

Sexy Siblings

Margot Berwin

Our parents were the leftiest liberals ever. Our Father spray-painted a silver peace sign on the tree on our front lawn, which sounds creative but didn't go over too big in our Italian Catholic neighborhood in Queens. And our Mother never put on a bra unless *her* Mother was coming over; her big, braless nipples, always sticking out through her Ravi Shankar, white gauze, Woodstock issue, Indian shirts.

Dinnertime at our house included conversations about how teenaged boys should not have to hide their erections in school because it's "only natural." And how girls are maturing more quickly these days due to the extra hormones in foods.

"Look at Loretta," my Mother said, pointing at me. "She's two full cup sizes larger than I was at her age."

I looked over at the lump growing in my stepbrother's khakis, his eyes lasering through my tee shirt.

To our parents, anything that was natural was inherently right and just and perfect dinner table conversation.

My brother and I, 14 and 15, were always embarrassed, and our parents never understood why. They wondered how they could have raised such prudish children. They weren't bad parents. They'd just

forgotten what it was like to be teenaged and going through all those bodily changes. And on top of that, they had no idea how much they were turning us on. Whether it was gluten gumbo, or vegetarian pot roast, which is everything but the roast, my brother never left the table without an erection.

I wasn't immune either.

After dinner I would go to my room and take off my top in front of the mirror. I would hold my breasts, two full cup sizes bigger than my mother's, admiringly in my hands and lift them up toward my face. They were big enough that I could actually lick each nipple with ease. They were the perfect playthings; firm and soft, new and big, pink, perfect, and all mine.

I would walk across my bedroom holding them in my hands pretending to meet a boyfriend I didn't have.

"Oh," I'd say out loud, holding my nipples out toward my fake boyfriend, "I forgot my shirt."

"Are those heavy?" my fake boyfriend would say. "I can hold them for you if you'd like."

And one night, just as his imaginary hands were starting to squeeze my breasts, I noticed a pucker in one of the roses on my wallpaper. I left my fake boyfriend standing there with his hands out and went over to the wall. I tore back the paper, looked in, and saw my brother's bright blue eye staring at me. I covered my breasts immediately, turned my back to the wall, and closed my eyes. I'd forgotten all about the hole, punched through the wallboard when we were eight-year-old secret agents, and covered up so long ago by the rose wallpaper. I wondered how long he'd been staring at me. Days? Weeks? Years??

I turned around and looked in again. His eye was still there. It didn't blink or move. It was as if the rest of him were somewhere else and just his eye was taped to the hole. I looked down and found myself still covering my breasts, but massaging them a little bit too.

In bed that night I imagined that he saw me in parts, like a Picasso. Half a breast here, a belly-button there, a hand, a patch of hair. He must have stood for hours at a time trying to piece my body together while I walked back and forth across my room, naked, inadvertently flashing the hole.

I didn't say anything to our parents. I knew they'd side with my brother and his all-natural erections. So, as time went on,

his eye became a permanent part of the wall, just another rose on the wallpaper. He wasn't very good in school or at sports, but he definitely had a gift for watching. He watched while I did my homework, brushed my hair, talked on the phone, woke up and went to sleep. His persistence was impressive. It got so I had a hard time concentrating if his eye was not there. Don't get me wrong, I knew it was my brother over on the other side of the wall, but eventually I was able to separate him from his eye and I even began to stand where his eye could get the clearest view.

I introduced him to all the changes in my teenaged body: a new patch of hair between my legs that required I stand on a chair so he could see it. My first application of red lipstick, which I applied to my lips and then to my breasts, circling my nipples over and over in front of the hole with a tube of Maybelline Wicked #9.

Occasionally I would hear him breathing hard and then he would grunt and disappear for the night. As I taped the piece of wallpaper down over the hole, I wondered if he cleaned the wall on his side with 401 spray, or just wiped it off with the sleeve of his shirt.

At the dinner table my brother stared at my body. He looked miserable and tired with his pants sticking up, lifting the thin napkin he always kept on his lap. I was extra careful around him, afraid he would come at the simplest contact, like if my foot touched his thigh under the table, accidentally.

"*The X Files* are on at nine," my Father said, mentioning the only network TV show he watched because he thought it was a covert documentary.

"I'm studying," I said, which was easy for me to say with a straight face because I was a really good student.

"I am too," said my brother, which was much less believable.

Our Father looked at him.

"What are you doing up there?" he asked, suspicious because he probably remembered himself at 15.

"I'm studying," he repeated.

My Father gave him a look that said, "You're a masturbating liar, but its okay to masturbate."

Back in my room I gave a guilty moment's thought to keeping the tape over the hole, but I peeled it off anyway and the eye was already there, asking me to do something for it.

I took off my shirt and began slowly rolling my nipples between

my thumb and index finger, thinking. Then I walked across the room and put my left breast right into the hole where he could see it up close. My nipple felt warm and damp. I thought I had accidentally poked him in the eye and was feeling the wetness of his cornea, but when he started flicking it back and forth I realized his tongue had found my nipple. As he licked and sucked at it, I pushed myself against the wall trying to get deeper into his mouth. It was the first time we touched.

I stepped back.

“Are you dressed?” I said to the eye.

“No.”

“Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Let me come in and do it for you.”

“What?” he asked, out of breath.

I put my nipple back into the hole, and he began lapping and sucking at it immediately.

Then, he stopped. I didn't know why. I was up against the wallpaper with my fingernails digging into the fake roses, my pussy pressing hard against the wall, and my nipple shoved in as far as it could go. I waited.

“Suck on me,” I said mostly to myself. “Please.”

“Shhhsh,” I heard from behind me.

I turned around to see my brother closing my bedroom door behind him with his index finger perpendicular to his lips.

“Stay like that,” he said.

He walked over to me, his penis hugely hard. He stood behind me and slipped his hands around my waist. He pulled my body toward him, and in one move his erection slid between my legs and rested against my pussy. He pulled my hips into him and breathed hard into my hair. He rocked himself just a little bit, moaning and sliding back and forth ever so slightly, almost imperceptibly, against my wet thighs.

He pulled me closer.

“Are you okay?” he breathed, holding me so tight I couldn't move.

I nodded. He began to move faster and with more confidence. With one hand on my breast and the other around my waist, he began to rub himself furiously across my wet pussy and thighs.

Only two more years until college.