**My Sister's Pussy**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 4**

*The morning after, Travis has to deal with Katie and the mess from Leanne's pool party...*

I awoke to a spectacular daybreak of pinks, oranges and grays, set against a deep azure sky. Not that I appreciated it. I was cold and felt awful, my head was pounding, my stomach was churning. I had a foul taste in my mouth, and my body hurt from lying on the stone patio. Forcing myself to sit upright, I discovered what a disgusting mess I was from sleeping in my own vomit and piss.

With great effort I made my way over to the outdoor shower near the house. The warm water felt wonderful, even though it did nothing to alleviate the pain and suffering of my massive hangover, it did warm me and cleanse me. Deciding that I should spend the morning in my own bed and worry about the party mess later, I staggered into the house.

First thing I encountered was Katie, passed out, draped over the arm rest of the sofa, her legs splayed and ready for anyone to step up and put a cock into her. Judging by the five guys sprawled out on the floor near her, the way her puffy pussy lips lewdly protruded and the thick coating of semi-dried cum that covered her torso, I surmised that they and others had been doing just that to her until they had all passed out exhausted.

Poor girl, she was a mess. Her hair was a tangle and her normally pink little nipples were raw red and were very swollen. There had been probably twenty-some-odd guys at the party and they had a go at the petite fourteen-year-old. I know that some, like Eric Langford and Tom White, fucked her at least twice.

Even though I had nothing to do with organizing the party or inviting her to it, I felt guilty about what had happened. After all, Katie was my girl, and I just stood by while she was gang banged throughout the night.

That wasn't the only problem. My asshole tightened and I felt a knot form in my stomach. There was going to be hell to pay that was for sure. What my dad was going to do to me was nothing compared to what Katie's dad was going to do. We had no business being at a party like that. Everyone was older, much older than we were. We shouldn't have been there. I was as guilty as anyone else and I knew for certain that I would be held accountable

As I looked down upon her, I realized I had to do something, but I really didn't have a clue as to what to do. If she hadn't been so angry with me earlier, maybe none of this would have happened. We would have simply spent the day and night fucking in her parent's big bed. Leanne could have had her party without us and taken the full consequences for it. Of course there would be questions as to where I was, and there would be consequences to that, but nothing like the trouble we were in now.

"Damn it, Leanne," I muttered as I decided that it wasn't my fault and it wasn't Katie's fault either.

Picking her up off the sofa, I carried her upstairs to my bedroom and into the bath joining my room with Leanne's. She really stunk of stale beer and piss. Katie really didn't stir until I turned the water on.

"Oh!" she moaned as the cold water splashed against her. "Oh, shit!"

Supporting her with one arm, I soaped her down with the other. It was the first time I had been in the shower with a girl. As pleasant as that experience should have been, it was marred by the fact that I felt terrible and I had to struggle to keep Katie from crumpling to the floor. After washing the grime away, I haphazardly dried us both off. Somehow I managed to brush both of our teeth and managed to get her take a couple of Advil's and drink a large glass of water. Then I carried her to my bed.

Next thing I knew, it was almost noon and the bed was shaking. I groggily lay there listening to the bed squeak and Katie hissing, "Yesssss, oh, yesssss, baby! That feels so fucking good, Travis. Fuck me, baby, fuck me."

Slowly I remembered that Katie was next to me. Then I realized she was fucking, but it wasn't me fucking her. I rolled over and watched as Leanne's boyfriend, Jason, fucked my girl. All the while Katie was calling out my name, telling me how much she loved me, urging me to fuck her, harder and harder. Opening her eyes, she stared uncomprehendingly into my eyes. I surmised that she wasn't angry with me anymore, but I don't think she realized that it wasn't me doing her until Jason pushed himself from on top of her and got out of my bed.

Mystified, Katie blinked a few times. Realizing that it wasn't me who had just fucked her, Katie plaintively moaned, "Oh, god! What have I done?" She started sobbing and as the tears flowed, I took her in my arms and hugged her.

After five or more minutes she croaked, "Please forgive me, Travis. Please, baby, forgive me."

"It's okay, it's okay," I soothingly cooed.

"You must think I'm a whore," she wept.

"No, no, no," I softly comforted. "I think you're beautiful."

"No you don't. You think I'm a terrible person!"

"How are you terrible?"

"You know... doing it... doing it with all those guys."

"Hey, things got a little out of hand last night."

"I, I wanted to hurt you, get back at you," she sobbed.

"Oh, Katie! I tried to explain, but you wouldn't listen. I thought that you were disgusted with me"

"What, for doing your sister? I'm not surprised, she's like my sister, a total slut. I just wanted you for my own. I didn't want to share you."

"You're not disgusted with me?"

"No... I don't suppose it's any worse that what I do with Becky."

"You and Becky?"

"Oh, god, you do think I'm terrible! Don't you?"

"No, no. I'm the one that's terrible. I didn't protect you."

"Protect me? How would you have protected me?"

"I don't know. I should have put a stop to it somehow."

"Oh, Travis, don't think that any of it was your fault. I, I wanted it."

"You wanted it?"

"Well, not at first... no, that's not right either. I wanted to hurt you, show you that if you could screw Leanne or any other girl, then I could screw any other guy I wanted too. Also it was just so exciting. Everyone was screwing. Naked guys were everywhere, and when Eric Langford walked up and began rubbing his cock into me, saying he wanted to be the first to fuck me, I just melted."

"I think that was the dope."

"Yes... I suppose so... but I wanted him... before I took a hit."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"He's so big... at first it hurt, then.... then it felt so good."

"I mean, do you have any regrets?"

"Only that you now think I'm terrible slut."

"Look, I told you, I don't think you're terrible. The only problem I see is if you didn't want any of it to happen."

"Oh, I wanted it."

"Then you enjoyed it?"

"Yes... Yes, I did."

"Good, because if you didn't..."

"Yes. I enjoyed it, Travis, I really did... No, that's not quite right. When Eric finished in me, and then pulled out, I, I, I felt so... so empty. Then another guy... God, I didn't know who he was, he shoved his prick into me and, and I loved it! That's what makes me so terrible! I loved it."

I sighed with relief at the knowledge that there wasn't necessarily going to any serious repercussions resulting from the party coming from Katie. I still had my own dad to deal with, but at least her dad, Gib Tate, my dad's best pal, he wasn't going to want my hide. Now my only real worry was to find a way to convince her that she shouldn't feel guilty. "Hey, I enjoyed fucking Leanne's girlfriends, that doesn't make me terrible. Does it?"

"It's different with guys."

"No, not really. Ask Leanne... She says girls need it as much or maybe even more than guys do. Or ask your sister, I'm sure she'll tell you the same. To tell you the truth... I got a kick out of watching you."

"You did?"

"Yeah, it was sort of strange... It bothered me at first, but then I really enjoyed watching the other guys fuck you...

"Hey, if you had fun, it's okay by me. I had fun too, fun screwing Angelina, fun screwing Becky, fun screwing the other girls, fun screwing you, fun screwing until I couldn't get it up anymore."

"You screwed me last night?"

"Yeah, I think I was the first to pop your butt."

"Oh, yeah. Boy, that was intense."

"You know, I think you like sex as much as I do," I waxed philosophically. "In fact, I know you do."

"I don't just like sex, I love sex!" Katie hugged me and kissed me.

"Oh, Travis! I love you. You're the best! All I think about is screwing, screwing you, screwing Sam, screwing hunks like Eric."

"Sam? You want to screw Sam?"

"Well, yeah. He's cute, just like you."

"Hmmm, you know, that could be arranged. I'm sure he wouldn't mind," I laughed.

Katie gave me an impish grin and sprang out bed, heading into the bath to take a leak. I still felt like crap, but I forced myself to get up and headed downstairs to try and clean up the mess.

I started by fishing cups, hot dogs, boots, socks, a bikini top and other stuff from the pool including a wrought iron chair. I also fished out several turds. Fucking animals! The water naturally tested unfit, so I shocked the water with a massive dose of chemicals to set it straight. It would be days before the pool could be used. I could only hope that Dad wouldn't want to swim when he got back from Fort Worth later in the day or tomorrow.

It was a pleasant surprised to see Jason Riley and Tom White come out and help me clean up. The three of us picked up trash, lost clothing and other stuff, bagged it all and hosed down the patio. Inside, we mopped the terrazzo floor and cleaned up as best we could, opening all the windows to air out the house.

We loaded all the trash bags and lost articles into the back of Jason's pickup. No later than ten minutes after he and Tom White left, Mom's Suburban pulled into the drive. Everyone else was gone by now, including Katie and Becky, but I felt a little uneasy. I headed upstairs to make sure no one was still in bed with Leanne. She was alone, sprawled out naked on top of the covers, snoozing away.

"Leanne! Leanne!" I called as I shook her from her slumber.

"Wha? What is it?"

"Mom and Dad are home. Get up, get a shower and get cleaned up."

"Oh god, the house!"

"Don't worry about it, Sis, it's taken care of. Now get up and put on your best game face!"

Slipping on a pair of cutoff jeans, I headed downstairs.

"Hey there, boy!" greeted my dad with a broad smile. He was in a good mood and I hoped he'd stay that way. "Sure is a hot one for May," he observed. "How come the windows are all up?"

"It was stuffy, so I aired the house out."

"Well, go close the windows, the house is getting full of pollen.

"Where's your sister?"

"Upstairs. Taking a bath I think."

"You two didn't get into any trouble, did you?"

I knew better than to lie, but then again, I hadn't gotten into any trouble. Not yet at least. "Uh, no, sir. Becky got a flat yesterday," I offered as a deflection. "Mr. Hollis helped us out."

"Hollis uh? Well, he's a friendly guy." Next to Gib, Joe Hollis was Dad's biggest pal. Dad paused and added, "You didn't have Sam over last night did you?"

"Uh, no, sir. I didn't see Sam last night."

"Occupied?" He grin broadly as he leaned into me to say, "You get a little from that Tate girl?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

Dad laughed and slapped me on the back. "Good, that's good, boy! Didn't knock her up, did ya?" Dad was about to say something else when Mom came in lugging a grocery bag.

"I do declare, William T. Kern! Where are your manners? Do I have to unload the truck by all myself?"

"No, Roxanne. Travis and I will get it," Dad answered with a look that admitted his guilt.

Dad and I unloaded the groceries, all the shopping bags, and finally the single overnight bag. While Mom unloaded and put away the groceries, Dad went into his bedroom, emerging in his swimsuit.

"Uh, Dad?" I began tentatively. "I had to shock the pool."

"What? How come?"

"Uh, I had an accident. Must have been something I ate in town yesterday. I cleaned it all up. I'm sorry, Dad, but..."

"Well, those things happen," he said stoically as he accepted my story.

"Uh, I've got some homework," I said as a means of escape, reluctant to press my luck with either Mom or Dad.

"Supper will be ready in an hour," said Mom cheerfully.

"Yes, Ma'am," I acknowledged before heading upstairs.

My room looked out over the patio and I saw Dad sipping a beer as he relaxed in the warm sun. The shower was still running and knowing that Mom was busy, I decided to look in on Leanne. As I entered the bath, the water stopped and Leanne stepped out of the shower.

My sister smiled coyly. Turning her shoulders slightly, she arched her back slightly, lifting and accenting her massive breasts. Water beaded up on her bare skin and ran in rivulets down her nubile body. I was feeling a heck of a lot better now than I did earlier in the day, and my dick grew hard at the beautiful sight before me.

"You want me, Squirt?" she said sweetly.

"Yeah, damned right I do," I replied wolfishly.

"Well, tough!" Her expression turned instantly to one of scorn. "Never again, Travis! You can look, but you can't touch!"

Mystified I stammered, "Wh...What's your problem?"

"You are my problem. Last night, you stuck your cock up my butt! Everybody saw it! I told you, I was off limits to you last night. Now... I'm off limits forever!"

"Leanne, I, I, I didn't realize it was you. I was so wasted, I didn't know who I was doing."

"Everyone is going to think we're a couple of perverts."

"I doubt it, it was an honest mistake."

"Honest mistake? Hmmmm, that puts a good spin on it," she waxed. "It was an honest mistake." Looking up at me, her angry expression softened. "That's pretty good, Squirt."

Her expression changed again from a come-on to alarm. "Mom! Dad! They're home?"

"Yeah. Mom's fixing supper, Dad's out by the pool. Don't worry, they're cool."

"Really? The place was a mess last night."

"Like I said, Sis, I took care of it."

"Thanks, Travis... Gee, I really owe you."

"Can I collect tonight?"

"Didn't you get enough yesterday and last night?"

I stepped forward and fondled her bare breasts. "No. Did you?"

My sister giggled and admitted, "No... I never get enough, but I'd better get downstairs and help Mom."

Leanne stepped away and began drying off. I watched as she put on a skimpy bikini, helping her out by tying the strings for her top. "I had to shock the pool," I warned.

"It was that bad?"

"Yep."

"Does Dad know?"

"Yep. Told him that I ate something and had an accident."

"Thanks, Travis, that's good thinking."

Actually I did have some homework to do. Finals were around the corner and I had a science paper I needed to finish. I got to it and soon Mom called for me to come down for supper. Shirtless I sat down with my Dad. Mom admonished, "You two, go put a shirt on! This ain't no nudist colony!

"You too Leanne. Go get a shirt on."

Dad looked crossways at Mom, but reluctantly rose to meet her request. Leanne and I said, "Yes, Ma'am," got up and quickly returned. I wasn't surprised that the top Leanne put on barely covered her, but it was apparently enough to satisfy Mom.

The discussion revolved around how good the band was at Billy Bob's Saturday night and what a good time they all had. Mercifully they didn't inquire into what Leanne and I had been up to. Once supper was done, I excused myself, leaving Dad to gawk at Leanne as she did the dishes.

I went upstairs, and finished my science paper. Slipping on a pair of boots, I went back down to the kitchen. Dad was still sitting at the table with Leanne sitting in his lap. Mom was gone and as I walked in, Dad looked up sternly and said, "I need to talk to your sister, in private. Don't you have some chores?"

"Yes, sir. I need to tend to the horses."

"Okay, then go do it," he said gruffly.

A knot of fear formed in my stomach. Something wasn't right. Dad knew something and that meant trouble, big trouble. I paused, wondering what I should do.

"Go on, Son. It's almost dark."

"Yes, sir."

I headed to the stable. The horses were at the fence, somewhat agitated and I realized that I had forgotten to tend to them last evening. No doubt Dad had noticed their agitation and knew why they were upset. They followed me to the stable, where I feed them oats and groomed each one of them. Well, they weren't going to starve, I told myself. The pasture grass was rich and green, there having been plenty of rain in April. Still the horses needed daily attention to keep them in top condition. I took my time, doing the job right and by the time I was finished, it was dark. Clouds had moved in obscuring the moon, so it was nearly pitch black. The only light was from the window of my upstairs room that cast a soft glow over the patio

As I approached the rear of the house, I saw Dad sitting on a chaise lounge, while a female figure slowly rose and sank in his lap. I studied her face, unsure if it was Mom or Sis. Suddenly he stood, picking her up and carried her into the house nude.

"Shit," I muttered to myself. "He's fucking Leanne!" I wasn't exactly surprised, but still...

Quietly I entered the house and went upstairs. I looked into Leanne's room and found her sitting at her study desk, working math problems. I was sort of disappointed. Dad had been fucking Mom and not Sis. Shaking my head at my own stupidity I snorted to myself, "Of course it was Mom! Why not?"

Leanne turned and saw me at her door.

"What's up?"

"Nothing, just I stumbled on Mom and Dad getting after it by the pool."

"Cool! Mom's so hot, don't you think so?"

"Uh, well, I've never thought of her like that before, but now that you mention it, yeah, she is hot."

"And so is Dad! He's got the biggest..." I waited for to complete her sentence but she never did.

"Biggest what?"

"Never mind."

"No, you were saying he had the biggest what? The biggest dick?"

"Travis! Really, you don't have to be so crude."

"I didn't say it, you did."

"I did not!"

"Well... you were going to say it! How do you know Dad has a big dick?"

"Oh, Travis, really! I was going to say he has big muscles."

"No, you weren't. I'm not stupid. I've seen how you show yourself off and I've seen how he reacts. Why were you sitting in his lap?"

"Don't be silly, Squirt. He's Dad."

"And I'm your brother."

"True, but it's really not the same thing."

I really wanted to come out and ask point blank if she was fucking Dad, but I remembered what Uncle Jake had often said, "Never talk about who you're screwing and never ask someone about who they are screwing. It's bad, bad manners. You understand me, Son?

"Of course, when your swapping lies over a beer or two..."

Then I remembered how uncomfortable I was when Dad had asked me about having sex with Katie. That was bad manners too I judged, but then Dad, seeing that he was Dad, had the right to question me about anything.

"Hey, I'm just about finished here." Leanne's eyes sparkled and laughed as she asked, "Wanna play naughty?"

"Yeah, but they're still awake," I said nodding towards the door.

"No sweat. They'll be occupied for hours. They won't get out of bed until the morning... unless they're changing positions."

Grinning mischievously, she hefted a tit adding, "Give me a half hour, then... come and take me."

I took the half hour to wash up and get ready for bed. Buck-naked and hard from anticipation, I then strode through the connecting bath into my slut sister's bedroom, truly appreciating for the first time the layout arrangement of our house.

**Chapter 5**

*Travis is nearly caught in a compromising situation with Leanne...*

Leanne closed her books upon hearing me enter her room and turned in her chair. A smile spread across her face as her green eyes settled on my proudly jutting cock.

"You’re really something else, Squirt. Look at you, all nude and yummy. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yeah, Sis there is."

"Oh? And what may that be?" she asked coyly.

"I want your pussy."

Leanne laughed, her eyes sparkling with merriment. She continued to tease, "But, Squirt, I'm your sister."

"So… so what?"

"It's incest. Don’t you know that incest is naughty, very very naughty? Nasty too."

My heart was racing and butterflies suddenly filled my stomach. "Aw hell, Leanne!"

"What's the matter?"

"You know what's the matter!"

"Oh! Do you want to have sex with me, your sister? God Travis, you have any idea how bad that makes you?"

"We screwed yesterday! You wanted it! Now, now I want it!"

"Lower your voice... You want Mom or Dad to come up here?"

"No," I whispered looking back at the door nervously.

"What do you think they'd do if they discovered you standing here… like this... or if they discovered us in bed?"

"Oh, forget it!" I nearly shouted in frustration as I briefly considered the consequences. Indeed, what would they do? I shuddered to think about the possibilities. I was about to retreat to my own room when I remembered something Leanne had said earlier. Hadn't she said that they were out for the night? Hadn't she said, “Come and take me?” Yeah, that's exactly what she had said.

"Cut the crap, Sis! Get out of those clothes, girl and get on your fucking bed!" I growled.

"Why, Travis, whatever are your intentions?" she mocked.

"You know my intentions. I'm going to fuck you, Sis. I’m going to fuck your pussy. Then I'm going to eat you before I fuck you in the ass!" I hissed.

Reaching forward, I grabbed the tails of her black t-shirt and pulled it over her head. I was surprised when Leanne's big tits came in view, as I thought she had on a bikini top earlier. No matter, one hand immediately cupped a massive mammary while the other grabbed a fistful of her honey blonde hair, pulling her face to my waiting dick.

"Nice cock," she said nonchalantly. "Nice size, and not too big. Nice and hard, just the way I like 'em." Leanne kissed the tip of my leaking cock. "Nice taste too." She licked at my piss slit. "Jus' love the taste of man lube." Thankfully she stopped talking and starting sucking. I gasped as my glans slipped into her warm, wet mouth, her tongue dancing in maddening circles across the sensitive flesh.

"Oh, yeah, Sis," I hissed through my teeth. "Suck my dick! Suck it, Sissy, suck it!"

Her lips parted slightly and lightly slid down and over my stiff stalk, her hot breath giving me a preview of things to come. The preview didn't last but a few seconds before her sultry lips closed firmly, but gently, around my cock, enveloping my entire organ with the warm, wet embrace of her mouth, the flat of her tongue embracing the underside of my cock. Swirling her tongue across the underside of my cock, she reached back behind my balls. Burying her face in my pubes, she simultaneously began worming her finger up my butt. She swallowed, her throat closing around the head of my cock and gently squeezing it.

My rectum was a bit dry, so the anal play made me squirm about as she bore deeper and deeper. It didn’t really hurt, a bit uncomfortable, but not really painful. “Oh, fuck!” I spat as she wiggled her finger.

Expertly she brought me near to climax. My balls still ached from the excesses of yesterday and I wasn't sure how many times I could get it up, so I pulled my cock from her mouth just in the nick of time.

Leanne looked up at me smiling sweetly. "Saving yourself?" she asked playfully rising to her feet and pulling her finger from my ass.

"Uuuhhnnn! Fuck, Leanne… Yeah, I want to cum in your pussy."

"Hmmmm. Sounds good to me, Squirt. C'mon, Lil'bro, let's you and me do it."

I unsnapped her Daisy Dukes and pushed them off her hips and down to her ankles. She deftly stepped out of them, and as she wore neither panties nor a bikini bottom underneath, she was now completely nude. Leanne stepped around me and lewdly sprawled out on her bed, squeezing together her titties, her pussy completely exposed and inviting.

"C'mon, Lil'bro, show me what you can do with a horny slut."

There was nothing subtle about my technique, I simply shoved my cock into her and fucked her hard until I came, filling her cunt with the semen that had been accumulating all day. Exhausted, I collapsed on top of her, my cock still buried in her gently squeezing pussy.

"Nice, very nice, Travis. I needed that," she softly whispered while her fingers ran through my hair.

My soft cock slipped from her cunt and she rolled me off to the side. Soon, my soft prick was treated to another oral massage. I marveled at how nice a blowjob felt, even when I was completely flaccid and was surprised to find myself hardening again. Once erect, Leanne straddled me, directing my cock into her dripping snatch. Buried as deeply into her as possible, she began contracting her vaginal muscles, squeezing and releasing my cock while she ground her clit into my pubes. After a prolonged moment, she began rising and falling on my cock, fucking herself with my tube of hard man-flesh.

I was content to let her do all the work, just lying back and letting her fuck me, but she had other ideas. Grasping my hand, she directed it to her big protruding clit for me to massage while she alternately fucked me and ground her clit into me.

As I was nowhere near cumming again so soon, we screwed like this for quite sometime. While we fucked, I noticed something for the first time. Already well aware that Leanne had big nipples and big dark aureoles, I watched with curious delight as her aureoles shrink appreciably while her nipples stiffened and protruded obscenely. Then her breasts flushed a ruddy red while her breathing became labored. She jerked about, her stomach rippling as her pussy squeezed in spasms as she came. As she continued to fuck me, her aureoles would expand and her nipples contracted after her climax had passed. Then her aureoles would shrink in diameter once again as her nipples stiffened and grew in length. Her breathing became labored as her breasts flushed just before her leaking pussy spasmed around my cock.

On the third time her nipples stiffened and lengthened, I reached up and grabbed one, tugging on it as she came. Her climaxes had been fairly silent up that time, but when I pulled on her nipple she came with a yelp. Actually she cried out and then came. Anyway, she made quite a racket. Next time, I pulled my other hand from her clit, and grabbed both nipples and pulled. I thought for sure that Mom and Dad could hear her squeal.

Leanne put her hands to her breasts to protect them and pulled off my cock, rolling onto the bed curled up in a ball. I waited for several minutes, straining to hear footsteps ascending the stairs, prepared to bolt to the bathroom if I heard anything. I never heard anything, only Leanne's ragged breathing. Confident that there was no immediate danger of discovery, I sat up, rolled her onto her back and pried her legs apart.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned softly as I licked around her shaved vulva. "Ohhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhh," she whimpered as I began running my tongue up her juicy snatch, licking up whatever cum that hadn't already seeped out and drenched my balls. When my tongue flicked across her over-stimulated clit, she jerked violently. I expected her to push my head from between her legs, but she never did.

I concentrated on tongue fucking her and licking her ass, letting her clit recover before I orally assaulted it again. She seemed to like the ass licking a lot, reaching down and spreading her cheeks as I burrowed into her.

Suddenly she rolled over onto her stomach, hiking her beautiful ass in the air. I thought back to my failed attempts to engage her anally yesterday, both before and during the party. There wouldn't be any pulling away or feigned outrage this time. She wanted it and begged for it.

"Fuck me, Travis. Fuck my ass," she obscenely hissed.

I stuck my dick in her pussy to get it slippery.

"No, no, not there! Fuck me in the ass, Travis. Fuck my ass."

I pumped a few times to be sure I was as slick as possible, pulled out and put my dick to her saliva drenched bunghole. Usually when I buggered Katie, I had some KY available to ease things along, having found that when I relied on our natural juices to lubricate the way, it was sometimes difficult to penetrate. Not with Leanne. Her asshole opened up and like a vortex, verily sucked me into her.

"How's that, Sis?" hissed as I slipped deep into her bowls.

"Oh, yesssss," she hissed back. "Fuck me, Travis. Fuck my ass."

There was no need to wait for her to loosen up and just as I had earlier fucked her savagely from the get-go, I let her have it again.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she grunted as I pounded her shapely ass. "Yes, yes, yes!" she wailed. "Harder, harder, harder!"

As she urged me to jackhammer her butt, her bedroom filled with the sound of my belly slapping hard against her quivering buttocks. The bed creaked loudly and then the headboard began hitting against the wall. Still she lustfully urged me to fuck her harder and harder. Bam, bam, bam went the bed against the wall. Bam, bam, bam!

"Aaaaiiiieeee!!!" she hollered as she thrust her ass back hard to meet each of my inward strokes, her hand between her legs as she frigged herself. "Oh yeah, Travis, that's it, that it, that's it! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh fuuuuccckkkk!"

I felt her gut tighten around my cock and then felt the wild guttural spasms erupt. I was as wild with lust as she was and I was too excited to hold off my own orgasm for even a second. My vision grayed as sperm shot through my dick and into my sister's rectum.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!" I shouted out in an uncontrollable celebration of ecstasy, pumping my load into her, adding to the sex-induced cacophony already filling the room. I continued to fuck her until my dick gave it up and folded in half.

Spent, I remained kneeling behind her, my hands firmly grasping her hips, as I panted and slowly recovered. The light rapping on the door quickly brought me focus again. I froze as my stomach knotted with fear.

"Leanne? Are you okay honey?" said our mother's voice softy.

"Yes, Ma'am! I just had a bad dream," replied Leanne.

"You need me?"

"No, Ma'am. I'm okay."

"Alright dear, goodnight."

"G'night, Mom."

Wide eyed and butt puckered, I realized that I had been holding my breath and I relaxed with a "whoosh," collapsing next to Leanne. She snuggled up to me and laughed softly.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," she replied light-heartedly.

"Shit! That was close! I'd better get out of here."

"No, no, no dear brother, stay. She won't be back."

"Yeah, I guess... Jezzum, we need to be more careful."

"Don't worry about it. Just hold me, Travis, hold me," she said snuggling her butt into my crotch. "A girl likes to be hugged after a good fucking, and that was a great fucking."

"Really?"

"Yeah, really. You know, Squirt, I'm glad we got together. It will be so nice to have a ready and eager cock in the next room."

"Yeah, I know what you mean."

"What? You want an eager cock in the next room?" she teased.

"No," I laughed, "but I know I'm going to enjoy fucking you whenever I want."

"You mean whenever we want."

"Yeah, whatever."

It was incredibly nice to be lying with Leanne, snuggled up naked and gently stroking her bare skin. I really couldn't appreciate sleeping with Katie earlier that morning, as I had felt terrible. I reached around and lightly ran my fingertips across her tit and nipple. Soon she was asleep, her breathing settling into a steady rhythm.

I woke with a hard-on when she got up to pee in the middle of the night. Once she returned, Leanne snuggled into me again, directing my stiff cock into her pussy. Gently and leisurely, I thrust into her until we were both sleep again.

Later I woke needing to urinate. My cock, though soft was still in her pussy. Reluctantly I rolled away and trotted off to the toilet. Then I returned for a goodnight's sleep with my sister.

Leanne's alarm went off at 5:30 AM stirring us from our slumber. Leanne jumped out of the bed and headed to the bathroom. I heard the shower running and realized that I didn't have to wait for her to finish before I got to use the bathroom. No longer did I have to run downstairs to pee while she bathed and primped.

Normally I used this time to do my morning chores of shoveling shit in the horse stall and tending to the animals. By the time I was finished, Leanne would be finished and Mom would have breakfast on the table. Afterwards, I'd go upstairs, shower and get ready for Sam to pick me up for school at 7:15 AM. This morning, I took a leak and joined my sister in the shower.

Leanne was happy to see me pull back the curtain and step into the tub. It was really nice soaping each other up and messing around. Again, I really couldn't appreciate how nice it was with Katie yesterday morning when we were both hung over.

After washing and rinsing my genitals, Leanne sank to knees to suck me to a hard-on, then she turned around and bent over, bracing herself against the sides of the tub. It didn't take a genius to figure out what to do or what she wanted. As the warm water streamed onto her back, I thrust into my sister's pussy from the rear. It was another first for me, not just fucking in the shower, but fucking in that position. I decided I liked it and decided I would have to try it with Katie or even her sister Becky.

We didn't have a whole lot of time, so I concentrated on getting my rocks off. I was urgently humping away when I heard our mother call out, "Travis! Travis!" Holy shit! Mom was in my bedroom!

A tingle of panic coursed through me triggering my orgasm as I pulled my cock from my sister's pussy, unloading on her buttocks and lower back, the cum washing away as soon as it squirted onto her.

"Travis!"

"I'm in the shower," I called out.

"Oh, alright dear. I just wanted to be sure that you were up."

I waited a moment to be sure that she was gone. Leanne turned off the water and I stepped out of the curtain. Toweling off, I looked into my room. Mom was gone, but then I noticed that my bed was still made up from yesterday. "Damn it," I muttered in dismay of my stupidity. My bed should have at least looked slept in! Not only that, but both doors to the bathroom were wide open.

Quickly I dressed and headed downstairs to do my chores. Returning for breakfast, everyone was seated and eating. Dad looked at me with a penetrating stare. Mom and Leanne went about breakfast as if nothing was unusual or out of place. I sat down and tried to avoid my father's stare.

"Why were you showering before going out to shovel shit?" he said evenly.

My stomach knotted up and my ass squeezed tight. "Uh, I dunno," I answered lamely.

"You don't know?"

"No, sir," I said meekly fearing discovery.

"You need to think about what you're doing, boy. Don't make no sense to get cleaned up to shovel shit. Now does it?"

"Uh, yes, I mean, no, sir." With a trembling hand I reached for my glass of milk, knocking it over and spilling it on the table.

"God damn it, boy! Watch whatcha do'in!"

"Sorry," I replied as I tried to dab up the spilled milk while my mother rushed to get a towel before it dripped onto the kitchen floor. As embarrassing as it was knocking over my glass, I was relieved that the incident deflected any further probing as to why I had showered early.

After breakfast, I ran upstairs to put on a good pair of boots, got my books and headed out to wait for Sam to pick me up. I was early, but I didn't want to hang around answering questions. Becky pulled up first, dropping off her sister and picking up Leanne. A few minutes later, Sam was there. Katie and I piled into the front seat and I made my escape.