**Home Early**

by GSpot69

Introduction:

My college class ended early, and my sister thought she was home alone. Surprise!!

The first time I saw my sister naked, my knees trembling and my throat becoming suddenly dry. Pictures of naked women abounded on many websites, of course, but to this point in my life I had not seen a real naked woman. Maybe when we were both younger, we had inadvertently seen each other but it was certainly not anything either of us remembered. We had a normal childhood. I was not supposed to notice her sexually. But even at a young age, I do remember being aware that my sister was very attractive.

She was a very beautiful brunette, with beautiful skin that was just begging to be tasted. Her neck especially looked delicious, when she tilted her head to one side, revealing that sensitive and vulnerable part that I could sink my teeth into. I loved the way her long strands of hair fell to one side when she did that, cascading over her shoulder. How I longed to touch her... But it wasn't allowed. I knew that, even at a young age.

That is, until I saw her naked. To be fair, it was not in any way her fault. My classes ended early, and she had not expected anyone to be home. As I headed to my bedroom, I heard the shower stop. Odd that my sister would be taking a shower this late in the day. I hadn't bothered to call out to her when I realized the bathroom door was wide open. I caught sight of her as I passed.

She had just stepped out of the shower, and was bent over, drying her legs and feet. She then straightened up and started to dry her hair. Thinking that she was alone in the house, she had not bothered to close the door, likely so that the mirror wouldn't steam over. I did the same thing when I was home alone. Roughly tousling the towel through her hair, she could not hear me as I approached the door. My body stopped instinctively, and my gaze went right to her legs and rear end, both splendidly on display. I knew it was wrong to look, and the guilt kept growing the longer I stared. But I couldn't look away.

Her legs were lovely, for sure. But they only led my eyes upwards to the wondrous spectacle of her ass. A single drop of moisture began to roll down the luscious curve of her buttocks, stopping at that sweet inward angle where her cheeks met her thighs. I wanted to dive forward and catch that drop on my tongue, but I restrained myself understandably. Still, despite what I knew to be right and wrong, I was getting hard. I had to get out of there, now. Any second she would turn and see me, and my obvious arousal, and it would be hell. She would think I was sick and perverted, and she would be right.

In seemingly slow motion, it happened. She turned, shook the hair from her face, while still holding the towel in her hand. She pivoted around to face the mirror and saw me in the doorway. Without covering herself, she turned to see me frozen in both terror and lust.

I expected her to scream. Or, to begin yelling loudly while frantically attempting to conceal her nakedness from her sibling. I could tell by her eyes that she was shocked, perhaps a bit scared. But neither of us did anything. She was frozen as I was, watching me stare at her body. My eyes did not dart up and down, but rather I seemed to stare at her entirely in one single unflinching gaze.

God, she was beautiful... Her hips were cocked up on one side just a bit, giving her that wonderful feminine pose that drove men crazy. I noticed how tight and firm her body was, though I already knew she was very active. When I dared take special notice of her breasts, I remember observing how they were not especially large, certainly not like the women on my computer. But I had never been more inclined to reach out and suck on them, groping them in my hands and feeling their softness. They were lovely, most assuredly the best pair I'd ever seen.

Finally, she dared to move. I felt defensive suddenly, ready to defend my actions and run like hell before she said anything. But my body would not move until I heard her speak at least one word. I couldn't help but notice, however, that she had not yet attempted to conceal herself.

"I'm sorry," I blurted.

She chanced a glance down at my shorts. It was much too late to try to hide my erection from her. She had seen plenty of it by now. Maybe I could show my own dignity as she was doing. Calm, quiet, unmoving. No movement at all. If I dared adjust my composure, I would surely lose my dignity and run far away to hide.

"Oh, no... I didn't..." she stuttered.

She began to wrap the towel around herself. She tried to keep it around her chest, but it was too small to wrap around her upper body. It was no use at this point to pretend she needed to cover what I had already seen. So, she lowered the towel and did her best to fasten it around her waist. Of course, the towel was still too small to do this properly, so it hung lower above her hip and her right thigh was still in my plain sight.

"I didn't know you were home," she said, her breasts bare and open for my viewing.

I tried not to stare, but she wouldn't have noticed anyway. Her eyes were fixed on my crotch. I turned my body slightly, but the angle only showed her more detail.

"It's okay," she said calmly. "Too late anyway.”

Was that her way of breaking the ice? I laughed nervously, trying to play it off, I guess. I really didn't know what to do at this point. My sister was still mostly naked before me, the towel around her waist almost enhancing her sensuality like a mini skirt with a slit up the entire right side.

Before I could make a move, we both heard the front door. The faint sounds of voices told us our parents were home.

To my surprise, my sister ran towards me and grabbed my shirt with one hand and the doorknob with the other. Pulling me sharply into the bathroom, she quickly shut the door. To be honest, I was surprised she didn't just slam it closed with me still on the other side of it. Why had she wanted me in here with her?

A voice called from downstairs, our parents alerting us that they were home. But the chatter of conversation trailed off as they went into another room, not bothering to wait for a response.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as if protesting her actions. My past infatuated self would have kicked me.

"You want them to see you staring at your naked sister?" she asked, giving me an amused look.

"I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

She shook her head. "It's fine. Judging by the tent pole in your shorts, I think you did mean to stare.”

My hands went to my crotch. She smiled.

"You better not let them catch you leaving the bathroom with me still in here," she warned, but I sensed that she was playing with me.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?"

She shrugged, causing me to take notice of her breasts once again. "Sit down and wait."

For some strange reason I complied. Maybe I was thinking with my dick.

My sister did not seem bothered by my presence and began combing her hair. I sat on the edge of the bathtub in silence, pretending to wait but really admiring her. I could see her naked front quite easily in the mirror. She knew I was staring but pretended not to notice. She blow-dried her hair, brushed her teeth, and spread lotion on her skin all while I watched in secret arousal. Why was she letting me do this? Had she always known about my fantasies about her? Perhaps I had been careless, too obvious with my stares, or maybe she knew about the times I used to look through her underwear drawer.

"Um," she started, pausing as if contemplating something. "I have to trim now."

Trim? Trim her beautiful pussy? Why was she telling me this?

"Okay..." I said uncertain.

"You can watch if you want."

With that she undid the towel around her waist and set it on top of the toilet lid. I caught sight of the treasure between her legs, and immediately knew what she was referring to. Her patch of dark pubic hair was suddenly very evident to me, as I had not taken much notice of it before. There was an obvious design that had been carefully trimmed just above her pussy. But I saw small hairs beginning to surface all around the small strip of denser hair that was like a jagged flame seated just above her clit. I was surprised to learn that she kept herself so neatly groomed. I thought that was only something porn stars did. She grabbed the shaving cream from under the sink and sprayed a glob onto her palm. With a slightly devilish smile, she glanced at me before reaching downward to perform what would be the most erotic act I had ever seen up to this point.

Carefully, slowly, she began spreading the shaving cream between her thighs, all around her pubic area. Lightly she dabbed her foamy fingers around her vagina, much more open to me now as she spread her legs to give herself access. When she was done, she took her razor from the edge of the sink and began to use it on herself. I was so turned on watching her, my hard cock was aching with lust. She carefully slid it across her skin, removing all of the hair that would be sticking out of her bikini. She had obviously done this many times before. It hadn't been but a minute of two, but I felt like I had been watching for hours. When she was finished, she used the towel she was sitting on to wipe herself clean, and I saw the pink inside her pussy.

"Wow..." I whispered to myself, but she heard and giggled.

I wondered what was next in my sister's routine, but she seemed to hesitate. Surely there wasn't much more she could do before dressing and leaving.

"I know you've wanted to see me for a long time," she said.

My heart stopped, and my face turned pale.

"It was pretty obvious," she continued, looking at me through the mirror. "You used to be infatuated with me. I miss that."

What was happening here? Was this for real? All of secret desires were now out in the open and combined with the peep show I had just received, I felt ready to faint.

"Please say something," she said.

"I...I don't know what to say. How did you know?" I immediately regretted answering her like that, confirming what she had said rather than denying it.

Her back had been facing me up to then, but she turned and face me, still fully nude and not hiding anything.

"I always saw you looking, and I used to really like it. But after I learned how boys are, always ogling girls for their bodies, I thought maybe it wasn't me you were looking at. Just my body."

I felt a bit saddened by that. Maybe because it was partly true, but certainly right now it wasn't about that at all.

"But one night," she continued, "I heard you in your room, playing with yourself while looking at porn on your computer."

Aah!! She knew?!

"And I heard you say my name, right as you moaned really loud." She was smiling a bit now. "You shot your load thinking about me."

I really wanted to know exactly when that had happened, but truth be told it used to happen a lot when I had not fully controlled my desires.

"I always thought you were pretty," I said, softly in my nervousness. "Beautiful."

"I wanted you to look. I loved the attention." That much was obvious, as she told me while still baring her naked body to me.

"I'm looking now..." I replied.

"I see that," she smiled, giving attention to my dick pointing up at her.

"So, what's next?" I asked, trying to act casual.

She playfully rolled her eyes around the room, as if pondering what to do.

"Well, sometimes after I shower and trim, I like to take care of myself, but I don't know if you should be allowed to watch that."

I swallowed. "What's that?"

She looked very shy suddenly, like a little girl. "I play with my pussy..."

I lost my balance on the edge of the tub and fell backwards in shock, much to my sister's amusement.

"Are you alright?" she asked through her laughs.

"Yeah, I'm fine..." I picked myself up and dried my wet hands and arms on my shirt. My butt had also gotten wet from the little bit of draining water left from the tub.

"Aw, now your clothes are wet." She clasped her hands together in a bit of playful happiness. "Take them off!"

"I...don't think that's such a good idea."

"Because I might see your hard cock?"

"Yes. And if you start playing with your pussy, there’s going to be big mess to clean up."

Her playfulness seemed to halt, as a more aroused state overtook her. "Ooh, really..."

We both fell into a kind of awkward silence just then, realizing the blunt sexuality of our situation. Perhaps wiser individuals would have gone their separate ways at this point, but our young and stupid lust was the dominating force controlling us now.

"I won't tell if you won't.", she slyly said.

I couldn't believe the words had escaped her mouth. When she licked her lips, I felt all apprehension leave me.

"Are you being serious?" I asked, giving her one more chance to back out.

She knew, as well as I did, that this was wrong. But the thing about sex is that doing something wrong can feel really, really good. We desire what’s forbidden, it's part of our nature. I was trembling with excitement, at the possibility that I would get to sexually interact with this goddess before me.

"Totally," she said straight-faced.

I stood and said, “will you pull my shorts off”?

She walked toward me, bent down and stared at my tent. I wondered if she was nervous to see my hard cock. She was teasing me. Then abruptly, she pulled my shorts off. I was naked in seconds. My cock was inches from her face. She smiled, and instinctively grabbed it.

I moaned, and said, “If you don’t let go now, you’re going to get a facial.” She let go, stood up.

"Stand there," she said. She moved back and sat down on the toilet seat.

She spread her legs. "I want you to watch me while I do it, okay?"

I nodded, unable to speak. She let her hand glide down to her crotch, and very slowly and carefully began to touch herself. My cock twitched and jumped, which only spurred her on. She went right to work on her pussy, not testing what felt good or discovering new sensations. It was obvious she had masturbated quite frequently. She knew how to get what she wanted from her body.

Her fingers slid up and down her lips, separating them to expose her clit. She was wet already, I could tell. She kept sliding up and down, obviously loving just that small amount of stimulation. Her middle finger suddenly darted into her vagina, sinking effortlessly into the hot wetness. She moaned, still applying pressure and friction to her mound. Soon she withdrew the finger and concentrated solely on her clit. Her free hand reached up to rub her breast, squeezing it and pawing at it just as I desired to do. This was torture, watching her arouse me beyond my limits.

I reached down and took hold of myself, wrapping my hand firmly around the shaft. She saw me do this and her hips thrust sharply forward, seemingly very aroused at my action.

"Yes," she breathed. "Go ahead. Do it with me."

I thoroughly relished the next few seconds, as my trembling subsided, and I began masturbating along with my sister. She watched my cock very intently, still rubbing herself quite fervently but never taking her eyes off the throbbing length of meat in front of her. She began whimpering, and I heard juicy sounds from her pussy as her fingers rubbed around and around her clit, bringing her closer and closer to that wonderful sensation that was building inside of her. I wasn't far behind her, nearly exploding with her every moan. I couldn't hold out much longer.

"Are you going to cum?" she could barely say between sharp breaths.

I nodded, and even though she wasn't looking up at my face she could tell I was close.

"Oh god..." She closed her eyes and grimaced, as her own orgasm began to explode. "Shoot it all over me!"

Her hand became a blur as she brought herself off, rubbing her clit furiously and panting in pure ecstasy. I could no longer hold back and began to stroke faster and harder as I felt my balls tighten. I grunted heavily and my feet began to tingle as I came. She was crying out in her own pleasure when I started to ejaculate, but when the first load of sperm exploded out and landed on her hand, she tensed up even more and nearly fell over from the sudden intensity of her orgasm. Her body twitched and writhed beneath me as I stood over her and shot another blast of cum onto her stomach. She was beyond noticing anything but her climax at this point, not even breathing from what I could tell in my intense state. Her neck flushed red, and I saw just a bit of clear juice ejaculate out of her pussy. That made the last remnants of my own orgasm continue with renewed vigor, and I spurted even higher onto her breasts, finally trailing off a few weaker spurts onto her thigh beneath me.

I nearly collapsed onto her but braced myself on the sink. I was literally hunched over her. My head fell on her shoulder. Her climax had lasted through mine and she was just now coming down from it, breathing heavily and sweating a bit from the exertion. My cum was plastered all over her tits and stomach. It was a glorious sight.

"Oh my god..." she sighed.

I panicked for just a moment, but her reaction was not one of regret. She did not push me away from her, but rather rested her forehead on my shoulder as she gained her strength back. After a moment she laughed softly. It was a blissful feeling, to experience such an intense sexual release and bathe in the warm afterglow. We finally lifted our heads and looked at each other, both smiling and taking in each other’s expression.

"Feel good?" she asked.

"That was amazing," I said. "You?"

She nodded. "Yes. My god, yes!"

I didn't want to leave, I wanted to stay there forever and stare at her naked, cum-stained body. She lifted her hand and examined the trail of semen oozing down her wrist. She lifted it to me to show me and laughed, glancing down to see where else she had been hit. She touched the small pool of white globs on her stomach and lightly rubbed them with her fingertip.

"Mm, nice!" she congratulated me.

"Now you have to shower again," I said jokingly.

She shook her head. "Nah, I'm gonna stay like this for a while. It feels good."

I felt a moment of regret ebb at me. "Did we just do something horrible?"

She didn't even budge in her composure. "It certainly didn't feel horrible."

She moaned in delight, and I finally backed off of her, wanting to take the sight of her in once more. Her legs were still spread open. Her beautiful pussy was glistening. It was red and swollen, dripping with her juices. I wanted to taste it so bad, along with the rest of her. She saw me looking at her there and glanced down to see what I was looking at. She smiled brightly.

"What do you think?" she asked playfully.

"Delicious," I answered without hesitating.

"Maybe you'll find out sometime," she joked with me, mockingly suggesting what I desperately wanted.

"Maybe," was all I could say. God, she was so beautiful...

Almost reluctantly, she stood and pulled her bathrobe on, making to leave. I knew she had to, and I needed a shower now after all that. She hesitated before going to the door and leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek. With a smile and a bounce to her walk, she left the bathroom and closed the door behind her. I breathed a very contented sigh and just stood there for a while before turning on the shower and getting in.

I couldn't wait to see what would happen next…