...” I said, kicking off my shoes and dropping my pants.

Kaylee opened her notebook. I could see she had already created a template where we could write down all the data. She started with the date and time.

“Okay. Here we go. Hair color: Black. Eyes: brown.” She started

“What does that has anything to do with it?” I asked while taking off my

socks.

“Nothing.” She giggled. “But I found this template online and thought it was funny to write this down too.”

I stood there in my underwear, facing my little sister. She tried not to look at me too much. I could see that, but she wasn’t doing that good of a job. I felt a little exposed this way, so I stepped back on the scale. Kaylee stood next to me and looked at the scale.

“Let’s see... Weight is 114.6 pounds” she said, writing it down in her notebook.

“Now your height. Stand against the wall with your back and your heels against the wall”

I did just that. The wall was cold and I felt my nipples harden. I also saw my sister quickly checking out the bulge in my boxers. It may have been my imagination. I wasn’t sure, but as there was no way for me to hide anything standing this way and I couldn’t blame her. I was probably going to check her out when she was in just her underwear. Nothing wrong with a bit of curiosity, right?

Kaylee used her pencil to put a tiny line on the wall, just above my head. We didn’t have fancy measuring equipment, of course, but this would work too. I stepped forward and Kaylee took her tape measure. She put one end against the little line and let the tape measure roll down.

“That’s five foot three..” and she scribbled that down.

Next, she took the tape measure and measured my neck, biceps, and calves. I put my arms in the air so she could measure my chest. She needed to put her cheek against my chest, so her arms could reach around me. It was a bit weird being measured like this, but I managed.

“Alright. Neck: thirteen point two, biceps: ten point one, calves: eleven

point nine and your chest is thirty-one point five. Just your waist, hip, and thigh left.” She said and looked me in my eyes.

I could see something in her eyes that I couldn’t quite place. But Kaylee went on and put her cheek against my chest again and measured my waist.

“Thirty point one,” she said for me to remember.

Then she moved the tape measure lower, so it was over my boxers. A bit below the waistband and almost touching my dick. This was getting embarrassing because I felt her being so close to my junk with her face and was starting to chub up. I quickly began thinking of ice cubes in a frozen, white tundra with me on my bare feet above it. It helped, but not by much.

“Thirty-two point three,” she said and looked up at me a bit blushed.

She stood back up to write these numbers down but was still blushing. In the meantime, my boner problem was deflected. Thank god. It would be too embarrassing to bone up in front of my little sister...

“Ehh... Wyatt?”

“What?” I asked apprehensively.

“Can you pull up the leg of your boxers, so I can measure your thigh?”

Still blushing, she avoided my eyes. This was awkward for both of us, which was clear by now. I needed to think of a way to lighten the mood.

“Well. The first time is weird. We’ll get used to this, don’t you think?”

“I’m so glad you say that!” Kaylee said, obviously relieved. “This IS a bit weird, isn’t it?”

“A bit. Yeah,” I laughed but pulled up the leg of my boxers.

I pulled it up so my thigh was exposed. I didn't know if it was leaving a part of my sack exposed. But I didn't want to look down, because that would emphasize the weirdness of this all too much.

Kaylee squatted in front of me and put the tape measure around my left leg. She was at eye level with my dick now, and this realization caused the blood to rush to my face. I guess I was blushing... She moved the tape measure up to put it in the right place. But doing so, her right hand brushed my sack through my boxers.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to do that!" Kaylee immediately said.

"It's okay. Don't worry!" But this light touch caused my boner to go almost full mast in under two seconds.

Luckily it was pointed to my right, so it wouldn't peek out of the leg I was holding, and my boxers were tight enough with me holding them so it wouldn't spring up and peek above the waistband. Kaylee couldn't have missed my boner, but she acted like she didn't see it. I was so glad she did this, as it was already awkward enough.

"Eighteen point two," She said, quickly standing up.

As Kaylee reached for her notebook, I quickly turned around and put on my shorts, so my boner would mostly be hidden from view.

"Do you need a moment before we take the pictures and make the video?" I heard Kaylee ask behind me. I cringed at that comment, meaning she had obviously seen my boner. But I didn't want to chicken out now.

"No. We can take 'em now if you want." And I slid my shorts back down again.

"Great. We'll start with the pictures first." She said while fiddling with her phone.

I took my position against the wall again and Kaylee started taking pictures of my upper body and closeups of my neck, biceps, and chest. Next, she went down to take pictures of my belly. Luckily the situation was awkward enough for my boner to go down a bit, so it wasn't that pronounced anymore. I hoped.

"Lift the leg of your boxers again please." And a few moments later "The other one"

And that meant she was done being close to my crotch. Thank god she moved down to my calves.

"Do you mind if I take pictures of your V-line too?"

"What's a V-line?"

I honest to god didn't know what a V-line was. But as she mentioned it this timidly, it probably wouldn't be too good for me.

"Well..." she started, "Technically it is the lower abdominal muscles. It's the muscle that roughly goes from your hip to your.... penis" and she blushed again.

"Damn! Do I need to show you my penis!?!?" I asked in disbelief.

"No no! Just pull the front of your underwear down to just above your penis. That shows enough of your body to show the V-line correctly."

I needed to digest all this. I was practically naked and almost boned-up in front of my sister. And this clearly wasn't enough yet. But I also wanted this to work out and Kaylee obviously had done her homework and apparently, this was needed.

"Okay. I guess." I said, not too enthusiastically.

I pulled down the front of my boxers to the base of my dick. The base was

probably showing, but my pubes hid most of it from the view. Kaylee brought in the phone to take the pictures, three of them from different angles and stood back up. She acted like it was the most normal thing in the world. But it wasn't, of course, and the tension in the room grew more potent by the minute.

"Thanks. Now turn around, please?"

I faced the wall and let her take a lot of pictures of my back. This included my butt, but I didn't mind that at all. After she finished I heard a beep on her phone.

"I'm making the video now. Just a moment."

I could hear her moving around. It took a few moments, and then it was done.

"Just the front video left," she smiled as I turned around.

She filmed me first in a complete shot. She then moved forward to make close-ups of the significant parts.

"Euh... The V-line please?" she mumbled.

Well. No point in struggling anymore, so I pulled the front down again. This time accidentally a little bit too far, because I heard Kaylee gasp.

"Sorry," I whispered, and moved the boxers back up a bit.

"No problem," Kaylee said as she stopped the video and stood back up.

"That's it! You're done. Want to see the pics and video?"

"Sure! One sec," I said, and put on my shorts and t-shirt.

We both looked at the pics, and I must say that Kaylee did a great job. Every part of my body I wanted to work on was nicely documented now.

And I sure did pull down my boxers a bit too far. I blushed seeing the video revealing the complete base of my dick, including my entire patch of pubic hair. I saw Kaylee blush too.

“I’m so sorry, Kaylee. I guess you don’t want to see your brother this way. Shall we delete it and make another one?”

“No silly! I really don’t care! I’ve seen it all in the tub when we were younger. And the pics and vids stay between us on our computer, so don’t worry about that either. Just don’t make a habit out of it. Okay?” and she smiled at me.

“Deal!” and I hugged her. “I didn’t say it, but I appreciate all the effort you put in this, sis!”

“You’re welcome,” she said as broke the hug. “Now you need to do me.”

Chapter 6

Kaylee started taking off her t-shirt and shorts, and I looked at the forms she created. This was impressive stuff! She may have stolen it from someone online, but still... This could indeed come in handy very much in our process of working out together.

I looked up from the notebook and almost couldn't believe my eyes. There was a young woman in front of me in her small black bra and bright blue panties. It didn't strike me as hard as last time when I first saw she was wearing a bra, but this was still quite confronting to me. She stood there completely unashamed with her hands on her hips looking at me.

"Ahum..." I cleared my throat. "The same sequence as with me, I guess?"

"Okay, You're the boss," she smiled and stepped on the scale.

I did my best not to look too much at her, but it wasn't easy. I mean... She was a young woman with almost all her assets on display. And she had boobs! How could I not look at that?!? But, She was my sister and I needed to protect her at all costs! As I was fighting this internal battle, I heard her ask me something.

"Aren't you going to write this down?"

"Huh!? Ehh. Yeah. Of course. 108.1 pounds." And I wrote it down, blushing a bit. "Now stand back against the wall."

"Oh!" I heard her gasp.

"What's up?" I asked.

"The wall is cold!"

"I know. One sec." and I drew a small line above her head, but not before checking out her boobs again.

I was no expert, but it appeared to me it was an A cup, maybe a small B. Anyhow, I liked it. Kaylee stepped back from the wall, and I took the tape measure to get her height.

“Five foot one. Agree?” I asked.

“That’s about right,” Kaylee said, looking at the tape measure with me.

I wrote that down and then started measuring the other parts. Calling out the numbers as I went, for both of us to remember.

“Biceps: nine point two. Neck: eleven point two. Calves: eleven point one.”

I decided to do the easy parts first. After these were done I wrote the numbers down and took the tape measure again. Kaylee already knew what was coming and raised her arms for me. My eyes were fixed on her breasts, and my hands were shaking a little bit. These were the first boobs I came close to in my life, so I was a little distracted. I started focusing on the job, so it wouldn’t be obvious I was having trouble focusing. I could reach easily around her but still managed to accidentally touch some sideboob in the process.

“Oops. Sorry.” I apologized.

“Stop apologizing, Wyatt! This is what happens when you do this kind of stuff.”

She wasn’t angry or something, but slightly annoyed of me making a big fuss of all of this. So I noted thirty point one as chest size and immediately measured her hips.

“Chest: thirty point one and hips thirty point four. Just your thighs left.”

“You can reach them okay, right? I don’t have to pull up anything, do I?” Kaylee asked.

I squatted down in front of her and looked at her thighs. This also included a look at her crotch. I could clearly see a bit of the fabric from her panties being pulled up in her vagina. I was a mild camel toe, but undeniably hot! Even if it was my baby sister, seeing her boobs and womanhood like this got my hormones flowing.

“No need. I can reach it just fine.”

I wrapped the tape measure around her upper leg and moved it upward. My hands were still slightly trembling as I moved up. As I was reaching my goal, I couldn't resist it anymore. My left hand was extremely close to her crotch, and I moved it up too far. My index finger brushed against the folds of her pussy. It was just a brief moment, but it felt like a bolt of electricity sparked against my finger, and I could hear Kaylee suck in a breath. Good thing I was wearing my shorts now because I instantly was as hard as a board. There was also an indistinctive bit of moisture on her panties. I didn't know much of the female sex, but I guessed that she was a bit turned on too by all of this.

“Sorr..” I broke off. “Ehhh... It's 16 inches.”

I stood up and casually adjusted my boner, so Kaylee wouldn't notice it.

“You can take my phone to take pictures. That way we'll have them all together. The code is 8873.”

I took her phone from the table, unlocked it, and faced Kaylee. She had turned too, and her back was now toward me. The first thing I noted was how hot her ass looked in her blue panties, with one ass cheek peeking out a tiny bit. But then I looked at her back and noticed the scars my dad left with his cigarettes. An overwhelming flood of guilt washed over me. Here I was perving at my sister in her underwear while I was the one that should be protecting her!

I took the same pictures as Kaylee had taken from me, and was as clinical as possible about it. But when she turned around, and I had to take close-

up pictures of her bra covered breasts, it became increasingly difficult to stay in my clinical mode. And when she pulled down her panties so I could take the v-line pictures, I almost lost it. A hint of the top of her slit was showing this way, and so were a few strands of pubic hair above her vagina. If I didn't know any better, I'd say she was doing this on purpose.

The last thing to do was to make the front and back video. I did her back first, and by the time she turned around, and I was filming her breasts up close, I was hard again. And the v-line still needed to be done. I almost came when she accidentally pulled her panties down too low. This time, it wasn't just a hint of her slit. I could clearly see approximately the top half of her slit. It was glistening a bit and the complete patch of pubic hair was visible. It looked magnificent to my inexperienced eyes.

"Oops..." She whispered. "Sorry. Well.... Now we're even," and she smiled.

I was SO confused by now. I didn't want to, but I was getting turned on by my sister. And worst of all, she didn't seem to mind. Heck, she even seemed to encourage it. Good thing we were done now, I figured while pressing the stop button on her phone.

"That's a wrap," I said.

Kaylee didn't seem to make any move to put on her clothes. She took her phone from me and started swiping through all the pictures. In the meantime, I couldn't keep my eyes off her and I kept taking glances at her crotch. I couldn't see it too clearly, but it appeared there was a small damp patch forming.

"Right. I'll start working on putting all the measurements in the computer and store the pictures in an organized way." Kaylee said while pulling up her shorts.

"Good idea. Need any help with that?" I asked.

"Nah. I'll manage." She smiled. "You can start prepping our meals for

tomorrow if you want. I've printed out the diet menu for this week and posted it on the fridge."

We both agreed this was a good way of dividing the tasks, and we did just that. Kaylee went upstairs to her room, and I started working in the kitchen. About an hour later, I went upstairs to go to bed. As I passed her room, I could swear I heard some heavy breathing.

"Goodnight Kaylee," I said to her door.

"Goodnight, Wyatt. See you tomorrow," she said a few seconds later.

I went to bed and jerked myself to a quick orgasm, with pictures of Kaylee in my mind.

Chapter 7

The next morning, Kaylee and I were both working out in the basement. We made a schedule in which we would work out in the morning before school and after dinner in the evening. We would try this for at least a month. I just finished my pull-ups and was ready for my sit-ups. We also agreed on helping the other out as much as possible.

“Can you help me with my sit-ups, Kaylee?” I asked.

She was punching away on the big punching bag that hung from the ceiling. We were both sweaty as hell by now. My t-shirt was soaked, and my black shorts were damp too and showing some wet spots from all the sweat I was producing. Kaylee was wearing spandex shorts and a matching crop top that looked almost like a training bra, but bigger. I already took some peeks at her, and I couldn’t see a panty line in them, so I guessed that she was going commando in this outfit. It was fine by me because she looked stunning in it.

I laid down on my back with my knees in the air and my feet near my butt. Kaylee knelt at my feet and pinned them down. I started doing my sit-ups as Kaylee was keeping count and checked if I was doing them right.

“It’s a good thing you’ve got your boxers on!” she giggled.

I was acutely aware of the loose shorts I was wearing, and what kind of view Kaylee must be having now. I closed my legs as much as possible, but that made my sit-ups almost impossible, and this way I was crushing my balls. So I left it at that.

After practice, we went upstairs to get ready for school. Kaylee showered first as I made breakfast. Halfway through making breakfast, I went upstairs to take a shower. After that, we were finished in time, took our bikes, and rode off to school.

Mom wasn’t home that evening, so we made dinner together. After dinner,

we went to the basement again to work out for the second time that day. Since our clothes from this morning were too wet, we put them in the hamper and took some new clothes. This time I wore white shorts and a tank top and Kaylee wore her Nike workout clothes, which consisted of another spandex pair of shorts and a matching spandex crop top. But these were both shorter than the ones she wore this morning. So more skin was showing. Seeing us both in different clothes made me realize we were running out of workout clothes pretty soon.

After we both showered, we were lounging on the couch, and watching some rerun on the T.V. I was a bit sore, but figured the real pain would come in a few days.

“I’m running out of clean workout clothes,” Kaylee said out of the blue.

“Me too. Downstairs I was just thinking the same”

“I’ve got three pairs in total. If we wash every day, I still won’t manage. And I hate wearing dirty clothes that smell like sweat.”

“Same here,” I responded.

“Well...” she trailed off. “you know what is also a possibility?”

“Shoot”

“We can do one of the two workout sessions on a day in our underwear...” and she blushed saying that. “I mean... We’ve already seen each other in our underwear, so no big deal. Right?”

I thought about this for a second. In my morning session, I was moving a lot. But in my evening session, I was mostly pulling weights. So doing that in my boxers was probably even more comfortable.

“I guess you’re right. I think my evening session can be done in my underwear without problems.”

“Mine too,” Kaylee responded. “I just need to convince mom to buy me some more bra’s. Right now I only have four. So I need to make sure these are clean too. Otherwise, it’s me in just my panties,” she giggled.

“Well. If that’s the case, we’ll just do our workout separately” I offered.

“Thanks! But we’ll cross that bridge when we get there” she said and she gave a warm smile.

The next day was almost a copy of the first, except we were in our underwear during our evening session. I was getting used to seeing Kaylee in her underwear, but I still found myself checking her out every now and then. I blamed that on me being a boy seeing a healthy, scantily clad girl. Atop of that, she was moving around with her body glistening with sweat. Anyone would find that hot.

As I was going through my closet before my shower, I noticed I was getting thin on fresh underwear. So I went past a nearby Marshalls on my way home from school the next day and picked up two packs of Diesel boxer briefs. I normally wore just off-brand plain black boxer briefs, but these were on sale. Wearing a brand also wouldn’t hurt me in the locker room, so I went home with two packs containing all different kinds of color. It would make my dick less concealed than in just plain black boxers, but I figured Kaylee wouldn’t mind.

A nice benefit of working out in our underwear was that I was less self-conscious about my body. Kaylee acted totally natural around me, seemingly not paying attention to my body. And I was getting used to seeing her this way, so this was less awkward too. In school, however, the bullying went on. The day I came home and decided I was going to get buff was a little less than a month ago, but occasionally I was still being picked on. It was mainly just the name-calling, which I’ve gotten used to. Until today... After gym class Nelson, the main bully, came to me when I was putting my boxers back on again.

“Hey Freak!” he shouted.

Of course, his two henchmen were right behind him

“What’s with the gay underwear?” he asked, and the two boys behind him started laughing.

This morning I put on my bright purple Diesel underwear. Looking back, I should’ve worn the blue ones. But then again, that would probably be gay too in their eyes.

“I dunno. It’s just underwear, Nelson” I replied as neutrally as I could.

“Don’t you smart mouth me!” he said and pushed me over.

Luckily I was done pulling up my underpants. Otherwise, it would be too awkward lying there on the tiles in the locker room.

“Pin him down guys!” he said and before I knew it, they pinned me down by my wrists and ankles. Nelson took out a permanent marker and smiled down at me.

“Now, Freak. Let’s make sure we all know what you are.”

“What are you going to do?” I cried in a panic, my voice rising to nearly a shout.

He took the cap off and sat on his knees beside me. He wrote something on my belly and laughed at the result.

“There you go. You can thank me later.” He said. “Take his shirt guys!”

Next, he stood up and walked away, laughing. The two guys pinning me down left too and took my shirts that were lying on the bench. The moment they let me go, I looked down to check out the damage. He wrote the word ‘Freak!’ in big letters sideways on my belly, starting between my

nipples. At the end of the word, there was a big arrow pointing down toward my crotch.

I stood up and looked in the mirror. I took my towel from the bench and started wiping it off. But this didn't help one bit. I tried it with water, with spit and some shampoo. But nothing worked. In the meantime, the locker room was almost empty, except for Thomas. He came to me and looked at me with a sad look.

"I hate these guys." He said.

"Yeah... me too," I said, doing everything I could to not start crying.

"You need any help with that?"

"Thanks. But it just won't come off." The panic in my voice must be obvious.

"A little paint remover will do the trick."

"Thanks. Do you have anything on you?" I tried lightening the mood.

"Haha! Too bad. But if you want, you can borrow my spare t-shirt," Thomas said.

"That would be great! That way, not everybody has to know I'm a freak..." I trailed off.

"You DO know they're just jealous, don't you?" Thomas said as he fished his spare shirt out of his bag.

"About what? My penis?"

"Yeah, dude! You're hung like a horse! What guy wouldn't want that?"

"Hah! Well... Me for example! Without it, they wouldn't be bugging me.

And sometimes it's quite difficult to hide it, you know!"

Thomas laughed knowingly at that last remark. I took his shirt and put it on. It was a little too large, but not by much.

"Thanks, Thomas. You helped me out a lot."

"No problem dude. I just wish someone would put Nelson in his place. He picks on a lot of guys, you know?!?"

"Well... Maybe if we all chipped in, we could hire us a hitman" I laughed.

"Right. That would be something! Where can I pay?"

We were both laughing as we left the locker room. This was the first time someone in school was being genuinely nice to me. It almost made me forget the incident with Nelson.

Chapter 8

Kaylee was already at home when I opened the door. Damnit! I was hoping I could take off the text on my belly before she saw me.

“Hey Wyatt!” she chirped. “Oh... What happened this time?”

That was Kaylee. She could read me like a book. I guess this time, the t-shirt gave it away because there were no bruises.

“Nelson again...”

“What did he do to you this time?”

I could hear the poison in her voice. Since Kaylee was in the same school as I was, only a year behind me, she knew Nelson too. He picked on some of the kids in her class too. Good thing Nelson didn’t know Kaylee was my sister, or he would probably go after her too. I took off my shirt and showed her the text on my belly.

“Freak?” she said and a second later, a timid “Oh...”

“Yeah.” I simply stated.

“I’ve seen you in your underwear a lot now, but I don’t think it’s small” she started.

“Ehhh... Yeah... Well...” I started and saw Kaylee blushing.

“Is it too big?” she cautiously asked.

“They think it is,” I responded, blushing myself.

“They’re just jealous!”

“That’s what everybody says, but I’m stuck with it... Let’s get rid of this,

shall we?"

We went to the basement. I took off my shirt, and Kaylee took a rag and the paint remover.

"Here," she said. "Or do you want me to do it?"

"If you don't mind... You can get to it easier."

Kaylee started working on my belly. All I needed to do was tighten my muscles, so the skin wouldn't move too much. After a few moments of this, I was already feeling better. Kaylee didn't make a big fuss out of it, and I didn't have any scratches or bruises.

"Your belly is getting tighter, you know?" she said.

"Is it?"

"Yeah. I think it is. It isn't a six-pack yet, but definitely some muscle tone already."

"You're just trying to cheer me up!"

"No silly. Honestly! It's improving!" and she rubbed some more.

"Just the arrow left," she said, mostly to herself.

I could feel she was almost done. She was working the rag at the bottom of the arrow, just above the waistband of my pants. She added another dash of paint remover to the rag and went for the last bit.

"Wyatt?" she almost whispered.

"What?"

She cleared her throat. "Emmm... Can I see it?"

“See what?”

She cleared her throat again. “Your... penis..”

That almost struck me like lightning. My sister wanted to see my dick. I had a vague idea of why she would want that. But I doubted... Me being her brother and all.

“Why would you want that?”

“Well...” she trailed off. “I’ve seen a lot of pictures online and because of that I think I can objectively decide if you’re a freak or not.”

That didn’t make a whole lot of sense to me. My main guess was that she was just curious, and I didn’t blame her. I wanted to see a real-life pussy and some boobs too. But showing my dick to my little sister...

“You don’t have if you don’t want to,” she started.

“No, no. You can see it if you want. I just wasn’t sure what to do for a moment. But I guess it’s no big deal. We see each other in our underwear a lot and we are brother and sister. So yeah... No biggie, I guess.”

“I’ll decide if it’s a biggie or not!” She laughed, momentarily breaking the tension between us.

I started unbuttoning my pants, pulled down the zipper, and stepped out of my pants. Nothing we haven’t done lately. But when my thumbs slid in the waistband of my boxers, I felt a slight hesitation. We were crossing a line we hadn’t crossed before. But that hesitation was gone before I knew it. I looked at Kaylee, and her eyes were focused on my crotch. I slowly pulled down my boxers, showing my pubes. A moment later the base of my dick came into view, and I kept on going, not wanting to chicken out. I pulled them down in one swift motion so they were crumpled at my feet. I stood back up and let Kaylee look at my naked body. I didn’t feel as uneasy as I

thought I would. I guessed that was because I totally trusted Kaylee.

“Well?” I asked, not knowing what she’d think of it.

“It’s eh hh...” and she blushed. “Wow. It IS big, that’s for sure. I mean... From all the pics I’ve seen so far online, only a few are this big soft. How big is it hard?”

“You want me to make it hard?”

“Not necessarily.”

“I guess a little bit bigger? I’ve never measured it” I lied, not wanting to end this yet.

“You haven’t? I think you totally should! You’ve got something to be proud of, Wyatt!” she sincerely said.

I took the tape measure from the table and looked at it.

“We’ve measured everything but this,” I smiled. “Why not do this the right way too?”

“You want me to help?” she softly asked.

“Why not? You know everything there is to know about me. So why not this too?”

I must admit the idea of Kaylee measuring me, kind of aroused me. I tried not to bone up over the idea, but being this exposed to her was quite a turn-on. Kaylee took the tape measure and tentatively placed it against the base of my dick. The tape was lying on top of my dick, and she looked closely to get the measurement right. I could feel her breath on my dick now. I was concentrating so hard on not getting a boner, I was hardly paying attention to what she said.

“Four point nine... No five inches. I’ll do the girth now,” and she wrapped the tape measure around my dick.

She hadn’t touched my dick yet, only the tape measure did.

“Three point nine. That’s pretty impressive Wyatt,” she said, standing straight. “If you want to measure the stiff state too, I’ll wait upstairs if you want.”

“Emm.” I doubted.

We had gone over the line already. I was seriously doubting what to do. But feeling her breath on my dick again was pretty tempting. Just thinking about that got me going.

“You do it,” I firmly said. “That way it’ll be more accurate.” I know – a bullshit reason.

“Okay.” She said, obviously trying to hide her enthusiasm.

“You can touch it if you want, Kaylee. Maybe that’s easier for you?”

I wasn’t prepared for what happened next. Without any warning or second thoughts, she took my hardening dick in her hand.

“Ooh! It’s warm!” she said, once again trying to hide her enthusiasm.

I didn’t know what to say to that. I was growing to full mast rapidly now. I expected this to be much more awkward than it was. But I felt almost no objections or apprehension. It just felt amazing to have another person’s hand on my dick.

“Wow...” Kaylee whispered when I was as hard as I could get.

“Yeah... No one ever touched me down there... That’s why it’s so stiff now...” I said, trying to make up an excuse. Not that this was necessary, but

I still didn't quite know Kaylee's angle on this.

"It sure is big..." she smiled.

She was trying to size it up with her hand. And as her hand was moving all over my dick while doing this, I became hornier than ever before. I needed some distraction before I would unload my balls in front of her.

"You've got the tape measure?" I asked.

"Huh!? Oh yeah... Of course," she said and reached for the tape measure.

Kaylee's face was flushed, and I could sense she was turned on, too. Once again, I couldn't blame her. A few weeks ago, I couldn't even imagine being naked in front of my little sister. And now... Here we were, she was toying with my hard-on... It was pretty mind-blowing. Kaylee took the tape measure and was a lot less careful than when she measured me soft. She took every chance she had to touch it. She dropped the tape measure twice. I wasn't sure if it was on purpose to postpone the whole event, or because of her shaking hands. It didn't matter much, because I was enjoying it probably even more than she was.

"Six and a half!" I heard her say, after feeling her breath on my dick again.

The next thing I knew, was that she lifted up my dick and pointed it toward my belly.

"This way I have better access," she excused herself.

She definitely threw all her cautiousness in the wind. She was openly groping me now, and I loved every second of it. She squatted in front of me, and now she was at eye level with my dick. She wrapped the tape measure around my dick and came even closer to it. Her breath on my balls was heavenly!

"Four point seven. I've measured it just below the upward bent." She said

but didn't make a move to get up. Instead, she kept breathing on my dick and looking at it.

"Thank you" I responded, a little out of breath.

"What is it, Wyatt?" Kaylee asked a bit concerned, and she finally stood on her feet and looked me in the eyes.

"It's nothing..." I said, trying to get my breathing under control.

"You sure?"

I could keep nothing hidden from her. That much was already clear. I might as well come clean.

"It's just that... No one touched me like this before. So, It's a little, I don't know. Sensitive?" I tried, avoiding the real issue.

"Oh... You mean you've got blue balls now? Is that it?" Kaylee asked with that open face I love so much.

"Ehhh... I guess you can say that's the case, Yeah." and I couldn't stop blushing.

"So now you need to masturbate, right?"

No judgment or anything from her. Just a simple statement of a normal, natural thing to do for a boy in my situation. I loved her SO much for having such an open nature and being an open-minded person.

"I guess so..." I didn't want to be too open about it. That's where our characters differ a lot.

"Is there anything I can do? Do you need me to wait upstairs? Do you want me to assist you? Or do you want to go to the bathroom or your bedroom? That's fine too. I will clean up here."

“Ehh..”

I needed to process that. Had she just offered to help me? Now THAT was tempting. I was on the verge of cumming, so I didn't want to wait too long. But with my sister... But we already went this far... I was lost in my thoughts when I heard her say:

“Wyatt? Do you need some lube or something?”

“Huh? No. I'm good... But... Emm. You offered to help.”

“Yeah, of course. I wouldn't want my brother to be in pain.” She said and stepped closer to me, reaching out with her hand and firmly gripping my dick.

“Hmphfhff” I responded, and her hand slowly went up and down on my dick.

My eyes shot back in my head, and I could feel her hand going up and down in a steady motion. She did it rather clumsily and gripped my dick a little too hard, but none of that mattered. It felt fabulous! Moments later, I felt her other hand gently cupping my balls. My precum was leaking now, and each time she reached my glans and moved her hand back, she smeared it out, lubricating my dick more and more.

“Does this help?” She whispered.

“Ahhhhh.... Yeahhh..... This is amazing!” I managed to say in a hoarse voice.

“Don't worry, Wyatt... You're absolutely no freak! You've got an awesome cock!” she whispered in my ear.

That did it! Her saying such a dirty thing in my ear and her hands on my dick and balls were enough!

“OHHHH... Look out! I’m cumm... ahhhh”

Spurt after spurt flew out of my dick. Kaylee had positioned herself in such a way that she was out of the blast zone. She obviously knew what was coming. My cum landed all over the place. I’ve never shot this much and this far. Moments later, as the cum started dribbling out and all over my little sister’s hand, I came down from my orgasmic high.

“Stop... Too much,” I croaked.

Kaylee let go of my now softening dick and looked at her hand. She shrugged and licked a bit of cum off her hand.

“Now I know what that tastes like. Not too bad,” she smiled.

As I was coming down and my mind was no longer clogged with hormones, the guilt started washing over me. What we just did was wrong! I needed to protect my little sister, not molest her!

“Hmmm, I better get dressed.” and started putting on my purple boxers.

Kaylee looked at me and I could see the confusion in her eyes. I almost started crying myself, so I couldn’t keep looking at her.

“What’s wrong, Wyatt? Did I do something wrong?”

“No... It’s nothing...”

I know. I’m a pretty introverted kind of guy. I blame that on the previous events with my dad. I continued putting on my clothes and avoided eye contact with Kaylee.

“Oh no, you don’t mister!” She said and punched me on my shoulder quite hard.

That put me off balance and I almost fell over, if it wasn’t for the wall I was

close to. That, of course, forced me to look at her, and I could see the fire in her eyes. She was pissed!

“Look, Wyatt! I just helped you out the best I could with your bullies and even gave you a freakin’ hand job! You tell me what’s wrong! Now!”

I’ve never seen her this angry at me before. It wasn’t an act or something. She was seriously pissed. Or confused. I know I was. Tears welled up in my eyes now.

“I don’t want to be like dad!” I blurted out. “I mean... I don’t want to hurt you or take advantage of you! And now I forced you to do this stuff with me, and I didn’t mean to and Nelson is an asshole, and...”

She cut me off and gave me such a tight hug, it almost made me breathless.

“Relax, Wyatt” she soothingly said. “You didn’t force me to do anything! I wanted to do that! If anything, I forced YOU” and she looked me in my eyes with tears of her own.

“And,” she continued, “Don’t you ever, ever, EVER say you look like dad! Ever! Because you don’t! You’re the bestest brother a girl could want! I know you’ll protect me and keep me safe, no matter what.”

The hug and comforting words put me at ease, and I kissed her on her forehead.

“Thank you, Kaylee. And it is true. I would never let anyone hurt you! And I do need to thank you for all the help. I can assure you that the whole Nelson event left my mind for a while.” I giggled.

“Good!” She hugged a bit tighter and then let go.

We both dried our eyes and looked at the mess on the ground, and both started giggling at the same time. The tension that was there a few

moments ago, was now out of the window.

“I really liked doing that, Wyatt. Is that weird?”

That timid little girl was back in a flash. I guess we were both confused about it all. But I couldn't deny I've never felt anything this good in my life. Heck! I wanted to do it a lot more. But I also didn't necessarily want Kaylee to know that. Yet. So... Confused was the right word.

“I liked it a lot too,” I finally admitted. “I've never felt anything like this in my life before...”

Kaylee picked up a spare towel. She got on her knees and wiped my cum off the floor.

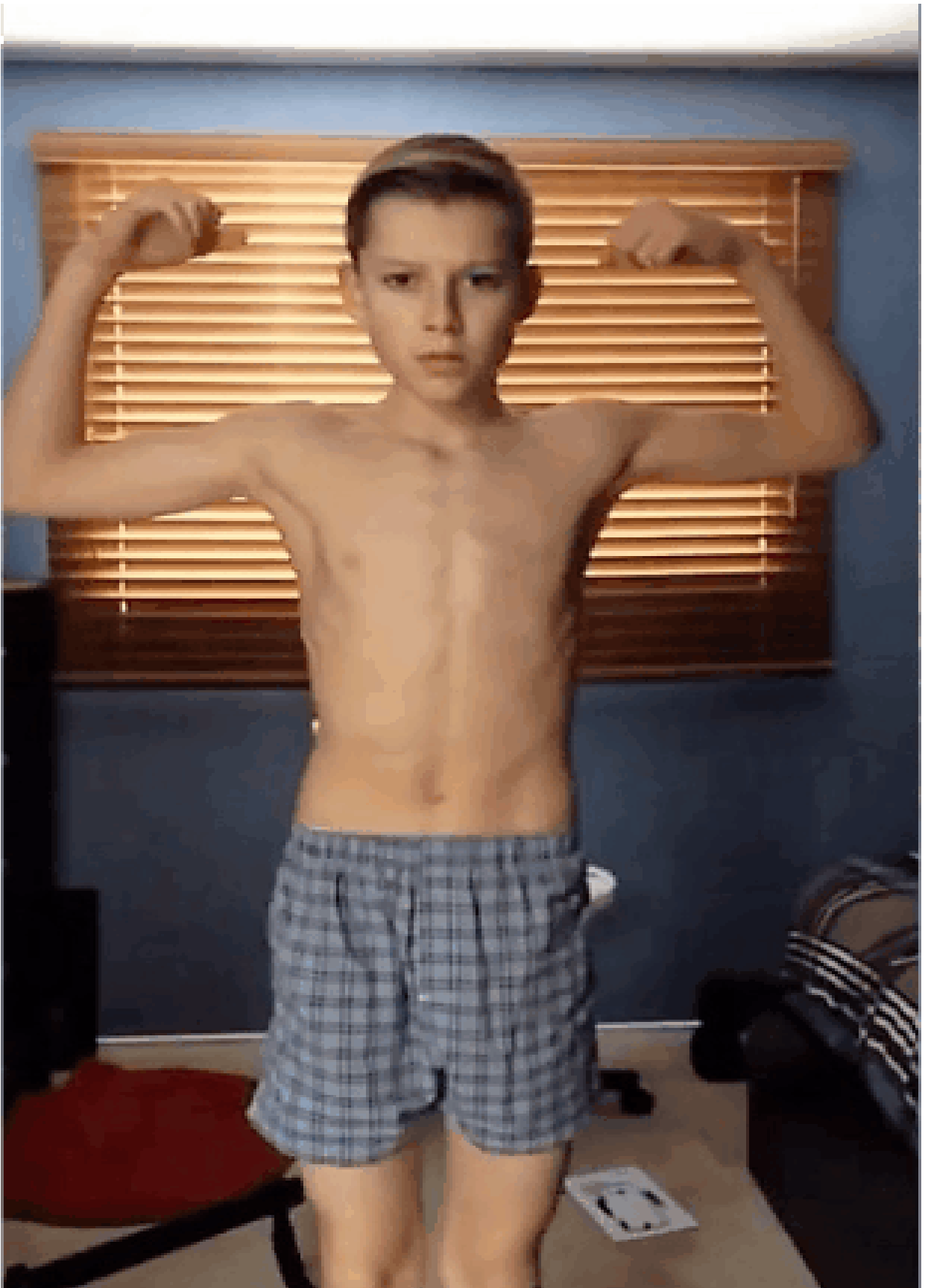
“I do wonder how your penis is supposed to go inside me. Ehhh. Inside a girl I mean...” she immediately corrected herself, blushing furiously.

“Well... That makes two of us. I'm still a virgin, so I wouldn't know.” I said as I gathered all the paperwork and the tape measure.

No need in denying this fact. At this moment, I didn't want to have any secrets with Kaylee, and I figured she didn't want to either. Her slip of the tongue hit me a bit later. What was that? Curiosity? Did she do that on purpose? What was going through her mind?

“I am too, so I wouldn't know either.” She said, standing up. “Let's eat!”

We went upstairs and ate dinner together. The evening workout session was uneventful, and I didn't notice any tension between us. The only difference was that Kaylee checking me out more than before. It could be my imagination. If not, I could live with that...



Chapter 9

At first, I was afraid. I was petrified when I woke up. I dreamt of a big fight between Kaylee and me, and she told our mom that I molested her. But the moment the fog of my dream left my mind, I was relieved and anticipated our next workout session.

By now, we were doing both workout sessions in our underwear. It was just as easy that way, and it saved a lot of laundries. Our mom had joined us in the diet we were following and we both appreciated that she encouraged us the best she could. A few nights ago, she came home late from her work and came down to check on us. She looked a bit surprised to see us working out in our underwear, but she didn't say anything about it.

This night and the next night, she was away, and Kaylee and I would be home alone. This has happened a lot more lately, but mom assured us it was just temporary. And this way she made extra money, which meant she would be out of debt sooner. Kaylee and I made it clear to her that we didn't mind her doing this. We could look after ourselves, and on school nights we were working out in the basement anyway.

We just had our dinner, cleaned up the dishes, and did our homework. Now we were walking downstairs as usual. I was checking out my schedule we hung up on the wall as I unbuttoned my trousers. I looked over at Kaylee to check if she had taken down some fresh towels with her. I almost choked when I looked over. She was standing with her back to me and just sliding down her pants. This, of course, was nothing new. But her underwear was! She was wearing a black thong, and I don't think I ever saw a sexier thing before in my life! Her smooth cheeks were accentuated magnificently by that thong.

"What is it, Wyatt?" I heard Kaylee ask and realized I was staring at her with my mouth open.

"Ehhh... Nothing, nothing. It's just.." And I tried not to look at her ass anymore but continued with my own business.

"I needed new underwear too. I was running through clean panties too quickly. Just like you did with your boxers. So yesterday I went to Marshall's after school and picked up a box of thongs."

"I see..." I responded as casually as I could.

"A lot of girls in my class wear thongs, so I wanted some too. I picked up two boxes that were on sale. The only two in my size by the way. They sure sell out quick!"

"Well. You look good in them," I sincerely responded.

"I do? Thank you! I wasn't sure how I'd look in them, so I figured I'd show it to you first. At least you're honest about these things."

"Thanks. I mean... You look awesome, Kaylee! It's obvious the workout sessions are paying off," I blushed.

"Thanks, Wyatt! I really appreciate that. I do have one other problem, though..." she trailed off.

"What's that?"

"The bra's apparently sell out just as quick. There were no more in my size left. Just the fancy kind with a lot of lace, but I don't have the money for that."

"Oh. That's a bummer! Now what?"

"Right now I have one on, but yesterday one of the hooks of another bra broke off, so now I've only got three left. And the other one is still in the hamper. So I need to figure something out."

"I see. Why don't you wear some of your old t-shirts? You've got a few of them lying around down here. It is not a problem they are too small when

you're working out, right?"

"That's a great idea, Wyatt! Thanks. I hate to ask mom to buy me bras. She'll probably come home with some lame training bra."

I was done undressing and started with my workout. So did Kaylee. It was quite difficult for me to keep concentrated. Seeing Kaylee in her thong kicking away at the bag was just too distracting. I figured she maybe wore this on purpose, so I kept looking at her. Also, because I saw her taking glances at me every now and then.

When it was time for my bench press, I called her over as usual. I was lying on my back already when she walked by me, and I could see her checking out the front of my boxers. I figured I might as well do the same, and looked at her ass as she went by. It did it rather openly, just like she did and she didn't seem to mind. I guessed it must feel good for her too, being checked out this openly. As I started pressing away, Kaylee stood at my head to help me if anything went wrong. This way, I looked up at her, and now it was undeniably obvious she checked me out. Her eyes were glued to my crotch.

This allowed me to check her out. The thong was cut pretty low at the front and high up at her hips. This way, her shapely legs seemed twice as long. I liked it! I couldn't see it clearly this way, but when we did our measuring last time, there were pubic hairs above the point this waistband ended. Now they appeared to be gone.

"Okay. That's it." I puffed, putting the bar back in place. "Just the cooling down left."

We both did some light stretching at the end of each workout, as it seemed to lighten the muscle ache afterward. But doing this now was a whole new ballgame. Kaylee seemed to be bending over more than usual, each time presenting her fine ass to me in different ways. It took a whole lot of willpower for me to stay soft. Then and there I decided to pay her back tomorrow.

Kaylee went upstairs to shower as it was my turn to clean up. After I was done and came upstairs, Kaylee exited the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her. This was new... Usually, she wore her pajamas after her evening shower. This raised the question in my head that maybe she was hitting on me in some weird way, but I immediately dismissed that thought and figured I was reading into something that just wasn't there.

After my shower, I put on my usual pair of shorts and an old t-shirt to watch TV in. I sleep in the nude, but watching TV in that outfit would raise too many questions, I reckoned. This time, however, I decided to go commando. The shorts are quite loose and if I sat the right way, I could let my dick come take a peek through the leg of the shorts. And as I walked, my junk would swing from left to right, and that couldn't be missed. Two can play that game.

As I came downstairs, Kaylee was sitting on the couch in her usual nightclothes, a pair of gym shorts, and an oversized t-shirt. She looked at me as I walked in, and I saw her eyes grow big and focused on my crotch. I pretended not to notice and sat in my usual spot in the chair next to the couch. I spread my legs wide and could feel my dick lying against my thigh and falling down. I couldn't check it visually, but feeling the cold air on my dickhead made me suspect it was lying the way I wanted it. In my peripheral vision, I could see Kaylee looking, but she said nothing.

"Good. We're even for today," I thought.

We watched TV for a while and after about ten minutes of being exposed, I shifted and put my junk back without being obvious about it.

"I'm going to bed," Kaylee yawned.

"Yeah. Me too. Oh! Almost forgot! I'm starting about half an hour earlier tomorrow. I want to do some more exercises with my legs."

"Oh, Good idea! I've got a few extra exercises of my own. So I'll join you if

you don't mind."

"Of course not. Do I need to wake you, or do you set your own alarm?"

"If you don't mind, will you wake me?"

"Sure thing."

We put our glasses in the sink, clicked off the lights, locked the doors, and went upstairs. We said our goodnights and went to our rooms. I undressed and went to my underwear drawer. If I remembered correctly, my old, bikini-style briefs were stuffed in the back of the drawer. A few moments later, I found them. It was at least a year ago that I wore them the last time. So they were probably a bit too small for me to be comfy, but comfort was not what I was aiming for. I tried one pair on, and after stuffing my junk in there, I looked at myself in the mirror. This left absolutely nothing to the imagination! My dick barely fitted in there and was clearly visible through the thin, red material. Good! If she likes to check out my stuff and turn me on in her thong, I'll show her what she wants. I took a pair of scissors from my desk and carefully cut off the hairs peeking out above the waistband. I took them off, put them on my chair, and went to bed. The images of Kaylee's sweaty body kicking against the punching bag played in my mind, and I jacked to a quick but powerful orgasm before I turned over and went to sleep. I was curious about what tomorrow would bring. I just hoped I wouldn't chicken out.

Chapter 10

The next morning I was grumbling at 5:30 and slammed on my alarm clock. Damn! That half-hour makes a big difference. But the moment the fog of the night left my brain, the thoughts of my plan woke me up immediately. I got out of bed, stuffed my junk in the tight underwear, slipped on a t-shirt and my shorts, and opened my bedroom door. I tentatively knocked on my sister's door.

"Kaylee? Time to wake up."

No response, so I knocked again and called her name a little louder. Still nothing. So I tested the door handle. The door was unlocked, of course, so I opened it and went inside. Kaylee still slept with a bed light on. I didn't blame her, after all, she went through in her younger years. I just hoped that was all that scarred her soul. I walked over to her bed and almost tripped over my own feet. Kaylee was lying on her stomach, and the blanket was over her legs to just above her butt. That meant her complete upper body was exposed this way. Normally, if she was wearing that T-shirt, this wasn't a problem. But apparently, she slept without. Maybe even in the nude like me, but that was just a guess. I couldn't see her boobs or anything, but it was a hell of a nice view!

"Kaylee. Wake up. You asked me to wake you, remember?" I whispered, gripping her shoulder and shaking her lightly.

"Hmpf... What?"

It was almost as if Kaylee heard a gunshot or something. Her eyes flew open, and she made a move to sit up. Just in time, she realized that she was shirtless and laid back down. But not before I saw a flash of a tiny bit of sideboob.

"Already?" she grumbled after realizing what was going on.

"Yeah. I'm sorry. You can stay in bed if you want. I'm going downstairs,

okay?” and I started to turn around.

“Nah. It’s okay. Give me a few seconds and I come down too. Can you grab the towels?”

“Sure. See ya in a sec.” I said leaving my bare-chested little sister behind.

I walked over to the closet where we kept the towels, and I grabbed two. I stalled a bit because I wanted to make sure we were downstairs almost simultaneously. That seemed to work because when I walked down the stairs, I could already hear Kaylee behind me. I flipped on the lights and walked toward the spot where I usually disrobed. I lifted my shirt and dropped my shorts rather fast, so I wouldn’t chicken out.

“What is that?!” I heard Kaylee say behind me and turned around.

“I didn’t have any clean boxers left, so I decided to wear an old pair of underwear. And I think I even move easier in this. Not good? Should I wear my shorts?” I asked as the uncertainty washed over me.

“No, no! Not a problem. Heck! If you want, you can go butt naked. I don’t care. I’ve seen it all already,” she laughed.

“But, but... What are YOU wearing?” I asked.

Up until now, I’ve been too busy with my own outfit to look properly at Kaylee. She was wearing another black thong. But she didn’t wear a bra. At least if she did, it was hidden from view by a cut off old T-shirt. It was a bit tight, so I guessed this was one of these old t-shirts we talked about earlier. It snugged her breasts, and it was cut off just below them. I could vaguely see the underside of her boobs. It was that exciting bit of the breast where the underside meets the chest again.

“Well... This way, I can reuse these old T-shirts we talked about, without it looking goofy. I think it works really well as a substitute for a bra and is a bit airier. And it’s not like I need a bra for the support.”

“It looks good on you!”

“Thank you, Wyatt,” she smiled that warm smile I love so much again.

“Heck! If you want, you can go butt naked. I don’t care. I just haven’t seen it all already”

And with that, we both burst out into laughter! It took us both a moment to get our act together, but we didn’t want to miss our morning session, so we went at it.

If I almost couldn’t take my eyes of Kaylee yesterday, today it was virtually impossible. Her body, glistening with sweat, pounding away at that bag, with every now and then a full-blown underboob showing. I tried to focus on my workout. Not only for myself but mainly to not get hard in front of her. Especially in this outfit. A boner in these tight, pale red briefs would almost immediately pop out. No way it could stay inside the cloth. I realized I hadn’t thought this through enough.

Kaylee, on the other hand, glanced over a lot too. Almost every time I looked her way, her eyes quickly moved away from me. I usually didn’t bench press in the morning. Mostly because of the noise, but since our mom wasn’t at home, I decided to do it now anyway. It wouldn’t hurt, would it?

“Kaylee? Are you almost finished? I want to press some weights and need your help.”

“Just a sec. Almost done here.”

I laid down on the bench, aware of how exposed I was this way. But it also made me realize how Kaylee must feel in her thong. I felt exposed, sexy, and attractive at the same time. I liked it. My head was lying down already when Kaylee stood at the head of the bench. I looked up at the bar, but my eyes were immediately drawn to my little sister’s chest. I could see

completely under her shirt, seeing both her boobs from the bottom up. There was no stopping now. I boned up. I quickly grabbed the bar and started pressing, but I knew my boner was a lost cause. Right now, it was pointing to my left hip, but I could feel it dangerously stretching the cloth of my underwear.

And sure enough, the second time I pushed the bar up, I felt it pop free from my underwear and immediately pointing toward my navel. And bench pressing or not, my eyes were glued to Kaylee's breasts.

"What's that, Wyatt?" She teasingly asked. "Your old underwear not big enough for you anymore?"

"Grmphhh" I grunted and I pushed the bar up for the last time and hung it back.

"I'm sorry, but I can't concentrate or stay soft when your boobs are practically in my face!"

I was still lying down, as I didn't want to waste any second looking at this gorgeous sight. I also knew it was useless to attempt and hide my now rock hard boner. Putting a towel over it would only make it more awkward.

"Is this better?" She asked and lifted her shirt, leaving her topless.

"Wow!" I simply said, my hand involuntarily moving to my boner. Luckily I realized it in time.

"Try pressing now, big brother and maybe you'll see even more," she encouraged me.

She didn't need to tell me that twice. I picked up the bar again and pressed for all I was worth. Kaylee moved up and down with the bar. So whenever the bar was down, her boobs were almost touching my face. This was working out great! Her eyes were focused on my boner as she was doing this.

This action couldn't last forever, of course, and all too soon, I needed to stop. I placed the bar back and laid on the bench panting with my eyes still glued to my sister's chest.

"I can see you like that a lot!" Kaylee giggled.

"I do. I love looking at you like this, Kaylee!"

"I really like the way you look too, Wyatt," she softly said.

I saw some movement in the corner of my eyes. I looked closer and saw Kaylee's hand disappearing in the front of her thong. It didn't take a genius to know what she was doing. I looked up at her face and saw it was flushed. Her lips were parted and her eyes a bit blurry, but focused on my still exposed boner.

"I want to try a new way of cooling down" she panted, and her hand moved inside her thong.

"I'll try that too," I hoarsely said, immensely turned on by my masturbating sister.

I took my boner in my hand and started jacking off. It was a little bit awkward at first. Jacking off with my sister watching me. But that was only for a second as my eyes were switching between her bare breasts and her moving hand. I heard her moan the moment I took my boner in my hand. She put one leg up on the bench, her foot just beside my head. I moved a bit, so she had more room to put her foot down. And this way, I looked at the underside of her pussy. The thong obscured my view, but it moved a bit out of the way the moment her fingers were between her lips. That exposed one side of her pussy every now and again. It wasn't a complete view of it, just the outer lips.

"Hmmmmmm..." Kaylee moaned. "I'm not cooling down this way... Ohhhh."

Kaylee giving me a hand job was hot, but this was ten times hotter! I felt my balls boiling and slowed my movement down a bit. I didn't want to come too soon, but I was fighting an uphill battle.

"Ahhh. Kaylee..." I moaned.

"Stroke that big cock Wyatt! Shoot your cum for me! Do it!" she moaned louder and louder. "Ohhh! I'm getting close, Wyatt! Shoot damnit! I want to see that huge cock explode! Ahhh!"

That was it. Hearing her pleading like that and use those dirty words, put me past the point of no return.

"Look out, sis! Here it com... OOHhh!" I almost shouted these last words.

And it indeed felt like my cock exploded. This was by far the best orgasm I ever had! I even spurted the first spurt over my head, and it landed on Kaylee's leg!

"AHHHH... YESSSSSS!" Kaylee grunted the moment I came.

It was difficult, but I wanted to keep my eyes open and look at Kaylee. It was pretty obvious she came because her body was shaking above me and her hand was deep inside her thong.

"Ahhhh..." Another grunt from her.

I was panting like an old dog as I felt the cum dribbling down my body. My still hard dick still in my hand. Kaylee sat down on the bench next to mine and was also breathing hard.

"Wow!" Kaylee said, breaking the silence. "That was hot!"

"Yeah... A great new cooling down technique!" I giggled.

"We need to do that a LOT more," Kaylee said in the silence that followed.

“We do?” I asked, a bit surprised.

“Yeah. We do. Ever since that last time, I wanted to see your boner again. I hinted quite obviously on it, but you didn’t catch on dummy!”

“You did?! No. I don’t remember you doing that. Nope.”

“Yeah... Well... I did. Let’s go shower, shall we? We need to go to school soon.”

“Sure. I’ll go first if you don’t mind. I’m kinda sticky..”

“Go ahead. I’ll clean up down here.”

I got up, Quickly took my clothes, and ran upstairs, my softening boner swaying from left to right as it still hung down from my underwear. I turned on the shower and stepped inside. When I was almost done and was rinsing my hair, I heard the bathroom door open. We didn’t usually lock the door, because we all respected each other’s privacy. It also wasn’t that unusual for someone to quickly walk in and out to grab something from the cabinet. So I figured this was the case now too.

I turned off the faucet and opened the shower curtain. I was a bit shocked to see Kaylee standing there in just her thong, openly checking me out. I suppressed my primary reaction to cover up and just reached for my towel.

“I figured I might as well come in. You don’t mind, do you?” Kaylee asked with a bit of uncertainty in her voice.

“No. Of course not. Not after what we just did.” I smiled and dried my hair, exposing myself completely. With my hips, I exaggerated the swaying of my dick because I really dug that this turned on my sister. I couldn’t see her now, because the towel was over my face, but I just knew she was checking me out. Again. I dried my back with my front toward her, which resulted in another flopping dick. I was getting good at this! I didn’t dry everything yet

but stepped out of the tub to dry the rest more comfortably. I was working my toes when I heard Kaylee clear her throat.

“Wyatt?” she whispered.

“What is it?” And I stood to look at her.

“Please don’t laugh...”

I could barely hear it. She was almost whispering. Her hands moved to the waistband of her underwear. She hooked her fingers in it and moved it down her legs in one swift motion. A bit of her thong got stuck between her legs and sprung free like a spring when she pulled it down. She stood back up straight and looked at me, blushing furiously. I drank in the sight of the first naked girl I ever saw that wasn’t a toddler. It had an immediate effect on my dick as it started rising again.

Looking at my little sister in all her glory was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Her little cone-shaped breasts with pink, pointy nipples. Her tight belly showing a hint of a six-pack. My eyes went lower, and I saw a few strands of black pubic hair. Not much, but definitely there. The slit of her pussy was still clearly visible, because of the lack of hair, and it looked like nothing I saw online or in pictures. It was just a slit no more, no less, but I absolutely loved it! Between her legs, just below her pussy, there was a small thigh gap. And below that were her long, slender and muscular legs. She looked utterly stunning!

“Why would I laugh?” I asked, honestly not knowing what she would be referring to.

“I don’t look like the women you see online. They’ve got big boobs and hairs down there...”

“Wait. What?!?” I asked and walked over to her, my boner obscenely bobbing when I walked. “You are the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my whole life!” I said, and I gave her a tight, naked hug. My boner pressed

between us.

“I can feel you like it” she giggled. “Oh, Wyatt... I don’t know why I’m so insecure... You are the most wonderful guy I know, and I know you would never hurt me or make fun of me! I’m sorry for being so difficult!”

Now it was my turn to giggle.

“You’re not difficult, sis. This situation is just difficult! Us working together in the basement made me look at you in a whole new way. I didn’t know what to do with these feelings and I’m glad you figured it out for the both of us.”

Kaylee looked me in my eyes with big question marks in them.

“I don’t know what you mean?”

“Well... You showing your breasts... And taking the initiative and start masturbating... I wouldn’t dare to do or ask these things. I must admit that I wanted to see you naked, the moment I measured you in your underwear. I even jerked off on that image in my head a few times.” Now it was my turn to blush.

“Really!? You did that?” and the question marks in her eyes were replaced by some form of pride.

“Yeah. I did. Is that weird?” I asked a bit insecure.

“Nah. I guess not. I fingered myself silly dozens of times after giving you a hand job...”

“Yeah... That was nice...”

“Let’s just see where this ends, okay?” Kaylee said, looking me in the eyes. “I think we both need to stop worrying. That much is clear by now. And we

both like each other too much to hurt the other. Let's make one deal. We promise to speak our minds if something is up. And if we want to do or try anything, just say it! Okay?"

"Deal!" I said and gave Kaylee one last firm hug before we broke apart. "I'll go and make us breakfast. We need to hurry now."

"I know. And thanks!" Kaylee said as she opened the shower curtain and stepped in.

I took a good look at her fine ass as she went in. I threw my wet towel in the hamper and got to work. I made breakfast and lunch as promised, and we were just in time to get to school on time.

Chapter 11

The entire day Kaylee's naked body was in my head. I boned up a few times during the day, but luckily I was wearing loose pants and sitting down, so no one noticed. Nelson must've found someone else to pick on today, because he ignored me the entire day, even after gym class he didn't give me any shit. Not even verbally.

After school, I got home first and started with my chores. I did the laundry, cleaned the kitchen, and vacuumed downstairs. I was just putting away the vacuum cleaner when Kaylee walked in.

"Hi, Wyatt!"

"Hey!"

"You vacuumed already?? That's my job!" she said.

"I know. But I was in the zone and decided to do all the chores. That way we can eat early after our homework and work out a bit longer. So..." I trailed off.

"That's really nice, Wyatt! You know what? I'll make us dinner. I'll make the spaghetti and meatballs you like so much."

"Great! Thanks. You need help with your homework today?"

"No. It's just some history, English, and some stupid social study thing. Not too much though." Kaylee said.

"Great! I'm done quite quickly too. See you in an hour?"

"Sure!"

We went upstairs to our rooms to do our homework. It wasn't like we avoided each other. I just wanted to get it done, so I could look at Kaylee in

her underwear again. My homework took me almost half an hour longer than planned and as I came downstairs, I was greeted by the smell of pasta sauce and meatballs. I sat at the table and we ate at the kitchen table making small talk. As we were doing the dishes, I saw Kaylee blush.

“What’s up?” I asked curiously.

“Nothing...”

“Ah... Come on! We promised this morning to speak our minds!” I pressed.

“Well... A thought just flew through my head... I was picturing us doing our workout in the buff.” she said, blushing even more.

“Hmmm...” I pretended to hesitate, but the prospect of seeing Kaylee naked again was a done deal in my head.

“We don’t have to!” she quickly added.

“No, silly! Of course not. I’d love to do that! I won’t pass the opportunity of seeing you naked again!” I laughed.

“Jerk!” and she laughed too. “I figured that since mom isn’t home, we can do that. If we both like it, we can do it more often. When mom is back home tomorrow evening, we can still do it that way in the morning sessions. She’s already gone to work by then. In the evenings we’ll have to wear our underwear. I don’t want to risk her coming to check on us.”

“The way I hear it, you already put a lot of thought into this.”

“Yeah... Well... I did. I really like seeing you naked too, you know!” and she blushed again. “I love the way your penis swings from left to right when you move. I think I just love your penis, period.”

We both laughed at that last comment and I felt pretty proud of us, being able to talk about all of this the way we were doing now.

"I really don't understand why Nelson is picking on you over your penis. It's such an amazing thing to look at!"

"Yeah... Well... Say that to Nelson. And stop treating me like a piece of meat!" I laughed, playfully hitting Kaylee on her shoulder.

"Why!? I love your meat!"

She shrieked as I spat some water on her because of that last remark. We made sure everything was nice and tidy, and we went down to the basement. Without making too much fuss about it and knowing how much Kaylee liked my dick, I disrobed. As I pulled down my boxers, releasing my dick, I saw Kaylee looking. I guess she couldn't resist.

"It IS big, Wyatt."

"Yeah, yeah... Humor me... Let's get to work."

Of course, I waited for Kaylee to get started and watched her intensely as she took off her clothes. As her pants came down, it was clear she was wearing her thong again. But my eyes were quickly drawn to her breasts, as Kaylee unhooked her tiny bra. Her boobs came into view and I couldn't help but notice her hard nipples. The stirring in my groin was inevitable now, and I started growing. The moment her thong was at her ankles and she stepped out of it, my boner was at full mast. I didn't feel any need to cover up and apparently, neither did Kaylee.

"Nice!" I simply said.

"Yeah. Real nice!" She smiled.

We both stalled for a bit, just checking each other out. I figured this would become less of an issue after we did this a few times. Kaylee turned around and started working the punching bag, which was my cue to start my workout too. It was truly liberating to be this exposed and not worry about

it. During the session, I almost forgot we were naked, except when I started doing another exercise. Then I felt it of course. But looking over to Kaylee reminded me too. She was quite a sight to behold! Her lean, muscular body, glistening with sweat. Every muscle she flexed was visible. I could look at that for days!

I settled on the bench, ready to do my reps. I was about to call Kaylee when I heard her approaching.

“How many?” she asked.

“I’m aiming for fifteen,” I responded, looking up at her and focusing on her pussy, which was really close to me this way.

“Let’s try twenty then!” she said.

I lifted the bar from the hooks and let it sink toward my chest. I did about ten when my muscles started to acidify. I could feel them burning. Kaylee sensed this too, as she started moving down with the bar again, each time bringing her tits closer to my face. This was working for me in two ways. It was a great motivation to keep going, and I got almost instantly hard as a rock.

I hit eighteen and by now, Kaylee’s left nipple almost touched my lips. Wow! I squeezed out another one, and this time her right nipple came to the party. I wanted more, but this was it! With a little help from Kaylee, I put the bar back. I lay there panting with my little sister grinning down on me.

“Thank you!” I panted. “That helps a lot!”

“I know.” She simply stated.

She sat down on the bench that was placed parallel to mine and I turned my head, still lying down, toward her, and smiled. Kaylee smiled too and spread her legs a bit, giving me a great view of her exposed pussy.

“Time for our cooling down, don’t you think?” She said and eyed my boner.

“Ehhh... Sure!” I said, trying not to sound too enthusiastic.

Cautiously I moved my hand toward my dick, not entirely sure if she meant the same thing I had in mind. But it quickly became clear that we were going for the same thing. Her hand went down to her pussy, so I decided to go for it too. I gripped my dick and slowly started beating off. I couldn’t pry my eyes away from Kaylee’s pussy. I’ve only seen this stuff online, but I saw her fingers toying with what I assumed was her clit. A moment later her finger spread her lips apart, giving me an excellent view of her inner lips and her baby hole. I didn’t know the correct term for that. When we were younger, we were taught that was the name.

Moments later, I saw her index and middle finger were between her folds, rubbing all around the upper part of her pussy. She moaned loudly, which caused me to look at her face. I could see she looked a bit misty-eyed and was primarily focused on my moving hand. Her face was flushed and her mouth partly open, panting heavily.

“I never realized that balls would move this way...” She said between moans.

“Huh!?” I responded, not exactly knowing what she meant.

“Your balls! They swing with each tug you give your dick. I’ve never realized that they’d move too. Ohh... I’m getting close, Wyatt...” And she used her free hand to play with her left nipple. Her eyes never leaving my cock.

I was getting pretty close myself but hadn’t reached the point of no return yet. Kaylee wasn’t lying though.

“AHHH! OHH...” She moaned. “I’m cummiAAHHH!”

I saw her whole body stiffen, and her eyes flew back in her head. She clamped her legs together, but I could see her hand still moving. This was

the most erotic thing I ever saw. The last time we masturbated together, I was too engrossed in my own orgasm. This time I could see it all and it was HOT! I would've cum anyway, but this put me over the edge. I could see Kaylee's eyes were looking at my dick again and her spasms had subsided, so I guessed she was done. It didn't make a difference to me. I was past the point of no return.

"AHH! Grmph.." Was all that came out of my mouth when I felt my balls unloading themselves.

As the cum splattered over my body during another great cum with my little sister, I heard her moan again. I couldn't place it and tried to focus on her again. It didn't take a genius to realize she was cumming again.

"AHHH! FUCK!... this is hgjgofm..." Was all she could say as she stiffened again. And again...

I laid there. Still panting and feeling the cum dripping from my dick in my pubes when I saw Kaylee's eyes focusing again and looking at my face. Slowly a smile appeared on her face.

"That was just... Wow..." she breathed.

"Yeah... It was."

"I came again when I saw you shooting your load," she said, still panting lightly.

"Yeah. I saw you going at it," I smiled. "I didn't know that was possible..."

"Neither did I," Kaylee said and made absolutely no move to cover up.

She didn't make any other move, for that matter. She was still recovering from what just happened. That was obvious. The mild hesitation I felt last time we did this, was now nowhere to be found. We just sat and lay here, enjoying doing this kind of stuff together. No pressure or remorse.

I did want to take a shower though. My chest and pubes were, once again, covered with cum, which was cooling off and getting quite sticky. I heard Kaylee sigh beside me and looked at her again.

“What’s up?”

“Nothing really. I just had two extremely powerful orgasms and just enjoy sitting here like this in our own room we created together. You know what I mean?”

“I do. I was thinking pretty much the same. I never thought I would do this sort of stuff with you because I need to protect you and stuff. But now that we do, I wish we did this a lot earlier!”

“Yeah... Me too. It’s not that I didn’t hint at it...” she giggled.

“Yeah, yeah... I know. Look, I’m taking a shower. It’s my turn to clean up, but I’ll do that after I showered, okay? Otherwise, I’ll be dripping all over the place.”

“Don’t worry! Go take your shower. I’ll clean this time.”

I got up from the bench and quickly kissed Kaylee on her forehead before I ran upstairs, making sure to not drip cum everywhere. I showered quickly, and Kaylee came in right after me. I didn’t even need to turn off the water. After drying off, I decided to wear loose shorts again with no underwear and nothing else this time. I poured us some drinks, made some light snacks, and sat down in the chair when Kaylee came into the living room. She just wore a t-shirt and a thong, which was clearly visible, as the shirt was a bit too short. Of course, I didn’t mind.

“Thanks for the drink,” Kaylee said as she sat down on the couch. “Will you watch Grease with me? I saw it was on Netflix yesterday.”

“Sure. No problem.”

“Come sit on the couch with me, please. I want to cuddle a bit...”

This was new. I was glad she said what she wanted this time because I was obviously bad at reading subtle hints. So I settled in the corner of the couch and Kaylee laid her head on my chest. I put my arm around her and pulled her close. Her hair smelled like a pine forest after a rainstorm. Fresh with a hint of mint in it. My hand rested on her hip and I slid a finger in the waistband of her thong, so my hand wouldn't slip away. It was nothing sexual, just practical.

“This is nice...” Kaylee almost purred and snuggled up even closer.

“I love you, Wyatt...” she almost whispered.

That struck me hard! This wasn't a brother-sister “I love you.” This came straight from her heart and struck me right in my soul. Hearing her say these words made me realize that I was falling in love with her, too. This was a completely new feeling for me, and when I realized this, the butterflies in my stomach were riding a rollercoaster. But I loved the feeling! And I loved Kaylee.

“I love you too!” I said as sincerely as I could and kissed her on her head.

Kaylee looked up, and I could see the tenderness in her eyes. She moved up a bit and kissed me on my lips. Not a peck, or a sibling kiss. But a tender, heartfelt deep, and intense kiss. Her soft lips tasted like strawberries, and the butterflies were flying everywhere now. The kiss lasted a lifetime! Or at least it felt that way. I never wanted to stop kissing her. When we broke apart, I opened my eyes and could see Kaylee doing the same. We both smiled wordlessly at each other and Kaylee took her spot again, cuddling up to me. It felt like I was in heaven.

I never was this happy before in my life! I even liked the Grease movie, although it is old and totally not my cup of tea. I liked it because Kaylee liked it and because I watched it with her. Life was good!



Chapter 12

“I get knocked down, but I get up again?” I asked Kaylee, who just finished writing the text on the wall in nice, elegant letters.

“Yeah. I figured it is a nice motivational text to look at when we’re down here.”

It was Sunday afternoon and our mom was packing her bags. She worked a different schedule now, which meant she started earlier. Our mom talked about this with us earlier, because this meant Kaylee and I had to do everything ourselves in the morning. The plus side was that she was a lot fewer nights away from us. The downside was that when she did need to leave, it would be a whole week from Monday morning to Sunday evening late. We assured her we were okay with it, and after our approval, she agreed to the new schedule. The added benefits she received by doing this probably helped a lot too.

This also meant she didn’t have to go away for the night over the next three weeks. We didn’t like that we had to do our evening workout in our non-provocative underwear too much, meaning no thong or bikini briefs anymore. But having our mom home this much was a big plus. Our mom left really early each day, which was fine by us because this let us do our morning workout naked, which we both hugely preferred. The cooling down in the morning was our daily masturbation session. It was always the same ritual. As I started my bench presses, Kaylee stood over me and lowered her boobs to just above my face each time the bar lowered. This was an excellent motivation for me, and I did a lot more presses with than without her. After this, Kaylee sat on the other bench and started fingering herself, while looking at me jerking. I, of course, looked closely at her masturbating. By now we synced our orgasms pretty good, and almost all the time we both came within twenty seconds of each other.

Almost two weeks after our first mutual masturbation session, I was finished with my presses and Kaylee sat down to finger herself. That’s when a thought struck. I honestly don’t know why I didn’t think of this any

sooner. It was almost like a veil being lifted.

“Ehh... Kaylee?”

“Yeah?” Kaylee answered as her hand slipped between her legs.

“You know how we agreed to talk about everything...”

“What is it?” she asked, and already started rubbing her clit.

“Ehmm... Do you mind if I try it?” I asked. “Just this once! And if you don’t like it, I’ll stop!” I quickly added.

“Try what?!?” she asked, obviously not knowing what I was referring to.

“Well... Maybe I can try and um, Finger you....” I asked, not looking in her eyes.

“Really!? You would do that?” she smiled broadly at me. “Sure! I’ve been meaning to ask you, but I didn’t want to stop these cooling down sessions. And I wasn’t sure how you’d react... So...”

“Come on Kaylee! We talked about this! You can always ask me everything!”

“I know, I’m sorry...” she blushed.

“Now, you can make it up to me...” I said smiling and sitting up straight.
“Come over here.”

Kaylee moved over to a spot to the right of me, on my bench. She kissed me on my cheek and spread her legs a bit. I tentatively moved my hand down to her groin, shaking a bit from anxiety. I placed it on her thigh and slowly moved it down toward her pussy. I realized I was holding my breath, and I breathed out the moment my finger hit my sister’s pussy. I had seen her do it enough to know how it should be done, but doing it for real now

was a mind-blowing experience.

My fingers spread her lips a little, and I slipped my middle finger in between them. When I was just looking at her masturbating, I noticed the glistening of her pussy, but feeling it now made me realize it was so wet and slippery! It never dawned on me that this was the way it worked. But hey! I liked it! I moved my finger upward in her slit, and the moment I hit her clit, Kaylee let out her breath and moaned loudly.

“OHHH, Wyatt! This is... Ohh...”

“Shhh. You don’t need to talk, Kaylee. Just let your big brother help you out...” I whispered in her ear.

I was copying every move I saw Kaylee do in the past weeks. I was working the outside of her pussy and concentrating on her clit. Meanwhile, Kaylee’s breathing got deep, and animal-like grunts were coming from her throat.

“Please... Mmmmhh... slip a finger in me... ahh,” she moaned.

I wasn’t totally sure what to do, but I could do the math, of course. So I moved my hand down from her clit to her baby hole, and she immediately clamped her legs shut.

“Other hand... Don’t leave my button...” she groaned.

I quickly moved my right hand back up and brought my left hand into play. I extended my index finger and started probing around in the area I figured I needed to be. It didn’t take me long before I found the right spot. It was warmer and wetter than the rest of her pussy, and I applied a tiny bit of pressure. I felt it slip in and before I knew it, I was in past my first knuckle.

“AHHH.... Oh YES!” Kaylee moaned and her hips started gyrating a bit.

“Deeper!”

Needing no encouragement, I did what she asked and slowly slipped my

finger in all the way. All the time trying to keep my other hand moving around her clit. I wasn't sure what I was feeling inside my sister, but It was an interesting texture. And apparently, she liked what I was doing. I guessed that she wanted me to move my finger and mimic a dick fucking her. So I started moving my finger in and out of her, while still rubbing her clit.

"WYATT! Faster! I'm cumming!" and she kissed me hard on my lips.

It was a bit awkward, considering the way I was sitting, but I managed. Her kiss was so passionate that I just had to open my mouth. The moment I did this, her tongue slipped inside and we both started moaning severely. This was my first French kiss ever! Considering everything we'd done this far, it was weird we didn't do this sooner. But now that we were, I knew I was definitely going to do it more!

Kaylee was pushing her pussy firmly against my finger now. At that moment, I felt her hand moving around in my lap, searching for my dick. She found it a moment later and clumsily started stroking me. The moment she started, we both moaned again but didn't break away from our kiss. I moved in and out of her pussy as fast as I could and felt it contracting around my finger a few times. Then she gripped my dick real firm, to the point it almost hurt, and I felt a deep grunt coming from her throat. She stopped moving completely and I felt her pussy contracting sharply and rapidly around my finger. She was cumming! I kept my mouth on hers, so she wouldn't be distracted from her orgasm. She wrapped her other arm around my neck and pulled me even closer to her. All the time, her pussy kept contracting, and I kept moving.

A few seconds later, her grip around my dick loosened a bit, and she started jerking me again. I could feel she was more focused on it now because it was way better. I also realized that because of all this fingering and kissing, I was damn close to cumming too. I didn't stop the fingering; I just slowed the pace. Kaylee and I kept moaning every now and then, and I sensed my orgasm approaching. I didn't feel the need to warn her. She knew what was coming, so I just let it happen.

The moment I exploded, I moaned and instinctively threw my head back. But Kaylee kept her arm firmly around my neck and her mouth locked on mine. The moment the first spurt exited my dick, I felt Kaylee's pussy contracting sharply again. Wow! We came at the same time! I didn't register it at the moment. But thinking back, this was quite an achievement. We both came pretty intensely and kept sitting like that for a few minutes, Kaylee's hand wrapped around my dick and my finger inside her. Our faces were still mashed together, but we just held them still and let the good feelings wash over us.

Kaylee was the first to break our kiss and said: "Holy fuck!"

I never heard her swear like this, but I was getting what she meant. Damn, this was good!

"Yeah... Indeed... Fuck!" I responded.

"Now, THAT is a good cooling down" Kaylee giggled. "Way, way better than doing it to myself."

"Yeah..." I responded, not quite back on earth enough yet to participate in a good conversation.

"One problem, though..." Kaylee said. "Now we're both covered with your cum."

I looked down at us and realized she was right. It was all over both of our bodies, and slowly sliding down my stomach into my pubes.

"Let's take a shower. We'll clean up down here after that." Kaylee proposed.

I wasn't going to argue with that. I knew I needed to wash the cum off my body, and why not do it together? So we went to the bathroom, and Kaylee started fiddling with the water to get it at the right temperature. Seeing her

standing there, bend over like that, made my dick start to fill up a bit again. Kaylee stepped in and looked over her shoulder.

“Come on, bro. We haven’t got all day!”

I stepped in after her, and we took turns washing off the cum. As Kaylee was washing her hair, I took a good look at her body again. I thought I was getting used to seeing her naked, but after what we just did, I saw her in a different light and boned up completely. Kaylee turned around with her eyes closed to prevent the shampoo from getting in her eyes. She bent over to pick up the conditioner. It happened quickly, and I didn’t have the chance to step back, so her butt touched my boner. She stood back up and her hand went looking for what she just felt and, of course, found it right away.

“Now... What have we here?” She teasingly said and wrapped her hand around my glans. “All hard again?!?”

“Uhm... Yeah... You have quite an effect on me..”

“I see... Wish we had more time to do it again,” she said and played with my dick a bit more before rinsing off.

After she finished, she stepped aside to let me stand under the showerhead. As I passed her, she stepped back a bit, trapping my upward boner between me and her butt. It slipped upward between her cheeks, and Kaylee moved her butt a bit up and down, so she rubbed the length of my boner.

“Hmmm...” she softly said. I guessed she didn’t want me to hear that, so I just stood there.

It lasted only a few seconds before she let me through, and I could wash myself. I was done quickly, turned off the faucet, then turned around and looked at my naked sister. She wrapped her arms around me, and gave me a fully naked body hug, pressing my boner between our bodies.

“I really love you, Wyatt!” she said.

“I really love you too, Kaylee!” And kissed her on her lips.

This initiated another Frenching session between us, but this time more lovingly and less passionate. I liked both ways, but considering the circumstance, this one suited the situation better. After a good, long kiss, we broke our embrace and started drying off. I was drying my back and deliberately made my dick plop from left to right again, right at the moment Kaylee was bent over to dry her feet. This meant she was at eye-level with my dick and she couldn't help but look.

“Stop it! Or you'll hit me with it and I'll get a black eye!” she laughed.

I stopped it and continued drying off. After we were done, we needed to rush to get to school on time, but we managed.

Chapter 13

Next week our mom would be gone for a whole week for the first time. She proposed us to stay with our grandparents. But Kaylee and I quickly dismissed the idea. Of course, because we wanted to keep our workout and cooling down sessions the way it was, but we couldn't tell our mom that. So we came up with a bunch of bullshit reasons which she bought.

She did have a meeting at her work with her colleagues to discuss that week away. This meeting was on a Wednesday after her work and lasted until around nine. She wasn't too happy about it, of course, but we sure were. We planned another measuring session this week, and this gave us the opportunity. During the week, our cooling down sessions in the morning always consisted of us masturbating each other. We were getting really good at it, and almost all the time came together. We were learning a lot about each other's bodies, and by now we discovered how to interpret the subtle signals the other gave.

After the cooling down we always showered together because we were covered in my cum. I wasn't completely sure, but in the beginning, I suspected Kaylee deliberately pointed my dick toward her, so she needed a shower too. Not that I minded because I really liked us showering together. By now we were so used to seeing each other naked, we needed to watch out to wear our clothes when our mom was home. I had to remind Kaylee once, while she pointed out twice that I needed to put my boxers back on.

Wednesday evening came quickly and immediately after cleaning up the dishes, we went downstairs. Kaylee took our notes and phone with her, so we were all set.

"Shall I go first as always?" I offered.

"Sure!" Kaylee said and took the tape measure.

I started undressing and stood unashamed naked in front of my little sister. It occurred to me that this was a whole lot different than a few months

ago. We weren't prudish or anything, but being naked in front of a family member just wasn't done in this house.

Kaylee started her usual measurements, and we concluded that my workout program was working excellent. I increased on all upper body muscle groups I was training. Kaylee specifically complimented me on the abs I was forming. It wasn't a Wolverine-like six-pack yet, but there was an undeniable shape of a six-pack there. Kaylee rubbed her hand over it to feel how well-formed it all was.

All this time during the measurements, I stayed soft. Even when her hand rubbed over my belly. But when Kaylee squatted in front of me to measure my thigh, and I felt her breath on my dick, I couldn't hold it back. I wasn't embarrassed by it, it was just a bit uncomfortable. This wasn't a sexual thing we were doing here, so I felt the need to apologize.

"I'm sorry Kaylee. It's just that your hands are close to my penis, and I can feel your breath on it. Just ignore it, please."

Kaylee called the numbers, loosened the tape measure, and put it down. She surprised me by blowing onto my boner and looked up at me.

"You feel my breath, huh? How about this?" and just like that, she took my dick in her hand and kissed the tip.

"Ohhhhh," escaped my mouth with this newly discovered sensation on my dick.

I felt her tongue circling around my dickhead, getting it really wet. Before I knew it, her lips enclosed my glans and I felt my dick entering her mouth. All the while, her tongue kept working around my glans. It focused mostly on my most sensitive part, the underside of my glans, where the transition from shaft to glans was.

"MMMHHH Ohhh... Kaylee... Keep doing that!" I moaned.

I couldn't think straight, the feelings were too overwhelming. Kaylee tried to get my cock as deep in her mouth as she could, as I felt the tip rubbing against the back of her throat. She quickly realized it was far enough because the next thing she did was bob up and down and her lips firmly around my shaft. As if all of this wasn't enough, one of her hands started playing gently with my balls. Her other hand gripped one of my butt cheeks firmly, pulling me a bit closer.

I felt a lot of new sensations in the past months, but this one was by far the best one yet! Kaylee kept a steady motion bobbing up and down and her toying with my balls added another level to it all. All too soon, I felt that familiar stir in my balls boiling. I didn't want to cum yet, and in my head, I let the most horrific images float by, but it was a losing battle.

"Ahhhhhh... O... Kaylee... I'm cumming! Watch out!"

I expected her to back off, but instead, her hand moved from my balls to my shaft, and she started jerking me too, while her other hand stayed on my butt. Maybe she didn't hear me?

"Ohh... I'm cumming, Kaylee!!!" I almost shouted.

She kept her mouth and hand firmly around my dick, and moments later, I felt my balls contracting and the stream of cum flowing through my dick. I came the hardest I ever came. I couldn't help but lean back against the wall as my vision went black for a few seconds. I guessed it was just a few seconds because when my vision slowly returned, I saw Kaylee's silhouette rising to her feet. A few moments later, I regained my breath and my vision wasn't blurred anymore.

"Oh Wow!" Was all I could get out of my mouth.

"Wow indeed! Did you just blackout?" she asked with a smile.

"I guess I did. Yeah. You were so magnificent!" I panted and looked around.
"Where did it go?"

“It’s gone” she simply said, obviously not wanting to waste too many words or time on it.

I looked around on the floor and I didn’t see any traces of my cum. So my educated guess was, she swallowed it. I didn’t see any other explanation. My dick was softening, and I saw Kaylee working her phone, already pointing it toward me.

“Ready?” she asked, moving on like nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

“Shoot!” I said, not wanting to make a big fuss out of this either.

Kaylee started shooting the pictures we usually took. The only difference was that this time I was completely naked, opposed to just my boxers. Luckily my dick was almost soft now, so the pictures weren’t going to be obscene. A few minutes later, Kaylee put down her phone and looked me in the eyes.

“You are really turning out great, Wyatt! Maybe tomorrow we can check out the differences in the pictures.”

“Sure. Good idea! We can check both our pics out. But first, let’s get you started” I said, making no move to put on my clothes since I figured it was unnecessary because we were working out later on. Kaylee undressed quickly and I started measuring her. When I measured her chest, I noticed her nipples poking out and were stiff as pencil erasers. I ‘accidentally’ touched them a few times, hearing Kaylee gasp each time I did this. This was actually the first time I ever touched her breasts, even though I pretended it to be accidental.

Measuring her thighs was different now. I sat on my knees in front of her and, I could smell that intoxicating smell of her pussy rather strongly. I smelled it on my fingers before, but never this strong. While wrapping the tape measure around her thigh, I made sure my fingers slipped between

her pussy lips. It was obvious I did this on purpose, but Kaylee made no objections, so I kept going. I called out the numbers and could hear her breathing getting shallow.

My dick was hard again because of me feeling her up and the odor filling my nostrils. I also wanted to return the favor and make Kaylee feel as good as I possibly could, so I moved in and kissed the top of her pussy. I immediately stuck out my tongue and let it slip in between her folds. I hit her clit on the first upward move of my tongue and tasted the sweet and salty juices of her pussy. I loved that taste!

“OHHH, Wyatt!” Kaylee immediately moaned and pressed her pussy against my face.

I felt her knees go weak as I kept going, so I gently moved her to the bench next to where she was standing, my face firmly on her pussy.

She sat down and spread her legs for me. In my mind, I dug up every video I ever saw about eating out a pussy and applied everything I saw there to make Kaylee feel as good as I could. I was still sitting on my knees and licking her pussy, when I decided to do even more. I moved my hand from her thighs where they were lying, up her sides, and on her tits. I now had both my hands on her breasts and my head between her legs. Kaylee couldn't stop squirming and moaned constantly. Even though I had no idea why her body reacted as it did, I could see she really enjoyed it a lot, especially when she got close to her orgasm. I absolutely loved playing with her tits. They were soft and mushy, and that hard nipple that responded to my touches... Amazing!

As I was thinking all of this, I noticed the telltale signs of Kaylee's orgasm approaching. Her moaning went an octave up in tone and her legs were starting to tremble.

“AHHH... Wyatt! Ohhh... Keep going! It's... Ahhhh”

I sure as hell wasn't going to stop and with Kaylee being so close now, I

decided to add another level to it and took my right hand from her breast. I extended my middle finger and inserted it in her pussy in one, swift motion.

“AHHH!” Kaylee moaned, really loud now. “MMGH... More!”

That took a second to land, but I immediately knew what she wanted. During our masturbation sessions, most of the time one finger wasn’t enough for her. So I inserted my index finger too. The moment I did this, she came. And she came hard! Her legs clamped shut around my head and I felt the juices from her pussy coating my mouth. I focused on her clit and kept licking there. I already knew that it was really sensitive when she came, so I licked it gently. Meanwhile, my two fingers were slowly moving in and out, and I could feel the contractions in her pussy slowing down, but not quite going away. This was new. Getting no signals from Kaylee to stop, I kept going and increased the pressure of my tongue on her clit.

Kaylee’s legs were still firmly around my head, and I could only breathe through my nose, but sensing how much pleasure my sister was having, made it easy for me to cope with that. She was still moaning constantly. Knowing how much she liked my fingers probing her, I decided to try and add a third finger. Kaylee must’ve felt me poking around because she opened up her legs to give me better access. My third finger got in there, but it wasn’t easy to move it in and out. To Kaylee, this apparently didn’t matter. The moment my third finger went in, she came again. This wasn’t a first for us, obviously, and I just wanted to prolong her good feelings, but I never expected her to cum again this quick.

“GRPHMMMMM” was all that came from her mouth.

After that grunt, she went completely limp and hung forward over me. I was a little bit worried, but not too much. I slipped away from between her legs and gently laid my little sister on her back on the bench. I kissed her on her cheek and wiped her hair from her face, softly calling her name.

A few moments later I saw her eyes slowly opening, looking around a bit

unfocused. I felt all warm inside, knowing I was the cause of her intense orgasms. I couldn't help it and started smiling at her. Kaylee got back on earth completely, looked at me, and started smiling too.

"That was SO FUCKING amazing!" she breathed.

"Good!" I said, not knowing what else to say.

Kaylee moved her head to mine and kissed me passionately on my mouth.

"YOU are pretty fucking amazing, Wyatt!" she said, breaking our kiss.

"I know..." I giggled and Kaylee giggled at that response too.

"Where do you think this will end?" she asked seriously.

"I honestly don't know." I sincerely answered.

For a long moment, neither of us said anything. I had a very clear idea of where this possibly could lead us. With everything we'd done, we might actually go all the way. Full-on sex! With my sister... Was this actually a possibility? I didn't know if I really wanted to yet. I knew I loved her a lot! It could be incredible, for both of us. But it could also cause us to hate each other and never look at each other again!

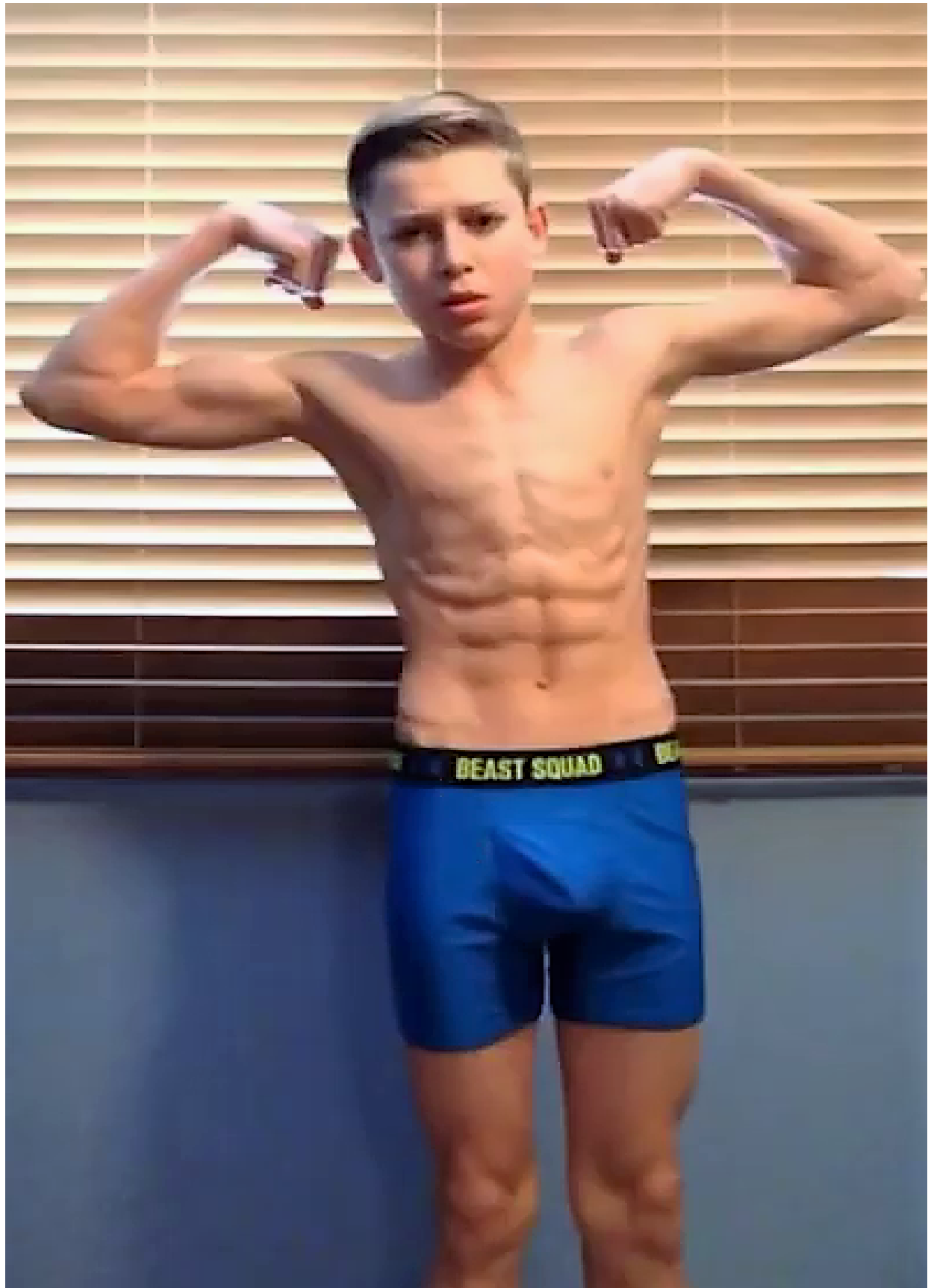
Figuring I needed to say something to break the silence, I brushed the hairs out of my sister's face and smiled the warmest smile I could.

"I love you, Kaylee. No matter what will or will not happen."

I saw Kaylee's eyes tear up and she started smiling too and we hugged each other firmly. After I took the pictures of Kaylee, we started our workout as if nothing had happened. We didn't skip our usual cooling down session though, but this time we masturbated ourselves. It took Kaylee a little longer than usual, which wasn't a surprise considering she just came twice.

Of course, we showered together after that, as we both liked that a great

deal. When we went downstairs to watch some tv before going to bed, we both didn't bother with clothes. Kaylee cuddled up against me as usual and placed her hand on my thigh. During the evening, she kept toying with my dick, making it stiff. Then toying with my balls and after that, doing nothing and making my dick go soft again. She repeated this a few times during the evening, creating a great feeling of intimacy between us. She didn't jack me or anything, and I never was even remotely close to cumming, but it sure was a pleasant way to spend the evening. An added bonus was that I got to play with her breast as she laid against me, toying with my dick. We went to bed at our regular time, kissed goodnight and I went into my own room drifting into a dream-filled sleep in which my naked sister played the main part.



Chapter 14

"I don't wanna talk about things we've gone through," Kaylee said to me.

I tried to talk to her about our dad and the history we had, but she wouldn't have it. Seeing her in denial now, made me realize she'd probably need some psychiatric help in the future. But to be honest, she did appear fine. Heck, maybe I was the one needing psychiatric help. Kaylee just hugged me and said she liked the way we live now way too much to care about the past. I could only praise her for that attitude. We were dressing for school now after our morning shower. Kaylee practically abandoned her own room and was doing all her stuff in mine now. Only now and then, when she needed peace and quiet for her homework, she'd go to her room.

Our workout routine didn't change much after our last session for the remaining days our mom was at home. We kept masturbating each other, and only once ate and sucked the other. By now, it was Monday, and our mom left this morning for an entire week. This was the first time she was gone for such a long period, so she gave us quite an extensive list of instructions. Kaylee and I were both looking forward to being alone all the time, so we just let it come to us.

That morning, after my math class, I was walking to my locker when I saw Thomas running toward me. He had a worried look on his face.

"Hey, dude. Where's the fire?" I asked jokingly.

"It's Kaylee... Nelson... basement..." he panted.

I slammed my locker shut and ran to the basement, vaguely aware Thomas was following me. 'The Basement' was a room known to all people in school. It was a small room below our main building, used for storing the outdoor sporting equipment and only accessible through a narrow corridor that led to a set of stairs that ended in the storage room.

I had no idea what was going on with Kaylee, but the look in Thomas' eyes

had me on full alert. So as I was running toward the basement, all sorts of awful images went through my head.

“Keep going! I’ll get Mrs. Collins!” Thomas called behind me.

I had no intention of stopping. There was something wrong with my sister and I needed to help her! That was all I was thinking about. I passed Mr. Hoffs, who yelled something at me, but what he yelled didn’t register.

I rounded the corner around the main building and from here on it was a straight shot toward the hallway that led to the basement. I could already see one of the two guys that were always with Nelson. I couldn’t see if it was Crabbe or Goyle as we always called them, but I didn’t care at all. He was obviously on the lookout. I slowed down a bit as I approached him and, he looked a bit surprised to see me.

“Nelson! NO! Stop it!” I heard my sister scream from inside the basement.

The tone I heard in her voice was one of great agony. There was no doubt about that. I quickened my pace to a full-on sprint, and the guy on the lookout made a move to stop me. I jumped toward him in full sprint with my shoulder pointed at him. He didn’t expect that, because My shoulder hit him on his chin at full speed, causing both of us to tumble over. I quickly crawled up, leaving the guy motionless on the ground. I wasted no time on him and sprinted toward the basement through the hallway.

The moment I entered the small room, it took me a second to realize what I was looking at. Kaylee was lying on her back with her blouse unbuttoned and her bra pulled up, exposing her breasts. Goyle (or Crabbe) was pinning her down by holding her wrists and looking directly at Kaylee’s breasts. Nelson stood between her legs with his pants around his ankles and his erection tenting out the front of his underwear. He had pulled Kaylee’s skirt up, exposing her underwear. Nelson was stunned seeing me, considering the look on his face.

“Hey, freak... Get lost! Or do you want a piece of her too?” He then laughed

at Goyle (or Crabbe) “But only after I’m done! With that monster of yours, you’ll probably split her in half!”

That last part didn’t register. Everything before my eyes got a red glow, and I just lost it. I don’t remember anything from what happened in the basement. Later Kaylee told me what I did.

Before he finished his sentence, I stepped toward Nelson and kicked him in the nuts with everything I had in me. He curled into a fetal position, and at that time, Goyle (or Crabbe) shouted something. I took a baseball bat from the storage bag behind Nelson, and in one, swift motion swung it down on his forearms. He fell to his knees and he started screaming, looking at his arms that were in an unnatural upward bend. I turned around, lifted the bat above my head, and struck Nelson about three or four times before someone grabbed me from behind and dragged me out of the basement.

The first thing I remember is looking at the worried face of Mr. Hoffs, who was pinning me down. He’d run after me and followed me into the basement. Even pinned down, I could see Mrs. Collins enter the basement. Thomas was hard on her heels until she told him to wait outside.

“You’re in big trouble, mister!” Mister Hoffs said to me.

I didn’t care what he said. I struggled to get free from him and check on Kaylee, but he was too strong for me. After a few moments and to my great relief, I saw Mrs. Collins come out of the basement with her arm around Kaylee’s shoulder. She was crying, wearing Mrs. Collins’s jacket around her shoulders. The moment she saw me, she ran to me and hugged me the best she could, considering me Hoff was still pinning me down.

“Thank you!” She said to me, still crying, and kissed me on my cheek.

After a short while, other teachers showed up and entered the basement too. Mr. Hoffs helped me to my feet and took me, together with mister Sanchez, to the principal.

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Hoffs was the school counselor at our school for many years, and now it became clear that this wasn't the first time Nelson tried to rape a girl. In fact, Kaylee was the fourth. Nelson got away with it each time because mister Hoffs didn't want to deal with all the hassle it generated. Each time he talked the girls into not going to the police and assured them this wouldn't happen again.

Thomas bringing Mrs. Collins was a good thing because she wouldn't let Nelson get away with it of course. Otherwise, it would've to mean getting expelled from school. This series of unfortunate events brought a shitstorm over our school. They had to fire Mr. Hoffs because of his actions and even pressed charges against him. I don't know the punishment he got, and I frankly don't care.

And for me? Well, the first guy I knocked down (his name was Jason) had a concussion and broke his jaw. They wired it shut, and he had to eat through a straw for seven weeks. He got suspended for two weeks and had to go to detention for the rest of the year. The other guy (his name was Max) broke both his forearms and had to wear casts for about five weeks. He also got suspended for two weeks and had to go to detention for the rest of the year. Both boy's parents were so shocked when they found out what their kids were into, they didn't even blame me. Max's parents even thanked me personally for setting their boy straight and apologized deeply for what had happened.

Nelson was a different story. My kick broke his pelvic bone, causing him to piss blood, and I later learned the healing took about eleven weeks. Hitting him with the baseball bat broke two of his ribs and bruised one, which also kept him under the weather for ten weeks. Kaylee was a random victim, and he didn't know she was my sister. His parents insisted on a thorough investigation of the events, because 'Their poor boy wouldn't do such horrible things'

The police came, interrogated everyone, and of course, Nelson never stood a chance. Because of his parents and the police investigation, he needed to go to court. He got eighteen months in juvie for attempted rape and got

kicked out of school.

This is what happened afterward: The day this all happened, Kaylee asked the principal to call our grandfather, considering our mom was away, and we didn't want to ruin her first time away in her new job. And besides that, she'll quickly learn what had happened.

Of course, he came right away and talked to the principal. My granddad was mad as hell when he went into the office, but came out a lot calmer and looked after us after hearing all parts of the story. I had a bruised shoulder and a bruised foot, but luckily that was all. The school did have to punish me because I had broken the rules about violence in school, and they couldn't let me get away with that. I had to write a two-page essay about grass. It was obviously a symbolic punishment, and I understood why they gave me this penalty.

After everything was said and done in school, our grandfather took us to their home where our grandmother greeted us. We had a great lunch and talked about the events a lot. Kaylee appeared to be okay and assured us all that she was doing fine. My granddad couldn't stop talking about me and how amazing it was what I did. I honestly wasn't proud of what I've done. Mainly because I didn't remember it, but also because I never wanted to hurt anyone. But most of all, I was scared of the person I was when I lost it and went berserk.

Our grandma offered us to stay the night. I figured it was the sensible thing to do, so Kaylee wouldn't be without adult supervision for the night. So we agreed and our grandma made our beds for us. We stayed here a lot in the past, and each had our own room upstairs. Our grandparents slept downstairs, so we just had to call out to them and they would be upstairs in a matter of seconds.

After dinner, we called our mom. We put the phone on speaker so everyone could listen and chip in when necessary. Of course, our mom was shocked, and her first reaction was to come home immediately. But after talking a while and our granddad assured her that everything was under

control and that there was nothing she could add by coming home, our mom calmed down a bit.

We discussed our options and things we had to do to wrap this whole thing up. Our mom was obviously bummed out by the fact that she wasn't there for us when she needed to. But we all dismissed that and praised her for getting her life back on track. We agreed that this was just a minor bump in the road. She decided to stay at her work, but Kaylee and I had to promise that we'd call every day.

After this, we hung up and the four of us played a game of clue. Kaylee and I didn't have to go to school the next day because of the events, but around ten, Kaylee announced she wanted to go to bed. It made me realize I was tired too, so we both said goodnight and went upstairs.

Kaylee went into the bathroom first to brush her teeth, so I went to my room and stripped down to my underwear. I entered the bathroom the moment she was finished. She dried her mouth, hung back the towel, and turned around. Out of the blue, she gave me the tightest hug she ever gave me.

"Thank you SO much for protecting me, big brother!"

"Of course, Kaylee! I know you would've done the same for me." I tried toning it down.

"Don't." She said. "I know you scared yourself doing this, but I'm glad somebody stood up for me. And it's even better that you were the one that stood up!"

She loosened the hug and kissed me on my cheek.

"I'm turning in now. Good night!"

"Good night, Kaylee! Don't let the bed bugs bite.." I smiled.

"I love you, Wyatt. Good night!"

“Love you too! Good night.”

I brushed my teeth and went to my bedroom. I got rid of my underwear and got under the covers. We didn't have our cooling down session, and normally I'd jack-off before I went to sleep. But right now, I didn't feel like it at all. I blamed that on everything that happened today. But despite all that, sleep came quickly, and I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Chapter 15

“Wyatt?” I heard a whisper.

I opened my eyes, but in the pitch dark room, it was as if my eyes were still closed.

“Wyatt?” I heard the whisper again.

“Hmmpf,” I grumbled, not fully awake yet.

“I can’t sleep, Wyatt. Can I sleep with you please?”

When we were younger, she used to sleep in my bed a lot. But as we grew older, she stopped coming into my room, and we each slept in our own beds. But her coming in my room now and asking for this meant something was off.

“Of course you can! Get over here.”

I was aware that I was as naked as the day I was born, but I guessed she wouldn’t mind too much. Good thing I was soft too. Otherwise, she might be freaked out or something. I felt my sheets moving and her body moving in under the covers.

“Thank you. I’m a bit scared on my own in that dark room.”

“No problem, sis.”

I felt her head on my chest as she laid her body partially on me. I wrapped my arm around her shoulder, pulling her close. It was almost as we were watching tv on a night after our workout. I also felt the heat of her pussy on my leg and realized that she was naked too. That combination sent my dick to full-on boner in a few seconds. I decided not to pay any attention to it and hoped Kaylee wouldn’t notice. This just wasn’t the time or place to fool around.

"I really hate Nelson, you know..." she said out of the blue.

"Yeah. I do too... he's a total dick!"

"And a pencil dick too from what I could see in his underwear.." she giggled.

"Glad you can laugh about it all." I complimented her.

"Yeah. Me too. Thanks to you!" And she hugged me again, raising her right leg and draping it over my lower body to just below my balls.

We just laid in bed, enjoying each other's company and not feeling the need to talk. After a few minutes, I felt Kaylee's breath deepen and her feet doing some sleep twitches. Just as I remembered from when we were younger. She was falling asleep.

Chapter 16

I woke up feeling hot. The early morning light was coming through the windows, but I could see it was still early. I felt Kaylee's breast against my chest and her pussy still warm on my leg. We both barely moved during the night. One thing moved, though. Kaylee's hand was wrapped around my erection, just holding it. I tried moving the blankets down as carefully as possible, so we wouldn't be that hot anymore. Kaylee moved a bit, but she didn't fully wake up. Her hand moved up and down on my dick as a sort of involuntary reaction, and it caused me to moan softly. The jerking motion stopped after a bit, and I slowly drifted off to sleep again.

I had some vague dream about school that abruptly ended, and I felt Kaylee's body moving and her breasts rubbing against my chest. It took me a few seconds to realize where I was, and at that moment Kaylee started nibbling at my ear and whispered:

"Time for you to wake up too," and her hand moved up and down my shaft again.

"Grmpfh" I answered, but enjoying the feeling on my dick a lot.

"I hear grandma making breakfast downstairs, so we need to get up." She said, still slowly jerking me.

"Okay. Mmmhh.." I replied.

"Thank you for letting me stay here last night. I needed that." She said, abruptly let go of my dick and sat up exposed her breasts to me.

"Sure. Anytime!" I responded, feeling a slight disappointment that she let go of my dick.

"I'll shower at home. We'll ask grandpa to drop us off, okay? That way we can do an extensive workout and be on our own. Agree?"

“Good idea. I didn’t do my workout yesterday and this morning, so yeah. And I need to do some laundry.”

We both got up, got dressed, brushed our teeth, and went downstairs to eat breakfast. After breakfast our grandfather took us to the police station, so Kaylee and I could answer some more questions. After that, he dropped us off at our home, and Kaylee and I were alone again.

We managed to get a few chores done and we did some homework together we needed to do for the next day. Next, we went downstairs, stripped and both did an extensive workout, without our usual cooling down. Kaylee didn’t initiate it and I didn’t know if she was ready for it yet.

We did shower together, and Kaylee asked me, for the first time, if I could wash her back. I eagerly accepted the option to touch her magnificent body and lathered her back. I hesitated slightly near her butt but quickly decided to go for broke and wash her butt too.

“Nice.” She said. “Can you do my front too, please,” as casual as she could and she turned around.

I’d never let an opportunity like this go to waste, so I made sure there was enough shower gel on my hands and started working my way from her shoulders down to her feet. I couldn’t help myself and paid extra attention to her boobs, feeling her nipples harden even more under my touch. I lingered as long as I could around her boobs before I made my way down her stomach.

Once I reached her pussy, I hesitated. But Kaylee helped me out by spreading her legs a bit, allowing me better access. So I rubbed around at her pussy, making sure to pay extra attention to her clit. She never gave any signs of liking or disliking it, and she never moaned, but I knew she liked what I was doing by all the experiences we shared already. I moved lower to wash her legs and feet and by the time I was back at her pussy, Kaylee said:

“Thanks! Let me do you now,” and she closed her legs. “Turn around.”

I turned my back to her as she poured some of my shower gel in her hands and started working on my neck and shoulders. It was more of a massage than soaping me up, but I found it extremely nice and relaxing. She worked her way down my arms and back before reaching my ass. Kaylee didn't hesitate and kneaded both my cheeks, and I liked it.

Her hands went lower, and she washed my legs. When she was at my feet, she asked me to turn around. I almost hit her on her head with my boner when I turned around, but we both acted like it didn't happen, although I had to suppress a giggle. Her hands moved slowly from my calf's upward to between my legs. Her wrists touched my balls as her hand and fingers washed me between my legs. She paid special attention to the bit between my ball sack and anus, which I learned then was a highly erogenous zone.

Her hands left my thighs and the inevitable happened. Both her soapy hands were going up and down on my rock hard dick. I couldn't stop moaning as she did this. One hand went to my balls and started massaging them, while she kept jerking me.

All too soon, Kaylee stopped and stood back up, her hands going further upward, and washed my belly.

“Hmmm... Your six-pack is getting there, brother...” and she kept rubbing me there.

Her hands went to my chest and shoulders, and her massaging hands made me feel proud of all the hard work I've done so far. Kaylee surprised me by licking my ear and moaned in it. At the same time, her hand moved back to my dick and she started jerking me again. Fast and determined this time.

Because of all the touching, groping, and moaning, I was close to cumming already.

“Ohhhh...yeahhhh,” I moaned.

“Shoot for me! I want to feel your cum spurting out of your fat cock!” She moaned in my ear.

Her talking like this was so insanely exciting, I couldn’t hold it back. I immediately came.

“AAAHHHHHH..” I groaned.

“Yesssss... shoot for me, big brother... let it go!” And her hand kept milking me.

She jacked me off enough to know when to stop jerking. And so she stopped just in time before I got too sensitive. As the water still cascaded down on us, I opened my eyes and looked at her. She looked me horny in my eyes and kissed me hungrily on my mouth. It lasted a few seconds before we broke apart and I smiled at her.

“Wow. That was... wow! You sure know how to do it just right for me, Kaylee!”

“Then why did you stop fooling around, Wyatt?” She asked seriously.

“Huh!? What do you mean?” I asked.

“Yesterday and today you avoided me like the plague. Is it because of what happened with Nelson?”

“What? No! Of course not! Well... a little bit maybe... I wanted you to have some space. I reasoned that letting you set the pace was the best thing to do. I didn’t want to impose myself.”

“That’s very considerate of you, Wyatt. But I already told you I’m fine! So let’s keep the good thing going, okay?”

“Okay, Kaylee. I won’t hold back anymore. I promise!” And my hand started

moving toward her pussy.

“Thank you! But not right now,” she smiled and closed her legs shut. “First we eat and watch tv. Maybe another workout session tonight?”

“Maybe,” I responded and retracted my hand.

I wasn't too much into another session after the intense session I just finished. But I wouldn't want to spoil another opportunity either. So that 'maybe' was exactly what I meant to say. We did just what Kaylee proposed. We went downstairs, naked of course, and I ordered the pizza. Kaylee poured the drinks and selected a movie from the extensive list of movies I downloaded and placed on a hard-drive, connected to the tv. When the doorbell rang, I threw on my bathrobe, got the pizza, and paid the delivery guy.

As we started munching down on the pizza, I realized how long it's been since we had pizza. I knew it didn't fit into our diet, but man! It was tasty!

“I didn't know I missed pizza this much,” Kaylee said with her mouth full.

“Funny! I was just thinking the same!” I laughed.

The movie Kaylee selected was 'The Blue Lagoon'. I never heard of it, and seeing it was released in 1980 didn't exactly get my hopes up. But if I could watch a movie naked, with a naked girl cuddled up against me, I'd even watch a four hour documentary about snails growing up.

But the movie surprised me big time! I even boned up a few times during the movie, which Kaylee found funny, and it made her playfully bounce my boner around. On the other hand, I felt her nipples harden a lot of times during the movie too. And each time they did, I softly pinched them. After the movie was over, I was both horny and confused. They were sort of brother and sister and got a kid together. And horny because of all the flesh I'd seen. I was soft at the moment and still doubtful about another workout session.

“Do you mind if we go to bed?” Kaylee quietly asked.

“Not at all... I was just thinking about how tired I am and that another workout isn’t an option for me.”

“Good!” And she stood up and started cleaning up the plates and glasses.

I made sure all the doors and windows were shut and turned off the lights. We brushed our teeth side by side and the moment I was ready to wish Kaylee a good night, she looked me in the eyes.

“Do you mind if I sleep with you again tonight?”

This was more than just a normal question to sleep in my bed. Maybe I read into it, but her whole body language was different than normal.

“I think I’m ready for it...” she whispered.

My heart skipped two beats, hearing her say this. I immediately knew what she meant, and I didn’t read into it! The butterflies in my stomach were back with a vengeance. I was SO nervous, I didn’t even get a boner from the anticipation.

“Oh...” was all I managed to get out my throat.

My little sister stood there before my eyes in all her glory, and without a shred of clothing or bashfulness. But she looked so vulnerable at the same time, I felt I needed to do something. So I stepped forward, put one arm behind her knees and the other around her back, and I picked her up in my arms. Kaylee wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me deeply on my lips.

I carried her into my room like a groom carrying his bride, where I put her down on my bed gently. The glow coming from the hallway light made her body almost radiant. She looked magnificent and fragile, a sex goddess and

a young girl. All at the same time. I laid down on the bed beside her and kissed her on her lips. I slowly moved down to her neck, while my right hand played with her left nipple.

“Mhhh... this is nice” Kaylee purred. “Will you make me a woman?”

“I’m afraid I’ll hurt you... You know... With my... um, big... penis...”

“Don’t be. Just be as gentle as you always are. I know you’ll never hurt me on purpose. We’ll do this together.”

Kaylee spread her legs and looked at me full of lust and anticipation. She smiled nervously and then eyed my boner.

I was feeling all sorts of mixed emotions. I didn’t want to hurt her but was also very excited to be devirginized. I didn’t want to do anything wrong but also wanted to put my dick inside her and feel what it was like. I decided not to dwell on these feelings and got between my little sister’s spread legs, my hard-on leading the way.

I put my hands next to her head and lowered my body down on top of her and felt her breasts press against my chest. My dick nestled between her legs, lying on top of her warm and moist pussy.

“You sure you want to do this?” I asked one last time as I moved my butt back, so my penis moved toward her opening.

“Go for it, my big, strong brother,” she whispered.

My dick was moving slowly downward and flopped down on the mattress when I was at the end of her pussy. Kaylee immediately took it in her hand and lined me up. I felt the wet, warm opening of her pussy at the tip of my dick.

“There... Now just push it in slowly,” she said and the anticipation beamed from her face.

I carefully pushed forward. I felt the pressure on my dickhead growing but also felt that I was entering something warm and wet. The next thing I noticed as I pushed forward, was a small 'popping' feeling as the rim of my glans was engulfed and surrounded by my sisters pussy lips.

"OHHHH. Wyatt!" Kaylee moaned. "I feel it going in!"

I was lost for words. The feeling on my dick was so overwhelming, I could barely think. I paused a few seconds after my dickhead was in my sister's pussy. But I needed to go further. I wasn't sure how far I could enter her, because I had no clue how deep a girls pussy was. I was constantly reminded of how big my dick was, so I was a bit worried that only the tip, or maybe only a tiny bit more could go in.

So I kept pushing and felt more and more of my dick slowly entering the most wonderful place I ever felt. I was about halfway in when I heard Kaylee moan again, but this time it wasn't just pure pleasure.

"AAHHHH!" She said and pushed at my chest with her hands.

"Did I hurt you? Do you want me to pull out?" I asked worriedly.

"No no! Don't you dare take it out!" She panted. "Just give me a moment to get used to being so filled up down there."

I held perfectly still and looked intensely at her to see if she was doing okay. I still saw that hornier than horny look in her eyes, so I figured it was still good.

"Slide back a tiny bit and then forward again," Kaylee whispered.

And that is just what I did. Pulling back a little got me lubed up again, which made pushing forward again a lot easier.

"Ohhhhh, Wyatt.... Don't stop! Push it all the way in! I'm... Agghh" Kaylee

moaned, and her eyes turned back in her head.

She wasn't cumming. I knew her too well for that, but she was losing control over her body, that much was clear. And I felt a vague sense of pride being the one giving it to her. I pulled back a bit and pushed forward two more times when I felt my pubic hair met hers. This was it. I was all the way in! Kaylee looked at me a bit unfocused and placed both her hands on my butt.

"I ooh... feel you hitting aahhh... something inside," she panted.

"Does it hurt!?" I asked worriedly again.

"Ahh... What?" And she tried focusing on my eyes again. "No, no! It's amazing! Now fuck me, big brother. Fuck me! Please fuck me!"

This wasn't the Kaylee I knew from our other endeavors. It was almost like she was possessed or something. But I wasn't thinking too clearly myself by now. My dick was in the most wonderful place I could ever imagine, and I was encouraged to move in and out of it.

The moment I pulled back, I was careful not to pull back too far, because I didn't want to slip out. So all too soon I pushed back slowly, still being careful.

"Ooaahhh!" Kaylee groaned as I was fully back in again.

I could feel her pussy contracting around my dick. It was almost as if she was cumming. The difference was that the contractions weren't as strong, nor as frequent as normal.

"AAHHH... YESS!" And her fingers dug themselves in my butt cheek and lower back.

This second encouragement got me going. I moved out and in again, this time a bit further out. The next time even further. The third time I slipped

out, but this time I managed to quickly get it in myself and it slipped in easily. I immediately slid it all the way back in and I felt no resistance doing so.

“Faster!” Kaylee groaned again. “Do it faster!”

I shrugged mentally because that’s what she wants, and by now it’s obvious I’m not hurting her in any way. On the contrary. And that’s when a good rhythm started to form. I was glad I came not too long ago, so I could last a bit longer and savor this awesome feeling. In the back of my mind, the idea hit that Kaylee planned it back then already and wanted me to cum, so I could last longer. Ah well... I didn’t mind one bit...

I was now steadily pounding away, and Kaylee’s head moved from one side to the other, constantly moaning and her pussy still contracting. I was starting to lose it myself as the pressure in me kept boiling.

“FSTRRR!” Came from Kaylee’s mouth.

That was it for me. I started pounding away faster and harder. This also meant I was reaching the point of no return quickly now. The feeling around my dick and my thrashing sister below me, obviously having the time of her life, were making me feel all warm and tingly inside. A few moments later, that same tingle focused on my balls. I was reaching my climax.

My movement was stronger now. Slower, but stronger. I practically slammed my groin against Kaylee’s pussy now as the pressure in my balls kept building. I tried holding back as long as I could, but the moment Kaylee’s body stiffened under me and her arms and legs wrapped around me, I felt it. Her pussy contracted sharply, and I managed two more pushes before I shot my sperm in my thirteen-year-old sister’s pussy.

“AAARGH!” Kaylee almost screamed.

“AHH... I’m cumming!” I managed to grunt.

“Ohhh... Yes! I can feel it splashing inside me...” Kaylee said with wonder in her voice.

She held me firmly against her with both her arms and legs as I kept unloading and tried to catch my breath. Kaylee started kissing me all over my face and neck.

My body went practically limp on her, and I laid my head down next to her face. I felt both exhausted and proud. Exhausted because of the intensity of the actions and proud because I gave my sister an intense orgasm during her first fuck. My dick was deflating, and I felt it slowly slipping out of Kaylee’s pussy. I pulled it out completely and laid down beside her. Kaylee immediately cuddled up against me and put her hand on my now soft dick.

“Now THAT was totally mind-blowing, Wyatt!” Kaylee giggled. “I never felt anything like this. I just knew that your big dick would feel amazing inside me!” And she squeezed my dick as she said it.

I just laid there catching my breath and let the good feelings wash over me. I couldn’t speak now, even if my life depended on it.

“It felt SO amazing being so filled up with your dick. At first, it hurt a bit, but when I got used to it, I felt like being stretched too far. But in a good way, you know? And as you started fucking me, it almost felt like one big orgasm. I was sort of cumming the entire time and I couldn’t keep my head straight. And the tip of your dick kept hitting something inside me, which felt amazing. And the moment you started slamming me really hard, you hit my clit, my pussy, and that spot inside at the same time! I felt like I exploded internally. And then I felt your cum splatter my insides, and I came again.” Kaylee blabbered on...

I absolutely loved this about my sister! When she’s hyped and excited, she can’t stop talking enthusiastically about it. I just lay there listening to and enjoying the torrent of words flooding out of her mouth.

“Do you think you can make it hard again already? I want to do it again...”
She asked just like that and squeezed my dick.

I looked at her in her puppy eyes and couldn't suppress a giggle.

“Just a few moments, please. Remember this was my first time too!” And I laughed at her eagerness.

“And you did an amazing job! No matter what anyone ever says about your penis, it's perfect for fucking me!” And she kissed me on my mouth.

In the meantime, she started playing with my dick more seriously, and she started Frenching me at the same time. This had the expected effect of me getting stiff again. She must've felt it too because she moaned in my mouth the moment she couldn't wrap her hand around my base anymore. She never stopped kissing me and straddled my waist, rubbing her still dripping wet pussy up and down over my dick. She moved her hips up a bit, grabbed my dick, and impaled herself on it.

Not being in control now, but my cock still nestled in that wonderful place was a whole new ballgame to me. Just as awesome, but different. We must've fucked like this for about five minutes before Kaylee turned over and lay on her back.

“I like the control and how deep you get when I'm on top, but I like you doing it better,” she moaned as I slipped back in.

She started trashing again below me, the minute I started pounding hard again. I felt my balls slap against her ass, each time I went in. After a few minutes of this, I felt Kaylee cumming again. I wasn't there just yet so I just kept going, guessing that she liked being fucked hard like this during her orgasm. Kaylee came three or four times during the second time we fucked, before I shot my load deep in my sister once again.

We lay there side by side on my bed after this and I pulled the covers over our bodies. Kaylee wasn't talking that much now, but was cuddled up

against me and already breathing deeply. We both fell asleep like this.

The next morning I was awakened by her hand toying with my dick. The moment I was fully awake, she was sitting on it again and we fucked again. In fact, we fucked each morning, afternoon, and evening the entire week our mom was away. I never felt this sexually satisfied my whole life. Looking back on it, we were lucky Kaylee didn't get pregnant during that week.

After our mom got back, our fucking intensity dropped significantly. And Kaylee talked our mom into getting her to a doctor to get a prescription for the pill. Even though our mom was home, Kaylee slept in my room almost constantly. Our mom never got upstairs, so we dared to take that gamble. Looking back now, I guess she knew what was going on, but decided not to say anything about that.

I'm still deeply grateful for the fact that she let us be this way and didn't judge us. We were in love after all.

The end.

Epilogue

At school, everything was going pretty good now. I wasn't instantly the most popular guy in school, but I wasn't picked on anymore either. And everyone knew me now as 'That guy that saved a girl from Nelson'. I fit in way better than before and made some actual friends. And so did Kaylee. We both had a really good and normal school career after everything that had happened.

And at home? Well... A few months after we fucked the first time, our grandmother died of a heart attack. We were all devastated, our grandpa especially. Kaylee and I visited him a lot, making sure he was doing fine. During our vacations, we stayed there to keep him company. When we stayed there, Kaylee kept sleeping with me, but we had to keep our sex to a minimum.

After high school, I went to a local community college, so I could keep living at home. I got myself a nice car, thanks to my administrative job at a local realtor. Kaylee and I kept our relationship going and had sex on a very regular basis. We both dated a few times, but that was just to keep up appearances. When possible, we tried to double date, so we still ended up together at the end of the evening. We, of course, both never got serious about dating anyone else.

In my first year in college, our grandfather died. By that time our mom had paid off all her debts, and we had moved to a new house in a better neighborhood. After our grandfather's funeral, their will was presented to us. Our grandfather left everything to Kaylee and me in a fund that we both could access for fifty percent the moment Kaylee turned eighteen. Our mom was very pleased with this arrangement and understood it completely, considering her history.

But that same history had paid its toll on her body. The day after I turned eighteen, our mom was diagnosed HIV positive, combined with a severe and lethal form of hepatitis. Her prognoses weren't good. The doctors

didn't think she had very much time left. Her illnesses got progressively worse and almost a year later, she died. Kaylee and I were now orphans. The silver lining was that our mom had arranged everything for us. We could stay in our home and she made sure the mortgage was paid off. She even had arranged for insurance that paid for our college, so we started our adult life debt-free. I still don't know how she managed to do all this, but it sure gave my sister and me a nice head start.

The fact that our mom was gone, meant that Kaylee and I didn't have to pretend or be careful anymore when we were at home. In our home, we were practically nudists. The moment we were at home, we shed our clothes. We also fucked a lot! I guess we averaged at about 1 ½ times a day.

Only a few people in our small social circle knew we were brother and sister, but this meant that outside our home, we still needed to hide the fact that we loved each other. So the moment Kaylee graduated from college, we put our meticulously planned strategy into motion. We sold the house, and with that money, we bought another house up north. I had found a nice enough job there in Alaska, and Kaylee would start looking the moment we settled in. Since houses are a lot cheaper there, we also bought a nice, fully utilized cabin in the wilderness of Alaska. It was a four-hour drive from our new home, and we went there almost every weekend.

The people out there didn't know we were brother and sister, and we broke our bonds with our past life. The people there just assumed we married young, considering our last names. Of course, we couldn't officially get married, but we sure as hell pretended we were. It was a bit silly, but we even did a pretend marriage in our own home, just like they did in 'The Blue Lagoon'. It was silly, but we both cared deeply about this ceremony. A long time ago, I came to terms with my large, eight-inch penis. By now, I liked showing it off in a tight speedo at the swimming pool, or in the showers in a public gym. Kaylee enjoyed it a lot too when I did this, so we went to the pool a lot. We both also made sure we kept working out enough. I had a nice, slightly muscular body. Not buff, but certainly not scrawny anymore.

So we settled ourselves as a married couple and started living our adult lives. We got two healthy kids, a boy named Michael and a girl named Taylor. We never told our kids we're brother and sister and we probably never will. Kaylee and I also decided to let them be together in case they wanted that. But we also figured these chances are slim because Kaylee and I provided a normal youth for them and not do drugs or be gone half the time. We're just a normal family with a normal social life and a normal routine.

So... Life is good.

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Any questions or remarks, good or bad, are welcome at jasoncrowwriter@outlook.com.
Thanks for reading!