

III.

The Loft

Later that same evening, much later, Annie whispered to Ben in the darkness of their shared loft.

“Ben? You awake?”

They slept in the same room together, as they had since Annie’s birth. It was a small farm, though somewhat prosperous. Annie and Ben were the only two heirs still living at home. They had an older married sister, Abby, that lived in the next town. The house had three bedrooms—one for their parents, the loft for the children and a guest room that once belonged to Abby. Annie and Ben were lucky enough to have a room big enough for separate beds.

“Yeh, I’m up. What do you want?”

“You won’t tell dad about what happened today, will you?”

“You know I won’t.”

“You don’t care that I fucked a nigger?”

“You fucked Charlie. He’s my friend. He’s OK.”

“What if I get big?”

“You won’t.”

“How do you know?”

“You haven’t gotten big yet, have you?”

“No.”

Ben sat up and swung his legs over the side of his bed. Unceremoniously, he pushed his drawers to the floor. He stood, stepped across the clapboard flooring, and slid into Annie’s bed. He clumsily pushed her nightshift up over her waist and mounted her. She raised her hips and opened her legs perfunctorily. The scent of her perfectly coifed blonde pussy never failed to arouse him. His dick snapped to attention. Ben pointed his rod into her deep pinkness and slid casually inside, luxuriating in her heat.

“As many times as we’ve done it, you’ve never gotten big,” he said to her.

Annie opened her legs a little further. She rested her calves in the crook of his knees. She arched her ass upwards to receive his thrusts. She was used to this.

“I know. But I’m thinking that’s just luck. Sometimes I worry whether I can have a baby at all. I’ve been a woman for four years now. We’ve been doing it for longer than that.”

Ben probed forward until fully hilted. Then he began to fuck her with short, staccato strokes. She preferred this tempo since it applied maximum friction to her clit. Ben knew this was the fastest way to get Annie aroused.

“Well, stop thinking about it. You don’t want to have a baby by neither me nor Charlie. Get married and then you can have babies.”

Annie reached up to massage her nipples as Ben humped her.

“Yeh, but what if I do get big? What then?”

The very casualness of their sex excited Ben. This was a nightly ritual for the siblings. By degrees, his breathing became wan and drawn.

“Don’t...worry about it. If you miss, I’ll...take you over to Auntie Griot. She’ll handle it. You remember that time....Abby got big? Auntie....handled it before daddy found out.”

The siblings couldn’t fuck too loudly in the house. Their parents were right downstairs. They couldn’t even afford to have the bed squeak too much. They spoke in whispers.

Annie replied, “Mommy knew about it. Abby told her. And suppose I don’t want Auntie G to handle it? Preacher says I’ll...go to hell if I do something like that.”

Ben withdrew and held his stiffened member again at the entrance to her pussy. Annie’s vaginal heat billowed forth. She looked at Ben quizzically. He rushed back inside her with a powerful thrust, then withdrew slowly and repeated the move. In this manner he began to lengthen his strokes. Annie’s wet pussy lubricated the raw skin on his hyper-active dick.

“I think going to...hell....is a whole lot better than having to tell daddy....that you’re big with child. An’ you ain’t married.”

This was true.

The siblings fucked in silence for some time afterwards, deep in thought. Annie caressed Ben’s head and neck absent-mindedly as he fucked her. She reached down and traced her fingernails across the crack of his ass. She knew he liked such attention

while he was humping. She pulled at his cock with her pussy muscles. She liked having her brother's thick cock inside her. It was comforting.

After about fifteen minutes, Ben stiffened suddenly. He paused dramatically as his ejaculate built. Then he launched a long stream of hot cum into Annie's pussy. Ben bit down on his lips to keep from waking their parents as he jizzed into his sister. His body wracked with involuntary muscular spasms.

Annie didn't climax, although she usually did. She held him inside her for a time, brooding over her world. He lay atop her, breathing heavily. She felt him soften inside her. She felt his breathing normalize and his muscles gradually relax.

"Ben?"

"Yeh."

"Are you going to keep doing it to me after I get married?"

"Do you want me to?"

"I think so. Yes."

"OK. I will."

They lay together in silence for a while.

Finally, Ben pulled his dick from her sticky cunt. He stepped into his drawers and climbed back into his own bed. In five more minutes he was asleep.

Annie reached under her bed and drew out a damp washcloth. She wiped his cum from her thighs, her labia, her butt crack and her blankets.

Then she, too, rolled over and fell asleep.

“Bennett!!! Bennett Leone!!!”

It was Ben’s mother, Aisleen. She was the only one who used his full Christian name.

“BENNETT!!! Come down here right now!! The sun’s almost up!! Do you want to sleep the whole day away? Your father needs you!!!”

Ben rolled over groggily. Was it time to get up already? The morning’s chill hung over the house like a shroud. Ben didn’t want to leave the warmth of his thick quilts. He looked over at Annie, barely visible in the dim light of the early morning. She was fast asleep, gently snoring, with her quilts pulled up to her ears.

It wouldn’t do any good to argue or ignore his mother’s calls. In a minute she would pop her head up thru the trap door in the floor that served as the entrance to their room. A minute after that she would be whacking at him with a broom.

Ben bolted from the bed. He snatched on some overalls and a light jacket. He jacked open the hatch to their loft bedroom and took the ladder rungs three at a time.

“I’m up, ma!!”

His mom was in the kitchen, stoking their pot bellied stove.

“Well, it’s about time, Mr. Lazy. I’m down here.” She waited for him. “Your father is down in the quarters rousting Meshach and Morty. He wants you and Charlie to hitch up the mule and finish disking that field while they tackle that big stump down by the stream. And where is my firewood? Every time I turn around you boys are sneaking off to chop firewood and I never see the results. You bring me some....”

“Hold on, ma. I forgot something....”

Ben scooted out of the kitchen, back up the ladder to his attic bedroom before she could object.

“Be right back!!!” he yelled over his shoulder.

Annie was still asleep, covered in quilts. Ben quietly unhooked the shoulder straps on his overalls, dropped his drawers, delicately pulled her blankets back and pressed his soft penis against her slightly open lips. Reflexively, Annie opened her mouth to accept his flaccid cock. It was pungent with the odor of their sex from the night before.

Without apparent effort, she sucked him erect in seconds. Ben began to thrust deeper into her throat. Annie didn’t move or even open her eyes. She sucked his dick as a baby sucks a thumb. Ben caressed her head to get her to understand his sense of urgency. Still, Annie sucked him softly, almost tenderly. He watched with trembling

interest as her full lips tugged at his shaggy foreskin, felt her tongue slowly drift from the sensitive underside of his dick up to the opening and back. She made no sound.

Ben closed his eyes. He blocked out his mother's insistent calls and concentrated on his morning quickie. When he was ready to come, Ben pulled Annie's quilts back and mounted her. Annie opened her legs to accept him. As her furry pinkness enveloped him, his dick erupted in yet another shower of sticky white cum. Hot jism laved Annie's cunt for the second time that morning, pulsing from his cock like so much lava.

Now fully awake, Annie pursed her lips at him with feigned disapproval.

"You're something else, you know that? I think that if I wasn't around you'd be running off to masturbate like a monkey every two hours."

Ben ignored her. He was already pulling on his overalls.

"I found it! I'll be right down, ma!!"

Annie scooped a blob of semen from her vulva and flicked it at him.

"I'm going back to sleep," she teased.