

# A Boyfriend for Cindy



By Caliboy1991

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## Part 1

Cole wiped his hands on his denim shorts as he returned the lawnmower to its regular spot. He could feel the bulge of cash in his pockets and he smiled as he headed across the garage to the door leading into the house. The garage was big enough for two cars, but only his sister's old Honda was there. He was tired, ready to get rid of the stink of five lawns.

The garage was off the side of the kitchen and the first place he stopped was in front of the sink. He filled up a cup twice with water, washing the dust from his parched throat. Aside from his loud sigh, the house felt empty. His mom's car was gone— no surprise there. He knew he'd not see his mom until Monday. But he'd expected to hear the sound of his sister, Cindy. Then he spied a ten-dollar bill on the kitchen table.

"I guess I'm on my own for dinner," he muttered as he passed by the table separating the kitchen from the living room. The TV was on but the volume was low. His sister liked to turn the volume down when one of her friends called. Sure enough, the cordless phone was gone from the charger. Cole would have bet the fifty dollars he'd earned that if he went into Cindy's bedroom, he'd find the cordless phone on her bed. Assuming she didn't throw something at him and scream for him to get out.

Cole smiled at the idea his sister would scream at him. His friends with older sisters told horrible stories about them. But Cindy wasn't like that. While she didn't like to be interrupted when she was on the phone, Cole could count on one hand the number of times she'd yelled at him. And that was a good thing. Since their mom started dating Dave a couple of years before, she'd taken to spending part of the work week and every weekend with him, leaving Cole and his sister to fend for themselves.

Cole was too tired to care about that. It had been harder when he was ten and Cindy was fourteen, but a couple of years had passed since then and Mom being a part-time mother was just normal nowadays. Cindy had been the one to dry Cole's eyes when he

missed his mom at first. She was in charge when Mom was gone and in truth, that was most of the time. But she wasn't like his friends' sisters, lording it over their younger brothers. Cindy could have been a lot worse, she was pretty cool about things, all things considered.

The door to his mom's bedroom was off to one side of the living room. It was locked. Since dating Dave, she had picked up some nice things. Things she didn't want Cindy wearing or borrowing. Cole thought the locked door was stupid. Cindy didn't like Dave any more than he did. She wouldn't wear any jewelry Dave bought for Mom.

On the other side of the living room a hallway led to Cole and Cindy's bedrooms. As he neared it, he could hear the shower running in the bathroom he and his sister shared.

"So much for a shower," he grumbled. Cole was at that age when boys no longer want to smell like a barn yard. He didn't want to bother his sister, but he knocked on the bathroom door anyway.

Over the sound of running water, Cindy called out, "Cole, is that you?"

"The one and only."

"Did you get all your yards mowed?"

Cole leaned against the door frame, "Yeah. Mrs. Morrison asked if you were available to watch the twins tonight."

Cole smiled as he heard muffled profanity. Cindy hated babysitting the twins.

"What'd you tell her?"

Despite the temptation to lead his sister along, the boy said, "That you were busy."

The water cut off and the shower curtain rustled, "You're the best.

Give me a few and the bathroom is all yours.”

Back in his own room Cole shucked his sweaty shirt into a clothes hamper beside his bed. A chest of drawers sat against one wall and a large mirror hung over it. From the bottom drawer he retrieved a small wooden box. Opening it, he added the fifty dollars to the thick stack of bills. It was mostly Lincolns and Hamiltons, but there were a few stray Washingtons and plenty of Jacksons, too. The last time he'd counted, he'd stashed more than two thousand dollars from all of the lawns he'd mowed over the last year. Shoving the box back into its hiding spot, he closed the drawer and then opened the top drawer and found a clean pair of underwear before turning to look at himself in the mirror.

The boy staring back at him had hair the color of straw. He ran a finger along his angular face, smudging a bit of dirt. His eyes drifted downward, resting on his narrow chest and he sighed unhappily. Most of the other boys in gym class were filling out across the chest, talking about six pack abs and the like. Despite all the lawns the boy had mowed, to see his body, one would never know. He ran a hand across his chest; there were no new muscles. He flexed his arm, giving his best Arnold Schwarzenegger impression. No, his arms were still just as scrawny. As other boys matured, he felt like he was losing ground and he didn't like how that made him feel.

By the time the bathroom door opened, Cole had shucked his shoes and socks. The socks hadn't made it into the hamper but lay on the floor, along with a couple of other pair. He grabbed his clean underwear and opened his bedroom door. The door to Cindy's room was closing and the boy caught a glimpse of her backside. She had a towel wrapped around her body and he saw her long legs disappear beneath the towel's downy fabric.

Cole didn't bother locking the bathroom door as he stepped out of his shorts and underwear. Cindy was good about giving him privacy. She'd always knock if she needed to do her makeup or hair. There was a long, narrow mirror next to the medicine cabinet she normally used. At the moment Cole frowned as he continued studying his

body. It wasn't just his narrow chest that lagged behind the other boys in the 7th grade gym class. He ran his fingers along his flat stomach and then lower to where he pulled at his scrotum, which was nestled close against the base of his penis. Pulling on the circumcised head of his flaccid penis, he stretched it out until it wouldn't stretch any more. Maybe three inches, if he was any judge. He let it fall between his legs with a sigh. He hated gym class. He was too embarrassed to shower with the other boys, nearly all of whom were a lot further along.

He stretched the skin above his penis and leaned in toward the mirror. He frowned, not finding even a hint of a stray hair. It wasn't fair. Most of the boys in gym sported nice pubic tufts over their dicks. But, not Cole.

"Wishing isn't going to make them come in any faster," the boy muttered as he climbed into the tub and closed the curtain.

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Cindy raised her head, enjoying the hot water cascading onto her face. She was looking forward to this evening. The Sadie Hawkins dance was the one time during the school year where girls asked the boys to the dance. And this year she'd asked Jason Wilson only a few days after the beginning of the school year. She had been surprised when he'd said yes, given that he was on the football team and one of the best-looking boys in the junior class.

The two months between asking him to the dance and the day of had been hard on her. She'd been terrified that he'd show up at her locker one day and say,

"Sorry, Cindy, but one of the cheerleaders asked me out and I'm just not that into you."

But instead, a couple of days ago, Jason had showed up at her locker and said, "Do you want me to pick you up or are you going to do the whole Sadie Hawkins thing and pick me up?"

Cindy had already planned every minute of their date in her mind

over and over. "I'll pick you up at six. Is the Olive Garden okay for dinner? My treat."

Jason's smile melted her heart and now she only had a couple of hours to finish getting ready.

She ran a finger over her legs and felt a few bits of stubble. She didn't have much hair on her legs or under her arms, but if Jason wanted to make out with her after the dance, the last thing Cindy wanted was for him to feel a bit of stubble on her unshaved legs. As she ran a razor over her them she heard a knock at the door.

Cindy thought, that's about right. Her brother had probably just finished mowing his yards. "Cole, is that you?"

"The one and only," came the muffled reply.

"Did you get all your yards mowed?"

"Yeah. Mrs. Morrison asked if you were available to watch the twins tonight."

Below her breath, Cindy muttered, "I hate those fucking kids, they're worse than their damned mom," Raising her voice, she asked, "What'd you tell her?"

Cole said: "You were busy."

Cindy gave a last inspection of her smooth legs and turned off the water. As she stepped out of the tub she called out, "You're the best. Give me a few and the bathroom is all yours."

She wiped down the mirror next to the sink and tried to strike her most sexy pose. It was one she'd daydreamed about using on Jason. She ran her hands over her breasts and shook her head. She'd been later than all of the girls in her class to start sprouting them, but even now at sixteen, she hated her boobs. Oh, they were the same shape and perfectly formed, if she had been thirteen. She'd seen bigger tits on most of the freshmen girls. The reflection back at her was short, too. She was only an inch over five feet. At

least that didn't bother most of the guys. The tall girls were the ones who usually had the boys tease them about their height.

Still, Jason was going with her to the dance and that's what mattered. She wrapped her towel around her body and headed to her room to finish getting ready.

It felt a bit naughty, walking down the hall in nothing but a towel. She didn't really want Cole to see her nearly naked. Before her door closed behind her though, she heard her brother's door open.

Standing behind her closed door, Cindy wondered if Cole had seen her. It would have just been her backside and the towel covered all of her bits, but still, the thought crossed her mind.

"Enough about that," she muttered and let the towel fall to the floor. She'd already laid out the clothes she'd wear. She grabbed a pair of lacy black panties and slid them over her legs. She stopped before pulling them up and wondered what Jason would think of her if he saw her sparse hair. Most girls her age had pubic hair that had joined with leg hair on their inner thighs. Most also had a slight trail from their mons upward. She frowned as she ran her fingers through the sparseness. She could feel the curly hair around her labia, but as it spread across her pubic mons, it was fine and strait and not the dense forest that most girls had.

She pulled the silky panties up. Cindy didn't think Jason would care about her pubes if things got that far. At least she hoped not. She slipped her dress over her head and once it was on right, she looked at it in the mirror on the wall. The dress was a gorgeous purple. It was shorter than her other dresses, but her mom wasn't around during the weekend to say anything. She twirled around and liked how the dress made her feel; Almost sexy. But something wasn't quite right, yet. The dress had a padded bra already built in, but the padded assumed it would have more to work with than Cindy had, so she stuffed a couple of tissues inside the dress until she looked right.

She had plenty of experience. She'd been stuffing her own bras since her freshman year. She smirked at the girl in the mirror. She



was an expert.

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Cole felt much better after his shower. As he ran a comb through his hair, he could still smell the strawberry scent from his sister's shampoo. He liked the smell. Content with how neatly he could style his wet hair, the boy took a final look at a patch of the mirror he had wiped clear before opening the door. As he stepped from the bathroom, Cindy's door swung open. The only thing Cole wore was his clean underwear.

"Yikes," he yelped as he rushed down the short hallway and into his room, where he closed the door.

A whistle came through the door, followed by a soft chuckle. "Naked boy alert," Cindy giggled.

A smile creased Cole's face. When he'd been much younger, Cole frequently followed up his baths by running through the house naked. Every time his sister had seen him, she'd call out, "Naked boy alert." But Cole had outgrown that long before Mom met Dave.

"Not true, Cindy. I had on my underwear."

There was a knock on his door. "Got a sec?"

Cole fished a pair of boxer shorts from the chest of drawers, "Yeah."

He was pulling them up over his briefs as the door opened. His sister wore a purple dress that ended several inches above her knees. It must have been new, as Cole couldn't remember seeing her wear it before. His friends were always telling him that Cindy was hot, but he'd never thought of her that way. After all, she was his big sister. But seeing her stand in the doorway in the dress, he had to admit that she looked really good.

"Hey, Goober, eyes up here," Cindy said, snapping her finger.

His face beet-red, Cole managed, "Nice dress."

Cindy spun around, giving him a chance to admire it from every angle.

"Uh huh," Cole stammered. "You look pretty in it."

Cole felt his Sister's eyes on him as though trying to decide how to take the compliment as she said, "I left you money for a pizza. I'm picking up Jason and we're going to the Sadie Hawkins dance this evening. I should be home by midnight, so don't wait up."

Cole sat on his bed and leaned back, "Jason Wilson? You've been talking about him all year."

Cindy's cheeks grew red, she stuck her tongue out, "Shush. And not a word about me only getting date with him because girls get to ask guys to the Sadie Hawkins dance and I asked him right after the start of the school year."

While Cole happily stuck his tongue back at his sister, he hoped she would have fun at the dance. The last time she'd come home from a date, Cindy had been in tears, cursing one of the boys in her grade and men in general.

Cindy turned to go, "Don't throw any sexy parties while I'm gone."

Cole grabbed his pillow and threw it at the door. The expression had been one their mom had used when she had started dating Dave whenever she had left Cole and Cindy home. Except for the sexy part. Cindy had added that when she started going out with her friends starting this year now that she had her driver's license.

The teenager dodged the pillow. "Gotta head out."

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After final look in the mirror, Cindy grabbed her keys and opened the door. Cole was heading to his room from the bathroom in just his

white cotton briefs.

For the briefest of moments, Cindy thought her brother looked cute, but she set the thought aside as ridiculous, after all, he was only twelve. But the moment reminded her of when they'd both been a lot younger. Cole would run around naked after Mom had given him a bath. A much younger Cindy had laughed, pointing at his miniscule boy parts and screamed, "Naked boy alert!"

Now, Cole yelped and raced into his room and closed the door.

As the boy's door closed in her face, Cindy laughed, "Naked boy alert!"

His high-pitched voice came from the other side, "'Not true, Cindy. I had my underwear on."

Cindy knew she needed to get moving, but she didn't want to leave without letting Cole know she'd be home late. She knocked, "Got a sec?"

"Yeah."

Opening the door, Cindy caught a flash of white cotton as her little brother pulled a pair of boxers over his briefs. He crossed his arms and ran his eyes from her feet up to her hair, lingering on her dress for several seconds before Cindy snapped her fingers and said, "Hey, Goober, eyes up here," Cole's face turned every shade of red as he sputtered, "Nice dress, Sis."

With their mom spending so much time with Dave, away from the house, Cindy had been forced to spend more time with her brother than a lot of her friends. Enough time that she could read his moods like a book. She felt flattered at the genuine compliment, so she took a moment and twirled around in the door way, letting the boy admire the dress.

"Uh huh," Cole stammered. "You look really pretty in it."

Cindy flushed at the second genuine compliment. Cole thought she was pretty? That wasn't something she'd ever thought about before. Realizing that Cole was gazing back at her, Cindy said, "I left you money for a pizza. I'm picking up Jason and we're going to the Sadie Hawkins dance this evening. I'll be home by midnight. Don't wait up."

Cole leaned back in his bed, "Jason Wilson? You've been talking about him all year."

Cindy's cheeks grew red, she stuck her tongue out, "Shush. And not a word about me only getting date with him because girls get to ask guys to the Sadie Hawkins dance, and I asked him right after the start of the school year."

Her brother reverted to what she'd expected as he stuck his tongue out at her.

Cindy turned to go, "Don't throw any sexy parties while I'm gone."

She laughed as Cole tossed a pillow at the door. As she hurried for the garage, she also laughed. When Mom had started dating Dave, she'd always say "Don't have any parties while I'm gone." Cindy couldn't explain why she'd thrown sexy into the mix, but it had been worth it to see her brother's response.

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The jet on the TV screen was paused in mid-flight as Cole flicked a few crumbs from his chest and flipped open the Domino's Pizza box. He eyed another slice of pepperoni, wondering if he could find room for another slice. Pizza had lots of carbs and if anything would help him bulk up, he decided another slice would only help. He glanced down at his bare stomach. He was at a loss where the food had gone. His belly was as flat as ever.

He shoved another bite into his mouth as he watched Maverick race across the screen in an F-14. Since its release a couple of years before, Cole loved watching Top Gun. There were few pleasures in

life better than sitting in just your boxers, watching an awesome action movie while eating pizza. It didn't hurt that this was one of his favorite movies. He was so engrossed that he didn't hear the clanking sound of the garage door opener. But when the door to the garage slammed shut, Cole bolted up from the couch, sending the Dominos box crashing to the floor.

Cindy stood next to the kitchen table, tears smearing her mascara. A glance at the clock on the VCR told Cole that something was wrong. It was way too early for his sister to be home.

"What's wrong?" he blurted.

Cindy wiped at her eyes, "Men are fucking pigs. That's what's wrong."

Dropping her purse on the table, she came over to the couch. Sniffing, she said, "Mind if I have a piece of pizza?"

Cole sat down and picked the box from the floor, offering it to his sister. The teenager sniffled and a cry escaped her lips as she dug out a piece and sat down.

Cole felt his sister's closeness as her bare knee touched his. She still looked great in the purple dress, even as tears streaked her face, ruining her makeup. He knew Cindy was hurting and it bothered him that his stomach turned butterflies as he thought about how close she was to him and how pretty she looked in the dress.

He tried not thinking about how soft her knee felt. "What happened?"

"What happened is that Jason is a dipshit asshole."

Cole turned the TV off and leaned in toward Cindy, his arm pressing against hers, "Mmhmm."

Cindy chewed on a bite of pizza and after gulping it down, continued, "After I took him out to eat at the Olive Garden, where I ate barely a bite because I didn't want him to think I was a pig, we got to the high school gym. The dance was already going and lots of girls and boys

were dancing. When I turned to ask him to dance, he had left me under the damned basketball goal. He was talking to stupid Pam Becksworth.”

“Mmhmm,” Cole offered. He’d heard his sister complain about Pam Becksworth before. She was a cheerleader and one of the most popular girls in school. So, naturally, Cindy hated her.

“When I got over to them, Jason told me that he’d changed his mind and that he was going to stay at the dance with Pam. That bitch. She just smiled at me, all smug and all.”

More tears streamed from Cindy’s eyes as she leaned her head on Cole’s bare shoulder. “First Darrell dumped me on our first date and now Jason ditches me for Pam Fucking Becksworth. What’s wrong with me?”

Cole barely avoided flinching when a hot tear landed on his chest. It slid across his skin, barely slowing as it passed atop one of his nipples and continuing south until it hit the hem of his boxers. He didn’t know what to say. Clumsily the preteen slid his arm around his sister’s shoulder and drew her a bit closer.

Through another sob, Cindy managed, “Thanks, Cubby.”

It was an old nickname from when they were much younger. According to his mom, Cindy had called him that when she had been in kindergarten. Like a lot of nicknames, it stuck for a while. But Cole hadn’t heard her call him that since Cindy had been in middle school. Cole’s eyes were downcast as more butterflies fluttered in his stomach. He searched for something to say that would make his sister feel better. The purple dress didn’t cover Cindy’s knees. In fact, the dress rode up a bit, exposing her upper leg, which was pressed against his own bare thigh. Trying to ignore the feeling in his stomach, he said, “Nothing’s wrong with you, Sis. Like the Cowboys, you’ve just had a spot of bad luck.”

Cindy giggled through a sob. “I thought you didn’t care about sports.”

“I may not, but I’d have to give up my man-card if I didn’t know how bad the Dallas Cowboys suck this year,” Cole quipped as he shifted his gaze from where their legs touched.

“If I were you, I’d tear that damned man-card up. All the men I know are fucking assholes.”

Cole cringed at Cindy’s anger. Her luck had been a lot worse than the Cowboys, he decided. At least the Boys had won two of the first six games this season. Cindy had struck out every time she’d come up to bat. Cole might have known who the Cowboys were, but he didn’t realize he’d mixed up his sporting metaphors.

“I hope I’m not one of those men who’re fucking assholes,” he finally said. Neither he nor Cindy normally swore, at least not at home or around each other, and the profanity on his lips felt dirty in a way he enjoyed.

Cindy’s arm snaked around his back as she gave him a half-hug. “No, you’re not.”

Cole slid his eyes to see his sister’s expression, “A man or an asshole?”

Cindy squeezed his shoulder, “Asshole.”

The way she said it, Cole wasn’t sure if he was calling him an asshole or saying he wasn’t one. But the smile through her tears was answer enough.

No more words were spoken as they held each other. Eventually, Cindy stretched her hand and ruffled Cole’s hair, “It’s getting late. I’m gonna head on to bed. Thanks Cubby.”

With that, Cindy headed down the hall. Cole watched until she disappeared from view. Her dress swished back and forth until Cole was alone. His butterflies were going crazy as he found the remote control and turned his movie back on. He didn’t pay much attention to the last half. He couldn’t stop thinking about her smooth skin and

a purple dress.

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Cindy stood in tears as Jason put his arm around Pam Becksworth, “Thanks for Dinner, Cindy, but Pam is who I really wanted to come with and now that she’s ditched her date, I’m going to be with her the rest of the dance. No hard feelings, alright?”

She wanted to flip him the bird and tear Pam Fucking Becksworth’s hair out, but in addition to the chaperones who were watching them, Pam also outweighed her by thirty pounds. Instead, she spun on her heels and ran back to her car.

It was still early by the time she got home. She didn’t really want to deal with anyone, even Cole at the moment, but she couldn’t see waiting in the garage until midnight. God, Jason was such a damned loser. What had she ever seen in the douche?

As her rage got the better of her, she stalked into the kitchen and slammed the door.

Cole shot up from the couch with a surprised expression, “What’s wrong?”

Realizing that tears were leaking from her eyes, Cindy dabbed at them, “Men are fucking pigs. That’s what’s wrong.”

She dropped her purse on the table and came over to the couch and saw a box of pizza on the floor. She hadn’t eaten much at dinner; she’d been so nervous. How could she actually have cared what that asshole, Jason had thought about her?

She was famished. “Mind if I have a piece of pizza?”

Cole sat down and picked the box from the floor, offering it to his sister.

Cindy opened the box and realized her little brother had excellent taste in pizza. She ripped a piece off of the half-eaten pie and sat down beside Cole. Angry or not, she really didn’t want to be alone



right then.

As soon as she bit into the pizza she started feeling a tiny bit better. Her brother's closeness kept her from feeling so alone as she sorted through her feelings.

After a couple of more bites, Cole said, "What happened?"

Her anger at Jason welled up, "What happened is that Jason is a dipshit asshole."

Cindy felt a touch of warmth in her chest when her little brother turned off the TV and leaned in until their arms touched, "Mmhmm." The teenager resisted an urge to hug her brother as his concern deeply touched her. It would hurt, but she decided to tell him exactly what happened, "After I took him out to eat at the Olive Garden, where I ate barely a bite because I didn't want him to think I was a pig, we got to the high school gym. The dance was already going and lots of girls and boys were dancing. When I turned to ask him to dance, he had left me under the damned basketball goal. He was talking to stupid Pam Becksworth."

Her brother added another, "Hmhmm." It left little doubt that he didn't think much of the slut who'd stolen her date.

"When I got over to them, Jason told me that he'd changed his mind and that he was going to stay at the dance with Pam. That bitch. She just smiled at me, all smug and all."

Baring her soul stung and Cindy couldn't stop the tears from spilling down her face. Feeling the warmth of Cole's sitting so close made it feel the tiniest bit better and she leaned her head on his shoulder.

She couldn't believe her terrible luck with guys. Since the beginning of the year she'd been shot down twice. And it wasn't even November yet!

"What's wrong with me, Cole? First Darrell dumped me on our first date and now Jason ditches me for Pam Fucking Becksworth."

More tears fell. She knew that her kid brother wouldn't be able to find the right words, because none existed, but it still felt right to unburden herself. Then she felt a hand reach around and grab her shoulder as Cole slid closer so that he could hold her.

Why did she cry harder when the boy had done the one thing she'd needed more than any advice he could have given? She blinked as she watched one of her tears land on his bare chest. It rolled across one of his flat nipples before racing toward his lap, where it disappeared into the blue fabric of his boxers.

Feeling as though she was sitting with the one person in the world who understood her, Cindy blubbered, "Thanks, Cubby."

The boy gave another squeeze. She hadn't called him Cubby in a long time. She'd started calling him that when she was in kindergarten. Colton hadn't been as fun nor as easy to pronounce as Cubby, so that had been her nickname for him through middle school.

As she struggled to get control of her tears, Cindy wondered what was going through Cole's mind. Before she could find something to fill the tear drenched silence, her brother said, "Nothing's wrong with you, Sis. Like the Cowboys, you've just had a spot of bad luck."

Cindy giggled until she hiccupped. Her brother wasn't good at sports, in fact, the boy hated watching sports. "I thought you didn't care about sports."

Cole joined in the giggle, "I may not, but I'd have to give up my man-card if I didn't know how bad the Dallas Cowboys suck this year,"

Cindy doubted her twelve-year-old brother really knew what a man-card was. "If I were you, I'd tear that damned man-card up. All the men I know are fucking assholes."

The silence lingered as the teenager rested her head on her brother's shoulder. Finally, Cole said, "I hope I'm not one of those men who're fucking assholes,"

Cindy found the profanity endearing. Neither of the them normally swore around the house. It's not something their mom would have approved of, as if that mattered anymore. She slipped her arm around Cole's neck and gave him a little hug, and whispered into his ear, "No, you're not."

Cole seemed to shrink in on her as he asked, "A man or an asshole?"

The boy was sensitive about his size. Cindy knew he was one of the shortest boys in his class and she knew it drove him crazy. So, she squeezed his shoulder and said, "Asshole."

Cindy continued letting her brother hold her until the clock on the TV said it was getting late, so she ran a finger through Cole's short hair and said, "It's getting late. I'm gonna head on to bed. Thanks Cubby."

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A couple of days later Cole stood at the sink washing the dishes from the dinner that Cindy had fixed. As he handed her a plate, she placed it into dishwasher. She hadn't said much since returning to school the previous day. There hadn't been any more tears since the weekend, not that Cole had seen. But he could still see pain in her blue eyes.

He handed another plate to her, "How was school today?"

Even to his young ears, the question seemed trite and wrong. Like something Mom would say. As if thinking about her would conjure her, he heard his mom's voice from the other room. As if spending the last five days with Dave wasn't enough, she was talking to him on the phone in the living room.

Cindy took the plate. "Could have been worse. At least today Pam didn't tell everyone that she'd stolen my date."

"Wow, she's a bitch," Cole muttered. He didn't want his mom hearing him swear.

“And all men are pigs,” Cindy said. She jerked her head toward the living room, “As if hogging her time Dave keeps her on the phone. He’s as bad as Jason.”

Turning the water off, Cole wasn’t sure if he agreed. Dave may have stolen their mom for most of the week, but he passed along some cash each week so that there was always food in the house and money for pizza on the weekends. To Cole’s thinking, it was a decent trade, given how little interest his mom had in either him or Cindy.

Cindy put some detergent into the trap on the dishwasher door and turned a knob. “Promise me you won’t turn into an asshole like Jason or Dave.”

Cole turned around, leaning his back against the sink. “I promise,” although he had no idea how he would keep it. Changing the subject, he added, “Are you going to the football game this Friday?”

Cindy gave a curt shake of her head, “I was. But not now.”

Cocking an eyebrow, Cole looked out the corner of his eye. “Really? You’ve gone out almost every week since school started. Gonna hang with me, eh?”

Cindy leaned back against the sink, too and butt bumped him.

“Gross,” she said in a high pitched, little girl voice. “I don’t want your cooties.”

Hearing his mom’s voice droning on, Cole gave his sister a one-finger salute, safe that his gesture wouldn’t be seen by another other than Cindy.

In a voice that only Cole could have heard, Cindy leaned in until her mouth was just a few inches away from his ear. “Fuck you, you Goober.”

Cole couldn’t help smiling as he saw the same smile on her face. She added, “What’d you have in mind? More stupid Tom Cruise movies or Red Dawn, again?”

Shaking his head at how well his sister had him pegged, Cole said, “Well, no.”

“What’d you want to do, then?”

Cole had been thinking about what his sister had said after her last failed date since Saturday. She had been treated horribly and she deserved much better. But he worried she would think he was being stupid if he said what was on his mind.

Finally, he stammered, “Well, uh, I was thinking that if you’re not going to the game, that I could take you over to Red Lobster. Maybe watch a movie you’d enjoy afterwards.”

He could feel his sister beside him. She had grown still. He had to strain to hear her voice, “Are you asking me out on a date?” Gently returning the butt bump from a moment before, Cole said, “I don’t want you to think all of us guys are assholes. You deserve a lot more than that. I know you like Red Lobster and I thought it’d be fun.”

Before he’d finished, Cole knew his voice carried a note of defensive hesitation. He was sure Cindy would laugh or worse, maybe even give him a frog hit on his arm.

Cindy leaned against him, “That’s the sweetest thing. You don’t have to do that, Cubby. I’ll be alright.”

Letting a sigh of relief slip through his lips, Cole patted his sister’s shoulder. She didn’t sound upset. “I know you’ll be okay, Sis. But I want to do this for you.”

Cole scanned his sister’s face for any hint of rejection. Into the growing silence he said, “Is that okay?”

Nodding, Cindy bit her lip as she leaned against Cole. In a hushed voice, “Thanks.”

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Cindy mutely put a plate into the dishwasher. Since returning to school yesterday, she’d felt empty and alone. Even as she helped Cole with the dishes, she just wanted to crawl into her bed and pull

the covers over her face. She'd vowed after Saturday night that her brother wouldn't see any more tears. That didn't mean she hadn't cried herself to sleep, though.

But it was easy to take the dish Cole handed her and put it in the dishwasher. Easy was good.

Cole handed her another plate, "How was school today?"

Cole seldom sounded like their mother, but right then, he'd never sounded more like her. Which was funny because their mom was in the living room. Tuesdays was one of those days when their mom stayed at the house and at least pretended she cared about being a mom to a teenage girl and a preteen boy.

Still, it wasn't Cole's fault. A glance at her brother almost made Cindy smile. His face was writ with concern.

Eventually, Cindy answered, "Could have been worse. At least today Pam didn't tell everyone that she'd stolen my date."

"Wow, she's a bitch," Cole muttered.

Cindy smiled at how low he'd pitched his still-high pitched voice. If their mom had heard him swearing, she'd have been off the couch and riding their asses.

"And all men are pigs," Cindy said in voice barely above a whisper. She jerked her head toward the living room, "As if hogging her time on the weekends isn't bad enough, even when she's home Dave keeps her on the phone. He's as bad as Jason."

Cindy resented her mom's frequent absences and blamed Dave for turning her interest away from her and Cole. Parents weren't supposed to do that. As she grabbed a box of dish detergent the girl vowed she'd never turn out like her mom.

As she turned the dishwasher on she said, "Promise me you won't turn into an asshole like Jason or Dave."

The dishes done, her brother turned around and sat up on the edge of the sink. "I promise. Hey, are you going to the football game this

Friday?”

Before this Saturday, she'd planned on going to cheer Jason on.

Now, she gave a curt shake of her head, “Not anymore.”

Cole leaned forward, resting his hands on his knees, “Really? You've gone out almost every week since school started. Wanna hang with me, eh?”

Cindy joined her brother on the edge of the counter top sink and bumped into his butt. Giggling, she said in a high pitched, little girl's voice, “Gross, I don't want any of your cooties.”

Cole glanced toward the living room, where they could hear their mom's voice droning on. Then he raised his middle finger and winked.

In a voice that only Cole could have heard, Cindy leaned in until her mouth was just a few inches away from his ear. “Fuck you, you Goober.”

Cindy couldn't explain why she enjoyed the smile that spread across Cole's face at their banter, but she decided that if she wasn't going to go to the game that there were worse ways of spending a Friday night than hanging out and watching movies with Cole.

“What'd you have in mind? More stupid Tom Cruise movies or Red Dawn, again?”

The boy's face grew solemn and he shook his head, “Well, no.”

“What'd you want to do, then?”

Cindy could practically see the wheels turning behind his baby blue eyes. After a long moment, the boy stammered, “Well, uh, I was thinking that if you're not going to the game, that I could take you over to Red Lobster. Maybe watch a movie you'd enjoy afterwards.” What? A voice in Cindy's mind screamed. Was her kid brother asking her out? She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and saw the pensive look on his face.

Whatever she said, the last thing she wanted to do was to shatter his self-confidence. He was already the brunt of too many jokes by the

other boys in his class.

Looking at the kitchen's linoleum flooring, Cindy whispered, "Are you asking me out on a date?"

Cindy felt him return the butt bump from earlier as he said, "I don't want you to think all of us guys are assholes. You deserve a lot more than that. I know you like Red Lobster and I thought it'd be fun."

As Cindy heard the plaintive and defensive tone in Cole's voice, even if she thought the idea of him taking her out was silly, she didn't have the heart to tell him no. No, she wouldn't hurt his feelings. While she wasn't ready to go out on another date with anyone, for Cole she decided that silly or not, she'd wouldn't say no.

"That's the sweetest thing. You don't have to do that, Cubby. I'll be alright."

A sigh of relief escaped Cole's lips, and the boy reached over and patted Cindy on the shoulder. "I know you'll be okay, Sis. But I want to do this for you."

In a hesitant and trembling voice, he continued, "Is that okay?"

Nodding, Cindy bit her lip as she leaned against Cole. In a hushed voice, "Thanks."

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It was Thursday night. Except for soft music playing in Cindy's room, the house was quiet. Dave had come over earlier and picked up Mom. Cole knew he'd not see her until next Monday or Tuesday. Between Mom's grocery run earlier in the day and the hundred dollars Dave had left on the kitchen table, he and his sister would be fine.

Thinking of Cindy brought a round of butterflies to his stomach. He closed his homework and went over to his closet. He rummaged until he found his church clothes; a white oxford shirt and navy-blue pants. They hadn't been to church in several months, so he wasn't sure if they'd still fit. He stripped down to his underwear and donned



the pants and shirt. He let out a silent whoop when he found they still fit. After the week she'd had, he really wanted to make Cindy's night special, and old blue jeans and a polo shirt just wouldn't do.

He stripped back to his underwear and carefully hug the clothes back on their hangers. Standing in front of the mirror that hung over the chest-of-drawers, Cole took stock of his narrow, scrawny frame. Any elation he'd felt at how well his clothes fit died with an unhappy sigh. Despite his blond locks and blue eyes that ran in his family, none of the girls in the 7th grade gave him a second look. Why would they? He hadn't even reached five feet in height yet. He might have been eighty-five pounds, soaking wet. Nearly all the other boys were taller and didn't look like they'd skipped a grade.

No, that wasn't quite fair. Cole had seen some of the sixth graders and a lot of them were taller than him. Shaking his head, he pulled his underwear down to his knees, and as he'd done a hundred times before, inspected his family jewels. Still not even a lonely downy strand of hair. But as he held his penis head, the butterflies in his stomach turned to a tickling and tingling sensation and before he knew it, his flaccid penis was no longer flaccid. Now it pointed straight up at his smooth belly. He held it down and let it go, watching it bounce up and down. As far back as he could remember, sometimes he'd get an occasional stiffy. He didn't realize they were becoming more frequent.

He pulled his underwear back up, turned out the light and went to bed.

## Part 2

Cole fidgeted, sitting on the couch as he waited for Cindy to finish getting ready in the bathroom. He glanced at the clock on the VCR and even though it was only a few minutes after five, he worried about how crowded Red Lobster would be if they didn't leave soon.

As though on cue, the bathroom door opened and then Cindy slowly walked into the room. She wore the purple dress from the previous week. Golden ringlets fell from her hair, not quite touching her shoulders. Normally, the teenager didn't wear makeup, but this evening her lips glistened and her cheeks practically sparkled from rouge. Her blue eyes seemed to pop behind some dark eyeliner.

"Do I look okay?" she said.

Cole's eyes were drawn to the dressy black sandals on her feet. Part of him felt a bit of relief. While Cindy wasn't tall, even at five feet two inches, she was four inches taller than him. Had she worn high heels, she might have topped him by a head. Cole lifted his eyes, taking in her long, slender legs that disappeared under a purple hem several inches above her knee. Above her breasts delicate straps looped over her shoulders.

Cole wasn't sure, but Cindy's boobs didn't look as big as they had when she'd gone to the dance the previous Saturday. The dress was modest enough to cover them while still exposing a bit of cleavage. One of his friends from school had told him that he'd caught his sister stuffing tissue down her bra, trying to make her tits look bigger. For a fleeting moment, Cole wondered if Cindy had tried that on her last date. Without the extra padding her boobs didn't stick out very far. Cole didn't care about that. He didn't know how it was possible, but Cole thought Cindy was the prettiest that she'd ever been.

"Wow, you look pretty," was all he managed to say as he continued to stare.

"Thanks," Cindy said as she came over to him and leaned in to

straighten his collar. "You do, too."

As they left, Cole hurried over to the driver's side door of the old Honda and opened it, "Ma'am, after you."

As Cindy slid into the bucket seat, for the briefest of moments, Cole thought he'd caught a glimpse of black panties. The butterflies returned as he closed the door. By the time he climbed into the passenger seat, his penis had taken on a life of its own and he was glad the black dress pants bunched up as he sat down.

The nearest Red Lobster was between State Highway 8 and the 610 Loop, just inside Houston's city limits. That suited Cole just fine. As much as he had looked forward to this evening with Cindy all week, he didn't really want to run into any one from school. In fact, the further Cindy had to drive to get to the restaurant the happier he'd be.

As Cindy got onto highway 59, which would take them into Houston, she said, "Did you see how much Dave gave us this week?"

"Yeah, a hundred dollars. I know he really like Mom. But I still don't like him much."

"Me neither, but I could hate him a lot more and be okay with things if he keeps buying us off each week," Cindy said.

Cole glanced at his sister, who gripped the steering wheel with both hands as they entered the heavy traffic for which Houston was known. She glanced back at him, "I hope you don't mind, but I grabbed some of his blood money for dinner this evening."

"No," Cole blurted. "I do mind, Sis. Tonight's about showing you that not all guys are assholes. I know I'm too young to drive, but I've got everything else taken care of, okay?"

Releasing her right hand from the wheel, she patted Cole's leg, "Wow, Cubby. I didn't realize how much it must sound like I hate men, but if that's what you want, then, yeah. Okay."

Cole offered a smile, "Thanks."

Cole hadn't needed to worry. There was no wait to get seated at Red Lobster. Friday Night Lights in Texas kept a lot of people out of restaurants until after the end of the game. As they looked over the menu, Cole's eyes grew round as he looked at the prices on the menu. He'd never taken anyone out to eat before. Apart from getting food from Dominos and McDonalds, he'd hardly ever paid for his own meals before. This was a new experience.

Without thinking about it, his hand drifted to his back pocket where he'd put his seldom-used wallet. He'd put fifty dollars in it before they'd left the house and as he returned to studying the menu, he was glad he had. He'd never realized lobster was so expensive.

After they placed their order, as Cindy stirred a packet of sweet n low into her tea, she said, "Thanks for doing this, Cole. Since Mom started dating Dave, we haven't really done much as a family. I can't remember the last time we went out to eat like this."

Cole had opted for Dr Pepper and after taking a sip, he said, "What do you think is going to happen between Mom and Dave?"

Shrugging, Cindy said, "I don't know. He hasn't popped the question in two years of dating, but they spend most of the week together at his place in the Woodlands."

"Yeah," Cole said with a bit of acid in his tone, "and we've never been over there to see them."

Cindy played with the spoon in her tea for a moment, "I went over there once. Last year."

His Dr Pepper forgotten, Cole said, "You never told me before. Why'd you go over there?"

Despite the rouge on her cheeks, the girl's face grew scarlet, "Well, it was something of a girl thing. I called Mom from school and she picked me up and took me over to Dave's place where she helped

me with my problem.”

Cole’s confusion was writ large on his face. Cindy leaned forward, lowering her voice, “You know about girl problems we have each month, right?”

When the boy’s look of confusion didn’t go away Cindy whispered, “My period, goofus.”

“Oh,” Cole managed.

“Yeah, the first time it happened was at school. Mom took me over to Dave’s because that’s where she had her ‘woman stuff.’”

“What was it like?”

“Kinda gross. Blood coming out of your you-know-where.”

Cole blinked in surprise, “Gross. No, I meant Dave’s house. What’s it like?”

Cindy offered an embarrassed smile, “Oh, nice. It’s big enough that if he wanted to let us come live there with him and Mom there’d be plenty of room. But he doesn’t like kids. When he found out Mom had taken me over there, he got upset and made her promise not to do that again.”

“What an asshole,” Cole whispered in return.

After dinner, the two siblings talked about school until the waiter came over, “Will there be anything else?”

As the waiter left to prepare the check, Cole said, “Why’d he sound so pissed?”

Shrugging, Cindy said, “Probably thinks we’re not going to leave a tip.”

“A tip?” Cole’s voice came out as a squeak. “What’s that?”

Cindy replied, "One of my friends works at a restaurant. She gets paid next to nothing for working there, but she keeps all of the tips she gets paid. Most people leave ten to fifteen percent of the bill as a tip."

Chagrined, Cole said, "So, I've got to pay the waiter, too?"

Cindy reached across the table and took hold of Cole's hand, "I know you want to take care of this, Cubby, but if you want, I can get Dave's money out of the car."

Cole shook his head, "No. This is my treat, Cindy."

After paying the bill and tip, Cole balefully stared at the lonely face of Abraham Lincoln that stared back from his wallet before forcing the biggest smile he could manage onto his face. "Did you have a good time?"

Cindy grabbed his hand again and squeezed it, "More than all my other dates combined. This was fun."

Cole came around behind his sister's chair and helped her up, "I'm glad. But it's not over yet. When we get back home, I rented a movie I think you'll enjoy. I hope that's okay."

As Cole opened the door to the car for his sister, she playfully slapped his arm, "I hope it's not Red Dawn. I'll take me some Patrick Swayze in Dirty Dancing all day long, but you can have him all to yourself in Red Dawn."

After he settled into the passenger seat, Cole tried to put a mysterious look on his face, "You'll just have to wait and see." The drive home was as fun as dinner as Cole shared a few jokes he'd heard at school that week and the two made jokes about Dave. Once they arrived home, Cole raced around to the driver's door and opened it.

As Cindy got out, she said in an exaggerated Texas drawl, "Why I do declare, Master Colton, you are absolutely the perfect gentleman."

You have redeemed the male of the species this evening.”

As Cole made his way around his mom’s car to open the door to the kitchen, Cindy said, “Just a sec, okay?”

She joined him on the welcome mat and took his hand, “I’ve always wanted my dates to end on the door step. If the date hadn’t gone well, then I wanted to tell the boy good night and send him on his way. But if the date had gone well or if I really liked him, then I could give him a kiss before sending him on his way.”

Cole felt his hand grow clammy in his sister’s hand. He didn’t know what to say, so he just stood there inside the poorly lit garage, looking up into the dark orbs of his sister’s eyes.

She took his other hand and inched forward, leaning down a bit until her lips brushed Cole’s. His first kiss made the butterflies return and he felt a tickling sensation below his belly.

Cindy pulled her face away, and peered at the stunned expression on Cole’s face. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done that.”

Cole found his voice as a smile creased his face, “No, yeah. I mean, I’m glad you did. Makes me think I did good this evening.”

A smile returned to his sister’s face as she leaned in a second time. This time Cole had some inkling of what to expect and he returned the kiss. It was over almost as soon as it began as Cindy broke the kiss and turned and entered the kitchen and asked, “What movie did you pick up?”

Cole tried to ignore his emotions and the butterflies as he hurried back to his room where he had left the Blockbuster rental box and hurried back into the living room where Cindy had settled into a seat on the couch. He handed over the VHS cassette.

Cindy nearly screamed, “You got the Breakfast Club! If you weren’t my favorite person in the whole world before, you are now.”

After putting the movie in to play, Cole turned back to the couch.

Cindy patted the cushion next to her, "Come on, I know it's not Red Dawn or Top Gun, but try to enjoy it with me."

Settled in next to his sister, Cole glanced down where their knees met. The purple dress crept up a bit exposing most of Cindy's thighs. He couldn't ignore the fluttering in his stomach even as he tried to focus on the movie.

The Breakfast Club started their detention, Cindy drew her feet onto the couch and leaned her head onto Cole's shoulder. Cole had to move his arm as it was in the way. He wasn't sure what to do with it because the only place to rest it seemed to be on his sister's shoulder. As he settled it there, he heard an audible sigh. The rest of the movie passed in a blur as Cole tried to figure out how he felt about his sister leaning against him. As the credits rolled, he decided he'd liked it, even if the fluttering in his stomach never quite went away.

Cindy stretched her legs out and her head slid down from Cole's shoulder, until it rested on his lap. He looked down at her face. He couldn't remember the last time she looked happier.

Without a shoulder to wrap his arm around, Cole let his fingers twine through his sister's hair. He'd never been this close with anyone before and he really didn't know what to say or do. But he knew he'd wanted his sister to have a good date and not judge other guys by a couple of bad experiences. He went back to that, "Did I redeem men, Sis?"

Cindy's eyes were half closed as his fingers touched her scalp, "Mmm, that feels good, Cubby. I don't know about all guys. But this was the best date I've ever been on. You were awesome. If you treat your first girlfriend like you did me, you're going to get yourself laid in no time flat."

Flushing at the praise, Cole was old enough to know about getting laid. Several boys in gym class had bragged about getting laid. He was pretty sure they were full of shit, but hearing his sister's praise



made him feel like his was ten feet tall, instead of less than half that.

With his other hand, Cole ran a finger along his sister's jawline, "You're the prettiest girl I know, Sis. You're funny and smart, too. You deserve to be treated like a princess. I know I would."

Cole's heart seemed to skip a beat as Cindy opened her eyes and gazed into his face. She smiled and raised a hand and brought it to his face, where she ran it from his ear down to his neck, "Are you asking me out on a second date, Cubby?"

The heat of her finger on his neck thrilled the boy as he returned her smile, "I, uh, I guess I am."

Cindy sat back up and leaned over and kissed Cole's cheek. "You are the sweetest boy in the whole world."

She stood, "It's late. How many yards do you have tomorrow?"

Feeling the fluttering subside a bit, Cole rose and ejected the movie from the player, "Five, if Mrs. Johnson doesn't change her mind." He followed the girl in the pretty purple dress down the hall where she turned around. Cole had been close behind her and when she stopped and turned, they did an accidental chest bump. The boy nearly lost his balance as he tried to step back, but his sister's arms had wrapped around his neck, keeping him from falling or backing away. In fact, their faces were so close to each other the boy could see deep into her aqua colored eyes.

She leaned in and for the third time that night he felt her warm, soft lips press against his. Unbidden, his own arms wrapped around her back as he pressed his lips against hers. The fluttering in his stomach went into overdrive as he felt a tingling come to rest in the center of his body.

This time, when Cindy broke the kiss she said, "Yes, Cubby. There's nobody I'd rather go on a second date with than you."

With a kiss and a promise, the teenager turned and a moment later,

her bedroom door closed behind her, leaving Cole standing in the hall with a silly grin on his face and an erection in his pants.

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Cindy took a final look in the bathroom mirror. Not too much blush, just right, she thought as she closed the make-up case. She'd thought about wearing a different dress than the purple one from the previous week, but when she thought about the look on Cole's face when he's seen her wearing it, Cindy decided that it was the right dress, after all.

She looked at her boobs. They were back to their normal size, augmented only by the dress's padding, after all, she didn't need to try to impress her date this evening with a fake bust size.

She primped her hair with a comb and decided she was ready. When she walked into the living room, she noticed how Cole's attention fell completely on her as he ignored the TV. As his eyes traveled from her sandals to her dress and then to her face, Cindy felt more vulnerable than she had all week. Before now, her brother wasn't the kind of boy to gawk at her.

Cindy felt uncertain, painfully aware of the boy's gaze, "Do I look okay?"

Her uncertainty grew until Cole said, "Wow, you look pretty."

Noticing Cole's collar was crooked, Cindy came over to him and straightened it. "Thanks, you do, too."

In the garage as Cindy headed toward the driver's side door, Cole rushed by and opened it for her, "Ma'am, after you."

Once the boy climbed into the passenger seat, Cindy headed out. The way he'd opened the door had impressed her. Jason hadn't bothered when she'd taken him to the Olive Garden. Maybe there was hope for her brother, yet.

She enjoyed the drive. The longer she drove the more at ease her brother became. Which was a good thing. The nearest Red Lobster was more than thirty minutes from their house. She'd been especially impressed when her brother told her that he was paying for the meal.

By the time they sat down to eat, Cindy was enjoying herself more than she had on either of her earlier dates. But when the girl looked over the menu she was a little surprised at the prices and wondered if Cole might have set himself up for failure. The lobster dinner was positively expensive. But Cole just smiled, "Get what you want, Sis. I've got this."

After their drinks arrived, Cole put his elbows on the table and leaned forward, "What do you think is going to happen between Mom and Dave?"

Cindy had been thinking about the same thing for a while. Sure, Dave made her mom happy like nothing else ever had, but that still didn't mean the girl like her mom's boyfriend.

With a casual shrug Cindy said, "I don't know. He hasn't popped the question in two years of dating, but they spend most of the week together at his place in the Woodlands."

There was acid in Cole's voice, "And we've never even been over there to see them."

Cindy felt the color rise in her cheeks. That wasn't entirely true, but she wasn't sure she wanted to explain, not even to Cole. As she played with the spoon in her tea, she saw the storm on Cole's face and decided it probably wouldn't hurt to tell him. "I went over there once. Last year."

Cole's eyes snapped up from his drink, "You never told me before. Why?"

Cindy felt the heat rise on her face. She'd had her first period during the middle of Sophomore English. She'd called her mom, when

she'd been staying over at Dave's house. Once Cindy explained the reason for the call, in a fit of maternal instinct, her mom picked her up and took her over to Dave's place to get cleaned up while he was at work.

"it's something of a girl thing, Cole," Cindy leaned forward and whispered. "I called Mom from school and she picked me up and took me over to Dave's where she helped me with a problem."

Cindy didn't know if she should laugh or cry at her brother's confusion. Lowering her voice further, she added, "You know about girl problems, right? The one we have every month."

Cindy's heart melted as the innocent confusion on Cole's face. "My period, goofus."

"Oh," Cole managed, followed by a louder, "OH!"

"Yeah, the first time it happened was at school. Mom took me over to Dave's because that's where she had her 'woman stuff.'"

"What was it like?"

"Kinda gross. Blood coming out of your you-know-where."

Cole blinked in surprise, "Gross. No, I meant Dave's house. What's it like?"

Repressing a giggle as her brother's reaction, she said, "It was nice. It's big enough for all of us. That bastard just doesn't want to let us come live there. Mom says Dave just doesn't understand kids, but I think he's just a rat bastard who hates us."

"What an asshole," Cole shuddered.

The rest of the meal passed by with better conversation and by the time they'd left for home Cindy was happy she'd let Cole talk her into the little date.

Cole only reinforced it more when he opened the car door for her in

the parking lot.

“What’d you get for us to watch?” she asked as Cole went around to the other side.

Cole offered a mysterious expression that looked sillier than it did secretive. “Wait and see, my darling,”

If it were possible for the drive home to be more fun than the rest of date, it was. Cole kept her guessing about the movie the entire time. Cindy loved every minute of it and hated to see it end when she pulled her old Honda into its spot in the garage.

She’d barely put the car into park when Cole hustled around and opened her door yet again. The single 60 watt bulb hanging from the ceiling let her see the happy sparkle in her brother’s eyes as she climbed out to the car.

She patted his arm playfully and said, ““Why I do declare, Master Colton, you are absolutely the perfect gentleman. You have redeemed the male of the species this evening.”

But she felt a flapping of butterfly wings in her stomach as she said the words. She’d felt those feelings before. First when she’s gone on that one date with Darrell and then when she’d asked Jason to the dance.

How could she possibly feel the same way about her little brother? That was easy. Cole had treated her a hundred times better than either of those jackasses. And the way he’d looked at her through dinner, as though whatever she talked about what the most important thing in the world. Maybe she felt this way because he’d treated her the way she’d always thought a boy should treat a girl on a date.

As her brother reached the door to the kitchen, Cindy decided he deserved something special for being the best date she could have ever wished. “Just a sec, okay?”

When she reached her brother, Cindy grabbed one of his hand, holding it gently, "You know, I've always wanted my dates to end on the door step. That way, if the date had been a disaster, then I could tell the boy good-bye and send him on his way. But if the date had well or if I really liked the boy then I could give him a kiss before sending him on his way."

Cole's hand felt sweaty in hers as he gazed back at hers with eyes that made Cindy's heart beat faster.

Before Cindy could lose her nerve, she took her brother's other hand and leaned down until her lips brushed Cole's. The shocked expression on her brother's face sent icicles of terror into her heart and she pulled away, "I'm sorry, Cole. I shouldn't have done that."

Her brother squeezed her hand as a smile played across his face, "No, yeah. I mean, wow, I'm glad you did. Makes me think I did okay this evening."

The icicles melted and Cindy returned the smile. She leaned again and was pleased when his lips returned the kiss. It was over too quick. Cindy didn't really know what to make of her feelings so she led her brother into the kitchen.

"What move did you pick up?"

Cole picked up a VHS cassette tape and handed it to Cindy as she settled into a spot on the couch.

As she read the title, she decided her brother really had earned those kisses, "You got the Breakfast Club! If you weren't my favorite person in the world before, you sure are now."

Once her brother started the movie, Cindy patted the seat beside her, "Come on. I know it's not Red Dawn or Top Gun, but try to enjoy it with me."

As the movie started, Cindy looked out of the corner of her eye and saw Cole staring at the place where their knees met. Her dress had

slid up a bit when she sat down, exposing most of her thigh. She wondered what was going through his head.

As the detention scene played, the girl kicked her sandals off and tucked her feet under her. She hadn't thought about the consequences of doing it until her body leaned against Cole's. The boy didn't pull away so Cindy laid her head on his shoulder.

She's accidentally trapped his right arm and he rolled his shoulder enough to move it without disturbing Cindy's head. He snaked it around until it rested on her right shoulder.

Cindy tried to focus on the movie but the way her stomach fluttered and her heart beat, it was a useless task. She couldn't ignore that how she felt about Cole was changing. It was really weird to realize she felt closer and better about him than she'd ever felt about Jason. And that left her feeling all muddled. As little as a week ago, Cindy had hoped that after the dance that she and Jason could go somewhere and make out, maybe even go all the way. She didn't need to worry about getting pregnant. Another good thing her mom had done was to put her on the pill after she'd started getting terrible cramps each cycle. They were a miracle drug as far as Cindy was concerned. Her cycles had stopped altogether and she'd not had a cramp since then.

And now the same butterflies she'd felt for Jason she was now feeling for Cole. Obviously, she wouldn't have sex with her brother. Gross. You just didn't do things like that. Plus, she was pretty sure Cole's body was too immature for that part of his plumbing to work. He was the least developed boy in his class, after all.

She couldn't help glancing down at her brother's crotch. The black dress pants were bunched up in his lap and she couldn't really see the outline of anything. She decided that was probably because his penis was immature and small.

Having settled that thought didn't make her butterflies go away, though. She wondered if she really was falling in love with her little

brother. Now though, the idea didn't gross her out. After all, he was the only guy she knew who'd treated her right. She doubted that she could do much about her emotions, but for now, she decided to just enjoy the rest of the movie with her favorite person.

As the credits rolled, Cindy stretched her legs out on the couch and laid her head on Cole's lap and looked up at him. The look on his face put a wide smile on the teenager's face.

Cole's smile warmed Cindy's heart and then her heart fluttered when she felt his fingers running through her hair. She was enjoying the butterflies as she purred, "Mmmm, that feels good, Cubby. I don't know what I think about all guys, but this was the best date I've ever been on. You were awesome. You treat your first girlfriend like you did me and your going to get yourself laid in no time flat."

Cole flushed at Cindy's words. He didn't speak but rather touched her jawline on her cheek and traced it back and forth on her face. God, how the butterflies flapped in her stomach. Finally, her brother found his words, "You're the prettiest girl I know, Sis. You're funny and smart, too. You deserve to be treated like a princess. I'd treat you like that."

Cindy had closed her eyes to better enjoy the heat of his finger on her face. His words made her eyes pop open. Cole's face was still red with embarrassment but there was something in her heart that knew her brother spoke nothing but the truth.

Smiling at his words, she snaked her hand up his chest until she reached his ear and slowly traced his face and neck. "Are you asking me out on another date, Cubby?"

Cole's grin grew even wider as Cindy's finger lingered on his neck, "I, uh, I guess I am."

Even though Cindy didn't know how to sort her emotions or know where to draw the line with Cole, one thing was for certain, she'd go on as many dates with her brother as she could. She sat back up



and leaned over and gave her brother kiss on the cheek. “You are the sweetest boy in the whole world.”

The evening was late and it was time for bed. Cindy felt her brother following behind her and she wondered if he was checking out her ass. The purple dress only came down a few inches below her panty line in the back. Even though she was tired, Cindy wanted to feel Cole’s body next to hers one more time and she turned around when she came to the bathroom door.

Cole bumped into her, their chests coming into contact. This must have surprised the boy because he nearly fell as he took a step back. But Cindy was fast, she’d already grabbed him around the neck and instead of falling away, his chest reconnected with hers.

Without thinking about it, Cindy pressed her lips against Cole’s for the third time that night. Any thought about boundaries or even her brother’s age blurred against the powerful seduction of the kiss.

When she broke the kiss she said, “Yes, Cubby. There’s nobody I’d rather go on a second date with than you.”

### Part 3

Cole sat up in his bed, mist clinging to the ground. White vapor eddied along the floor, and crept up the walls. The air felt more than just humid. It felt wet. He was afraid to put his feet on the ground, lest the misty tendrils grab on and pull him under.

Muffled, as though from far away, he heard a scream. Even though it grated painfully and ethereally on his ear drums, he knew as soon as the scream stopped that it was Cindy and she was in trouble. He tossed his bed sheets aside and saw that he'd been sleeping in the nude. His penis, all three inches of it, pointed into the air, as though leading the way. A pair of underwear had to be nearby.

With trepidation, he swung his feet onto the floor where the mist felt even wetter. He crossed the room and pulled at the top drawer on the chest of drawers, but it wouldn't budge. It was stuck. He put a bare foot on the dresser and used the leverage to yank even harder. But the drawer still wouldn't budge. Then he heard the sharp scream again. It sounded closer. Glancing down at himself, the boy swore and turned to grab the bed spread to cover his nakedness, but the bed was gone now, replaced by a roiling white mist.

Cole was freaking out. The drawer was stuck, his bed was gone and his sister screamed again. Trembling, Cole gripped the bedroom door, afraid it wouldn't budge either, but he turned the knob and the door silently opened. As he stepped into the hallway, his feet plunged into warm water and he found himself standing knee-deep in water as his sister cried out from her room. Cole splashed across the water and twisted the knob to his sister's door. Like his own, it silently swung open. Cindy's bed was gone and in its place was a giant wooden stake. Her hands were pulled behind it as she sobbed uncontrollably.

As soon as Cole stepped into the room, the door slammed shut behind him and he now stood on dry ground, as mist started rising from the carpet.

“Cole, please help me!”

Cole stepped forward, but it felt like he was walking knee-deep through molasses. He focused on his sister. Tears ran down her face, splashing onto her small breasts. Like a laser focus, Cole’s eyes were drawn to her left tit, where a tear drop hung from her hard nipple. Cole wasn’t sure what he’d expected, but his sister’s breasts were smaller than he’d expected. He wondered if small breasts and penises ran in the family. Where her legs met, she had a small patch of dark blond hair and for a moment, Cole wondered if that’s what his own pubic hair would look like when his body finally stopped betraying him and caught up with the other boys at school.

With every step he took, it became more difficult to move until his outstretched was only a few inches away from reaching Cindy. Then the mist turned to water and it rose until he found himself submerged.

Cole woke with a startled cry as the images of water receded from his mind. He felt wet as he sat up. Pulling back the covers, his white briefs were wet in his front and he climbed out of bed as tears threatened to spill down his cheeks. It had been years since he had wet himself and now, a damned dream had made him wet himself. He felt so humiliated and didn’t know what to do.

An urgent knock at his door startled him as a familiar voice called out, “Are you okay? I heard you shout.”

Tears spilled down Cole’s face as humiliation washed over him. “Yeah, no. Shit, I don’t know.”

The door opened and Cindy slipped in. “What’s wrong?”

Waving a hand at the bed, Cole whimpered, “I think I wet my bed.”

His sister moved by him as Cole crossed his legs and covered his wet underwear. She pulled back the sheets and ran a hand over the mattress. “It’s dry. Are you sure?”

Cole felt the wetness in his underwear and he didn't understand why the bed wasn't wet when he felt so damp. "I don't know. I thought I did."

Cindy sat on the edge of the bed, "Let me see."

Waves of humiliation washed over him as Cole moved his hands away from in front of his wet crotch.

Cindy reached out and took the boy's hand and had him stand in front of her. After a moment her face turned bright red, "Oh."

Seeing her expression through his tears, Cole said, "What? How bad is it?"

Still beat red, Cindy's voice fell to a whisper even though they were alone in the house. Their mom had left a few hours before with Dave. Her voice quivered, "Can I see? I think I know what happened."

Looking at his sister's scarlet cheeks through blurred eyes, Cole managed to nod.

Cindy reached out her hand to the waistband of his briefs and using her thumb and forefinger pulled the elastic away from Cole's belly. Cole could feel her hand trembling as she pulled the elastic down, until his penis popped free. As if it could be any worse, he was painfully erect in front of his sister. He wanted to die at that moment. How could she bear to look at him without laughing at him?

With his briefs pulled below his thighs, Cole watched Cindy run a finger inside them. "Hmm, that's what it feels like," she mumbled, as though talking to herself. Then she leaned in, until his penis was only a few inches from her face.

"Cubby, you came." She said it matter-of-factly, but in a voice she might have reserved for talking in church.

Cole wiped away a tear, "No I didn't. You came in here."

A giggle escaped the girl's lips, "No, I mean, you had a wet dream. An orgasm."

Understanding dawned on the twelve-year-old boy. The other boys in gym class had talked about cumming and orgasms, but being less developed, Cole hadn't really connected the dots until that moment.

Involuntarily, his hands tried to cover up his stiffy, as his mortification turned from being a bed-wetter to the terror of his sister seeing him sexually aroused.

Still giggling, Cindy patted him on the belly, "I don't know why you're embarrassed. I'm pretty sure it's normal."

As Cindy pulled one of his hands away, she said, "Come on to the bathroom. We'll get you cleaned up and back to bed. There's still a few hours until my alarm goes off. And I still want some beauty sleep."

In the bathroom Cindy wet a washrag and knelt back in front of Cole, who took the wet towel and wiped at his rigid shaft, removing a clear slimy liquid.

As Cole wiped, his sister stared, "That's pretty cool. I didn't realize you'd be able to cum until after your balls drop. But Cubby, you've proved me wrong. Wow."

When he'd finished washing down below, Cole covered himself with a hand towel, "This happens a lot?" His voice carried a scared tremor.

Shrugging, Cindy said, "We learned about it in Health class last year. When puberty hits, your ball sack starts to hang down and your balls get bigger. Ms. Matthews said that's when boys start to produce sperm and get hair down there."

Back in his room, his sister dug out a pair of briefs from the chest-of-drawers and handed them over. Cole traded the hand towel for the briefs and hurried to cover his erection.

Once he was back in bed, Cole felt tears welling up again, "I'm so

embarrassed, Sis. Please don't tell Mom about this. I don't want her trying to give me 'the talk.' That would be even worse."

Cindy pulled the bedspread over Cole's bare chest. "Your secret is safe. I don't tell anyone."

Cole rolled over to face the wall, as new tears splashed onto pillow, "If you could forget it, too, that would be good."

Cindy leaned over Cole's face and kissed him on the cheek, "Really, it's not a big deal, bro. What happened is pretty normal. But for you, anything."

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Cindy's eyes fluttered open when she heard a cry coming from Cole's room. Maybe he was having a nightmare. After a long moment of quiet, she closed her eyes only to have the silence broken by another cry.

She threw back her covers and headed toward the door. Her hand was on the door knob when she looked down at herself. She wore her panties and a halter top, her normal sleeping clothes. She thought about getting a pair of shorts, but another cry sent her hurrying to her brother's room.

Cindy knocked on Cole's door, "Are you okay? I heard you shout."

Cole's voice warbled, "Yeah, uh, no. Oh, shit. I don't know."

Turning the door, Cindy slipped into the room, "What's wrong, bro?"

Cole stood in the middle of the floor in his white briefs, facing away from her. He pointed to his bed and whimpered, "I think I wet the bed."

Her brother hadn't wet his bed since once in the sixth grade. Cindy brushed by him to check the sheets and mattress. Everything was dry.

When she turned back to Cole, he'd crossed his feet and his hands

covered the front of his underwear. His face was beat-red and tears streaked down his cheeks.

Cole moved one hand away and wiped at a tear, "My underwear's wet. I must have peed."

Everything on the bed was dry. Maybe his pee hadn't leaked through his underwear, Cindy thought as she sat on the side of the bed.

"Cole, let me see, okay?"

Cole trembled as he let his hands fall away from in front of his crotch.

There was a wet spot in the middle of his underwear. Peeing would have made things wetter. Acutely aware of her brother's humiliation, Cindy reached out and took Cole's hand and drew him to her where she leaned in and looked the wetness. It wasn't pee. "Oh!"

Through tears, Cole asked, "What? How bad is it, Sis?"

Cindy's face turned red. Had Jason not dumped her, she had planned on making out with him and maybe going all the way. If that had happened, then Jason would have been the first boy she would have seen naked, not counting Cole when he was a little boy. But she'd taken health class and knew that teenage boys produced semen and sperm. She was pretty sure Cole had just done so.

Her voice quivered, "Let me see, Cole. I think I know what happened."

Showing every bit of love and concern that she had for her brother she looked up at Cole until he blinked back tears and nodded. Cindy had spent the last couple of months fantasizing about the size of Jason's dick. Other girls in school swore that most boys their age were maybe six inches long and a lot of them were probably even shorter than that. Instead of Jason, who Cindy now thoroughly hated, the first penis she was going to see was Cole's. As she reached out to take hold of his waistband, the butterflies from last Saturday

returned.

She smiled up at Cole before she hooked her thumb and forefinger and pulled the elastic waistband toward her and down. She nearly lost her grip when Cole's penis popped free and pointed toward the ceiling.

Cindy stared at the hard, smooth rod waiving around less than a foot from her face. She hadn't expected that. Feeling Cole trembling, Cindy sent him another reassuring smile. With the briefs around Cole's knees, the girl ran her finger along the inside, where she felt something slimy and cool. "Hmm, that's what it feels like."

Instead of Jason's six inches of man-meat, the first penis she'd seen had been Cole's. The first erection, too. And as she rubbed the congealing liquid between her fingers, her first semen was also Cole's. When she looked into his eyes, though, she saw how humiliated and embarrassed he looked and it broke her heart to see his face streaked with tears.

She wiped the bit of slime on his briefs and offered a bit of smile as she said, "Cubby, you came."

Confusion reigned in the boy's expression. "No, I didn't. You came in here."

The idea of Cindy cumming in Cole's room brought a giggle from the girl. "No, Cole. I mean you had a wet dream. An orgasm."

Watching the light behind her brother's eyes light up felt good. He deserved to feel good about this, and not horrified.

Cole's hands flew back to block Cindy's view of his stiffy, which was less than a foot away from Cindy's face.

While the teenager knew her brother had to be mortified, she couldn't stop herself from giggling. She patted him on his belly, "You shouldn't be embarrassed, Cubby. I'm pretty sure what happened to you is perfectly normal."



Cindy didn't know what to do about the horrified expression on Cole's face. But she knew he needed to be cleaned up so she pulled one of his hands away from his penis and said, "Come on, let's get you cleaned up and back to bed."

As she watched her brother clean himself, Cindy said, "That's pretty cool. I didn't realize you'd be able to cum until after your balls drop. But Cubby, you've proved me wrong. Wow."

His eyes now dry, Cole held a hand towel over his penis, "Does this happen a lot, Sis?"

Cindy felt sorry for him. His voice still carried the humiliation.

"I don't know. We learned about this in health class. When puberty hits, normally a boy's ball sack falls away from his body, his balls get bigger and his penis gets larger. That's usually when boys start making sperm and getting hair down there."

Back in Cole's room, Cindy fished a pair of briefs from the boy's chest-of-drawers and handed them to him. Cole scampered back into his briefs, covering his stiffy as fast as he could.

Cindy got her brother back into bed and saw that tears were welling up in his eyes again.

"Shit, Sis. I'm so embarrassed. Please don't tell Mom about this. I don't want her trying to give me 'the talk.' That would be horrible." Cindy covered Cole's bare chest with the covers. "Your secret is safe with me."

She could tell that he was tired and no less embarrassed than before. Still she added, "If you want to have 'the talk,' I'm always here for you."

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Cole leaned his head against the plush armrest on the end of the

couch farthest away from the TV. He hugged a pillow as he watched Scooby and Shaggy. The door to the garage opened and something landed on the kitchen table with a loud thud, presumably his sister's backpack.

"TGIF, Cole." A voice called out from the other room. A moment later Cindy danced into the living room, the can of Dr Pepper in her hand held like her dancing partner. "I've been looking forward to this evening all week."

Gripping the pillow tighter, Cole looked at the smile on his sister's face, but didn't say a word.

He felt his sister's eyes on him as he returned his attention to Mystery Inc.

"Cole, do you still want to go out?" Cole heard a hint of something in his sister's voice, but he couldn't tell what it was. Still, he clicked off the TV and pulled his legs up to his chest, freeing up a spot on the couch.

"After last night? I made a fool of myself." Cole's voice trembled as he thought about how embarrassed he'd felt over the previous night's accident.

Cindy sat down and pulled the pillow away from Cole's midsection, "No you didn't."

Cole hated himself as he felt his eyes burn as they filled with tears. "But you saw me naked, with a stiffy. God, I can't believe it."

Cindy jumped to her feet and came over where she could look down at Cole. She placed her hands on his knees. "So what? I used to see you naked when you'd run around the house when you were younger. Naked boy alert and all that."

Sniffing, Cole said, "That was different. When I was a kid, I didn't have to worry about stiffies or having stuff leaking out."

Cindy's face colored a bit as Cole waited. "Okay, that might be true, but this is better."

Cole shook his head, wiping away a tear, "Better? How do you figure that?"

Cindy leaned forward, wrapping her arms around Cole's bent knees. "You're becoming a man. Before, when you ran around, you were just a little boy being silly. Naked boy alert, remember. But now, you're not a little boy anymore. Not saying you should, but if you went running around naked now, I'd have to say, 'Naked man alert.'"

Cole wiped at his nose, a tentative smile playing across his face, "Thanks, Sis. You know how to make me feel a little better."

Cindy climbed to her feet, "I'm glad to hear that. Now, this evening is my treat. My turn to take you out. So, get up and get dressed. We're going to FunPlex, then we'll come back here and watch one of your movies."

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Three hours and forty dollars in tokens later, Cole shouted a war cry as he pulled on the steering wheel of the go-cart as he careened around the corner. He chanced a quick look behind. His sister was just now entering the curve. And a moment later he flashed across the finish line with a loud whoop. A few seconds later, Cindy's go-cart rolled to a stop next to his. Once all the cars had come to a stop, a light flashed overhead and a tinny voice sounded over the speakers,

"Exit to your right and enjoy the rest of your stay at FunPlex."

The two siblings raced down the exit ramp until they hit the concrete ribbon that encircled the mini-race track.

"You want to do that again?" Cole said through heavy breaths.

Shaking her head, Cindy pulled a ten-dollar bill from the pocket of her daisy duke shorts. "We've got enough for pizza, you hungry yet?"

Thoughts of earlier in the day had been forgotten. Cole lifted the hem of his tank top and patted his flat stomach. "I could eat a horse." As they sat in the complex's dining area with a pepperoni pizza between them, Cole swallowed a bite and asked, "When you go away to college, can you take me with you?"

Cindy swallowed hard and coughed, "What brought that on?"

"Well, Mom doesn't seem like she's going to dump Dave and he doesn't seem like he's going to warm to us, so when you graduate next year, I don't want to be home alone." Cole's expression was grave even as he took another bite and chewed.

Cindy took a long sip from her drink. "I've still got a year and a half before I get to walk across the stage. A lot can happen between now and then."

Leaning in toward his sister, Cole said, "I know. But you're the only person I trust and I don't want to lose you."

Cindy reached out and squeezed his hand for a quick moment, "You won't. If I get to go to college, it'll probably be the community college. I imagine I'll still be living at home," she paused, "with you."

That led into a shared bitch-fest about how much the two youths despised Dave, even though they were happy to take his money each week.

Later, on the car drive home, Cindy reached across the gear shift and slid her hand into Cole's. "I'm glad we came out today. I had a really fun time with you feeding quarters into the electronic monsters."

Cole squeezed her hand in return, "I was being stupid earlier. I'm glad you talked me into getting out with you. I almost let things ruin our second date."

"Two for two, Cubby. Who'd have thought that after a couple of frogs, my prince charming lives on the other side of the hall from me."

Cole glanced over and saw the playful smile on his sister's face. "You're ten times better than any Cinderella, Sis." With that, he pulled her hand to his face and kissed the backside. "I love you."

Cindy drew her hand away from his lips and ran her fingers through the boy's hair before saying, "I love you, too. At least now I know there's at least one man who isn't an asshole."

Cole giggled, "Hardly a man, Sis. So, does that mean we get to go on a third date?"

Cole felt his sister's hand cup his chin before running down to his neck, "A third date? That sounds fun. What're you thinking?"

Cole closed his eyes as his sister continued caressing his neck. "I dunno. Maybe bowling."

When they got home, Cole hurried around and opened Cindy's door. As she stepped out, "There's nobody better than my Prince Charming. A girl could get spoiled."

After closing the car door, Cole slipped his hand into his sister's and crossed over to the door to the kitchen, "You'll only get the best from me, my ten-times Cinderella girl."

Cindy wrapped her arms around Cole's neck, "You're the best, Cubby,"

The way she used his old nickname sent shivers through Cole and made the fluttering in his stomach impossible to ignore. It was different than before, like the way two people who are so familiar and in love with each other might talk.

Her lips touched Cole's and he puckered his lips and pressed forward. Even as he felt something below his belly, he hoped the kiss wouldn't end yet. Then he felt something wet press against his lips and realized his sister's tongue was pressing, trying to penetrate the space between his lips. When he opened his mouth her tongue darted inside. It felt like an electrical spark going off inside his head

and in his groin.

This time Cole broke the kiss as he sucked in a breath of air, "Wow."

Cindy continued holding him close, "After two wonderful dates and the promise of more, I wanted to give you the best kiss of your life." She giggled as she nuzzled her mouth near his ear, "Instead, you gave me it to me."

Once they got into the living room, Cindy grabbed a VHS cassette from atop the TV. "I thought you might enjoy it."

Cole looked at the label on the cassette, "Highlander! That's badass. How'd you rent it? They won't rent me any rated R movies." Cindy winked, "One of the guys behind the counter hits on all the girls. He'll rent me anything I want."

Cole settled into his spot on the couch and stuck his tongue out, "No fair."

Cindy settled next to him. Unlike the previous week, instead of a frilly dress and nice slacks, both wore shorts and tank-tops, a perk of living near Houston where even in November you can still get by with shorts and t-shirts.

After the best kiss of his young life, the skin on skin contact of their knees and thighs was impossible to ignore, no matter how much Connor MacLeod might beckon from the TV. Needing someplace to put his arm, Cole slid it around his sister's shoulder. In response, she snuggled her head against his shoulder.

"Mmm, I like the way you hold me. It feels good."

The fluttering in his stomach rose into his heart as Cole enjoyed the moment. He leaned in and kissed his sister's forehead and let his lips remain there for a while. He was certain that he was about as close to heaven as he could get.

All too soon, the credits rolled and Cindy stretched and rose, "Gotta

go to the bathroom. Do we have time for another movie?”

It was only 9:30 according to the clock on the VCR. Cole only had a few yards to mow the next day and he couldn't imagine anything better than cuddling with his sister through another movie. “Sure. What do you want to watch?”

“I got another movie from Blockbuster, more of a girl's movie. Have you seen Just One of the Guys?”

Cole shook his head as he ejected the first movie.

Cindy said, “Would you mind setting it up? If I don't go now, I'm going to pee where I stand.”

As though talking about it would make it happen, Cole felt the familiar pressure on his bladder and after swapping movies in the VHS player, took up his place beside the bathroom door and waited for his sister to finish.

A few minutes later he heard the flush of the toilet followed by running water in the sink. Then the door cracked open, Cindy's head poked around the corner, “I thought I heard you out here.”

Cole crossed his legs, “I gotta go. What's taking so long?”

Blushing furiously, Cindy said, “I was trying to decide how comfortable to get. The daisy dukes were getting tight.”

With that, she let the door open and Cole saw that she was only wearing her underwear. Her daisy duke shorts and tank-top were on the floor.

“Holy...” Cole managed to stammer. Apart from rare times where he'd seen her wrapped in a towel, he'd never seen her in just her underwear, not in a very long time.

If it was possible for Cindy to turn any redder, she did. In words nearly too fast to catch them all, she gushed, “Sorry, Cubby. I was trying to decide if I should go back to my bedroom and find something comfortable, but then I thought about how comfortable my

bra and panties are and well, then I realized you were waiting on the bathroom.”

Stepping over his sister’s clothes, Cole raised the toilet seat and unfastened and unzipped his shorts. His sister was standing by the door and when he turned back to face her, saw that she wore an uncertain look.

“I’m sorry, Cubby. I shouldn’t have done this. I just thought it would be fun to watch a movie in our underwear.” She looked down as though trying to find something that was missing. Cole couldn’t imagine what it was. He was struck by how pretty Cindy appeared. Her white cotton panties were hung low on her hips and her bra rode high on her small chest. For a moment, Cole was taken back to the previous night’s dream, when he’d seen his sister naked and tied to a stake. He had no idea how his imagination had it right, but her breasts barely filled out the bra’s small cups.

She leaned down to pick up her clothes at which point the dream sequence fled into the recesses of Cole’s mind. “No, it’s alright, you’re beautiful.” he managed to say before her fingers could grip her clothes.

Cole added, “It sounds fun.” But what he was thinking, was how he would keep from getting a stiffy. Even after all of the encouragement she’d given him, the idea of his sister seeing his small stiffy was mortifying.

A look of relief washed over Cindy, “Thank you, thank you,” she repeated as she stepped over her clothes and gave the boy a hug. As his sister broke the embrace, Cole was acutely aware of her boobs against his chest even though they were small and hidden behind the bra’s padded fabric.

He felt his own erection stretching at his underwear, the white of which were showing, where he’d unfastened the front of his shorts. Still, despite his own dread, he found himself pleased at his sister’s relief.



For a moment, Cole wondered if his mortification was as stupid as when he'd ran around the house waiting for Cindy to scream and run away crying Naked boy alert. It wasn't just that she had said all of the right things, trying to help him feel better about the accident, but everything that happened after Jason. Since their first date the previous week, she'd been the best sister he could have ever wanted. He wasn't sure he wanted a repeat of the previous night, but if they were going to watch a movie in their underwear, he needed to trust her. He simply had to.

He lifted his arms up, "Do you want to help me with my shirt?"

It was silly, maybe even as silly as the naked boy alert thing, but Cindy didn't react by shouting naked boy alert. Instead she crossed over and took the hem of his shirt, lifting it until it slipped over his head. She dropped it on top of her clothes and offered another tentative smile.

Cole wasn't sure what to do next. But Cindy put her hands on his chest where he was sure she could feel his heart thumping against his ribcage. She slid them down to his taut belly and then gripped the top of the open zipper and spread the opening wide so that she could slip the shorts down to the floor.

Like a deer in the headlights, Cole stood stock still as Cindy added his shorts to the pile. She turned around and stepped up close. Her toes touching his. She leaned forward until their lips touched. It was a short kiss but as she pulled away, she whispered, "You're beautiful, too."

As his sister stepped back, two things became clear. First, he had to pee worse now than before. And the second was his penis had never been harder.

"I've gotta pee."

Cindy was nearly to the door when Cole realized that there was only one person in the world who didn't care if he was too small or still a little boy, even if she called him a man. Cindy's love was something special and when the realization hit, he knew the moment was

special and he wouldn't let his fear get in the way.

"I don't mind if you stay."

Cindy stopped and turned around. She must have known how hard it had been for him to say those words. She looked proud as he turned back around and pulled the front of his briefs down. It took almost a minute before urine finally streamed out of his aching penis, still as hard as ever. Finished, he pulled his briefs up.

Cole followed his sister back into the living room where she returned to her spot on the couch. The boy felt exposed, standing in just his underwear, aware that Cindy would have to be blind to not see his small erection tenting his underwear.

He settled in next to her, their skin touching from the knees all the way to just below their hips. The fluttering in Cole's stomach had been replaced by a tingling down below. He dared not adjust his penis because the last thing he wanted to do was to draw Cindy's attention to his throbbing member.

The movie started and like before, Cindy leaned her head against his shoulder. This time there was no tank-top to hide the white cotton bra or the fact that his sister's boobs didn't really fill up the bra's cups. As he looked down at Cindy's bra, there was a gap between her smooth skin and the cotton material. He felt his pulse quicken as he saw the teenager's nipple for the first time. He didn't know much about girls, boobs or nipples, but the nipple looked hard and pointy. Cole smiled at the TV. Cindy's nipple reminded him of his own pent up penis, small and hard. He was surprised that Cindy hadn't said anything about his erection, because it continued to poke at his cotton briefs. And if Colton couldn't help but notice the tent in his underwear, he couldn't imagine Cindy not seeing it.

Cindy glanced up at him and flashed a smile, "Thanks for letting me get another girl's movie in, Cubby."

"No problem, Sis," Cole said, trying to look her in the face while still

looking down her bra.

“I love how it feels laying next to you. Your body’s so smooth and soft.”

Cole giggled. He’d never thought of his body being particularly either of those things.

Leaning up from where she lay, Cindy gave Cole a quick kiss, “I mean that in a good way. You’re perfect.”

As his sister turned her attention back to the movie, the boy wrapped his arm around her shoulder, his hand draping down, fingers resting on the strap of Cindy’s bra, only a finger’s width away from her A cup. He couldn’t help himself and his fingers played with the strap.

A few minutes passed before Cindy said, “Mom used to say that I was a late bloomer because I was always one of the smallest girls in my class.”

Cole had never felt more empathy for his sister than he did right then.

She continued, “I know how you felt when I saw you last night. You think you’re behind everyone else, but you’re not.”

She smiled up at him as his fingers continued playing with the strap. “When I was twelve Mom bought me a padded training bra. Said it would stop the other girls from teasing me. For the most part she was right, but I didn’t need the damned thing until half way through the eighth grade.”

She paused for moment. Cole’s fingers made their way under the strap where he ran his fingers along her skin. She purred, “Mmm, that feels nice.”

“I think I was the last girl to get my period. What girl gets her period in the tenth grade?” Cindy’s voice wasn’t frustrated, there was just a hint of wonderment in it.

Cole slid his finger down to where the strap and the cup met where he let his fingers play with the gap between the cup and his sister's skin. There was another purr. "I love the way you touch me, Cubby."

Hearing about how long it had taken his sister to fill out her bra and to start her period made Cole wonder about his own body. When he thought back to the previous night, the mortification was gone. Cindy knew what he'd gone through because she'd gone through something similar.

But he didn't want to lag behind the other boys. He'd hoped the new changes would mean that he'd soon catch up. He didn't want to be the only boy in gym with no pubes.

"Sis, can I ask you a personal question?"

Cindy turned her face toward him and smiled, "You're playing with my titty and you want to know if you can ask me a personal question?"

There was no malice in her voice, only playful humor, as she reached up and ran her hand along Cole's chest.

Stammering, Cole squeaked out, "When did you get hair, you know, down stairs?"

Cindy gently squeezed one of Cole's nipples as she said, "I wish I could tell you that it happened right after my boobs started growing, but that wouldn't be true. I was almost through my freshman year when I saw the first hair down there. Eight months later, Aunt Flow started coming for a visit and I still didn't have much hair."

Concern in his voice, Cole asked, "I wonder what that means for me. I don't like being the runt in gym class."

Cindy continued playing with the boy's nipple as Cole finally slipped his finger under the gap between the bra and skin. He felt a swell in the skin and started caressing there. "Mmm, that's even better, Cubby. Don't compare yourself against the other boys. Mom says we

come from a family of late bloomers, but we all eventually bloom.” She snickered as she added, “Just look at me.”

Cole stretched his fingers a bit more and was rewarded by bumping his index finger against a hard, hot nipple. “You didn’t answer, Sis. When do you think I’ll get bigger and get hair?”

“Mmm, just when I think you can’t get any better with your fingers you prove me wrong. Don’t stop, that feels good.”

Cindy stretched a bit, her body inched up a bit beside Cole. She continued, “Those are two different questions, Cubby. Your dick will grow a lot over the next few years. I don’t know if it will start sooner or later, but trust me, it’s going to get bigger. Hair happens when it happens. I may have been fourteen before I got my first hair down there, but you could have it happen anytime between now and fifteen or even as late as sixteen.”

Cole stopped messaging his sister’s nipple. “Sixteen? That’s a lifetime from now. What’ll they say at school?”

Cindy reached up and gentry took hold of the boy’s hand and pushed it down until his fingers reconnected with her erect nipple. “That’s better. I got Mom to get me out of gym class. If you want, we can see if she’ll do the same for you.”

Only slightly mollified, “You’re older than me, Sis,”

Cindy drew a large circle around Cole’s nibble with her fingernail, “You noticed?”

A giggle escaped from his sister’s lips as Cole squeezed on her nipple, “The picking and teasing, it gets better, doesn’t it?”

“Eventually. Now that I’m a junior, nobody really teases me about my body anymore. Well, except Pam Fucking Becksworth.” As Cindy talked, she traced from Cole’s nipple to his sternum and from there down to his bellybutton.

Despite the anxiety he felt, Cole couldn’t help giggling as Cindy

swirled her finger around his navel. “Haha, that’s four years away. It’s bad enough the other boys tease me, but the girls pretend like I don’t exist. They’ve only got eyes for those boys who look older and bigger.”

Cindy slid her hand down until her fingers found the elastic on his waistband, “Mmm, I can’t believe I’m letting you play with my nipple.” Cole drew his hand away, “I’ll stop. You’re my sister and I shouldn’t be doing it.”

With her free hand Cindy pulled her right cup down, freeing one of her small breasts and then grabbed Cole’s hand. “Don’t stop, Cubby. I love how you make me feel. Now, why the fuck do you care what some stupid junior high girls think of you?”

Touching her exposed breast sent electrical tingles up Cole’s arm and through his body and didn’t stop until the tingling reached his penis.

If rubbing his hand over Cindy’s exposed breast made him feel this way, Cole couldn’t help wondering how it made his sister feel. Still she deserved an answer.

“I don’t want to wait until I’m sixteen before girls realize I exist. At that rate I won’t get a date until I’ve got my driver’s license.”

Cindy’s left hand still rested on his lower stomach and the hem of his briefs. She slid her index finger under the elastic and moved it back and forth, just an inch or two away from his stiffy. “Bullshit,” she said, “You’ve gone on two dates in a week’s time with a girl who thinks you’re awesome.”

Cindy pulled herself upright, causing Cole’s hand to fall away from her exposed breast. Still, her hand rested on his lap as she said, “How many of your friends can say that they’ve copped a feel on a sixteen-year-old girl? Even if she doesn’t feel out an A cup or have a forest of pubic hair between her legs.”

Cole missed feeling the soft flesh of his sister’s breast even though

she hadn't tried to cover it up. "I thought you said gotten hair when you were fourteen."

Cindy nodded, "I did. But even after two years it still never spread to my legs or got very thick."

"Do you think it'll be like that for me?" Cole mused as he leaned against his sister's shoulder.

Cindy shifted, leaning in to her brother, making her covered boob press against Cole's right side. "Are you asking me as your sister or your girlfriend?"

Hearing the words made the boy's penis twitch. "Either."

Encouraged by his change in status, he moved a hand over to his sister's covered boob and fumbled with the cup, pulling it down and exposing both of her breasts.

Cindy tilted her head back, purring. "Mmm, I think you're going to become a real expert with my tits, Cubby. As your sister, I'd tell you that I don't think you'll ever be a hairy dude. Mom's not hairy. I'm sure as hell not. So, you probably shouldn't expect lots of hair down stairs."

Cole's eyes fell at the words, but Cindy continued, "As your girlfriend, I thought you were so sexy last night. I love how smooth you felt. As the girl who wants to be with you, I hope the hair takes a while to make an appearance and when it does, I hope it's sparse, like mine."

Cole's eyes darted to her white panties. She wore them low on her hips. He forgot her boobs as he ran his hand from her belly button down to the hem of her panties. The skin was silky smooth. Her thighs were just as smooth. "Wow, that feels nice, Sis."

Cole traced his finger just below the hem of Cindy's panties. "If my girlfriend likes me as I am, who am I to keep complaining? But," his grew husky with emotions as he continued, "can I, uh, see your hair? Just so I know what to expect?"

Smiling, Cindy placed a hand lightly over his and pressed it on her over the middle of her panties, "I can't, Cubby."

Cole was confused. Her words said one thing, while her hand said something else. "Why?"

Cindy pulled his hand away and placed it back on one of her boobs, then grabbed the front of her panties. "I shaved them this morning." She pulled down the front of her panties, exposing a slit where her legs met. Cole couldn't see any hair. Cindy's pubic area was as bald as his.

Cole found his hand drifting down until he touched the area once covered. It was smooth, still devoid of any stubble. "Wow, it feels cool." He ran hand lower until his finger found her slit.

Cindy gasped, "Oh, that's what it feels like when someone else touches it. Mmm."

She pushed her panties lower until they were below her knees. "Keep touching me, Cubby. That feels really good." Encouraged, Cole slid a finger deeper into the slit until he hit a bump. "That's my clit. You can play with it, if you want."

As Cole ran a couple of fingers along the bump between his sister's leg, her hand returned to the hem on his underwear. She gripped the elastic band and pulled it down until the boy's stiffy sprang free from its cotton prison. Cindy's fingers slid down his smooth pubic area until she gently gripped his shaft with her thumb and forefinger. It was Cole's turn to moan as his sister slowly moved her hand up and down.

Cindy stopped rubbing and turned her back toward Cole, "Do you see the hook on my bra? Can you unhook it, please?"

Cole instantly missed the feel of his sister's fingers on his shaft. He needed both hands to undo the back of the bra and after fumbling with it for longer than he wanted, the hooks came free and the bra, already free of Cindy's small mounds, fell to her waist.



His sister turned back around and shook her chest. Her boobs jiggled a little as she leaned forward, "You can kiss them if you want."

His sister's boobs were just inches away from his eyes and if Cole could have seen himself, he'd have seen his eyes wider and rounder than ever before. Cindy's breast tissue protruded from her chest less than two inches and her areolas, a light brown color, were a bit larger than a nickel and her nipple was smaller than the fingernail on Cole's pinkie and stuck out an eighth of an inch. The boy knew his sister thought she was small, but to him they looked perfect.

He leaned forward and stuck out his tongue. The second he tasted his sister's skin she gasped, "Oh, fuck. That feels good." Cole circled the small nipple with his tongue before locking his lips onto the tit.

Cindy moaned, "Mmm, you're the best boyfriend."

Cole felt his sister's fingers return to his stiffy and resume the slow up and down motion. He slurped and feverously swirled his tongue across the rock-hard nipple in his mouth while Cindy continued massaging his stiffy. As he shifted to her other boob, the fluttering at the base of his penis became impossible to ignore and he felt like he needed to pee.

"Uh, Sis. I think I've gotta pee."

Cindy's fingers didn't stop. If anything, Cole thought her fingers moved a little faster.

The tingling spread. Cole felt it in his balls and even as far back as his butt. He didn't want to pee on his sister's fingers, but he didn't want the intense feeling to end either. He leaned back in his seat as the sensation continued to build and watched Cindy's fingers slide back and forth until he felt his small balls constrict within his tight, wrinkly scrotum. A second later a clear liquid exploded from his pee slit and slammed into his chin.

“Oh, fuck,” the boy groaned under the most intense emotions he’d ever felt. Cindy slowed her massage as Cole saw a drop of clear liquid, no bigger than a rain drop, beading on his slit.

“Holy shit, Cole. That was fucking awesome.” Cindy finally stopped jacking him off as the last of the intense emotional surge ebbed back into the recesses of his young body.

She leaned over and looked at his face and giggled, “Wow, your cum flew out of your dick like a bullet. There’s a spot on your chin.” With that, she leaned in and kissed the spot until she seemed satisfied it was clean.

The idea Cindy had just licked up whatever had shot out of his dick was hard for the boy to wrap his mind around. “Why’d you do that? Isn’t it gross?”

His sister seemed to swirl her tongue around in her mouth before she said, “Different, but not gross. Kind of sweet with a hint of salt.”

Her hand returned to his penis which was still hard and scooped up the drop of the sticky liquid. “Here, taste.”

She put her finger to Cole’s lips and before the boy could think about it slipped it into his mouth. He could taste the sweetness, not like sugar, but something he couldn’t quite identify. But he didn’t taste anything salty. He swallowed the drop as his sister pulled her finger away.

Giggling, Cole said, “I taste pretty good.”

“Yeah, you do,” Cindy said as her lips closed with his.

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Cindy gunned the go-cart’s engine as she whipped the cart around the sharp corner. She could see the checkered flag in the distance. There was no way she’d catch up with Cole before then.

Still, she didn’t mind. She was just glad that he’s agreed to join her

for what she'd called their second official date. It helped things that Cindy couldn't believe how much fun she was having with Cole at FunPlex. Sure, they'd already fed more than forty dollars into gaming machines and for the race carts, but that was forty dollars of Dave's money well spent. Seeing the look of pure joy on Cole's face was worth every penny.

Cindy had finally pried her brother away from the go-cart track and they were sitting in a mostly empty eatery with a pizza between them. As they made the pizza disappear, Cole swallowed a large bite before he said, "Take me with you when you go away to college, Sis. Please."

The matter of fact tone surprised the teenage girl. She coughed and swallowed a bite, "Dang, Cubby, warn a girl the next time. What brought that on?"

Cole shrugged, as he wore a solemn expression. "I don't think Mom's going to dump the asshole and I don't think he's ever going to warm to us. So, when you graduate next year, I'll be home alone."

Cindy took a sip of tea and cleared her throat from nearly choking. "Cubby, I've still got a year and a half before I walk across the stage. A lot can happen between now and then."

Cole leaned across the table and Cindy was able to see the individual stripes on his tank top. "I know, but I don't trust anyone else but you. I can't imagine losing you Sis, when you leave."

The fluttering returned as she reached out and took his hand and squeezed it. "You won't. I promise. If I even go to college it'll probably be at the community college. I expect I'll be living at home with you."

By the time Cindy pulled into her spot in the garage, she'd come to the realization that the second date had gone even better than the first. And that was saying a lot. They'd already agreed to a third date and Cindy couldn't remember if it had been Cole or her who had suggested it.

As Cole raced around the front of the car to open her door, Cindy was struggling with her emotions. After all, Cole was her brother and he was only twelve. Two serious strikes, she knew. But the way he looked at her melted her heart every time. And given everything that she'd gone through over the past few years, Cindy had a good idea that Cole's adolescence would be just as bad. He deserved better than that. And nobody would treat him better than her. She was sure of it. There were lines she knew she mustn't cross, but between where she sat in the car waiting for Cole to open the door and those lines there was a lot of room.

The door swung open and Cindy climbed out, "There's nobody better than my Prince Charming. A girl could get spoiled with all the special treatment."

As she walked over to the door to the kitchen, Cindy felt Cole slip his hand into hers, "you deserve only my best my Ten-Times Cinderella girl."

Standing in front of the kitchen door, Cindy wrapped her arms around her brother's neck, "You're the best, Cubby."

Cindy felt a shiver run through her brother as she hugged him. His face turned upwards as he stepped into the hug. Cindy lowered her face until her lips connected with Cole's. A fire like electricity ripped down Cindy's spine coming to rest in the center of her body, where the fluttering wouldn't stop. She slipped her tongue against Cole's lips until they parted and then she pushed it in even farther until her tongue lashed all around within her brother's mouth.

Cole stepped away from the kiss, "Oh, wow."

Cindy wasn't ready to let go of the boy who meant the world to her. "You've given me two wonderful dates and a promise of more to come. The least I could do is give you the kiss of a lifetime."

The words were silly in Cindy's ears and she giggled as she nuzzled her mouth next to her brother's ear, "Turns out you gave me the best

kiss of my life.”

Once the movie was playing on the VHS, Cindy settled into the couch next to Cole. Unlike before, when she'd been wearing her purple dress and Cole had worn his slacks and dress shirt, she and her brother were wearing shorts and tank tops. Cindy was loving it.

Like before, she was the first to make a move, settling her head against her brother's shoulder. Cole responded faster than before when he put his arm around her shoulder.

As the movie played, Cindy let her eyes take in every inch of her brother's body she could see. The tank top was loose on his narrow frame and she could look down the top and see his flat nipples and his taut belly. Below that, he wore red shorts that were nearly as short as her Daisy Dukes, and this time there was no bunching of material to hide a little bulge in the center of his shorts. Cindy wondered if he was hard even though his attention seemed fixed on the Highlander movie.

For a moment, as she studied his body, Cindy wished that Cole was more developed. His chest was as narrow as his hips. And even though his stomach was flat as a board, there was no muscle tone to his abs. Then she remembered how terrible her own seventh grade year had been. Mom had bought her a stuffed bra to stop the teasing. It hadn't. Not really. Cole was about where she'd been when she was his age. Well, with one exception. As her eyes were drawn back to his shorts, one major difference was that Cole could get erection.

Once the movie was over, Cindy couldn't ignore her bladder any more even though she didn't want to stop enjoying perving Cole's body.

“I'll be back in a few. I gotta pee.”

As Cole got the second movie ready, Cindy went into bathroom where she pulled her Daisy Dukes and panties down and peed.

When the last drops landed in the bowl she ran her fingers across her pubic area. When she'd gotten up for school that morning, in addition to taking a shower and shaving her legs, she had shaved her sparse mound. And she loved the way it felt.

She wondered if Cole enjoyed running his fingers along his smooth skin above his penis. God knows she enjoyed the tingling that came as she ran her hand over her silky-smooth pubic area. She knew that if she hadn't seen her brother naked the previous night, she'd have not thought to rid herself of the sparse forest between her legs. She wiped herself and pulled her shorts back up. But before pulling them over her butt, Cindy wondered what would happen if she left her shorts in the bathroom. What would Cole say about watching the second movie in just their underwear?

The butterflies in her stomach and the tingling down below overrode any thought of opposition. She dropped her Daisy Dukes and pulled her tank top off.

When she got to the door, Cindy heard Cole in the hall. No doubt he had to pee, too. But what would he say? The tingling got the best of her and Cindy opened the door and poked her head around the corner. "I thought I heard you out here."

Cole crossed his legs, "I gotta pee. What's taking so long?"

Cindy knew what had taken so long and she felt her face grow red with embarrassment. She tried to ignore the tingling she felt and knew she ought to close the door and get dressed again. Instead, she said, "I was trying to decide how comfortable to get. The daisy dukes were getting tight."

With that, she let the door open and let her brother see that she was only wearing her underwear.

"Holy..." Cole managed to stammer.

Seeing her brother's shocked face, Cindy worried she might have gone too far. She stumbled over her words as she tried to explain,

“Sorry, Cubby. I was trying to decide if I should go back to my bedroom and find something comfortable, but then I thought about how comfortable my bra and panties are and well, then I realized you were waiting on the bathroom.”

Cole stepped around her and then over her clothes. After raising the toilet seat Cindy thought she heard his zipper coming down. He turned around. He looked uncertain about what to do next.

What the hell are you doing? A voice echoed in Cindy’s head. This was crazy and could lead her to lines she’d already sworn not to cross. “I’m sorry, Cubby. I shouldn’t have done this. I just thought it would be fun to watch a movie in our underwear.”

Cindy looked at the floor as she fought against the tingling and the butterflies. Pushing the feeling aside, she reached down to grab her tank top.

“No, Sis. It’s alright. You’re beautiful just like you are.”

Cole’s look of confusion was replaced by a tentative smile, “You know, it sounds like it could be fun.”

The sensations washed back over Cindy and she let the tingling fill her up as she smiled at her brother. “Thanks, Cubby.”

She stepped over her clothes and gave Cole a hug. The feeling of her bra pressing against his shirt felt good. More than that, their hug was one where every part of their bodies, from their feet to their heads were touching. Cindy imagined that Cole’s boner was poking out a couple of inches below her panties.

When Cindy broke the embrace, she stayed close, only a few inches separated the two as she smiled at Cole. He returned the smile and stood with his hands by his side, as though not sure what to do next.

Cindy knew she had to ignore her body’s signals. If they were going to enjoy a movie in their underwear, he needed to make the next move.

A grin split Cindy's face when her brother finally spoke. "Do you want to help me with my shirt?"

Relief washed over her even as tension built up inside and Cindy ran her hands down her brother's chest and stomach until she reached the hem of his shirt. A moment later, she tossed it on pile behind her.

Cole froze in place as he stood there in just his shorts and underwear. Sensing that she needed to make the next move, standing only a few inches away from her brother, Cindy ran her hands over her brother's smooth torso until her hands reached the front flaps of his shorts. She pulled the open and then slid Cole's shorts down. When she'd added them to the pile of clothes, Cindy turned back and with only a few inches separating her from Cole, she leaned forward and whispered, "You're beautiful, too."

"I gotta pee."

Those weren't the words Cindy expected, but the tent in his pants told her that peeing might not be his only problem. Still, there were lines she didn't want to cross, so she turned and headed for the door.

"I don't mind if you stay," the boy's voice held a plaintive note.

Cindy stopped, resting her hand on the door frame. She turned around to a smile on her brother's face. The teenager's heart swelled with pride that her little brother wanted her to stay, even if it took him forever before his pee hit the water in the bowl.

Back in the living room Cindy resumed her spot on the couch. She couldn't help smiling seductively at Cole as she patted for him to join her. As he settled next to her, from their knees to their shoulders, the siblings' bodies touched. Cindy felt more alive than she'd ever felt before. The tingling feeling radiated from below her stomach.

As the movie played, Cindy didn't waste any time laying her head on Cole's shoulder. It gave her a perfect view of his chest, stomach and



briefs. Better than all three was the tent created by his penis. While she normally would have liked Just One of the Boys, she enjoyed the eye candy close at hand more than the hunks on the screen.

Cindy snuggled in closer to her brother as he draped his arm around her shoulder. The girl felt a shiver as his hand played with her right bra strap. If things had turned out differently and Jason hadn't been such a complete asshole, the idea of him playing with her bra would have been mortifying. With Jason, she would have worn a bra with more padding and augmented it with some tissue. She would have been terrified he'd have laughed at her or worse, told everyone at school.

She hoped Cole's bravery would continue and he'd go further down. This evening, she'd worn just a plain white cotton A cup bra with minimal padding. The only downside to it was that her boobs didn't fill up the cups. There was a big gap between her skin and the hem of the cup that Cole could look down if he got an urge. Cindy hoped he had the urge. More than that, though, After the previous day when she'd seen his small erection, any thought that he would think less of her underdeveloped boobs had fallen away.

Cindy's heart beat faster when she saw the tent in his underwear twitch a couple of times. She glanced up at his face and saw that he'd found the gap in her bra. She smiled at Cole, and rubbed a hand along his chest, "Thanks for letting me get another girl's movie in, Cubby."

Cole's expression was one of awe, but he still responded cheerfully, "No problem, Sis,"

"I love how it feels laying next to you. Your body's so smooth and soft."

Cole giggled as though he found the idea that he was either smooth or soft amusing.

Leaning up from where she lay, Cindy gave Cole a quick kiss, "I

mean that in a good way. You're perfect."

Emboldened by the kiss, Cole slid his hand down until his finger was an inch away from the white cotton bra cup.

Cindy wanted him to go further, but she didn't want it to be obvious. "Mmm, Mom used to say that I was a late bloomer because I was always one of the smallest girls in my class."

She could feel her brother's empathy. She understood it too well as she enjoyed the view of his tented underwear.

Cindy added, "I know how you felt when I saw you last night. You think you're behind everyone else, but you're not."

The girl smiled wider as the tingling reached her boobs. "When I was twelve Mom bought me a padded training bra. Said it would stop the other girls from teasing me. She was partially right, but I didn't need the damned thing until half way through the eighth grade."

Cindy wanted to purr as Cole's fingers made their way under the strap. His finger slid along her raised flesh, "Mmm, that feels nice. I think I was the last girl in my class to get my period. What girl gets her period in the tenth grade?" Cindy's frustration had died the night before, but she really couldn't fathom why she had lagged so far behind the other girls in her class.

As Cole caressed the top of her boob, he said, "Sis, can I ask you a personal question?"

Feeling better than ever with Cole's every touch, Cindy said, "You're playing with my titty and you want to ask me a personal question, Cubby?"

While she intended the comment playfully, she wasn't sure if her brother would take it the same way, so she reached out and rubbed his chest.

Cole's normally high-pitched voice was higher than normal as he

stammered, "When did you get hair, you know, down there?"

Cindy stopped rubbing her brother's chest and focused her attention on his nipple. "I wish I could tell you that it happened right after my boobs started growing, but that wouldn't be true. I was almost through my freshman year when I saw my first hair down there. Eight months later, Aunt Flow started coming for a visit and I still didn't have much hair."

Cindy winced as she heard the concern in his voice, "I wonder what that means for me. I don't like being the runt in gym class."

Cole's nipple grew hard and poked up from his flat chest. Cindy couldn't explain why she found the slightly protruding nipple so sexy but she did. Cole reached down a bit further and the girl nearly groaned as his finger grazed her areola.

"Mmm, that's even better, Cubby. Don't compare yourself against the other boys. Mom says we come from a family of late bloomers, but we all eventually bloom." She snickered as she added, "Just look at me."

Cole's finger finally brushed against Cindy's aching nipple when with quivering voice, he said, "You didn't answer, Sis. When do you think I'll get bigger and get hair?"

"Mmm, just when I think you can't get any better with your fingers you prove me wrong. Don't stop, that feels good."

Cindy wanted her brother's hand all over her boob. She scooped up, her left boob pressing in to her brother's right side. And putting more of her right boob inside Cole's reach. She loved her brother too much to lie. She said, "Those are two different questions, Cubby. Your dick will grow a lot over the next few years. I don't know if it will start sooner or later, but trust me, it's going to get bigger. Hair happens when it happens. I may have been fourteen before I got my first hair down there, but you could have it happen anytime between now and fifteen or even as late as sixteen."

Cole stopped massaging her nipple. "Sixteen? That's a lifetime from now. What'll they say at school?"

Why couldn't her brother properly feel her up? She grabbed his hand and carefully slipped it back under her cup until his fingers found her nipple. "Oh, that's much better, Cubby. I got Mom to get me out of gym class. If you want, we can see if she'll do the same for you."

Cole replied, "You're older than me, Sis,"

Cindy looked up at her brother's face and smiled, as she used her fingernail to draw an imaginary circle around Cole's tiny, undeveloped nipple. "You noticed?"

Cole squeezed her nipple, sending another shiver through her body and asked, "The picking and teasing, it gets better, doesn't it?"

Cindy nearly shuddered when she thought about the past few years. "Eventually. Now that I'm a junior, nobody really teases me about my body anymore. Well, except Pam Fucking Becksworth."

Cole's tent twitched, so Cindy paid more attention to his immature nipple, flicking it before slowly tracing her finger down to her brother's innie belly button.

As Cindy dug her finger into his belly button, Cole giggled. "Hehehe. That tickles. I won't be a junior for another four years, Sis. It's bad enough the other boys tease me, but the girls pretend like I don't exist. They've only got eyes for those boys who look older and bigger."

Cindy could have told him that the boys don't look at the less developed girls either. Of if they do, it's with insults. Instead, she slid her hand down until she found the top of Cole's briefs. At that moment, her brother tweaked her nipple. "Mmm, I can't believe I'm letting you play with my nipple."

Cole drew his hand away, "I'll stop. You're my sister and I shouldn't be doing it."

Cindy found her brother's timidity endearing. She reached up and pulled her right cup down, freeing the small breast and then took Cole's hand and placed it firmly on her boob. "Please, don't stop, Cubby. I love how you make me feel. Now, why the fuck do you care what some stupid junior high girls think of you?"

Cole massaged his hand over her breast before he said, "I don't want to wait until I'm sixteen before girls realize I exist. I won't get a date until I've got my driver's license."

Cindy's other hand still rested on the hem of Cole's briefs. She slid her index finger under it and slid it back and forth, knowing that she was less than an inch away from her brother's erection. "You know that's bullshit. You've gone on two dates in only a week's time with a girl who loves you so much."

Cindy sat upright, causing her brother's hand to fall away from her boob, but she'd kept her left hand with a finger still slipped inside her brother's underwear. "How many of your friends can say that they've copped a feel on a sixteen-year-old girl? Even if she doesn't fill out an A cup or have a forest of pubic hair between her legs."

Cole reached his hand back towards her boob. "I thought you said gotten hair when you were fourteen."

Cindy nodded, "I did. But even after two years it still never spread to my legs or thickened up much."

"Do you think it'll be like that for me?" Cole forgot her breast as he leaned his head against hers.

Cindy flashed her most alluring smile at her brother, "Are you asking me as your sister or your girlfriend?"

Cindy's eyes got round as Cole's penis twitched. "Either."

Cole's face radiated affection, a smile stretched nearly from ear to ear. With his left hand, he reached over and pulled the cup down from her left boob. Cindy arched her back, shoving her boobs forward. The boy used both his hands to massage her boobs.

“Mmm, I think you’re going to become a real expert with my tits, Cubby. As your sister, I’d tell you that I don’t think you’ll ever be a hairy dude. Mom’s not hairy. I’m sure as hell not. So, I expect you’ll not grow a forest down stairs. But as your girlfriend, I thought you were so sexy last night. I love how smooth you felt. As the girl who wants to be with you, I hope the hair takes a while to make an appearance and when it does, I hope it’s sparse, like mine.”

Cole’s curiosity was piqued and he stopped playing with her boobs, letting his hands rub along Cindy’s skin above her low-cut panties. “Wow, Sis. That feels nice.

As Cindy’s finger was still only an inch away from Cole’s penis, the boy was emboldened and ran his fingers across her pubic area. “If my girlfriend likes me as I am, who am I to keep complaining? But,” his grew husky with emotions as he continued, “can I, uh, see your hair? Just so I know what to expect?”

Smiling, Cindy placed a hand lightly over his and pressed it on her over the middle of her panties, “I can’t, Cubby.”

“Why?”

Cindy pulled his hand away and placed it back on one of her boobs, then grabbed the front of her panties. “I shaved them this morning.” The tingling became almost painful as Cindy took the hem of her panties and pulled them down, exposing the slit where her legs met. Cole couldn’t see any hair. Cindy’s pubic area was as bald as Cole’s.

Cindy felt the tingling reach her skin as Cole ran his hand along her pubic area. “Wow, it feels cool.” He ran hand lower until his finger found her slit.

Cindy gasped at the unexpected pleasure, “Oh, that’s what it feels like when someone else touches it. Mmm.”

Guided by the fluttering and tingling, Cindy pushed her panties lower until they were below her knees. “Keep touching me, Cubby. That

feels really good.”

Cole slid his index finger into her slit. She wanted to scream out in pleasure. Especially when he bumped into her clitoris. “Don’t stop Cubby. You found my clit.

You can play with it, if you want.”

It really wasn’t fair that Cole was having all the fun. Her left hand had never strayed from its place and she lifted the hem of his briefs and pulled at them until Cole’s boner flew upwards and smacked into his belly.

Ever since the previous night, she’d wanted to touch his raging hard penis. With nothing between Cindy and her goal, she gripped the slender and short shaft with her thumb and forefinger and slowly slid her digits up and down.

Cole’s fingers seemed to have stopped working as she applied her attention to his erection. Her brother was naked and she was still wearing her bra. That wouldn’t do. She stopped rubbing and turned her back to her brother, “Do you see the hook on my bra? Can you unhook it, please?”

Her brother fumbled around with the hook for what seemed like forever and then the elastic fell loose and the material fell into her lap. Happy to be rid of the medieval torture device she turned back around and shook her chest. Her boobs jiggled a little as she leaned forward, “You can kiss them if you want.”

Cindy enjoyed Cole’s ogling. For the first time since puberty has started its too slow progress for her, she didn’t feel self-conscious of her small breasts. For her, her bra had been more of an enhancement than something to constrict or support her boobs. The look of adoration on her brother’s face was more than enough to wash over any feeling of inadequacy. The girl gasped when the tip of Cole’s tongue touched her nipple.

“Oh, fuck, Cubby. That feels good.”

The boy must have taken her words to heart as his lips covered her small nipple and his tongue played across her skin. A moan escaped from Cindy’s mouth. Her brother needed to know how much she loved what he was doing. “Mmm, you’re the best boyfriend.”

Even as she savored the pulsating tingling under her brother’s lips, Cindy’s fingers slipped back down her brother’s belly and across his smooth pubic area until she found his thin shaft. Running her finger along his shaft made it twitch and the girl could only imagine how it must have made Cole feel. Running her finger around his base, it felt a bit more than a half inch thick. Sliding her index finger up the shaft until she came to his circumcision scar and back down again felt like it was maybe an inch or a bit more. The skin around her brother’s penis where he’d been circumcised as a baby was less than an inch wide and then she reached the mushroomed shaped head. She found his pee slit and ran her finger back and forth as Cole squirmed under her touch. Another half inch of her brother for Cindy to pleasure. In all, maybe three inches. Cindy let her hand drift down to below her brother’s stiff rod, to his ball sack. Cindy had seen pictures of men and how their balls hung low. Not Cole’s. His ball sack was snug below the base of his shaft. Unable to resist, Cindy played with the taut skin under which she felt a couple of small orbs.

“Cubby, my God. Your dick is perfect. I love it.”

Cole responded with an, “Mmm.”

The girl took the shaft between her thumb and index finger and resumed moving it up and down, enjoying the way the skin slid over the hardness. Between her brother sucking on her erect nipple and the love she was showing his penis, it barely registered when Cole said, “Uh, Sis. I feel like I’m gonna pee.”

The butterflies fluttered throughout Cindy’s whole body and the tingling ran between her tits and her pussy. The twitching in her brother’s penis became more frequent. Cool air hit the girl’s nipple as



Cindy became aware that her brother was staring at his penis as she continued moving her fingers back and forth.

Cole's penis jerked in her hand and even his little head seemed to spasm as a bit of liquid shot out from his slit. Cindy was shocked when it hit her brother's chin.

Cole groaned, "Oh, fuck!"

Cindy turned her attention back to her brother's throbbing penis.

Another drop of clear liquid beaded on the boy's pee slit.

Cindy was mesmerized by what she'd seen. "Holy shit, Cole. That was fucking awesome."

She wanted nothing more than to plant her lips back on his when she noticed the bit of cum that had landed on her brother's chin. It was clear, but slimy looking. Hornier than she'd ever been, Cindy leaned forward and licked it up. She swirled her brother's ejaculate around in her mouth. There was something sweet and a hint of something salty, almost like a peanut.

"Why'd you do that? Isn't it gross?"

Cindy licked her lips and offered Cole a lascivious smile. "Not gross, just different. Kind of sweet but with a little salt."

Cindy figured her brother might be curious. She scooped up the last drop from Cole's penis and raised it to his lips, "Here, taste."

Her brother's lips were partially opened already, so Cindy slipped her finger in until he closed his mouth and sucked the drop from her finger.

Giggling, Cole said, "I taste pretty good."

"Yeah, you do," Cindy said as she kissed her brother.

## **Part 4**

### *The following Sunday*

Cole parked the lawn mower in the garage next to his sister's car. By the beginning of November things were supposed to be getting cooler, but his face was streaked with sweat and his shirt was damp with sweat. He topped off the gas tank and checked the oil before he headed into the house. He opened the fridge and sighed as the chilled air cooled his face. He smiled when he saw the six pack of Dr Pepper on the top shelf. Cindy hadn't forgotten when she'd gone to the grocery store.

His throat was coated with the dust of the McClusky's and Smith's yards. Both were corner lots and took longer to mow that most. Still, they paid well, and who was he to complain? He really wanted to grab one of the twelve-ounce cans, but opted to close the door and get some water out of the tap. As much as he loved a soda, experience had taught him to hydrate with water.

He set the glass back on the counter and smelled something in the oven. A quick check confirmed Cindy had put a casserole in. Not long ago, either, judging by the unmelted cheese on top. The boy's stomach rumbled. He could eat a horse but would happily settle for whatever Cindy had thrown together.

Figuring he had a bit of time, he headed back to his bedroom where he stripped down to his underwear. Between his wet t-shirt and grass covered pants, even to a boy with a less than perfect appreciation for good hygiene, it all needed to be washed. His underwear was slightly damp from his sweat and it soon joined his pants and shirt on the floor. After the way his date with Cindy ended a couple of nights earlier, he wasn't too concerned if she were to catch him going between his room and the bathroom across the hall, but he was pretty sure she was in her bedroom, given the music coming from behind her door.

The boy opened his door and took a step across the hall. The door was closed but unlocked. He swung it open and stood dumbfounded as he saw his sister sitting on the toilet, with her shorts and panties

around her ankles. That wasn't really what surprised him, though. Her hand was between her splayed legs. And it looked like one of her fingers had disappeared inside her slit.

"Oh, shit, Cubby." Cindy cried as she pulled her hand away from her pussy and reflexively closed her legs. "I thought you were still out mowing."

Cole's eyes were drawn to his sister's glistening finger. "I thought you were jamming in your room. I, uh..." Words failed him as he realized his penis was reacting. While he'd played with his sister down there a couple of days before, he'd not thought that she might enjoy playing around her slit by herself. The idea excited him, more than he could have imagined.

His sister broke the silence, "You need to pee?"

As Cindy spoke, Cole noticed her legs were starting to open up and her one of her hands rested just below her belly. The fluttering from the other night returned as he felt his stiffy twitch.

The boy shook his head. "I, uh, was gonna take a shower."

Cindy grabbed a bit of toilet paper, "Me, too. Sorry, I got a little distracted."

Despite the drink of water a few minutes before, Cole's mouth was dry. He felt envious of his sister's finger. He'd touched her special place the other night, but after she'd made him cum, they hadn't gone any farther.

Cole moved over to the bathtub, as he continued to stare at what lay between his sister's legs. Before, he'd seen only her slit and even though he'd ran his fingers along it and had played with the little button near the top, he hadn't gotten a view this good. The slit had hidden a gash that looked like a double pair of lips. They were slightly splayed from where Cindy's finger had just been. Above the gash was the little knob-like button that she'd referred to as her clit.

Even though the butterflies had returned and he felt a newly familiar tingling at the base of his stiffy, Cole didn't want his sister to leave.

"I, uh, you, er," his tongue stumbled over itself, trying to find a coherent word. The smile his sister gave him just made the tingling worse.

"Yeah?"

His voice squeaked as he stammered, "You want to wash my back? I could use the help."

A smile split Cindy's face as she flushed the toilet. "You sure, Cubby?"

Despite feeling nervous, Cole nodded, "Heck, yeah, Sis."

Cindy pulled at the hem of her shirt and lifted it over her head, revealing her erect nipples.

"No bra?" Cole asked as he turned on the water.

"Nah, just when I go out. It's not as if I need the support."

Cole could see what she meant. Her boobs stuck out enough to make covering them in public necessary. But nothing more. Also a bra was a good way to hide the fact at school that she'd drawn the short straw when it came to breast size.

Cole reached out and ran his fingers over one of the boobs. It still sent chills of electricity through him. "Maybe. But I love them. What'll happen to those other girls with bigger tits when they get older? I bet gravity won't be as nice to them as it will be to you."

Cole wouldn't have thought of that if he hadn't checked out Mrs. McClusky or Mrs. Smith when they'd paid him. Even through their blouses, Cole could tell that their bras trapped their sagging boobs.

Cindy stepped up next to him and shook her chest. Her small boobs

jiggled a bit. Cole laughed, "My sister, goddess whose breasts defy gravity."

Cindy's mouth popped open, as though surprised. "Wow, where'd you come up with that, Cubby? A goddess?"

Cole adjusted the hot water as he drank in his sister's boobs, only inches away from him. "I had some English homework yesterday. Short story about the Greek gods. Made me think of you."

The look on Cindy's face finally made Cole look away from her boobs as she closed the short distance and kissed him on the lips. They were soft and tasted of bubblegum. Cindy liked flavored gloss for her lips and Cole discovered that he did, too.

His sister broke the kiss, "I don't know about being a goddess, but your kiss makes me think I'm in heaven."

She took his hand and they stepped into the tub. As Cole shut the curtain, he felt a blast of warm water hit his back. "Mmm, that's nice." He turned toward the front of the tub and nearly bumped into his sister's back. Water cascaded over her as she stood under the showerhead. "Will you wash my back, Cubby?"

Cole enjoyed the feeling of the butterflies and the tingling at the base of his stiffy as he picked up a bar of soap and lathered up his hands. The heavy suds slipped down Cindy's back as he reached up and started at her shoulder blades. His hands moved methodically down her back, stopping from time to time to refresh the suds on his hands, until he reached the Cindy's butt. He paused in his downward path and massaged her lower back.

"Mmm, that feels great. You're pretty good at this."

"Thanks. I like washing your back."

His sister turned halfway, exposing her left nipple to his view. "I want you to promise me something."

Curious, Cole's hands stopped roaming over her back.

“Wash me all over. Touch my butt, my boobs, my pussy. And when it’s my turn, I’ll wash you all over, too.”

With that, she turned back around, shook her butt a little and Cole soaped up his hands and ran them across each orb. If the skin on his sister’s back has been smooth, now he felt like his sudsy hands were sliding across pure silk.

His sister spread her legs a bit, “All of me, Cubby. Even down my crack.”

The boy’s stiffy twitched as he ran a hand down her crack. As his soapy fingers traced her crevice, his sister bent over, and spread her ass-cheeks apart, exposing a rosebud.

“I see your poop hole,” the boy managed to say as his finger stopped a couple of inches shy.

Cindy giggled, “Go ahead, all of me, Cole.”

Uncertain about it, but not wanting to disappoint his sister, his finger traced around her glory hole a couple of times before he put it in the center of the rosebud.

There was a tremor in Cindy’s voice, “It’s all right. Push in.”

The boy pushed against his sister’s sphincter until the tip of his finger disappeared.

“Oh, shit, wow,” his sister exclaimed. “Don’t move yet. It feels kinda weird.”

Cole stood, just behind his sister, his finger partially submerged in his sister’s butthole. He couldn’t help but agree with her. It was really weird. After a moment, Cindy said, “Okay, go deeper.”

As the boy pushed deeper, his sister did something with her muscles that reduced the pressure gripping his finger until he’d inserted the whole digit.

Cindy wiggled her butt and gasped, "Wow. Oh, wow."

She leaned forward until Cole's finger popped out with a wet plopping sound. "Hmm. Next time we'll use something other than soap. It felt really good, but the soap's making it burn a little."

Cole grabbed the bar of soap and washed the abused finger, even though he didn't see anything brown on it. Still, he wasn't going to chance it. From there, he got on his knees as he worked down her left leg until he reached her foot and then worked his way up her right leg. Then she turned around. Her shaven pussy was only inches from Cole's face.

Cole gazed up at his sister's eyes. The smile on her face was angelic. "I'm so glad you're my boyfriend, Cubby. Forget what I said earlier about going to make some girl happy. You're making me the happiest girl in the world."

Cole dropped his eyes and was rewarded by seeing his sister's pussy. Her legs were spread apart and he could see her clit protruding from the slit.

His sister's fingers caressed his hair and scalp as Cole looked at his sister's sex. Ever so gently, her fingers pushed his face towards her pussy. "Kiss it, Cubby."

As Cole's lips made contact with his sister's pubic area, he kissed it. Instinctively, he knew he needed to go lower, so each successive kiss went lower until his lips touched his sister's diminutive clit. Cindy gasped when his lips touched her. She gripped his hair a bit and pushed to encourage him. Parting his lips, Cole licked at the little button and was rewarded with an even bigger gasp and a "Don't stop. Oh, God, don't stop."

The boy sucked on the clit, making it feel even harder as he ran his tongue over it. It mostly tasted like the tap water running over their bodies, with a hint of salt. Hearing his sister's moans, Cole continued sucking.

The tingling in the boy's belly as he slurped on Cindy's clit felt good and the way she cooed and moaned made Cole feel even better. His sister's fingers, still entwined in his hair pushed down and her tasty clit slipped from between his lips. The saltiness increased as his tongue touched her inner lips.

"Oh, stick it in me, Cubby," Cindy gasped.

The feeling coursing through Cole made his stiffy twitch as he stuck his tongue out as far as possible. He felt her inner lips peel back and he tasted a moisture different from water. He liked it and swirled his tongue around.

"Shit, shit," Cindy exclaimed. "I'm gonna cum, Cubby. Don't stop."

With his hands gripping the back of his sister's legs, he felt them quiver as she started shaking. The salty moisture became a dribble and he swallowed as he kept swirling in his sister's pussy. When she stopped shaking, she pulled his head back, "Oh, God. That felt awesome. How'd you learn to eat a girl like that, Cole?"

Licking his lips, the boy looked up at his sister's face, a smile played across his own. "Dunno. I wanted you to feel as good as I did last time."

Cindy seemed to be catching her wind, even though she had the most amazing smile on her face. She pulled Cole back to his feet and put his hands on her belly. "You haven't finished yet, my love."

Cole's soapy hands circled around on his sister's belly until he reached her boobs. He focused his attention on the left nipple until Cindy pushed his hand over to her other boob. "They're kinda sensitive right now, thanks to your amazing tongue."

Cole's mouth tingled as he ran his tongue over his teeth, still tasting his sister's juices. If he'd known what was waiting on him, he'd have never gone out to mow those yards. His sister slowly turned around, letting the shower wash the last of the soap suds from her body.



She took the bar of soap from Cole and said, "My turn, Cubby."

They swapped places and the boy turned his face up and let the water cascade over his body. His back tingled as he felt his sister's soapy hands massage his shoulders. She deftly and gently dug her nails against his skin, getting a soft moan from Cole. She worked her way down his back until she got to his butt.

He felt her skin against his back, thinking it was probably one of her boobs. His stiffy twitched as she whispered, "You've got a fine ass, Cole. I'm going to enjoy washing every crevice."

With that, she pushed on his neck, until he got the idea and bent over, sticking his butt up in the air. Cindy ran both soapy hands over both globes simultaneously. Then a finger ran into his crevice.

"Cubby, can you spread your cheeks?"

Cole was quivering all over as he complied. He nearly jumped when he felt her finger pressing against his opening. Her finger felt moist and slick as she softly pressed until her finger slipped in through the first knuckle.

"Oh, shit," Cole clinched his teeth. He wasn't expecting the pressure.

With her free hand, his sister caressed his butt. "You're doing great, sweetie. I'm going to go a bit deeper. I want you to push against my finger, almost like you're trying to poop. It'll make it easier."

Gritting his teeth, Cole pushed and he felt his sister's finger slide deeper, until she said, "Holy fuck, Cole. My finger's all the way in. What's it feel like?"

Cole stopped grimacing and wiggled his butt a little. "Really weird, but kinda cool, too."

The boy felt his sister twist her finger around and at one point, he felt a shiver and a brief moment of intense pleasure. "Fuck, Sis. Do that again. That was incredible."

His sister kept wiggling her finger around until he gasped again. "Oh,

wow. That's fucking intense."

He felt a loss as his sister withdrew her finger. "Wow. I wasn't expecting that, Cole. I wonder what happened."

The boy stood up again. It took him a moment to stop shaking as his sister continued downward, washing his legs. Once the back was finished, she turned him around. She was on her knees as she worked back up the front of his legs.

It took only a moment for her to touch his stiffy. "Your dick is absolutely beautiful, Cubby."

He watched as she leaned in and planted a kiss on his head. "Mmmm, that feels good, Sis."

His sister took his head and held it against his pubic bone, and stuck her tongue out and licked him from his crinkled ball sack all the way up until she reached his piss slit. His knees wanted to buckle, so intense was the sensation in his stiffy.

Cindy opened her mouth. In a flash, she put his whole penis into her mouth. Her lips pressed against his bald pubic area, but it was her tongue that made the tingling travel up and down his stiffy. It danced across his small mushroom, flicking into his slit and then circling around his shaft. Then her lips started sucking. His dick was trapped in his sister's powerful vacuum. Still, as she sucked, her tongue continued stimulating him.

Cole wasn't sure how she'd managed it, but he felt his balls constrict a bit as that feeling of needing to piss began building. He knew what to expect now. "Mmm, You're about to m-make me shoot my stuff, Sis!"

Cindy didn't let up. Her tongue flitted around his head until his knees nearly buckled as his dick gave its most powerful twitch yet. He felt something bolt out his slit, followed a second later by another shot. His dick continued to fire, but after the first two eruptions, each twitch

simply sent jolts of pleasure washing over him, as the rest of the eruptions were blank.

Cole would have collapsed had he not locked his knees. His sister stood and wrapped her arms around his back and pulled him into a hug.

“Un, fucking, believable, Cubby. You can eat my pussy any time you want. It still tingles.”

Cole managed to catch his breath, “You tasted good, Sis. But what you did to my stiffy... oh my God. That felt so good.

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Cindy set the cheese grater aside and eyed the bowl of cheese. Satisfied with the results, she scattered it across the contents in the glass dish. Once the bowl was empty, she put the casserole in the over and set the alarm for an hour.

A show played on the TV in the living room. The teenager sat in her favorite spot on the couch and promptly ignored the TV as her eyes slid over to Cole’s normal spot on the couch. He was out mowing a couple of yards. Some people mowed their yards year-round around Houston, even though the grass really didn’t grow much from November to February.

Seeing the empty spot took her back to Friday night. She closed her eyes, playing back the build up to Cole’s little eruption as she had jacked him off. Even now, the drop of semen splattering onto his chin sent chills along the girl’s spine and a tingling between her legs. Without realizing it, her hand drifted to the spot between her legs and started rubbing through her jeans, trying to find the sense of pleasure that Cole had given her the other night.

After a frustrating moment, she headed to the bathroom determined to find a bit of release. She pulled her pants and panties down and got comfortable on the toilet seat and let her finger return to her slit.

Now, without anything to interfere, her finger found her clit and started massaging it.

“Mmm, yeah, Cole. Fuck me baby,” She murmured.

Cindy purred as she let the tingling between her legs wash over her. She let her finger move down a bit as she slipped it into her wet pussy. She bit her lip as her insides quivered with pleasure. The girl had discovered masturbation a few years earlier, but with images of Cole playing through her mind as she fingered herself, the feeling was more intense than before.

As she worked her finger around her wet pussy, the door opened and Cole walked in. Naked as the day he was born.

Cindy froze in the moment, “Oh, shit, Cubby. I thought you were outside mowing.” She slid her finger out, feeling embarrassed at being caught thinking of the boy who stood in front of her now.

Cindy felt her brother’s eyes on her as he stuttered, “I, I thought you were in your room, jamming to your music.”

Words seemed to fail him at that moment. But even as words died on his lips, his dick chose that moment to spring to life.

Cindy realized she cut a silly image, sitting on the toilet naked from the waist down holding a finger in the air, wet with her own juices. Her lips quirked into an awkward smile, “You need to pee?”

Cole’s hand fell to his shaft where he absentmindedly fondled himself. “I, uh, was gonna take a shower.”

The casserole still had another forty-five minutes to cook and the idea of climbing into the shower with Cole made her wet. “Me, too. Sorry about this,” She said pointing at her nakedness, “I got a little distracted.”

Cindy enjoyed her brother’s eyes on her pussy even as he moved over to the bathtub where he turned on the water. As he continued

staring, he managed to say, “I, uh, you, er...”

It was the cutest thing, bringing a smile to Cindy’s face. “Yeah?”

The boy’s voice squeaked as he stammered, “You want to wash my back? I could use the help.”

The words were music to Cindy’s ears, “You sure, Cubby?”

“Heck yeah, Sis.”

Encouraged by her brother’s words, Cindy grabbed her shirt by the hem and lifted it over her head, revealing her boobs to Cole.

Cole’s hand snaked out towards her chest, “No bra?”

Cindy shook her head, “Nah, just when I go out. It’s not as if I need the support.”

Her brother’s outstretched hand connected with one of her tits, making the girl shiver all over. “Maybe. But I love them. What’ll happen to those other girls with bigger tits when they get older? I bet gravity won’t be as nice to them as it will be to you.”

Cindy closed the gap between her and Cole and shook her chest at him. Her small boobs jiggled a bit as Cole laughed, “My sister, goddess whose breasts defy gravity.”

Hearing her brother call her a goddess took Cindy’s breath away. It was her turn to stammer, “W-wow, where’d you come up with that, Cubby? Me, a goddess?”

Her brother was standing so close to her that Cindy felt his breath on her boob. He said, “I had some English homework yesterday. Short story about the Greek gods. Made me think of you.”

The feeling of lust that rocked Cindy’s body as she closed pressed her body into her brother’s and kissed him on the lips. “I don’t know about being a goddess, but your kiss makes me think I’m in heaven.”

Looking forward to staring at Cole's body for the next little bit, Cindy took him by the hand and stepped into the bathtub. As her brother closed the curtain, Cindy turned the knob sending a jet of warm water washing over them.

Cindy felt her brother brush up against her. She wanted, she needed his hands to caress her body. To range over every square inch. She cast a glance at him, "Will you wash my back, Cubby?"

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

A few seconds passed and then little sparks of electricity shot deep within Cindy's body as her brother touched her back. His sudsy hands ranged over her shoulder. He seemed to gather more confidence as he worked his way down her back. As he reached the bottom of her back, Cole hesitated.

That wouldn't do. Cindy needed to feel her brother's hands. "Mmm, your hands feel great. You're pretty good at this."

Standing so close to her, Cole only had to whisper to be heard, "Thanks. I like washing your back."

It was time to move things along. Cindy turned a bit, offering her brother a glimpse of a nipple. "I want you to promise me something." Cole's hands stopped washing her lower back.

"Wash me all over. Touch my butt, my boobs, my pussy. And when it's my turn, I'll wash you from top to bottom, all over, too."

In case Cole needed any further encouragement, Cindy shook her butt. She was rewarded by his soapy hands moving from her lower back down to her butt cheeks. It was like that movie with the kid who studied Karate, wax on and wax off, as Cole's hands moved in a circular direction. Cindy spread her legs a bit, "All of me, Cubby. Even down my crack."

There was a moment of hesitation and then Cindy felt a soapy finger slip between her two cheeks. To encourage her brother, Cindy bent

over from the waist, exposing her crack and helping her brother out even more by using both hands to spread her cheeks apart.

“I see your poop hole,” came a voice that confirmed she was doing it right.

Giggling at what must have been going through her brother’s mind, she added, “Go ahead, all of me, Cole.”

The boy’s finger traced around her little puckered rosebud a few times before Cindy felt a bit of pressure on her glory hole. The girl tried to steel her nerves, uncertain about how it would feel once Cole’s finger was inside her. “It’s all right. Push it in.”

As the finger pushed through the tight sphincter, Cindy gasped at the feeling. “Oh, shit, wow,” his sister exclaimed. “Don’t move yet. It feels kinda weird.”

As she adjusted to his finger up her ass, Cindy found that the feeling wasn’t as unpleasant as she’d feared. “Okay, go deeper.”

Cindy pushed a bit, as though she was trying to poop. The flexing of her muscled loosened the death grip her anus had put on her brother’s finger and the digit slipped deeper until she felt his hand on her asshole.

She wiggled her butt and gasped, “Wow. Oh, wow.”

It was weird but not really unpleasant. She leaned forward until she felt her brother’s finger pop out from her butt with a wet plop. Then the soap started to burn. While the burning sensation wasn’t unbearable, neither was it something she’d want to do again.

“Hmm. Next time we’ll use something other than soap. It felt really good, but the soap’s making it burn a little.”

The dutiful boyfriend, her brother continued washing her legs until he’d reached the bottom. Cindy turned around, and her pussy was now at eye level to her brother, who had gotten down on his knees to

wash her legs.

He was looking up at her, smiling. The expression melted her heart, "I'm so glad you're my boyfriend, Cubby. Forget what I said earlier about making some other girl happy. You're making me the happiest girl in the world."

The boy was staring at her snatch. Cindy couldn't figure out how she became even more aroused. She wanted him worse now than even before and she caressed her fingers through his hair as she said, "Go ahead and kiss it, Cubby."

Cindy quivered as her brother's lips connected with her shaved pubic area. The sense of tingling grew as each kiss landed a little lower until she felt his lips touch her clit. She gasped at the electric charge traveled through her pussy all the way to her heart.

Reflexively, she gripped her brother's hair and pushed a bit, willing him to get to work on her clit. "Don't stop. Oh, God, don't stop."

Her sensitive clitoris felt enlarged the more Cole sucked on it. She thrust her pelvis forward, as she wanted him to work his tongue over the small knob. He must have been in tune with her as he continued swirling his tongue around her sex.

Cindy's gasp was loud, as she almost shouted, "Oh, stick it in me, Cubby,"

After a bit of tongue action, Cole went a bit lower, leaving her clit twitching and more sensitive than she'd ever imagined it could be. His tongue slipped inside her inner lips. She wanted to scream as the pulsing feeling threatened to overwhelm her.

Damned if the boy didn't do it. Cindy felt a wet pressure as Cole's tongue penetrated her lips and entered her pussy. The tingling feeling exploded out from her pussy as the boy twisted his tongue around. "Ah," Cindy yelped as the first wave of her orgasm hit. "Oh, shit, ah, shit. I'm coming, Cubby. Don't stop!"



Her little brother continued penetrating her as each successive wave washed over her. In all the times she'd fingered herself to an orgasm she'd never experienced anything like that before. "Oh, God, Cubby. That felt awesome. How'd you learn to eat a girl like that?"

With doe-like innocence in his eyes, her brother looked up at her, her slick juices on his chin. "I dunno, Sis. I wanted you to feel as good as last time."

After her brother finished washing her too sensitive boobs, it was Cindy's turn.

Cindy slipped around her brother, letting him take his place under the showerhead. "My turn now, Cubby."

Standing a few inches taller had its advantages as Cindy placed her soaped up hands on her brother's back. She peered over his shoulder at his erect penis. What she really wanted was to turn Cole around and put her hands all over his lovely cock.

By the time she'd reached her brother's butt, Cindy realized the tingling had returned. Sure, it wasn't as strong as before, but as she slipped her soapy hand onto Cole's delicious bubble butt she said, "You've got a fine ass, Cole. I'm going to enjoy washing every crevice."

Her brother responded to her hand on his neck and bent over at the waist, raising his butt above the rest of his gorgeous body. Satisfied that his ass cheeks had never been cleaner, Cindy slipped a finger into his crevice.

"Cubby, can you spread your cheeks?"

Cheeks spread, Cindy saw the pinkish rosebud and licked her lips appreciatively as she ran her finger around his anus. Remembering the burning sensation of Cole's soapy finger, the girl rinsed her finger until the soap was gone and then stuck it in her mouth until it was coated in her spit and then she pressed her finger forward until it

slipped into Cole's ass up to her first knuckle.

Cole gritted his teeth, "Oh, shit."

Cindy caressed his butt, "You're doing great, sweetie. I'm gonna go a bit deeper. I want you to push against my finger, almost like you're trying to poop. It'll make it easier."

Her finger slid in easier the rest of the way until her hand rested under his ball sack, she was in all the way. "Holy fuck, Cole. My finger's all the way in. What's it feel like?"

Cole rewarded her by wiggling his butt. "It feels really weird, but kinda cool, too."

Cindy couldn't explain her next action, she just felt the need to keep her finger impaled in her little brother's ass and so she flexed and twisted her finger around until she felt Cole shiver. "Oh, fuck, Sis. Do that again. That was incredible."

The teenager wasn't sure what she'd done to her brother, but she kept moving her finger around in his butt until he gasped again. "Oh, wow. That's fucking intense."

Cindy didn't know what had caused her brother's reaction. She didn't know what a prostate was or why having it massaged had felt so good to her brother. "Wow. I wasn't expecting that, Cole. I wonder what happened."

Even as her brother stood up, Cindy washed her hands and resoaped them as she moved down his legs. Once she reached his ankle, she put her hands on his hips and had him turn around. Cole's cock was only a few inches from her face and even though she was supposed to wash the front of his legs, her hand grabbed the rigged pole.

"Your dick is absolutely beautiful, Cubby."

Unable to resist, she leaned in until her lip touched the head of his

penis.

Cole groaned, "Mmm, that feels good, Sis."

Encouraged by his assent, Cindy pushed his dick up until it was flat against his smooth pubic area. She went a little lower until she felt her brother's crinkled ballsack and then she slid her tongue up his entire shaft, up to his head and then to his piss slit. The boy quivered under her soft touch.

At that moment, she had never been happier that Jason had dumped her and that Cole had shown her what a real boyfriend should be. All she cared about was pleasuring this young boy who had touched her in a way no other person had ever done before. She opened her mouth and slid her brother's rigid three inches in until his pubic bone was pressed against her upper lip. And she swirled her tongue around his head, running along the pee slit and then whipping around his sensitive head. And sucking. The girl created a vacuum that trapped Cole's dick in a powerful suction. She'd enjoyed the little dab of cum she'd kissed off her brother's chin the other night. Now she wanted to swallow however much of his sweet nectar his diminutive balls produced.

Despite her lips starting to tire, Cindy kept sucking and was rewarded by a spasm that seemed to reach into her brother's ball and then a moment later that sweet and salty flavor filled her mouth as the first drop of Cole's semen hit Cindy's taste buds. He spasmed again and she felt more of his jizz land on her tongue. Her brother's cock quivered as it continued to spasm. But she'd drained his balls. As she climbed up from her knees, she wondered how long it would take for her brother to start making more and thicker jizz. The girls in school talked and she knew that older boys could produce thick, white cum. While she might look forward to when that happy day would be visited on her boyfriend and brother, she intended to enjoy every drop of his clear, watery seed.

Cindy wrapped her arms around Cole and pulled him into a tight hug, "That was un, fucking, believable, Cubby. You can eat my pussy any

time you want. It still tingles. As long as I can suck your tasty dick.”

Her brother’s breathing was returning to normal now that he was able to catch his breath. “You tasted good, Sis. But what you did to my stiffy... oh my God. You can suck it any time you want.”

## Part 5

The fork clattered against the chipped plate as Cole set it down. A few stray peas remained uneaten, but he'd had all he'd wanted. Scratch that. He'd had more than he'd wanted. He pushed his plate away and grabbed his math textbook. He wanted to get his homework finished. Sure, he wanted to watch TV when done, but more than that, by focusing on his homework he could pretend to ignore his sister and mom.

And it was all pretend. The boy couldn't ignore the tension in the room as Cindy moved her own peas around on her plate as she said, "What do you mean we should do something creative for Thanksgiving this year? Can't you tell Dave that you want to spend the holiday with us?"

Pushing herself away from the table, their mom took her plate over to the sink. "Cindy, why do you have to be so difficult? Even though it's a couple of weeks away, I wanted the two of you to know that Dave's taking me to Naches over the long Thanksgiving weekend. There's a steamboat that does daily cruises on the Mississippi River. It'll be so romantic."

Cindy piled her plate with dirty paper napkins as she got up from the table, "So romantic because me and Cole aren't going to be there."

"That's not what I meant. Why do you have to be so difficult? Why can't you just be happy for me? Dave has been really good to me."

Cole winced at the acid in his sister's voice, "Shame he doesn't care about me or Cole."

Their mom wagged a finger in Cindy's face, "That's not true. Don't be so ungrateful. He makes sure that there's plenty of food and that the mortgage gets paid on this place each month. Don't you realize I can't take care of all of this myself?"

Cole slammed the textbook closed. It was one of those large, thick ones, full of complicated equations and formulas. It sounded like a

gunshot going off. "Shut up! Just shut up, Mom. We understand. You like Dave. Maybe you should have found somebody who actually doesn't mind that you have kids, instead of some asshole who throws a few bucks at us to make us go away."

Cole was too angry, too blinded by the tears that threatened to spill from his eyes to see the hurt and anger in his mom's eyes as she stormed across the room and slapped him across the face. A car honked outside and their mom grabbed her purse and stomped across the living room and turned at the door, "Don't swear at me ever again. I'm your mother. You both need to understand he treats me well. Better than anyone else ever has. And he provides for you. Tell me, how did I get so unlucky to have such ungrateful children?"

Without waiting for a response to the rhetorical question, she slammed the door and was gone. Gone for another four or five days.

Cole fell back into his seat at the table as his cheek stung. He raised a hand and gingerly touched where a red handprint now shown. It tingled. It wasn't anything like the tingling from the past Sunday. The tears overflowed as he bit his lip, trying to hold back the sob stuck in his throat.

In the blink of an eye, Cindy was crouching by his side, rubbing his back, "I'm so sorry, Cole. I had no idea that she was going to hit you. I..."

The sob broke through as Cole leaned against his sister, "Why's she such a bitch, Cindy? All we want is a little bit of her time."

Cole felt his sister's closeness and reached out and gave her a hug. She squeezed him in return and said, "Fuck her. She doesn't want to be here for Thanksgiving then, fine. We'll do our own thing. And you know what? I'm going to start planning something for Christmas this year, just the two of us."

Hiccupping, Cole asked, "What'll we do?"

"About the holidays or Mom?"

Shrugging, Cole said, "I guess both."

Cindy pulled him away from the table and over to the couch, where she sat in his normal spot, but pulled him onto her lap, as though he were still a little boy. Normally he would have minded, but at that moment her actions comforted him.

As his sister leaned his head back against her shoulder, she said, "I don't know what we can do about Mom. She all but told us that she was going to put Dave over us. Right now, I just hate her so much."

Cole snuggled against her lap as she wrapped her hands around his chest, "Maybe we can get Mom into Dave giving us more money around Christmas. Maybe we'll go somewhere nice for Christmas, just the two of us."

The boy took her arms and wrapped his own around them, "Thanksgiving will be here a lot sooner. If it's just going to be us, do you think we can use some more of Dave's money and go out to a really nice restaurant?"

Cindy shifted around until she was able to stretch out on the couch, lengthways with Cole nestled in next to her, like two enchiladas on a plate. She draped her hand across Cole's chest and even though the boy didn't feel like purring, it still felt nice.

"I think we can probably make that happen." With that, she turned on the TV and they spent most of the evening watching one of the rare shows they both enjoyed.

Later, Cole felt a nudge, "You awake?"

"Yeah," he said.

"It's getting late. Past nine. Mom doesn't want you to stay up too late."

Cole's lips twisted into a frown, "Fuck Mom. That's what you said

earlier. I bet she doesn't care what time I go to sleep."

Cindy pushed with her front until Cole slipped off the edge of the couch. As he landed with a thump, she said, "You're right. Who gives a fuck what Mom thinks? But do you want to know what I think, Cubby?"

Cole had been on the verge of telling his sister what he thought about her pushing him from the couch when her use of his nickname brought him up short. "Ah, yeah. I guess so. What'd you think?"

Cindy stepped over him as she climbed off the couch before wrapping her hands around his stomach and pulling him to his feet. "I think you're going to be useless to yourself if you stay up all night. And it is a school night."

Cole followed Cindy down the hallway. She turned as she got to her room, "But that doesn't mean you have to go to sleep just yet. Come on in here and we can talk about where we want to spend Dave's money on."

Cole climbed onto his sister's bed and sat cross-legged in the center. Cindy stretched out her legs as she rested against the headboard. "One my girlfriends said that there's a new Mexican restaurant off of six-ten that we might want to try out."

Cole listened to his sister as she voiced her opinions on several restaurants. They all sounded pretty good to him as he unfolded his legs and stretched out, his leg touching his sister's. Even though they were both wearing blue jeans, the boy felt a little spark in his knee at the connection.

Cole became aware that he'd missed something when Cindy said, "I said, 'what do you think about me calling over to Pappadoux's and seeing if they're open on Thanksgiving?"

Cole offered a smile as his sister moved one of her legs between his and then flushed a little as she flexed her foot so that it pressed



against his crotch.

“Uh, yeah, that sounds cool. They’re expensive, right?”

Cindy wiggled her toes against the fabric at his crotch, “Absolutely. It’ll cost Dave an arm and a leg.”

Cole leaned back on his elbows as he felt his stiffy strain against his pants. “Mmm, that feels nice.”

Then he realized one of his own feet was only inches away from his sister’s panties and he stretched his leg until his sock brushed against the zipper on Cindy’s pants. “Oh, that’s nice, Cubby.”

Cole’s sister retracted her foot, “That’s fun, but what I really want is for you to hold me, Cubby. Today really sucked.”

Cole swung around and scooped forward until he was laying side by side with his sister. He wrapped his arms around her and let slip a contented sigh as her head leaned against his shoulder.

Cindy rubbed her hand around on Cole’s chest, “Fighting with Mom before she left with the asshole, it really made me realize how much I need you. Cole, I love you so much.”

Seeing her face turn toward his, Cole leaned into the kiss, intending for it to linger only a moment. Cindy’s tongue, however, slipped between his lips and her hand reached up and gripped his neck. Her tongue flitted around in his mouth, sending the now-familiar butterflies zooming around his stomach and sending the tingling sensation racing through his body.

When his sister finally broke the kiss, she said, “I know it’s getting later than normal, but I don’t want to be alone. Not tonight.”

She slipped her hand under the boy’s shirt and massaged his chest. Taking that as permission, Cole untucked his sister’s blouse and slid one of his hands up her smooth belly until he found the padded cotton bra. Taking his cue from Cindy, Cole massaged her boob

through the material.

His sister slipped her hand back out and then said, "Can you do me a favor, Cubby?"

Cole's stiffy twitched as he nodded.

Cindy leaned back on the bed, not quite spread-eagle and said, "Help me with my pants. Can you take them off?"

Cole twitched again. Any thoughts of a reasonable bedtime forgotten as he bent over his sister's waist and fumbled at her belt. The clasp came open and then with fingers shaking a bit, Cole unbuttoned the pants before gripping the small zipper and pulling it down, exposing plain, white cotton panties.

The boy couldn't resist running a finger under the zipper, where he found the folds of her lips beneath the cotton underwear. Cindy arched her back, thrusting her pussy against his hand, "Go on, pull them off."

Smiling as though it was Christmas morning and he had a great, big present under the tree, Cole grabbed the beltloops along his sister's hips and pulled. The underwear came down with the blue jeans until Cole stopped, uncertain his sister was ready to get naked, yet. "Oops. Sorry 'bout that. They just came down with the jeans."

Cindy just thrust a little higher and said, "You're doing great. Take my panties off, too."

Inch by inch, Cole worked the pants down and when his sister's slit came into view he stopped again as he ran a finger along the slit. "Mmm. Nice, but you're not finished yet, Cubby."

Feeling his own building arousal, Cole finally got the jeans below her knees, where Cindy helped shuck them off and onto the floor. Cole's gaze returned to her pussy. He wanted to reach out and kiss it like he'd done in the shower the previous Sunday. But Cindy said, "Unbotton my blouse, too."

Cole couldn't help but smile at his half-naked sister as his fingers worked feverishly to unbutton the shirt and then when she turned around and offered her back to him, he unhooked the bra on the first try, which surprised even him.

Naked at last, Cindy grabbed the bottom of Cole's shirt and slipped it over his head, "You're getting to be an expert on my bra. First time's the charm, I always say."

As Cole leaned back, giving his sister easy access to the belt on his blue jeans, he said, "You know, motivated student because my teacher is so good."

Instead of attacking his belt, Cindy leaned in and started kissing his chest. First sucking on one of his diminutive, flat nipples before shifting to the other one and then kissing him along his sternum until she reached his belly button. But instead of swirling her tongue, she licked from there downward until she reached his pants. Then she unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants. Cole couldn't imagine becoming more aroused, but as she pulled his pants down, she made sure to get the underwear as well. Cole's stiffy bounced against his belly as his clothes joined Cindy's on the floor.

Instead of ravaging his stiffy, Cindy ran a finger up and down his shaft a couple of times before she pulled him back up where they were laying side by side with their heads on her pillows. Cindy snuggled up to him, pressing her entire body next to his, "Like you, Cubby, I want more. But right now, I want you to hold me."

Now, as Cole wrapped his arms around his sister, he felt his shaft dig into her hip. He was painfully aware how close his stiffy was to Cindy's pussy, but he tried to put how aroused he felt aside as he held her close.

Cindy wrapped her arms around his back and tucked her head in between Cole's shoulder and head. "Thanks, Cubby."

A moment later, Cole felt a hot teardrop land on his chest as he felt his sister's body shudder from a pent-up sob.

The boy ran his hands from her neck down her back with each successive cry. He wanted to find something that would make Cindy feel better, but all he could do was just hold her as she wet his chest with her scalding tears.

After a bit, Cindy sniffled and said, "I love you so much, Cubby. I can't decide if you're the best brother a girl could ask for or the best boyfriend in the world."

With that, she shifted on the bed and Cole's stiffy now rested on Cindy's pubic bone while his ball sack was nestled just under her slit. That was much better than having his shaft squished against her hip.

"Oh, wow. That's nice."

Cindy's hands ranged between Cole's back and butt. "More comfortable all around. That rod poking my hip was getting a bit uncomfortable. This," she said as she shifted her hips, "is much better, don't you think?"

Cole enjoyed the tingling radiating from his balls as his stiffy slid across her pubic bone. "Mmmhmm."

Cindy reached her hand between them where Cole felt it tickle his balls as she worked her finger into her slit. A moan escaped her lips, "I want you, Cole."

The boy wasn't sure what she meant by that and decided to say nothing, and kept caressing her back.

His sister kept working at her pussy even as Cole felt something wet drip onto his balls. When Cindy slipped her fingers out of her wet slit, she gripped at Cole's raging stiffy, lubing it with the juices from her sex, before she returned to fondling the boy's ass.

She leaned her head upwards and pressed her lips against his, before whispering, "I need you, Cubby. Sleep with me tonight, please"

In the recesses of Cole's mind, part of him knew the urgent tone of

his sister's plea should have awakened his brotherly concern. But his stiffy throbbed, slick with Cindy's juices as she stimulated him just by moving her hips around. He shifted one hand around until he pressed it into one of her boobs.

"Sis," Cole groaned as another wave of tingling washed over his body, "I'll stay in this bed next to you as long as you want. It's what a good boyfriend should do. Right?"

His sister's finger slipped between their stomachs. Wet with her juices, her fingers slipped over his stiffy until she finally managed to readjust him. His stiffy had joined his ball sack just below the lips of her wet pussy.

Almost mewling, Cindy said, "Fuck me, Cubby. You'll always be my brother and my boyfriend. Right now, be my lover!"

Cole felt her fingers, slick with her own juices, grab his stiffy again. She shifted her hips as she moved her hand around until Cole felt his head slide inside her outer lips. His head slipped up against her clit, causing Cindy to gasp, "Oh, Cubby. I love you."

His sister's fingers guided his head down until he felt it pressing at what he suspected were Cindy's inner lips. She gasped again, "Now, baby."

Uncertain if he was doing things right, Cole rocked his hips forward and felt his stiffy sink into Cindy's warm, tight hole. It was his turn to gasp when he felt his smooth pubic area grind up against his sister's still slick pubic area. "Holy shit, Sis. I'm all the way in. Oh, fuck."

With his stiffy fully shoved into his sister's pussy, Cole felt every twitch, every shift of his sister's hips, every place where her pussy engulfed every inch of his shaft and along his flared, mushroom shaped head. It was like having every nerve ending in his body on a euphoric high. If this wasn't right, he had no idea what was. He clenched his sister's back, drawing her into a tight embrace until she wiggled and said, "In and out, Cubby."

As his stiffy adjusted to its new surroundings, Cole followed his sister's instructions, rocking his hips backward and then forward, once. The sensation was the best feeling he'd ever had. Even better than when Cindy'd sucked him off. His sister giggled as she used her hips to writhe under him, causing new sensations to tingle along his stiffy. "Your dick feels like it was made for me. Every time your dick moves, it's like having something warm caressing my heart." Encouraged by Cindy's words, Cole decided he must be doing something right, and rocked back and forth as the tingling in his balls grew. "Ung," he grunted as he felt his stiffy spasm. Through clenched teeth, he squeaked out, "I'm cumming, Sis. Uhn!"

Cole felt his stiffy firing a couple of volleys as his semen squirted a couple of times. His small balls nearly disappeared into his pelvis as they contracted. Still, his stiffy jerked and spasmed as he kept rocking back and forth. His sister's fingers gripped his ass as she arched her back, grinding their pubic bones together, "Don't stop now, Cubby. I'm almost there."

Normally after an eruption like that, Cole's stiffy would have returned to its normal size, but even though the spasming stopped, the tight grip of his sister's wet pussy walls and the rocking back and forth stimulated Cole's boyhood which stayed as hard as before.

Cindy pushed her face against his neck as she said in a voice almost as high pitched as when Cole squeaked, "Almost there, baby. Fuck me with your rock-hard dick."

She groaned as she shook. "C-cumming, oh shit, oh fuck. Oh Cubby, I-I'm, uhg"

Cole kept rocking even as his sister shook beside him. He'd thought her cumming in the shower had been intense, but nothing had prepared him for this. He stopped his thrusts and whispered, "Are you alright, Sis?"

She drew a ragged breath and tilted her head upwards and planted a kiss on his lips. "Uh, I think so." She drew in another breath before

continuing, "I've never cum like that before. When I started you just kept on fucking me and my cumming just kept getting better. More intense."

Cole smiled, "I'm glad you're alright. I wasn't really sure if I was doing it right."

Cindy moved her hips, "Oh, wow. You're still hard as a rock. I think you did just fine, Cubby. I'd definitely let you fuck me again."

Cole rocked forward, feeling his dick slide inside Cindy. His sister gasped, "Oh, wow. Right now, my pussy needs a rest."

Slipping out of his sister, Cole fondled his stiffy as he snuggled up next to her. "It was even better than I expected."

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Cindy glanced at her mother as the girl speared a bite of meatloaf with her fork. Auburn hair at the roots of her mother's hair showed that her blond hair wasn't as natural as her Cindy's and Cole's. The girl couldn't help wondering if their own natural blond hair came from their father. Not that she'd ever met the man who'd disappeared from their lives before her brother had been born.

For the briefest of moments, Cindy couldn't help wondering if their lives would have been better if he'd stayed around. Most of the time she thought things would be better if she had a parent who actually wanted to, well, parent. Cindy ground her molars until they hurt. Still, she decided she and Cole needed to know what to expect from their mom.

"You know, Thanksgiving is only a couple of weeks away. We were wondering if we could all do Thanksgiving together. You, me, Cole and uh, Dave."

Her mother shoveled a forkful of peas into her mouth, as though she were in a hurry to be done. "Why don't you see if your friends are doing something? Maybe Cole's got some friends he'd like to hang out with."

Cindy glared at her mother, who missed the look as she continued, "Y'all should do something creative for Thanksgiving, Cindy."

"What do you mean we should do something creative for Thanksgiving this year? Can't you tell Dave that you want to spend the holiday with us?"

Her mom threw up her hands as she got up from the table, "Cindy, why do you have to be so difficult? Even though it's still a couple of weeks away, you should know that Dave's taking me to Naches over the long Thanksgiving weekend. There's a steamboat that does daily cruises on the Mississippi River. It'll be so romantic."

Throwing her napkin on the plate, Cindy pushed her chair away from the table, "So romantic because me and Cole aren't gonna be there? Is that it?"

Her mom shook her head, "That's not what I meant. Why do you have to be so difficult? Why can't you just be happy for me? Dave has been really good to me."

Cindy dumped the remains of her plate into the trash bin next to the stove, and with acid dripping from her voice said, "It's a damned shame he doesn't care about me or Cole."

Cindy leaned back as her mom got in her face wagging a finger at her, "That's not true. Don't be so ungrateful. He makes sure that there's plenty of food and that the mortgage gets paid on this place each month," she said waving her hand around her, "Don't you realize I can't take care of all of this myself?"

Like a gunshot echoing across the kitchen, her brother slammed his textbook hard. "Shut up! Just shut up, Mom. We understand. Maybe you should have found somebody who actually doesn't mind that you have kids, instead of some asshole who throws a few bucks at us to make us go away."

Oh no, Cindy thought. Where their mom had shrugged off Cindy's



angry retort, her face looked wounded when Cole snapped at her, and that quickly faded to anger. She rushed across the kitchen and slapped the boy across the face. As if the slap's sharp report was a signal, a car honked from outside. With a look of confusion, their mom retreated through the living room, only stopping when she reached the front door. She drew herself up and gave Cole a sharp look, "Don't you dare swear at me ever again. I'm your mother. You both need to understand he treats me well. Better than anyone else ever has. And he provides for you. Tell me, how did I get so unlucky to have such ungrateful children?"

Cindy was stunned by her mother's complete lack of self-awareness as she slammed the door and left.

Rushing over to her brother, Cindy knelt beside him as he touched the red imprint on his cheek. As tears welled up in his eyes, she could only imagine how the boy had to feel. At twelve-years-old any tears came hard. The teenager put an arm around her brother's neck, "I'm so sorry, Cole. I had no idea that she was going to hit you. I..."

Cindy flinched as a sob wracked her brother's chest. He flung his arms around her neck and cried into her shoulder, "Why's she such a bitch, Cindy? All we want is a little bit of time."

Returning the hug with the fierceness of a tigress, Cindy said, "Fuck her. She doesn't want to be here for Thanksgiving then, fine. We'll do our own thing. And you know what. I'm going to start planning something for Christmas this year, just the two of us."

The boy hiccupped, "What'll we do?"

Cindy asked, "About the holidays or Mom?"

Shrugging, Cole said, "I guess both."

Those were both good questions. Cindy pulled her brother away from his spot at the table and led him over to the couch. Normally

Cole sat at end, furthest away from the TV. But she settled into his spot and then pulled him into her lap. The girl couldn't really imagine how badly Cole hurt to settle into her lap like he was a little kid again.

She stroked Cole's hair as he settled his head against her chest, "'I don't know what we can do about Mom. She all but told us that she was going to put Dave over us. Right now I just hate her so much.'

Cindy loved the feel of Cole's body and wrapped her arms around his chest as she said, "Maybe we can get Mom into Dave giving us more money around Christmas. Maybe we'll go somewhere nice for Christmas, just the two of us."

Cindy felt a glimmer of hope that Cole was starting to feel better as he put his arms over hers and offered, "Thanksgiving will be here a lot sooner. If it's just going to be us, do you think we can use some more of Dave's money and go out to a really nice restaurant?"

As she held her brother, Cindy realized that she'd fallen in love with him on that first date, when he'd hurried over to her old clunker and opened the door for her. Everything since then had simply been more confirmation that she wanted, no, she needed him. She slid her legs onto the couch and stretched them out toward the TV and helped Cole to stretch out beside her with his back pressing against her boobs. She draped her arm across her brother's chest. This was the most "right" she'd felt all day.

"I bet we can make that happen." With that, she turned on the TV and they spent most of the evening watching one of the rare shows they both enjoyed.

After the rerun of the 'The Fall Guy' was over Cindy put her ear against her brother's back. His breathing was regular. She poked him in the back, "You awake?"

His voice sounded normal, not like he'd been asleep, "Yeah."

"It's past nine. Mom doesn't want you staying up to late on a school night."

“Fuck mom. You said it yourself, earlier. I bet she doesn’t care what time I go to sleep.” The boy’s tone was cold and angry.

Cindy could hardly blame her brother. Not when she felt the same way. But it was time to get moving toward bed. She used her body to push her brother off the edge of the couch. He landed on the floor with a thump. Leaning over the edge she saw him roll over and look up at her. She said, “You’re right. Who gives a fuck what Mom thinks. But do you want to know what I think, Cubby?”

“Ah, yeah. I guess so. What’d you think?”

Cindy stepped over her brother and bent down and wrapped her arms around his waist and helped him to his feet, “I think you’re going to be useless tomorrow if you stay up all night.”

She turned and headed toward her bedroom. She opened the door and turned back to her brother, whose hand rested on the door knob of his own door. “But it’s not so late yet that you have to go to bed just yet. Come on in here and we can plan out how we’re going to spend Dave’s money.”

Cindy fluffed a pillow and lay down with her head resting comfortably on the pillow. Cole climbed over her and sat Indian style next to her knees as Cindy said, “One of my girlfriends said that there’s a new Mexican restaurant off of six-ten that we might want to try out.”

That started a lengthy back and forth about several restaurants they’d wanted to try. Cole must have gotten tired with his legs folded. He stretched them out toward the head of the bed, resting his leg against her thigh.

Cindy mentioned one of the more popular local chains. Cole seemed to be zoned out as he stared at their legs. She raised her voice a bit and poked her brother in the leg, “I said, ‘what do you think about me calling over to Pappadoux’s and seeing if they’re open on Thanksgiving?’”

A familiar fluttering started in Cindy's stomach as she watched the color rise on her brother's cheeks. The teenager moved one of her legs, putting it between Cole's legs. Flexing her toes was fun; her foot grazed her brother's inseam.

Distracted by her toes, her brother stammered, "Uh, yeah. That sounds, uh, cool. They're expensive, right?"

Thoroughly enjoying Cole's response, Cindy wiggled her toes some more, "Absolutely. It'll cost Dave an arm and a leg."

Cindy knew the pressure that pushed back against the fabric of her brother's jeans as he leaned back, "Mmm, that feels good, Sis."

Cindy's smile widened when Cole finally realized his own toes were only inches away from her crotch. The first touch sent a tingle running back to her spine.

"Oh, that's nice, Cubby."

As her brother ran his toe across her jeans, Cindy was profoundly glad that Jason had dumped her at the dance. He never would have understood her like Cole. Her feeling ran so much deeper than simple kinship explained. She'd heard one of her friends use the term soulmate and as she gazed on her brother's face, wondered if that was the thing that knitted her heart to Cole's.

She wanted more than just playing footsies, although as she felt a tingling, that was fun, too. She pulled her foot away from her brother's crotch. "You know, that's fun and all, but what I really need right now is for you to hold me, Cubby. It seems like every Thursday before Dave picks Mom up gets worse than the one before. Today really sucked."

There it was again, Cindy thought, as Cole's face softened with concern. He changed direction and rested his head on her pillow. The girl sighed as he ran an arm around her neck and drew her into a hug. The butterflies fluttered in her stomach when the boy gave a

contented sigh.

Cindy savored the moment, eventually rubbing her hand around on her brother's chest as she listened to his breathing. "Fighting with Mom before she left with the asshole, it really made me realize how much I need you. Cole, I love you so much."

More than anything else, Cindy needed Cole. Every part of her body yearned for him. The kiss she leaned into felt more natural than all their previous kisses, and those had been great. She slipped her tongue through her brother's lips and ran it along his tongue and then gently sucked on it until their lips broke contact.

Her hand slipped under his t-shirt and massaged his chest. She loved the contact with his bare skin, "I know it's getting later than normal, but I don't want to be alone. Not tonight."

Cindy's pulse quickened as her brother untucked her shirt from her pants. His soft hand tantalized her as it crept up her belly until it cupped one of her boobs. Between her legs, the tingling intensified as she felt her panties grow damp. She bit back a moan and said, "Please do me a favor, Cubby."

Seeing his blond head bob up and down, she added, "Please help me with my pants. Can you take them off?"

Cindy only had a vague idea of where she was taking things, but she didn't care. Cole's every touch lit her soul on fire and she needed him more than oxygen right then.

If it was even possible, the way he inexpertly fumbled at her belt endeared Cindy to her brother even more. Despite everything they'd already done together, his fingers trembled as he unfastened the button and unzipped the fly of her jeans.

She felt the tremor in his finger as Cole slipped it under her fly and ran it down to her slit with only the plain white cotton separating them.

More, she thought, as she needed his hands on her body, "Go on, pull them off."

The smile that lit up her brother's face was like a million-watt bulb. He grabbed the jeans and pulled. Cindy arched her hips to make sliding her pants off easier. As the jeans slipped down her hips, her panties slid down with them. Cole stopped, a look of uncertainty creasing his features as her pubic mound slid into view. "Oops, sorry 'bout that. They just came down with the pants."

Cindy raised her hips even higher, "You're doing great. You can take my panties off, too."

The girl felt like she was the central act of a strip tease for one as her brother inched her clothes down her legs. Cole stopped again when her slit was exposed. The cool air did nothing to quench the fire burning in her heart for Cole.

She felt her brother's finger run along her slit. There was no tremor in his touch as he seemed to gain confidence. "Mmm. Nice, but you're not finished yet, Cubby."

Once her brother got her jeans and panties below her knees, Cindy helped him pull them off and threw them on the floor. As she spread her legs a bit, she drank in the look the boy gave her. Was that lust in his eyes? God, she hoped so.

More, her mind repeated. "Unbutton my blouse, too."

With increased self-assurance, Cole's fingers raced to unbutton the shirt. As Cindy threw it on the floor, she offered her back to him without a word, hoping he'd rid her of the last of her clothes. His hands briefly stroked her back before he unfastened the bra on the first try.

Cindy purred as she lay completely exposed to her younger brother, "You're getting to be an expert on my bra. First time's the charm, I always say."

“You know, motivated student because my teacher is so good.”

Cindy leaned forward and ran her finger along her brother's face, ending at his smile. She mouthed, “I love you,” as her fingers turned to his shirt, which joined her clothes on the floor. With Cole's chest exposed, the teenager leaned in and kissed the space between his little nipples before kissing and sucking on each of them.

She ran her tongue down his chest, down to his bellybutton and despite the temptation to tickle Cole with her tongue, she slid it down to the top of his pants and ran it just above the denim material. From there, she made quick work of the boy's belt, button and zipper.

As she tugged on the twelve-year old's pants, Cindy made sure to grab onto Cole's underwear as she slid his clothes down. His underwear got caught above his erection until Cindy pulled the elastic away from his skin. Cole's three-inch cock popped into view, slapping his belly with a smack. In a rush, Cindy pulled the boy's pants the rest of the way and tossed them on top of the pile on the floor.

Was it simply her imagination or did her belly rumble, hungry for the boy's cock? She resisted the urge to devour Cole's boyhood, instead opting to run a finger along his shaft a couple of times. Despite feeling a bit of uncertainty, Cindy knew she wanted this moment. Needed it. And if the sultry look coming from her brother was any indication, he wanted this, too.

With more assurance than she felt, Cindy stretched out, laying her naked body along side Cole's and purred, “Like you, Cubby, I want more. But right now, I want you to hold me.”

Cindy couldn't help wondering if Cole really was as confident as his hands felt as he put his arms around her. By the way his dick dug into her hip, she sure hoped so. The warmth the boy gave off only aroused Cindy more, even as his erection dug into her hip bone. Cindy was mesmerized by the paradox of her brother's erection. On one hand, his skin was silky soft, yet below the surface he was

harder than steel.

Sometimes Cindy felt the same way. Especially when it came to their mom. Well, maybe not exactly the same as she shifted her hip against Cole's warm skin. The girl had been forced to develop a hard outer-shell as a defense against her uncaring mother. But below the surface, the girl was soft, yearning to be loved. Only one person touched her in her innermost place and the way he hugged her close made her eyes tear up. She tried to blink the tears away, but only managed to make them fall on Cole's bare chest. Every caress from her brother brought forth a heart-wrenching sob. There was nobody but the boy who held her that she could trust and love.

Although Cindy had started with an ill-defined plan when she'd brought her brother back to her room, the reality of how alone the two of them were and her complete need for Cole brought her to a point of no return.

She wiped at a tear, "I love you so much, Cubby. I can't decide if you're the best brother a girl could ask for or the best boyfriend in the world."

Her sweet brother just held her, rubbing his hands along her back. Cindy shifted her hips, turning a bit toward Cole. The raging boner that had threatened to put a hole in her hip now rested against her pubic bone. Even better, his little ball sack pressed against her slit.

Cole practically cooed, "Oh, wow. That's really nice."

They were laying on the bed on their sides, facing each other as Cindy stroked her brother's lower back and ass, but enjoying Cole's front even more. "More comfortable all around. That rod poking my hip was getting a bit uncomfortable. This," she said as she shifted her hips, "is much better, don't you think?"

"Mmmhmm."

Cole's ass was nice, Cindy thought, but even better is his cock. With that thought entrenched in her mind, the girl slid her hand between



them until she found her slit. She wiggled her fingers against the boy's small balls. Then she leaned in and gave the boy quick kiss on the lips before whispering, "I want you, Cole."

If things were going to stop, now was the moment for her brother to say something, draw a line in the sand. Cindy was beyond that, herself. What had seemed ill-defined earlier had crystalized. She had to feel her brother in her, and soon.

Turning her fingers toward her slit, Cindy pressed on her clit with a finger, while another slipped between her wet lips and penetrated as deep as she could make it go. As she stimulated herself, she felt moisture on Cole's sack. Oh, God, she was so wet!

She slipped out of her wet pussy and wrapped her hand around Cole's shaft, lubing it with her juices. As she continued stroking him, she leaned in to Cole's ear and begged, "I need you, Cubby. Sleep with me tonight, please."

Cindy worried at her brother's silence as seconds ticked by. She knew him like no-one else and despite a sense of certainty, felt a sliver of doubt creep into her mind.

Cole's hand moved from her back and slipped between their bodies until it found and encircled one of her erect nipples.

In a high whisper, that almost sounded like a whimper, her brother said, "I'll stay in this bed next to you as long as you want. It's what a good boyfriend should do. Right?"

Gripping her brother's boyhood, Cindy licked her brother's earlobe before saying, "Fuck me, Cubby. You'll always be my brother and my boyfriend. Right now, be my lover!"

Cindy shifted her hips, feeling the boy's dick slide down from her shaved pubic area until it creased her pussy lips. With her slick fingers she fumbled with his boner until she felt his dick poke against her inner lips. She gasped, "Oh, Cubby, I love you!"

The boy's next action was tentative, even hesitant. He rocked his

hips forward and Cindy felt his head slide into her pussy. At that moment, it was as if Cole's cock was ten inches long as her pussy felt full and stretched. Everywhere the boy's dick touched was more sensitive than ever before and the tingling threatened to overwhelm Cindy as she waited for him to continue.

Cole's grip around her waist tightened as he exclaimed, "Holy shit, Sis. I'm all the way in. Oh, fuck."

The girl wanted to laugh, to cry. All for the joy of feeling Cole's dick within her. Holy shit, she thought, he was really inside, fucking her. Moaning, Cindy said, "In and out, Cubby."

Like the perfect gentleman, her brother obliged, his hips thrusting forward, then back. Cindy wanted to thrash; she'd never felt so many intense feelings. Better even than when Cole had eaten her in the shower. She wiggled her hips, figuring that it would only add to the electrical currents racing along Cole's pole. "Your dick feels like it was made for me. Every time your dick moves, it's like having something warm caressing my heart."

Her brother rocked a little faster. His grunts only heightened the tingling she felt. "Ung!"

Cindy felt his cock spasm as Cole squeaked, "I'm cumming, Sis. Uhn!"

How it was possible for her to feel her brother grow even harder, Cindy didn't know, but the feeling of his twitching cock buried in her pussy made the tingling feeling almost unbearable. She ground her pubic bone into his as she nearly screamed, "Don't stop now, Cubby. I'm almost there."

Cindy's whole world was reduced to a few square inches where her brother kept slipping his dick back and forth in her pussy. She gripped a handful of his hair as she buried her face in his chest, "Almost... almost there, bay. Fuck me with your rock-hard dick!"

Her brother was a fucking gentleman, doing exactly what she asked; the thought popped into her mind and was ripped away as her body shook, “C-cumming, oh shit, oh fuck. Oh Cubby, I-I’m, uhg”

It was only when the shaking stopped and the tingling collapsed back in on her pussy that her brother spoke, “Are you alright, Sis?”

Alright? Oh, fuck, yes! Her mind screamed at the way her body had reacted to her little brother’s dick. She sucked in a deep breath, “I’ve never cum like that before. When I started you just kept on fucking me and my cumming just kept getting better. More intense.”

The smile on her brother’s face kindled a slow burning ember in Cindy’s heart. A small part, deep within her mind regretted that two years had already passed since her Mom had emotionally abandoned them to see Cole through this new prism, even as another part considered that she and Cole may have only now been ready for this union now.

Cole gave her a hug as Cindy realized he was still inside her pussy. He said, “I’m glad you’re alright. I wasn’t really sure if I was doing it right.”

Moving her hips, the girl smiled at her brother, “Oh, wow. You’re still hard as a rock. I think you did just fine, Cubby. I’d definitely let you fuck me again.”

When Cole rocked forward, pushing his penis deeper, the intensity returned as Cindy shuddered again. “Oh, fuck, Ow.” Cindy gasped, nearly overwhelmed by her pussy’s reaction. “Cubby, my pussy needs a rest.”

Her brother slipped out of her with a regretful sigh. As he snuggled against her, his fingers returned to his glistening cock. His voice was melodic, “It was even better than I expected.”

Cindy pressed her lips to her brother’s before saying, “I know. And think, we can do this all night tomorrow.”

Her brother continued fondling his cock as he giggled, “That’s right.

Can I sleep with you tomorrow night, all night?"

"You bet, Cubby."

Cindy hated to see Cole stop playing with himself, but as his hand fell away, he stifled a yawn as he said, "I guess I gotta get on to bed now."

As he started to rise, Cindy didn't want him to go. She wanted to fall asleep next to him, tonight and every night they could manage. She pulled him back down. "I thought you were going to sleep in here with me tonight."

The way her brother smiled back at her made her stomach flutter. As he snuggled against her, Cindy saw his dick was still half hard.

"Mmm, did you see that battery commercial earlier this evening?"

Cole was getting drowsy. "Yeah. The bunny."

Cindy ran her finger along his shaft and few times as it sprang back to life, "Your dick is like that bunny. It keeps going and going."

Giggling, Cole said, "More like cumming and cumming."

Cindy laughed as she wrapped a couple of fingers around his shaft. Cole murmured through another yawn, "That feels good, Sis."

Cindy wasn't quite ready to go to sleep, not when she was holding her brother/boyfriend/lover's dick. Content to simply rub her fingers along the short, thin shaft Cindy enjoyed watching her brother's prick sway back and forth, even as his breathing became deep and regular.

The girl propped herself up on her elbow. Cole's face was as peaceful as she'd ever seen as he slept. She felt pride knowing that she alone was responsible for the smile he wore in his sleep. Her eyes drifted to his chest. His areoles, only a bit darker than his pale skin, were smaller than a penny and his nipples had very little definition. There was something almost hypnotic watching his chest rise and fall and Cindy enjoyed every watching Cole's every breath.

She ran one of her fingers lightly over one of Cole's nipples and was eventually rewarded by it sticking up, even if only a bit. She leaned over her sleeping brother and kissed the tiny protrusion. Cindy kept an eye on her brother's face to see if there was any reaction. When there was none, she sucked on it, not unlike how he'd sucked on her boobs. She was rewarded by Cole's dick twitching and by a fluttering in her pussy. Still, her brother slept on.

She lightly kissed his torso, working her way down until she came to his little innie belly button. Even though there was no muscle tone, his belly was flat. She couldn't resist and stuck her tongue into the small hole.

Her eyes were only a few inches away from where her brother's dick continued waving in the air. While it might have been the only one she'd ever seen, she knew it was small, but she couldn't have cared less. It was simply magical. She moved her face over it, until her lips brushed with the tip of Cole's head. She breathed in deep, wanting to commit to memory his smell. There was a complexity to the odor. It wasn't limited to only the smell of a boy. There was something familiar to the odor but not from her brother.

She stuck out her tongue and ran it along his pee slit. Ah, she realized, it was the smell of her pussy mixed in with Cole. The tingling behind her slit had returned and unbidden, her fingers slipped in and found her clit. The jolt wasn't as intense as just before Cole pulled out, but there was no mistaking that her nerves down there had already been through a lot. Still, she massaged herself as she licked Cole.

The color of her brother's little mushroom was the same as the rest of his penis, pale and white. But Cindy didn't care as she put it into her mouth like a blow pop. The complex flavor from their earlier sex drew her in as she pushed her mouth down on the sleeping boy's cock until her lips brushed against his base.

How Cole's breathing remained regular was a mystery to Cindy as

she listened to him while swirling her tongue around his shaft. But it did. So much so, that she felt confident enough to cup her brother's closely nestled scrotum and push them up so that she could engulf them along with his shaft. Once her brother's balls were inside her mouth, her mouth really did feel full. But she was still able to maneuver her tongue around. Cole's ball sack wasn't smooth or hard like his cock. Cindy's tongue ran over crinkled ridges. Still it wasn't unpleasant, especially when her tongue found one of her brother's balls.

As she applied a little sucking pressure, Cole moaned. Cindy froze, not wanting to disturb her brother but not wanting to stop either. Once she was sure he remained asleep, Cindy's tongue returned to the shaft. Her own fingers weren't idle either. One finger played about her clit while another plunged into her pussy. She was wet and felt the tingling growing again, like water building up behind a dam. She could hardly wait for that special feeling to crest and flow over her, but she slowed her fingers. She wasn't finished with Cole, yet.

Ten minutes had to have passed, and she had kept Cole's cock and balls in her mouth the entire time. Cindy was close to cumming again as her fingers manipulated her pussy. And Cole's dick grew harder, maybe even a little longer as it twitched inside her mouth. The boy grunted, still asleep, as his dick spasmed in her mouth. It kept jerking with each new spasm. She tasted something sweet and salty on her tongue. She pulled away and looked at the saliva covered cock. A small, clear drop oozed from his slit. It made her wonder how much time a boy needed after cumming before he'd shoot more cum. She couldn't help smiling to herself. That was something she swore to find out.

One down, one to go, she thought as her fingers stimulated her. She quivered and felt her body jerk as the dam burst and the intense flood washed over her. It wasn't Cole's fingers this time that she had to move away but her own as the intensity became too much. When Cindy's eyes were no longer crossed from pleasuring herself, they were drawn back to the clear drop of cum oozing from Cole's slit. She stuck out her tongue and lapped up her brother's drop of

semen, savoring the taste.

After cumming twice, Cindy was exhausted. She resisted the urge to look at her alarm clock. She didn't want to know how late she'd stayed up. She turned off the bedside lamp and snuggled up next to Cole, spooning him. When she sleepily draped an arm over her brother, he mumbled in his sleep, "I love you, Cindy."

The End.