

Helping Sis Pick A Dress by Lubrican

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Chapter Two

Cathy went on her date with Dennis. I didn't get to see her before she left, so I didn't know if she was sans bra or sans panties. All I could think about the whole time she was gone was what he was doing to her. Or what she was doing to him. Or what they were doing to each other. She got home at the stroke of 9 P.M., which was her curfew. Mom, who got back from her class after Cat left on her date, waited up for her, as usual. I was still too freaked out by Cat stripping in front of me, not to mention asking if she could touch my wang, to chance talking to Mom. She'd know something was up. I was sure of it. So I made sure I was reading with my headphones on when Mom opened my bedroom door and asked where Cathy was.

"Date," I said, and looked right back at my book.

She was tired, as usual. She got something to eat and watched TV until Cathy got home. I took the headphones off and left my door open a crack so I'd hear when she got home. I snuck down the hall and eavesdropped.

"You wore that on a date?" Mom's voice expressed displeasure.

"What's wrong with this?" asked my sister, innocently.

"It's a little brief, don't you think?"

"It covers everything," argued Cathy.

"That dress is designed to inflame a man," said our mother. "Where did you get it?"

"It was on sale at Marshal's. Isn't it darling?"

"Cathy, you're pushing your luck if you wear things like this on dates. And if your father saw that he'd have a heart attack."

"Relax, Mom. I don't go out with guys who have bad reputations."

"Bad reputation or not, boys will think you're easy if you wear things like that."

"But I'm not easy, Mom. Just ask Dennis Holly. He might still be outside."

"I'm not asking some boy how far you let him get," growled Mom.

"Don't wear that dress on another date. In fact, don't wear that dress again until you're twenty."

"Mom," moaned Cathy, drawing it out. "That's not fair."

"What's not fair is you teasing boys by showing them what you don't plan to give them. That's called being a cock tease, young lady. If I think you're becoming a cock tease, I'm going to ban you from dating until you grow up some more."

"Okay, okay. Ix-nay on the es-dray for now," said Cathy, making her voice extra morose. "And I don't tease my dates. I don't even let them kiss me more than once. All we do is have fun."

Then it turned into a hen party as my sister regaled our mother with how much fun it was to play miniature golf with Dennis Holly and some other kids they met up with. I wasn't interested and went back to my room. Mom went to bed and I waited five minutes before I tapped softly on Cathy's door. She opened it wearing half of her baby doll pajamas. Half was the bra and panties, without the jacket. This was something else she'd gotten with her allowance, supplemented by some babysitting money. It was made of ivory-colored silky-looking cloth, with some lace accents. You couldn't see through it, like

some of them I'd seen online, but it was still sexy as hell. Dad hadn't seen that yet, either.

"What?" she asked.

I pushed my way in and closed the door.

"Did you show him your boobs?" I asked.

"None of your business," she said.

"Come on," I groaned. "Just tell me."

"Why?"

"Because I want to know. That's why," I said.

"*Why* do you want to know?" she asked, not budging an inch. "Is that part of your pervertedness? Do you wish you could spy on me?"

"If you don't tell me, I'm going to tell Mom you're a cock tease," I said.

"You little sneak!" she hissed. "You *did* spy on me!"

"I heard you come in. I happened to be standing in the hallway. I can't help it if you two talk loud enough for me to hear."

"You are such a pervert," she rasped.

"Said the girl who begged to touch her brother's cock."

She stared at me. Apparently I looked nervous, or tired from being nervous, because her head cocked to one side and I felt like I was under a microscope.

"So you really want to know whether I let him see my boobs," she said.

"Yes," I said, perhaps too eagerly.

"You're jealous!" she squeaked.

"Not so loud!" I hushed.

"You are. You're jealous of some boy groping my boobs."

"He *groped* them?" I whined.

She grinned, and cupped her breasts, lifting them in their silky covering.

"*You* groped them," she said. "Like this." She grabbed both breasts and squeezed them. "Remember?"

I groaned. She grinned harder.

"Relax. I decided he didn't deserve to see them," she said. "My perverted brother is the only boy who ever groped them."

Apparently I was visibly relieved, because she laughed.

"I can't believe you're jealous."

She'd been honest with me. She could have strung me along and tortured me, but she hadn't. So I was honest with her, too. Well, mostly, anyway.

"I was worried about you," I said. "Guys try stuff."

"Dennis was a perfect gentleman tonight," she said. "The only guy who was a danger to my virtue was you."

"Me? All I did was demonstrate how if you didn't cover things well enough, a guy could get to them."

She stopped smiling.

"You *fingered* me, Bobby," she said in a loud whisper.

"I *touched* you," I said. "Only to show you I could, because you didn't have on panties."

"Well, nobody *else* touched me, because I *was* wearing panties tonight. And a bra, too. I *told* you all I wanted was to feel sexy. I'm not going to let some boy put his hands all over me. I told you I'm not ready to have sex. So you can quit worrying and stop being jealous."

"Okay," I said.

"Now, get out," she said.

I left, but I still wasn't happy. I didn't examine that feeling then. I just felt like something was wrong.

Our rooms share a wall, and it happens that my bed is next to that wall, and so is hers, on the other side. So, when we're sleeping, we're only separated by maybe a foot. That wall isn't insulated, and I always jerked off in the shower instead of my room, because I was afraid she'd hear me. So when I turned off my light and lay there, and then heard her moaning, I was pretty sure she wasn't sick or in pain.

It went on, and I could tell she was trying to be quiet, but she wasn't being quiet enough.

So I got out of bed and tiptoed to the door. I slid my bare feet along the wall, going down the hall, and made it to the front door without making too much noise. It will show you how freaked out I was, because all I had on was briefs. The grass was soft, and a little damp. We live on a corner, and there's a street light on the corner and at the entrance to the alley behind the house, so three sides of the house were lit at night. I knew about my side, of course, because the corner light shined into my room at night. The alley light shone on her window. What I didn't know was if Cathy had closed her blinds, like I did sometimes at night when it was too bright. I hadn't looked at them while I was in her room.

So there I was, at ten-thirty at night, sneaking along the wall of my house, dressed in nothing more than my underwear. Anybody driving by could easily have seen me. I got to her window. I eased my eyes up.

Her blinds were open and the curtains were spread all the way apart. The street light wasn't necessary. Her bedside light was on and I could see everything.

She wasn't wearing her baby dolls anymore. She wasn't wearing anything at all. Her legs were spread and her knees were up. Her hand was busy between her legs and it was just obvious she was masturbating. That's why she kicked me out. She was horny from her date and wanted to Jill off.

I realized my cock was rock hard and I pushed the waistband of my shorts below my balls.

It takes girls a lot longer to get there, apparently. She'd been rubbing for at *least* five minutes before I got my eyes on her. I shot my wad on the side of the house within two more minutes and finally came to my senses, and she was still going. Imagining the cops finding me there, with me in my underwear and spooge all over the side of the house under her window, I freaked out and ran for the front door. My heart was going a hundred miles an hour when I slipped into my room.

And when the rushing in my ears finally calmed down, and I could hear again, she was *still* moaning.

The next day was Saturday, and I had two big lawns to mow. My dad taught me to let the customer set the price, instead of agreeing to it before hand. If they paid good, I went back and took care of their lawn again. If they were cheap, I mowed it once and never went back. I learned a long time ago that if you do all the edging, too, you get paid more, so I was gone all day. Mom didn't have class that night, and supper seemed normal. Cathy didn't look at me weird and all our discussion around the table was unremarkable. Mom had homework

to do, so we couldn't watch TV, but there wasn't anything on anyway. I was reading *The Silmarillion*, by J.R.R. Tolkien and it had so much detail and names and all that in it that I had to pay close attention to it, so quiet was fine with me. Cathy stayed in her room and I could hear her talking on her phone to one of her friends.

The next week was like that, too, all just normal stuff. Cathy spent a lot of time with her friends at the city pool, and at the mall and so on. I met up with my friends and we shot hoops or whatever. Steve, one of my friends, kept trying to get a bunch of us to go Frisbee golfing with him. There was a new course set up in the park. But a single disc cost twenty bucks, and some of the people I saw playing had these little carts they pulled around that had eight or ten different discs in them. It was too rich for my blood.

And then it was Friday again, and Mom was gone again, and Cathy left a note on my pillow that said for me not to go anywhere between five and seven that night.

At five sharp she came home from wherever she'd been and made supper. While we were eating she said, "After supper I want you to help me pick out a dress for my date, tonight."

I thought she was joking, or maybe pranking me, but she just waited. Finally, she said, "Well, will you?"

So, after we ate I followed her to her room and she did the look-through-her-closet-and-pick-three-dresses thing and, without a word, stripped naked in front of me.

She stood there, watching me watch her. She made no attempt to hide any part of her body.

"Am I pretty?" she asked, softly.

I finally stopped looking at her tits and pussy and looked at her face.

"You know you are," I said. "Don't fish for compliments."

"I do *not* know I am," she said. "I know some *other* girls who are pretty, but nobody tells me *I'm* pretty."

"Yes," I said, not wanting to have this argument. "You're pretty. You're better than pretty. You're gorgeous."

"Really?"

"Last week didn't convince you?" I asked. "Remember how I perved out?"

"Are you perving out now?" she asked.

This was weird. It wasn't just that she'd gotten naked in front of me. I mean that was weird, yes, but all this "Am I pretty?" stuff was even weirder. I mean what girl cares what her brother thinks about her? And the way she asked if I was perving out about her now sounded odd ... almost like she hoped I *was*.

"Bobby?"

I raised one finger to stop her, and just tried to think about things. I knew girls thought about their flaws a lot. Or what they perceived as their flaws. I knew girls were awful to each other, and that they talked about the flaws they perceived in other girls. If a guy treated me like I'd seen some teenage girls treating each other, I'd punch his lights out. So I came to the conclusion that this was all about self-confidence issues Cathy was having. She wanted some guy to get all horny for her and she was unsure enough about all this that if it was her brother who got that way, that was okay. It was at least a start, so to speak.

"Can I tell you something?" I asked.

Now she looked wary.

"Okay," she said.

"You have a cute face. Your tits are to die for. You have a great ass, but most of all you have a great personality. You're not as mean as a lot of girls. You're funny, and interesting. You're even pretty smart. It's a great package, Cat, and a lot of guys wish they could unwrap it."

"Have they *said* that to you?" she asked, her voice high.

"Of course not. They know I'd kill them if they did that."

"So how do you know, then?"

"Cathy, I'm not an idiot, for one thing. I know lots of girls and what they're like. And I know you, not to mention I got a boner for you last week. I've got another one now. I'm not *supposed* to get boners for you, but I can't control them. Isn't that proof enough?"

"You said you get them all the time," she said. "Maybe you just get them and they're not about me."

"Trust me. I know the difference between a random stiffy and one caused by a girl I'm looking at or thinking about. You've caused several really good ones. Except, technically, they're bad ones. Like the one I have right now."

"Show me," she said.

I didn't drag it out this time. I just got naked with her and stood there with my anti-aircraft gun pointing at the sky. Don't laugh. I guess guys just like to think of their penises as firearms of some sort. I know I love to shoot mine. Pun intended.

She stared at it a long time before she said anything.

"Bobby?"

"Yeah?"

"I thought I'd like it if Dennis got a boner for me. But I didn't."

"So he got one?"

"Yeah. He pushed it against me while we were making out."

"And you didn't like it?"

"I didn't feel like I thought I would."

"So how did you feel?"

She blinked.

"I felt like if it was yours, instead of his, it would have been a lot better."

I was speechless. Apparently she was, too. We just looked at each other for a while.

"That's interesting," I finally said.

"Is it? Because I'm like you. I know I'm not supposed to get turned on thinking about my brother." She blinked. "Thank you for not laughing at me, by the way. I was afraid to tell you, but I felt like I had to."

"Well, I guess maybe I should tell you something, too. You might get mad about it, though."

"Okay."

"I don't want you to be mad at me," I said.

"I'll try not to, then," she said.

I felt this urge to confess, so I just took the chance that she wouldn't freak out completely.

"Last Friday night, after your date, when I was in your room, and then you kicked me out?"

"Yeah."

"I heard you ... through the wall."

"Oh no," she whined.

"That's not the bad part," I said. "I couldn't take it. I mean I knew what you were doing and I kind of went outside and looked in your window."

"You did?" Her eyes were huge.

"I watched," I said. "And I got so turned on I jerked off on the side of the house."

Her upper chest turned red, and it crept up until her cheeks were flaming. Her hands made fists and they came up to burrow into her eyes.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck!*" she groaned.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I know I shouldn't have. But I *had* to. I couldn't *take* it. I mean I know it's all fucked up, but ..." My voice died. I had nothing else to say.

"This is bad," she moaned.

"Look, I promise I'll never do it again," I said.

"You don't get it," she said. "This is *really* bad!"

"Nobody saw me," I said, thinking she was worried that everybody in town would find out how much of a pervert I was.

"You don't *get it!*" she barked.

"Then *help* me get it," I yelled.

"I'm not mad that you watched me," she whispered.

She looked down.

"My pussy is ... wet. The *bad part* is that I want to rub *right now*, after you telling me that."

"I don't understand why I like this so much," said Cathy.

She had calmed down and we were sitting on her bed, Indian style, facing each other. My dick was still hard as rock and her pussy lips had pulled apart to reveal darkness, up inside her. I could tell she was really weirded out after she told me her pussy was wet, and I told her to calm down a bunch of times. She started pacing around the room and I even said that maybe we should get dressed. She paused in her pacing long enough to say, "No, Bobby, I do *not* want to get dressed. Not yet." That confused me, because she was *clearly* upset about all this sudden sexiness between us. So, eventually, I got on her bed and sat down. She paced some more, muttering to herself, and then she climbed on the bed at the other end and sat down to face me.

"Maybe we can figure that out," I said, trying to be wise. I was a year and a half older than her, after all. "What, exactly, is it that you like?"

She threw up her hands.

"I like being naked with you. I like it that you get boners for me. I want to touch your pathetic penis and play with it. I feel like rubbing right in front of you!"

"My *pathetic* penis?" I was wounded. "What's wrong with my penis?"

"That's what's making me feel like this," she said. "Your penis. The first time I saw it all hard, I got all these *feelings* inside and it was hard to think."

"It's probably just normal hormones," I said.

"No it's not!" she barked. "If it was normal hormones I'd have felt that way when Dennis got all crazy and rubbed *his* boner against me last

week. But I didn't feel that way at all, Bobby. I just thought about what to do about it to keep him in line."

"Maybe you just don't like Dennis," I said.

"I like Dennis a lot!" she growled. "Dennis is sweet and funny. He doesn't mind spending money on me. And he's a really great kisser. The only reason I'm going out with Bruce tonight, instead of Dennis again, is because Mom said I can't date only one boy exclusively until my senior year. I like Dennis just fine. I just don't feel like being naked with him."

"Okay, so who *do* you feel like being naked with?"

She stared at me.

"You said you're not an idiot, but you pretty much really are, aren't you?" she asked, casually. If she hadn't been sitting there naked, showing me everything she had, my feelings might have been hurt. Then I got it.

"Besides me, I mean," I said.

"*Nobody*, Bobby. There are all kind of cute guys I want to *go out* with, but I'm not going to *get naked* with any of them, and I *certainly* don't want them touching me."

"I thought you liked making out," I said.

"*I'm talking about how you groped my boobs and fingered me and sucked my nipple, you fucking idiot!*" she screamed.

"Don't get excited," I said, trying to calm her down again. "This is all new to me, too, okay?"

She went very still. I don't think she was even breathing. She had to be, though, because she stared at me for longer than anybody could hold their breath.

"Are you telling me you never did that on any of your dates?" she finally asked.

"No," I said. "I mean sort of. I never got naked with anybody. I've copped some feels, but nobody has let me do more than that."

"Tell me about these feels you copped," she said. "Who were they and what did you cop?"

"I don't know," I moaned. "Okay. Wait. Cindy Anderson. She let me feel her tits while we were kissing, but only over her clothes."

"Bobby," said my sister very softly. "that is the last time you will ever call them 'tits,' okay? When you use that word it makes you sound like you're ten. Or forty and have a beer belly. Okay?"

"Okay," I said. I wasn't going to argue with her about that. That was a word guys used with each other to make you sound cool. I knew that. It was cousin to words like knockers, milk bags and hooters. Though I did think it was weird that girls didn't like words like that, while guys couldn't have cared less if somebody said you had a dick, or dong, schlong, or pecker.

"Okay," she said, "Thank you. Now, who else have you groped? I want to know about every one of them."

"I don't understand why you want to know this," I said.

"You wanted to know if Dennis groped me," she reminded me.

"That's different," I said. ❖ "I don't have a cherry for somebody to pop, so why would you care if I felt up some girl or not?"

"Because you're the first boy to touch me like that, and if I'm the only girl *you've* touched that way, then that makes it special, and if it's special, then I don't know what I'm going to do because if it's special, then I'm going to want you to do it again."

I blinked. She might want me to do it again? The memory of Cathy's soft titties ... er breasts ... in my hands, and that very quick feel of slipperiness between her pussy lips, was like a really great dream. The thought of sliding my hands all over her soft skin didn't bother me at all. The *problem* was that, suddenly, I imagined myself on top of her, her legs kicking in the air as my skinny butt went up and down between them. And that scared the *piss* out of me.

"So who else, Bobby?" she insisted.

"Katie Winters," I wheezed. "I put my knee between her leg and pressed. She kissed me harder, then, but after that she said she had to go home."

"Okay," she said.

"That's all. I mean I've tried, but usually they brush my hands away or tell me to stop."

"So what you're saying is that you've never been naked with any girl ... except me and you've never touched any girl's naked breasts ... except me, and you never fingered any girl but me."

"I got boners for lots of girls," I said, weakly.

"Did any of them see it? Naked?"

"No," I admitted.

"Shit," she said, softly.

"Come on, Cathy," I said. "This isn't a big deal. I'm sure brothers and sisters do this all the time. I mean they live together. They're closer than they are with outsiders. We all get curious as we grow up. I mean last Friday night. You just wanted help picking out a dress, right? You didn't get naked in front of me to tease me, right?"

"That's right," she said. "I didn't even think about it. But then you got that boner for me and everything changed. Why do you think I did

this tonight? Tonight I *did* get naked to tease you. I *hoped* you'd get another boner. And I thought about the hormones thing, too, except I only get the hormones with you."

"Okay, so you try out your hormones on me. It's just practice for later, when you can get ... um ... involved ... with a guy."

"I'm going to tell you something, but you have to swear you'll never tell another soul," said Cathy.

"Okay."

"I mean it. Swear you'll never tell."

"I swear," I said. I had butterflies in my stomach because I was suddenly afraid my little sister was going to tell me she wasn't a virgin.

"I was at a sleepover at Mandy's last year, and she filched a bottle of her dad's vodka. Crystal got so drunk she started crying about how much she missed her brother. Do you remember David? He's in the Army."

"He was a senior when I was in ninth grade," I said.

"Well, she was bawling and talking about how much she missed him and I asked why and she said he popped her cherry."

She stopped. My mind sort of jittered around. Crystal was a really cute girl on the cheerleading squad. She was out of my class, or at least dated a different kind of guy than me.

"Really? Maybe she was just drunk and raving," I said.

"He did it when she was thirteen, Bobby! Just thirteen! And they *kept* doing it! They got *caught*, too, and her parents put her on birth control. That's why he had to join the Army after he graduated. That was how their parents tried to break them up."

"She told you all this?"

"She was really wasted. She thinks you're cute and she asked me if you had a big dick."

"What?"

"She did. She actually asked me if you had a big dick."

"What did you say?"

"Well, since I had no *idea* whether you had a big dick or not, I just said yours was about normal. The way she asked it made me curious, and when she asked if I got to see you naked a lot, I knew something was up, so I tried to get her to keep talking. I ended up hearing way more than I expected."

"What did the other girls say?" I asked.

"They were all asleep. Nobody knows but me. And now you."

"Do you think she was telling the truth?"

Cathy just nodded.

"Wow," I said.

"So you see why I'm so worried? If Crystal and David could fall in love and be like that, and I have all these weird feelings for you, what might happen?"

I looked at the darkness that was her sexual tunnel. My mind was happy to supply images of my penis, which could suddenly see, for some reason, nosing through that tunnel, where it found the opening to the cave that was her womb. Do not ask me why, but my mind turned that into a takeoff from Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, except there weren't forty thieves. There was just me, or the tip of my cock, which now had both eyes and a mouth, and it said, "Open Sesame"

and her cervix flowered open and then my penis put treasure *into* her cave, instead of taking treasure out of it.

I shook my head to clear it.

"We can't have sex, Cathy," I croaked.

"I know that," she said, her voice very reasonable, and it was suddenly clear to me that *she'd* thought about this, too.

"You're not on birth control," I said, trying to convince the already-convinced.

"No, and I can't *get* on birth control."

"Even if you didn't get pregnant, Dad wouldn't make me join the Army," I said. "He'd kill me and bury me in the back yard."

"I know," she agreed.

"So why are we sitting here like this?" I groaned.

"Because I like it," she said. "and because you're helping me get ready for my date with Bruce."

"Why am I suddenly jealous of Bruce?" I sighed.

"Don't be. I want to talk like this again when I get home."

"Like ... this?" I indicated my nudity with my hands, like a model on "Let's Make A Deal."

"Yes," she said, without a pause.

"You know it's really foolish for us to do this," I said.

"I know."

"Then why do you want to do it?" I moaned.

"Because I like it," she said. "Now, go away. I have to get dressed."

I got off the bed and made my straining penis point toward the door.

"Wait! You didn't pick a dress," she said.

"It doesn't matter," I said, still facing the door. "You'll own him no matter what you wear."

Suddenly her arms went around me from behind. Her hot breasts crushed into my back and I imagined that her fluffy pubes tickled my butt.

"Thank you, big brother," she breathed into my ear.

"Careful. I might attack you."

"No you won't. You're not like David."

"He *raped* Crystal?" I gasped.

"It wasn't rape. Not the way she described it. She asked him to teach her how to kiss and things got carried away. After that, she said she couldn't wait to do it again."

"I could let things get carried away," I warned.

"I don't think so. We'll see."

Fifteen seconds later I was on the other side of her door. I didn't even wait until I got to my room to start jacking off.

As I spurted, I heard her laughter.

"I can hear you, Bobby!" she yelled.

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