

All Dressed Up



Jason Crow

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By

Jason Crow

Chapter 1

"I don't give a damn about my reputation! You're living in the past, it's a new..." Envy said to our mom.

"I don't care what you two think of it. This is the end of it! You two are going to help me out here!" our mother said as she stamped out of my room.

My twin sister Envy and I were left speechless. Here we were. A boy and a girl just turned fourteen a week ago and we were ordered by our mom to join some stupid dress-up fundraiser.

"Well, this sucks ass," Envy grumbled.

"Big-time," I agreed. "I already had other plans this Saturday. I guess I go and make some calls. Damn!"

"Were you invited to the party at Jason's?" Envy asked.

"I was," I said. "Thanks for reminding me. Jason only throws the best parties in town, so I'll probably end up hearing all the juicy stories for three weeks."

"I'm sorry, Zolo. I had plans with Luke. So I'm bummed out too."

"I know. I'm sorry, Envy. It's just that Sandra would come too. And from what I heard, she's really into me and... AHhh," I yelled out of frustration.

"You've got a costume? Or do we need to go out and buy one?" Envy asked, trying to focus on something else with a knowing look on her face.

"Fuck that! I'm not buying one. I'll make something out of old stuff," I said not even remotely in the mood to go out for my mom.

"Well," Envy started, "it IS a costume party in the middle of the summer..."

"So?" I snapped, not seeing how this would help.

"Sooo... we can go out and buy costumes she'll hate. I'm sure that if we play our cards right, we'll get her pissed off enough, so we won't have to

attend another party ever again. I know for a fact how much she hates superhero costumes, so I'm thinking of Superman or Spiderman for you."

My first instinct was that it isn't smart to piss off our mom. But I immediately liked the way Envy was thinking. I started grinning as I imagined never being forced into being at any more of these dumb events.

Envy saw me smiling. "I know for a fact how much she hates superhero costumes, so I'm thinking of Superman or Spider-man for you."

I'll bet Mom would probably be disgusted if I showed up in a costume so "corporate". So it's perfect! I nodded in agreement. "What about you? You hate superheroes more than Mom does."

"Yeah. I do. I'm not going as some lame-ass superhero. A sexy devil costume or something like that will surely push her buttons. Don't you think," and she smiled mischievously.

She was right! Our mom always threw these obligatory fundraisers and expected us to show up every single time. When we were kids, it was fun. But now it was just straight-out ridiculous. All the old people pinching our cheeks and telling us how much we've grown over the year. I was so sick of it, and I knew Envy was too.

"How sexy?" I asked a bit worried she'd take it too far.

"Enough for people to notice I'm not a kid anymore," she replied, trying to sound provocative.

"Okay then. I like the way you think," I giggled. "When they see you're not a kid anymore, they'll probably leave me alone too. So I guess I'm going with Spider-man. With the mask, people won't see it's me."

"I know a great place on Hollywood Boulevard. I'll ask Leon to drive us," Envy said and walked downstairs.

Now a thing about us. Our dad was a hot-shot actor in Hollywood. He and my mom were the Hollywood exception and had been married for almost fifteen years. As far as we were concerned, still happily married. We lived

in a big mansion in Bel Air with a big staff supporting us. We had a butler, a chauffeur, a chef. You name it.

Our mom and dad kept us out of publicity as much as they could. This was great because this way we didn't need bodyguards or something as we were relatively unknown to most people. Envy and I even went to a regular high school. Our friends sometimes teased us for having to mix with the "common folk", but we actually liked being able to be normal, at least most of the time.

Because of our big staff, our mom felt a bit useless. She wasn't the 'Trophy Wife' type and wants to do something with her life. So she started a non-government organization that cares about people in Africa and creating wells over there. This NGO relied solely on gifts, crowd-funding, and a few corporations that needed to polish their image. They were the ones supplying the hardware.

She was pretty good at it, and people praised our family for it. But it also meant she had to beg for money for her NGO every now and then. But Envy and I hated this stuff with a vengeance. And we sure as hell didn't want to be in the spotlight. Neither did our mom.

But we were smart enough to know that having a famous dad gave us a lot of privileges. And showing up here and there every now and then and acting all happy was part of that deal. But this didn't mean we had to like it.

"Are you coming, Zolo?" I heard Envy shout at the bottom of the stairs.

"Yeah, yeah!" I yelled back. I didn't want to seem too enthusiastic. The last thing I wanted to do was to feed Envy's superiority complex, even if her idea WAS pretty great! It's my job as her brother to give her a hard time. I waited a moment longer, then sauntered over to the landing, smirked at the way she was tapping her foot impatiently, and finally headed down to join her.

Chapter 2

“That looks pretty good on you, Zolo,” Envy said as she looked me over.
“Turn around so I can check out the back.”

I was wearing a skin-tight Spiderman costume and felt a little embarrassed standing there in front of my sister. I could see my reflection in the mirror as I turned around, and I couldn’t help but notice the obvious lump in my tights.

I inherited my dad’s genes, which included an above-average penis. I wasn’t some freak or something, but at five inches soft and almost six-and-a-half hard, I was above average, I knew that much. And now it showed. Quite literally.

“Nice butt,” she said behind me and giggled a bit.

“I don’t feel comfortable in this,” I said, looking back at my sister.

“You should! You’ve got a nice body. And people won’t recognize you with your mask on.”

I knew she was right. I only fitted the mask briefly, so I could clearly see the rest. Being unrecognizable would probably make it a bit less awkward.

“But you do need to ditch your boxers. I can clearly see where it is now.”

“Pfff. Really?”

“Really. This just looks stupid”

“Going commando to a costume party. Yay!” I giggled.

“Don’t worry. No one will know just you and me,” she tried putting me at ease.

“Okay then. We’ve got a winner,” I said and entered the changing room to get back in my regular outfit.

I changed quickly into my normal clothes and sat down on the chairs outside the changing booths. I knew Envy had found three outfits she wanted to try, so I was probably in for a long session.

"Don't take too long," I said to the curtain, knowing it wouldn't make a difference.

"Quit whining," Envy laughed. "I want to make sure I get it right. Don't you?"

"Yeah, yeah," I responded.

I took out my phone and started scrolling through my timeline.

"Ready?" I heard Envy ask.

"Bring it on."

She opened the curtain and I had to swallow because of how she looked. She was wearing a witch outfit, which consisted of a small black dress and a witch hat.

The dress was small. It was a one-piece dress. The bottom half was basically a mini-skirt and the top half. Well... it had two forms that went over her breasts and it showed a bit of cleavage.

She looked... freakin' GREAT!

"This is nice!" I sincerely said to her.

Envy checked herself in the mirror, turned around a few times, and then smiled.

"This is nice indeed. But I've got two more to try," she said and vanished into the changing booth.

I sighed and checked my phone again. As I was thinking about the witch dress, I had to admit Envy looked really nice in it.

"This is better," I heard Envy say behind the curtain and she slid it open.

My eyes must've looked like saucers because I totally wasn't prepared for this. Envy was wearing a Tinkerbell outfit and this was even skimpier than the Witch dress. It had the same obvious curves that accentuated her breasts, but it looked as if they were more pronounced this way. It certainly showed more skin. But her dress... Damn!

Everyone who knows how Tinkerbell's dress looks must know what I mean. There were triangle-like pieces of cloth at the bottom and it was short! There was a bigger triangle to hide her crotch, but other than that, it showed a hell of a lot of skin.

"Do you like it?" Envy giggled and turned around.

A lot of her back was showing too and the underside of her ass cheeks was visible between the triangles.

"Uhm... Yeah," I managed to get out of my throat. It seemed as if someone turned up the heat in the change room. "Isn't this too much?"

"What do you mean? You can't see anything," she said, checking herself in the mirror.

"I can see your underwear," I said, pointing.

"I can fix that," Envy said and immediately pulled down her panties. "See? You still can't see anything."

I gulped, staring at the pair of panties Envy was casually holding in her hand. I was powerless to prevent my eyes from moving over to the bottom of the short skirt. She was right, I couldn't see anything, but I knew that she was nothing else covering her up at that moment. She was practically naked, right in front of me! I mean, it was my sister, but... I shook my head and recovered as quickly as I could.

"I guess you're right. You just have to be careful bending over and picking stuff up from the ground," I said, suddenly realizing I was getting hard.

"That would be awkward. But I can manage. I really like this one," she said, smiling at me. "Just one more."

"I'm not going anywhere," I said, acting as casual as I could.

Envy went into the changing booth again, which left me to my thoughts. Did I just get hard because of my twin sister? She did look nice, there was no denying that. But she was my sister. We even shared a womb! But man! Her tits and ass looked... magnificent. I was so confused by now.

"Oh my god," Envy whispered behind the curtain.

“What is it?” I asked a bit worried.

“It’s... ehm... well, check for yourself,” she giggled, opened the curtain, and walked out.

“She sure knows how to build it up,” I thought.

Envy was wearing a devil outfit, complete with small horns and a zorro-like mask. Everything was in a blood-red color with flame accents. But her dress. Oh my god! It was even skimpier than the Tinkerbell dress. I didn’t think this was possible, but they had managed. The bottom of the dress was the same as the Tinkerbell dress, except the triangles were flame-shaped and colored, but it showed as much skin as the Tinkerbell one.

Looking at her top half, it had had pieces of fabric missing. I still don’t know how everything stayed in place, but almost her entire right breast was showing. There was a fire-shaped piece of cloth coming from the fabric between her breasts and was only covering her nipple and a bit of skin surrounding it. Her left side was covered a bit more, but still showed a lot of skin. Her belly was showing too, and I noticed she had a tiny hint of a six-pack, which was pretty sexy.

As she turned around, I could see her entire backside was exposed, ending just above her butt. I was hard the moment she came out of the booth but I reasoned any male would get hard seeing this.

“It’s... well...” I cleared my throat. “...different?” I tried.

“I LOVE it!” Envy said, admiring herself in the mirror.

“I... ehmmm... at least you can’t see your underwear in this one,” I said, looking for the right words.

“Why do you think that is, Sherlock?” she giggled.

I couldn’t help myself. My sister was a girl. A hot one for that matter. And this dress accentuated all the strong points of her body. I realized I had stopped looking at her as my sister, but as a smoking hot girl.

“It sure is hot,” I finally managed.

“It is, isn’t it?” Envy said and spun around in front of the mirror.

I expected the fire-shaped ends of her skirt would lift themselves because of the turning motion and exposing her lower body in the process. But the flap in front of her crotch and the three on her backside were somehow fixed to stay down. The other ones at her side indeed showed a lot of skin on her hips.

“This will piss mom off for sure,” Ellie said with a big smile on her face.

“Don’t you think it’s a bit too much? I mean... this outfit doesn't leave much to the imagination.”

“It is a bit on the edge, I admit. But if I wear my hair differently and with the mask, only you and my mom will know it’s me. And I honestly doubt if Mom will notice during the evening. She’ll probably leave everything regarding us to her P.A.”

“Okay then, it’s your call.” I honestly could not remember the name of Mom’s latest personal assistant. “ You know who the P.A. of the week is?”

“Dunno. Don’t care,” Envy said. “We’re done in here. Be right back.”

Envy vanished into the changing booth, leaving me time to get soft again.

“Zies ies an excellent zjoice,” the shopkeeper said with a phony French accent.

“Thank you,” we said almost simultaneously.

“Zie devil outfit... Mwah!” she continued and made a kissing motion with her lips and fingers.

After we paid, Leon drove us home and we both hid our outfits in our rooms. Only two days until the costume party. I wasn’t too sure about Envy’s outfit, but I figured she could decide for herself. Mine wasn’t provocative, just annoying to our mom.



Chapter 3

It was the day of the fundraiser. Our mom had talked sternly to us this morning. All the usual stuff about behaving and being polite to the visitors. She expected us to be there at three, so we would be there when the guests arrived. And she ordered us to listen to everything Monica would say to us.

Our mom wasn't a typical Hollywood woman who fired everyone that wouldn't do exactly what she said, but none of her P.A.'s were ever good enough. So she switched them a lot of times. We couldn't keep track anymore and just let it go.

So there I was. Standing in front of the mirror in my Spider-Man costume. I didn't believe Envy at first but she was right when she suggested that wearing my boxers under the costume looked ridiculous. But now that I was naked under it, my dick was even more pronounced.

Ah well. Envy was right. No one would recognize me. And considering what she would be wearing, I would be in her shadow anyway.

I knocked on Envy's door with my mask in my hand.

"Come in," Envy said.

I opened the door and saw Envy sitting in front of her make-up mirror wearing a bathrobe and working on her hair. She looked at me from top to bottom, while still fiddling with her hair.

"You look great, Zolo. And it's quite obvious you're Spider-MAN," she giggled, looking directly at my crotch.

I instinctively put my hand in front of my dick and felt myself starting to blush furiously.

"Stop it, Envy," I whispered, looking at the floor.

"Don't, Zolo. You look amazing. I'm just teasing you. But your... uhm... penis can't be missed. I'm sorry. But I wouldn't worry about that if I were you.

Most women like men with big... you know," and now it was Envy's turn to blush.

Oddly, her words did put me at ease.

"You really think I look okay in this?"

"Duh!" Envy said in that typical teenage-girl way. "All the girls in my class think you look amazing!" I saw her blush as she turned away... "And despite you being my brother... I think so too."

She kept blushing and diverted her eyes. Now I knew she wasn't teasing me and she was being sincere. I felt I had to say something too.

"Well. For what it's worth. It's the same with you. Jason can't stop talking about you. And I really liked how you looked back at the store," I said, being as honest as I could and blushing myself.

Envy was done with her hair and got up from her chair. She turned to me and without warning dropped her robe. I looked at the most magnificent thing I ever saw. Her costume fitted perfectly and she looked smoking hot in it. Embarrassed, I felt myself get hard, but I was too late to hide it with my hands, considering the smile on Envy's face.

"You didn't lie," she smiled. "You really like my outfit."

"Yeah... Uhm... well..." I stammered with my hands in front of my obvious boner.

"Don't worry, bro. I'm flattered," she laughed and gave me a firm hug.

"It's not easy to hide it in this costume," I said, mostly to myself.

"Here," Envy said and gave me a piece of cloth. "Just take this and casually wear it in front of you when you need it. Just say you're guarding Thor's cape."

I was very touched by her actions. I never thought Envy would be this understanding about something this awkward.

"Thanks," I said and now it was my turn to hug her tightly.

“Just look at it this way. You’re trying to hide something in your pants. I’m not wearing pants at all,” Envy laughed.

That caused me to laugh too and I could feel myself getting soft again.

“Ready, Spidey?” Envy asked, opening her bedroom door and putting on her mask.

I gestured with my hand toward the door and bowed slightly. “After you, She-Devil,” I replied, pretending to be gallant. Then we both laughed again and headed downstairs.



Chapter 4

Almost half an hour later, we entered the great hall our mom had rented. I was wearing my mask, but it took me a while to get used to no-one recognizing me. I did see a lot of women checking me out, both front and back. I felt like a piece of meat, but I liked it. Especially because I wasn't recognized.

As Envy paraded through the room and accidentally bumped into me once, but deliberately pressing her boob against my chest, I felt myself get hard and looked at her. I had to casually cover-up but still, a lot of women glanced over at us. Envy stayed by my side and whispered how much she liked walking around like this and constantly commented on how lame most of these people were. There were some really funny remarks too, which caused us to giggle a lot. I hadn't expected it, but I was having a good time with my sister.

Eventually, we found a quiet spot in the hall and sat down for a bit, catching our breaths.

"This is awesome," Envy giggled. "Did you see all these women eyeing your... dick?"

She still blushed when she said that word and I just had to giggle too.

"Well, most men didn't look away when you walked by either," I added, softly adding with a blush of my own "And I don't blame them."

"AH! There you are!" we heard a woman say. "I'm Monica," she said extending her hand for us to shake it, which we did.

She looked just like the other P.A.'s our mom usually hired. A young woman, early twenties, and eager to learn and please.

"She asked me to go and get you two. Will you follow me, please?" she said and walked away, not awaiting an answer.

Envy and I looked at each other. This wasn't an uncommon action for our mom, so I shrugged, got up, and followed Monica. Envy caught up with me

as we entered the backstage area. We rounded some corners until eventually, we entered a typical dressing room. I expected our mom to be there too, but other than a rack with clothes, a make-up mirror, a big comfy couch, and a small bathroom, the room was empty.

“The actors we hired to perform on stage during the award ceremony, just called in sick. Your mother figured you both would be willing to perform because you both like to wear a funny outfit,” Monica said, staring blankly at us.

This was unexpected. I glanced at Envy and saw her looking at Monica. If looks could kill, Monica was dead, cremated, and buried by now. Apparently, Monica didn’t notice or didn’t care, because she kept on talking.

“Great. You both witnessed the award ceremony several times, so you know what the mascot's task is on stage, don’t you?”

I couldn’t speak. I just nodded, flabbergasted by all of this.

“Great. You’ve got ten minutes before you’re expected on stage. Everything is here, so I guess that won’t be a problem. Will it?” she pressed.

“No. We’ll manage,” Envy said through her teeth, knowing better than to go against our mom in these kinds of situations.

“Great!”

“Jeez, everything is “great” with this woman!” I thought, immediately afraid I said it out loud.

“The stage is through that door,” Monica said, pointing to the door in the back of the room. “Oh, and one more thing. Your mother tells me this outfit is quite hot on stage.” She seemed to know that this was a kind of punishment from our mom for our costumes and looked a little apologetic at us.

And with that, she left the room, leaving us speechless.

“Great...” Envy said in a very condescending tone, mimicking Monica.

“Damnit. I guess we pushed her buttons too much, don’t you think?” I asked Envy.

“I guess so too,” she said, looking defeated.

“But I don’t feel like apologizing. Do you?”

Envy looked at me. I could see something in her eyes had changed.

“Hell no! You know what?!?” she said, taking the mascot uniform from the rack.

“What?” I asked a bit worried.

“We won’t back down. She thinks she’s got us cornered and that we won’t do this. But what if we do?” and I could see the fire in her eyes.

“Uhm,” I responded, not quite sure what to think about it.

My mom ordered this mascot outfit a few years ago. It was a representation of the logo for her NGO, showing a pump and a well. It needed two people in it, so the pumping arm could move up and down but still had a well standing up straight. For a long time, I thought it was a malformed “h”. One person is in the straight bit of the “h”, and the other bends over. The person bending over had an extension on his arms which is the bottom half of the lower end of the “h”.

During the award ceremony, the mascot lifted the well-part every time a winner came on stage. That was a way of celebrating their victory. I found it lame, but our mom loved it. Go figure.

“You really want to go through with this, don’t you?” I asked.

“Yeah. I do. I hate it when our mom thinks she can play us like a fiddle.”

“But... you heard Monica. It’s freaking hot in that thing.” I tried.

“So?”

“What do you mean, So?”

“We’ll ditch our clothes. That will be cooler and afterward, we can take turns and shower in here. You can go first,” she simply said and giggled.

Uhhh ... did Envy forget that she told me my underwear ruined my costume and that I'm not wearing anything under this suit?

"But... I'll be naked," I blushed.

"So? So will I," Envy said, not seeming to care about that.

I think I felt my heart stop. Is she kidding me? That would be... so wrong? Well... maybe not "wrong", but weird. Definitely weird! My eyes must have gone big as saucers, and Envy noticed.

"Look, Zolo. I'm not too fond of being naked inside a mascot outfit with you either. But. If you turn around and I'll go in first then you can come in after me. You won't see me, and I won't see you. It'll just be awkward inside the costume, but it'll probably be too dark in there to see anything."

"But..." I tried and eventually sighed. "Oh! I guess you're right. I can't think of an alternative, other than to go to our mom and apologize. But honestly, that isn't an option to me either."

"Okay. So it's settled. I'll go in first and bend over. You'll be the one standing up straight and helping me pull up the pump when necessary, okay?"

"I guess," I responded, still not excited to do this.

Which fourteen-year-old boy likes to be naked in a sweaty costume with his sister. I knew I didn't. I looked at Envy as she laid down the costume. After she was done she looked at me and nodded. I turned around and could hear her rustling behind me, followed by a gentle plop as her costume was tossed in a tiny heap on the floor at my feet.

"Okay. I'm in. You can go ahead now. I'll close my eyes Just in case," she giggled.

Reluctantly, I started taking off my Spider-man outfit. As I stood there naked as the day I was born, I felt myself trembling. A small part of me didn't want to do this, but my evil half found it exciting as hell. I wouldn't have to give in to my mom and I'd be practically naked. On stage. In front of an audience. But no-one would know.

I turned around and could see Envy standing inside the costume. She had pulled it up a bit, but almost all of her backside was exposed, including her ass. Without the sexy devil outfit, it was even better to look at.

Thank god I didn't get stiff looking at her. That would've been too awkward. I blamed it on the intensity of the situation. Otherwise, her bare ass would've most definitely got me hard. I stepped into the costume and got behind my sister. I took the backside of the costume, which caused both parts to come together. Envy handled the zipper and zipped us up.

Chapter 5

It was dark inside. But not dark enough that we couldn't see anything anymore. I did feel my penis brush against Envy's backside a few times but was too scared to say anything.

"You ready to go?" Envy asked, looking over her shoulder, holding the bottom part of the logo in front of her.

"Ready. You lead the way, cause I can't see anything and you've got that small gap to look through."

Envy started moving toward the door. It took us a few steps to figure out how we could walk properly. I had to lay my hands on her hips to keep my balance but soon enough, we figured it out.

"It tickles," Envy whispered as we were waiting behind the stage.

"What?" I whispered back

"Your... uhm... It tickles my butt."

"Sorry," I whispered, not knowing how to respond properly.

"Don't be. You can't help it. But... um... can you scratch my butt a bit to relieve the tickle?" Envy whispered and I could almost hear her blush. "I can't reach it with this stupid thing in front of me."

I hesitated for a second. But I didn't see a reason why I shouldn't do it. An itch you can't reach can be really irritating. I placed my hand on her right cheek and started scratching.

"Better?"

"A bit to the left," she whispered and pushed her butt back against my scratching fingers.

"Zolo? Envy?" we heard our mom softly say beside us.

"Yes," we responded simultaneously.

“Glad you two are helping me out. And it’s nice to see you changed out of those outfits,” she continued with a tiny bit of acid in her voice.

“No problem, mom. Glad to help,” Envy replied lightly, pretending to be oblivious.

I couldn’t suppress a giggle when I realized that this was even worse than our other outfits. If mom knew we were standing beside her naked, she’d have a heart attack.

“And here she is! The woman that made it all possible...” a voice shouted and loud music started playing.

“We’ll talk about this when we get home. Now you two join me on stage and behave!” she said and walked on stage.

“If she only knew,” Envy laughed and started walking too.

We walked over to our spot and Envy bent forward, so we would properly represent the logo. I still had my hands on her hips as I felt her pressing her backside against my groin.

“Whoa! What are you doing?” I loudly whispered.

“Sorry! Can’t help it. It’s this stupid costume,” Envy whispered back. “Just... relax, okay?”

But relaxing was impossible now. Her warm ass against my naked body was enough to start a stir in my groin. I tried ignoring it, but I just couldn’t ignore the feeling of her soft skin against my hardening dick.

“It sure is hot in here. I’m sweating like a pig,” Envy whispered, trying to divert the attention.

“Right,” I croaked, furiously trying to stop my dick from growing.

But fighting this was an uphill battle I realized. The best I could do was to make it as less awkward as I could, by moving it in such a way that it was the least obvious.

So I moved my hips a bit and felt my dick move from the underside of her right cheek to between her legs. This was better.

But the moment I was relieved that the situation seemed to be resolved, Envy squeezed her legs together. I guess she was trying to figure out what was going on. I felt warm and moist flesh surrounding my erection. Oh my god! Her legs, combined with the sweat made me think I had my dick inside some warm apple pie. Nothing could stop me from growing to full mast at this point.

Envy squeezed a bit harder and moved her butt a bit.

“What the fuck, Zolo?!?” she whispered loudly.

“Sorry... I can’t help it! Your body feels too nice against my... dick. I don’t want it to happen any more than you do,” I whispered back, feeling extremely embarrassed.

Envy didn’t stop squeezing me with her legs, though. I felt her pubes tickling against the upside of my dick, and with each heartbeat, my dick seemed to get even harder.

“Right... It’s just that...” Envy started.

“Here he is! Ethan Wood, the winner of the location scout of the year award!” our mom said, right beside us.

This was our queue. Envy started lifting her upper body, but it was immediately clear she couldn’t do it alone. So I grabbed her by her waist and pulled her up. But pulling her up, also meant her lower body moved forward a bit. And my trapped dick slid back between her legs, causing me to moan loudly. This felt way better than just beating off.

I had my arms around Envy’s waist to keep her steady. My arms were just below her boobs and I felt her sweaty back pressed against my chest. She deliberately moved her pelvis back and forward a bit, causing me to moan in her ear. She didn’t say anything, But despite being behind her, I saw a smile spreading across her face.

The audience started applauding, which was our queue to get back to our initial position. Envy bend over and I could feel my dick sliding forward between her legs. As she did this, I could clearly feel her pussy rubbing on the upside of my dick. On both sides of it, I felt soft globes of flesh, which

could only be her pussy. My glans hit something and slipped out from between the folds, but the rest of my dick didn't.

The moment my glans slipped, Envy moaned. It didn't take a genius to put two and two together. My dick rubbed against her clit and she liked it.

"I didn't expect this would happen," she whispered.

"Neither did I. I'm so sorry for this, Envy."

"Hmm," she moaned and moved her pussy again. "Don't be. This is nice."

I had to admit it. This was extremely nice! I was practically fucking my sister and she was grinding herself against my rigid pole.

"It is?" I asked, acting surprised.

"Yeah. I'm... mmmmhhh," Envy purred as she kept moving her hips a bit.

I felt a drop of precum oozing out the tip of my dick. And between my sister's legs, things were becoming slipperier by the minute. Envy squeezed her legs firmly together again, and I hardly held back a loud moan. This caused Envy to giggle, which in turn generated a lot of movement between her legs.

"I guess you like... ahhh!"

Now it was Envy's turn to moan, as I took control and slid my dick back and forth between her legs once.

"The winner is... Joanne McBride!" my mom shouted again and the audience started clapping and cheering.

I grabbed Envy by her waist again and pulled her up. There was barely any friction left between her legs, and with everything being so slippery, we both moaned at the same time. Envy laid her head back against my chest and shoulder and panted heavily. So did I. I felt the sweat on her body and just had to slide my dick between her legs again.

"Ohhhh..." I moaned in her ear.

Envy grabbed my hand and placed it on her left breast. She was just quick enough to prevent the costume part in front of her from falling back down.

Her breast was sweaty too and I felt the hard nipple poking against the palm of my hand. I started kneading her breast and placed my right hand on her other boob and started doing the same.

“Yess... Ohhhh...” Envy whispered and gyrated her pelvis.

Apparently, the short speech was over, and there was another applause. It took us a moment to realize it, and I reluctantly let go of my sister’s breasts. As I let go, Envy seemed to snap out of it and slowly started moving again, but still grinding her pelvis.

I gently pushed against her back, so she would bend over. It appeared as if Envy was in a whole different place now. I knew I was as horny as I’ve ever been and just feeling my first, real-life tits in my hands, clouded my already hormones-filled brain. But I was still clear enough to know what we were doing.

“Bend over again,” I whispered to Envy.

As Envy did this, my dick slipped back a bit from between her legs. I instinctively pulled my butt back too, but the costume prevented me from going back very far. Envy was almost completely bent over again as I felt the tip of my dick get trapped in something. I figured I was rubbing against her clit again, so I pushed forward a little in order to please my twin sister some more.

But the moment I pushed, I felt something warm surrounding my dickhead and a small ‘popping’ sensation. I didn’t immediately figure out what happened. I was just so overwhelmed by the feeling around my dick, that I stopped moving entirely.

I looked down at my body and, despite the dim lighting inside the costume, could see my dickhead disappeared in my sister’s backside.

“Ohhh,” I heard Envy moan and it was at that moment it hit me what had happened.

“I... I didn’t mean to d... ahhhh...” I whispered a bit too loud.

I was stopped short as I felt Envy push her body back a little, causing my boner to slide into her even more.

“Do it!” Envy whispered as I heard my mom blabber on about some guy that really put the NGO on the map.

“Do what?” I whispered back, not sure what she meant.

“Do it!!” she whispered again with more urgency in her voice and pushed back even more.

It was clear now, that because of her current position she couldn’t move back further. I still wasn’t sure if she wanted me to pull back or push forward. But because the costume prevented me from pulling back further, and the incredible feeling around my dick, I decided to try my luck.

I slowly pushed my hips forward and my dick slid inside my fourteen-year-old sister’s pussy, ending my virginity. I did it slowly because I wanted to be able to immediately pull back out if Envy wanted me to.

But as I continued, there were no signs she wanted me to. It was an amazing and overwhelming feeling. As I inched away inside my sister’s pussy, I felt the walls of her vagina gripping my dick and practically sucking me inside.

This whole action felt like hours, but it probably was only a minute or two. It was just one, long, slow push without any resistance and it was absolutely amazing!

My pubes were now firmly pressed against Envy’s backside, so I couldn’t go in any further. I kept perfectly still and just stood there with my hands on my sister’s hips and my dick deeply buried inside her.

“Ohhh Zolo! You just... Ohhh,” I heard Envy whisper and my mom talking in the background.

As if in a dream, I started pulling back and that marvelous feeling around my dick returned. The walls of my sister’s pussy felt like velvet and they gripped around my dick firmly as I pulled back.

I knew I had to move cautiously, so on the outside no one would notice. It was really difficult, but also exciting as hell. Here I was. Fucking my own sister as my mom stood no more than two feet beside me and a large crowd was watching us.

Envy was panting heavily and I noticed she was trembling a bit. I didn't have a clue what her feelings about this all were but was too engrossed in my own right now. And besides, she would've said or done something if she didn't want this.

As sweat was dripping down my face and chest, I slowly slid back inside. And back out again. And back in. I found myself a nice rhythm. The slow movements were helping me to not cum immediately. I was certain that if I did this too fast, I would've lost it by now. But the slow motions, my mom's closeness, and the heat, all added to the tension which caused me to be able to keep going.

All the time, Envy was moaning, and groaning softly. And it was increasingly harder for me to hold my own groans back, so an occasional grunt came out of my throat.

"You two are almost done," our mom said to us during a short promotional video that was currently playing. "I know it's hot in there, but it's just a few more minutes."

If I wasn't this occupied with fucking my sister, I'm sure I'd have broken out into laughter. But now, the words hardly registered in my brain.

"No problem, mom. We're doing fine. Thanks for asking," Envy responded with an odd voice.

The moment she was done talking, her vagina clenched around my dick. It was such an intense feeling, I had to stop moving altogether. Envy sensed it and released the clenching a bit.

On stage, loud music started playing. I've seen this ceremony enough, to know we were reaching the last bit. I knew that by now, all eyes were focused on my mom and the name of the winner on the big screen. My balls were practically boiling and the constant clenching actions of Envy's pussy were enough to bring me close.

I started fucking her more obviously now and slammed my dick into her. Luckily, the loud music was drowning out our moans as I couldn't hold back anymore. Our mom had walked over to the front of the stage to welcome

the winner, so we were clear on that too. Inside the costume, Envy was moaning just as loud as I was.

I felt the dam break. My balls started contracting as I slammed inside my sister one last time. As I slid in, I felt her pussy contracting sharply and rapidly. My sensitive dick felt as if it was on fire by these contractions and the moment my pelvis slammed against her butt, I felt spurt after spurt leave my body. I felt my brain go offline and everything went white. It was as if I'd died and gone to heaven.

At least seven or eight spurts were coming out. Way more than when I just jerked myself. And during these spurts, Envy's pussy constantly kept contracting and milking me.

As I stood there, realizing what we just did, I heard our mom announcing the winner. I was panting heavily and so was Envy, but we had to do our routine. I slipped my hands under her body, grabbed her by her waist, and pulled her body toward my sweaty chest.

As she straightened, I felt my dick leaving the heavenly paradise between my sister's legs. I reluctantly pulled out completely. Pulling Envy close to me and feeling all the sweat between us and her heavy panting, all with our mom talking in the background, made me realize we did something outrageous.

"And that's the end of our award ceremony. I'm going to talk to you a little about our future plans..." our mom said into the microphone, which was our cue to get off the stage.

Chapter 6

As we started walking back toward the dressing room, the hormones started leaving my brain, and guilt mixed with uncertainty started washing over me.

I just lost my virginity to my twin sister in front of dozens of people. This idea took some getting used to. Envy hadn't said anything either since we both came, so I was starting to think that I might have tricked her into something she didn't want to do.

We quietly entered our dressing room and walked inside.

"I'll get out first and turn around, so you can take a shower first," I said, already unzipping the costume.

Envy still didn't talk, so I did what I said. I didn't care at all that Envy could see my naked butt this way. I was just lost in a pool of thoughts.

As I stood there, facing the wall and feeling my naked, sweaty body cool off a bit, I heard Envy stepping out of the costume behind me. By now I was so insecure about everything, that I felt my tears welling up in my eyes. I didn't want to hurt my sister. I never intended for this to happen! What was I thinking? Did I rape her? I didn't rape her! Or did I?

I was so consumed by my thoughts, that I didn't notice Envy walked up behind me. I was startled when she suddenly hugged my back tightly.

"That was FUCKING amazing, Zolo!" she said, and I felt her hard nipples pressing in my back.

That did take a little time to register. I never heard Envy swear. But the moment her words landed, I felt massively relieved. And at the same moment, I felt Envy's hands rubbing over my chest and slowly working their way down.

She toyed with my curly, sweaty pubes and kissed me on my neck. I felt my now soft dick come to life and quickly turned around, looking my sister in her eyes.

"But why didn't you say anything as we walked back?" she asked with a serious look on her face. "Didn't you like it?"

"Huh?" I asked confused. "No, no! I LOVED it! I was wondering the same thing myself! I was afraid I'd... That I'd hurt you or something."

"HURT me?!?" she laughed. "I was the one urging you on!"

"Yeah... well... I wasn't too sure of that, to be honest," I said, letting my eyes drop to my sister's chest and admiring my first ever, real-life boobs.

Envy must've noticed me staring at her chest. She stepped back a bit and I could see her eyes roaming over my nude body. I wasn't fully hard but still felt a little self-conscious as she looked me over.

But her stepping back gave me the opportunity to check out Envy's naked body too. Her boobs, I guessed they were small B-cups, looked perfect on her frame. It was obvious her work-out sessions with dad's personal trainer paid off too, because she had a tight, muscular body with a hint of a six-pack and no fat at all. There was a small stripe of pubes around her slit, which I later learned was called a Brazilian Wax. But I didn't care what it was called. I loved looking at her fabulous body, and I felt myself boning up again.

"You've got a magnificent body, Zolo," Envy whispered. "I can see why my friends are talking about you constantly."

"You don't look too bad either," I responded, trying to be as cool as I could.

"I can see that," Envy giggled and stared at my boner.

"I'm sorry," I said and put my hands in front of my hard-on, hiding it from her eyes.

"Don't be shy! You just had it inside me, for christ's sake!" Envy laughed. "I think I deserved to get a proper look at it, don't you think?"

"Uhm... I guess..." I shyly said and took my hands away.

Envy surprised me by dropping to her knees and kneeling in front of me. Her eyes were inches away from my dick and I could see her studying it. She wrapped her hand around it, as she kept her eyes focused on my dick.

I couldn't help it and gasped loudly as her fingers wrapped themselves firmly around my rock-hard shaft. She looked up at me and a smile spread across her face.

"You like this?" she asked with an odd tone in her voice.

"Oh yes! But..." I trailed off as she slowly started jerking me, her eyes never leaving mine.

It was obvious that Envy never had a dick in her hand. But her enthusiasm made up for her clumsiness big time. And since this was the first time another person was handling my boner, I guessed it didn't matter what she did. It was mind-blowing no matter what.

"Oohhh," I moaned, closed my eyes, and threw my head back. "This is... ohhh..."

The moment I figured this couldn't get any better, I felt something warm slide over my dickhead. My eyes flew open and I looked down to see what was going on. Envy's mouth was around my dick and she was sliding more and more of my dick inside her mouth. I could see she had trouble with the last bit, but eventually, I felt it pop inside her throat and her nose hit my pubes. Holy shit! She deep throated me! My first ever blow-job and she deep throated me. I think my knees almost buckled!

This didn't last long. I could feel Envy wasn't comfortable with my dick this far up her throat and I didn't feel at ease, knowing she had these troubles. So, almost at the same time, we both pulled back a bit. My dick didn't leave her mouth, but she just sucked on it and used her tongue to lap around my dickhead.

She pulled back off my dick and looked up at me. "I practiced deep-throating a banana a few times. But you're way bigger than a banana," she purred, and then her mouth was on me again.

As she continued, I placed my hands on her head to let her know I was enjoying it. Her hair was still wet from all the sweating inside the costume. This gave me an idea.

"Why don't we continue this in the shower?" I asked, moaning softly.

With a loud pop, Envy lifted her mouth from my dick and looked up at me. She kept massaging my dick with her right hand and started smiling.

“That’s an excellent idea!” and she stood up, never letting go of my dick.

“Ohhh...” I moaned as her thumb rubbed over my glans.

Envy stepped forward and pressed her lips firmly against mine. Her hand kept stroking me and moments later, I felt her tongue against my lips and quickly opened my mouth to let her in.

I was getting hornier by the minute and decided to step up too. My right hand grabbed her left butt cheek and I pulled her closer. My left hand started massaging her boob. Envy moaned in my mouth, which was an indication I was doing the right things. Moments later Envy broke our kiss and looked at me.

“Go and lock the door! I just realized anyone can walk in on us,” she giggled. “Imagine Mom walking in! I’ll start the shower, and I want you in there with me so we can finish what we started.”

Envy always was a bit bossy, but in this situation, I found it extremely sexy she was taking the lead. I turned around and walked toward the door, my bobbing boner leading the way.

“Nice butt, bro!” I heard behind me and a smile spread across my face.

Moments later, I heard the water running and I locked the second door. I was glad Envy thought about the locks. She might find it funny to upset our mom, but I wasn’t too sure about it.

As I came back to the shower, Envy was leaning inside to test the water. Her tight butt presented to me in basically the same way as before inside the costume. I took hold of my hard dick and stepped forward, aiming for her entrance.

The moment I hit her pussy lips, I expected it to slide in easily. But instead of sliding in, my dick went lower and slipped between the front of her pussy, eventually bumping against her clit.

“OHHH! YESSS!” Envy moaned as I rubbed her.

Well... I was aiming for another fuck, but stimulating her clit this way and lubing up my dick in the process, wasn't too bad either. So I kept holding my dick and rubbed it around her clit area. I felt her legs trembling as I continued.

Moments later, her hand took hold of my glans and she guided me to the right spot. By now she was basically using my dick as a dildo to masturbate with, but I didn't mind that at all.

The feelings spreading across my dick were amazing too. The soft flesh of her fingers against the sensitive underside of my glans, and her slippery pussy lubing me up were astonishing! If we'd go on like this, I'd probably cum within a few minutes. The familiar tingle in my balls was already building.

Reluctantly, I pulled back and placed my hands on her butt. Envy stood up, turned around, and grabbed my dick.

"Let's get wet," she said and pulled me into the shower by my dick.

"From what I felt, You're already wet," I said seductively.

"Your big cock, rubbing over my wet cunt did that to me," she hoarsely said and stepped under the water.

I never heard Envy talk this dirty and it made me even hornier than I already was. I looked at the water cascading down her body as Envy had thrown her head between her shoulders, to get her hair and face wet. Looking at this, I just had to act on my horniness. I moved in and placed my mouth over her left nipple, with my right hand massaging her other tit, and my left hand grabbed her butt. Both hands started massaging her firm flesh.

I started nibbling on the hard nipple in my mouth and the moans from Envy's throat kept growing louder. I moved my boob-hand slowly down her stomach. I felt her muscles tense under my fingers as I went for my goal.

The moment I slid my middle finger between the folds of her pussy and rubbed over her clit, she dug her fingers into my upper back.

"Ohhh, YES! Zolo! Make me cum again," she moaned.

Not one to argue, I kept biting softly on her nipple and rubbing my fingers over her clit. Her moans kept increasing and she kept urging me on. I slid my finger lower but kept pressure on her clit. I kept moving until I found the entrance of her pussy, all the while rubbing her clit with the palm of my hand.

I rubbed the tip of my finger against her entrance, to let her know I was there but I wasn't going in yet. I liked to tease her a little, and considering her pelvic motion, she wasn't complaining. As I put a little more pressure on her entrance with my finger, I bit a little harder on her nipple. I read somewhere online that most girls really dig that stuff.

Apparently, Envy was one of them. One of her hands grabbed my hand by her pussy and the other wrapped around my dick. She gripped my dick firmly. Almost to the point that it hurt. But considering her groans and moans, she was extremely close to cumming and probably wasn't aware of how firm she gripped me.

This was my cue. I started sliding my finger inside my sister's pussy. I wasn't going slow either. Considering the fact that she was wet and grinding against my hand, I figured she wanted me in there as fast as I could. Before I knew it, my middle finger was completely inside her.

"AHHH! HMMMM!!!" Envy groaned and I felt her pussy contracting sharply around my finger.

Her grip on my shoulders loosened a bit and I felt her legs give way. I was just in time to wrap my free arm around her waist to keep her standing. During all this, she kept climaxing and rubbing her pussy against my hand. I lifted my mouth from her boob and let her enjoy her orgasm.

After a few moments, I felt the spasms fade a little and I lifted my face to look at her. She still had her eyes closed and a grin started to spread across her face. I still had my finger buried inside my sister as she opened her eyes and started kissing me hungrily. I liked the way her pussy moved around my finger as she moved her body. So I started sliding in and out of her causing more moans and a bit more spasms.

“Ohhh... This is awesome, bro,” She said, moving her body around and causing my finger to leave her body. “But now... I want this again.”

And just like that, she lifted her leg and placed my dick against the entrance of her pussy. She looked me in my eyes with a very focused look on her face as she inched her lower body forward and wrapped her arms around my neck.

I had a pretty good idea what Envy was going to do, but still, it surprised me. She pulled herself up by hanging around my neck and standing on her toes. I quickly grabbed her by her ass with both hands and helped her get off the ground. I was standing a bit unsteadily but could shuffle back that tiny bit that was necessary to put my back against the shower wall.

The moment I felt the wall, I fully lifted Envy and she immediately wrapped her legs around me. Despite all the movement, my dickhead was still nudged against the entrance of my sister’s pussy. Now that we were in the right position, Envy looked me deep in my eyes and very slowly but very deliberately, started impaling herself on my dick.

I felt myself inching back inside the most wonderful thing I ever felt. I heard myself moan as Envy slid down further and further. As she went lower, a grin spread across her face. The moment our pubes hit and I couldn’t go in any deeper, Envy sighed loudly.

“Your big cock is SO FUCKING amazing, bro! I’m SO glad you fucked me on stage!”

I could feel the walls of her pussy contracting again, but it was a different feeling than when I fingered her.

“I didn’t... AHH... mean to... OHH... fuck you. I jus...” I managed as Envy started sliding back up.

“Hush... Fuck me now! And then fuck me again. And again and...” Envy moaned as we got into a nice rhythm together.

The loud slaps of our bodies were amplified by the tiled walls, but neither of us cared about that. I was completely engrossed in fucking my sister and prolonging my orgasm as long as I could.

I don't know how long we fucked, but I was pretty sure Envy came two times during our shower fuck. They weren't as strong and intense as when I fingered her, but they were definitely orgasms. The moment I felt I passed the point of no return, I squeezed her butt firmly and started slamming my groin even harder.

"I'm... AHHH! Do you want me... OHH.. to pull..."

"NO!! FUCK ME! CUM INSIDE ME! I want to feel your hot cum inside!" Envy moaned quite loudly.

I was too far gone to care about the noise. I slammed two more times as I felt my balls emptying themselves. I pressed my groin firmly against Envy as spurt after spurt exited my dick and coated my sister's insides. This orgasm was even better than the one on stage. Now it wasn't just my dick that tingled, but my entire body was tingling and I had goosebumps all over. Fireworks were flashing before my eyes. And I barely registered Envy cumming for the third time as my dick twitched inside her.

I had to lean against the wall to prevent us from falling down. I stood there panting heavily and holding my sister up by her ass cheeks. Envy didn't let go and kept milking my dick with her pussy.

"Hmmm... This was even better," Envy purred and she released the grip around my waist with her legs. "Imagine Mom finding out about this. She would be SO pissed!"

I still don't know what exactly had happened between my sister and my mom. Maybe it was a girl's thing, but there certainly was some bad blood between them. I didn't care about it! I wasn't a virgin anymore.

A few moments later, my dick exited my sister's vagina and we stood there under the warm stream of water catching our breath.

Envy took the showerhead and started spraying me clean, paying special attention to my dick. After she was done with me, she cleaned herself and handed me the soap.

"You do me first, then I'll do you," she said, turning around.

We washed each other thoroughly and paid special attention to the good parts. And we dried each other off. After that... we fucked. Again. Lying down on the couch this time.

Finally, we both agreed we had pushed our luck enough, figuring our mom would be wondering what was taking us so long. After we got dressed, I fingered Envy a bit, so she was nicely lubed as we headed back to the party.

At first, I was afraid our mom had noticed, but she didn't let on anything. Before we had to leave, we fucked again in the men's toilet. We were almost busted twice, but keeping quiet at the right time was something we were both good at as it appeared.

When I laid down in my bed late that night, I was completely spent! I was afraid my dick would never get hard again.

But the next morning, that fear proved to be unfounded. The moment Envy entered my room, wearing nothing but her smile, I felt my dick was still up for it.

The end.

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