

Stalking My Feral Brother

By

James Lucien

Copyright 2018 James Lucien

Hi, my name is Ember. My mom chose that name because I was born with a full head of hair, red as a burning cinder. My eyes are the bright blue of sapphires in the sun and my peachy freckled skin is smooth as silk, or so says Andrew anyway.

Andrew is my big brother. He's three years older than me and he's in his first year of community college. He's been staying with our dad, who lives close to the college, but he's coming home today for winter break.

Mom's working a double at the diner as usual, so I've been preparing his welcome home party all by myself. I baked a double-chocolate cake, which is his favorite, and hung up a handmade banner.

I'm wearing a short tangerine sundress I found at the local thrift store last weekend. It's too cold outside for it, but it looks really great on my petite frame. The fabric is thin enough that my tiny nipples are visible in the right light. The skirt has a flare that accentuates my round rump. I know it's my greatest asset since boys at school are always slapping it and because Andrew told me so.

I've missed him so much. He's my best friend and I don't know what to do with myself without him. He says I'm a tomboy because I've been following him around since I was little. We even shared a bedroom until I was eleven when I had my first period and mom made me move into her room with her. I haven't moved my stuff back into Andrew's room like mom told me, but I've been sleeping in his bed every night since he left. I haven't washed his pillowcases because I love the lingering scent of him on them.

I hear the rumble of our dad's old Corvette pull up outside our trailer home, and I rush into the bathroom to check my appearance. I pout at myself in the mirror, wishing mom would have had time to braid my long hair, and hurry back into the living room.

Andrew strides in wearing slim jeans and a tight-fitting fitness hoodie, which he pulls off immediately, revealing his bulging pecs, brawny arms, and shredded abs. His blond hair is buzzed short but stylish, his facial features are defined, and his cobalt eyes have a glimmer to them that is memorizing.

I was gonna leap into his arms but I stop dead in my tracks and blink at him bemused instead. Andrew weight trained throughout his high school years, so he had a ripped physique, but now he's a total beefcake.

"Hey, pumpkin," Andrew smirks, "am I gonna get a hug or what?"

I gulp heavily. "You're not gonna crush me in your veiny hulk arms, are you?"

"No," he snorts. "I'll be gentle. I promise."

Andrew's the only person that's never broken a promise to me, so I trust him.

I dart forward and spring into his arms, curling my slender legs around his waist. His strong hands cup my cheeks to support my weight. I intentionally wore a thong so I could feel his gripping palms on my butt. I nuzzle his nape as I bear hug him tight and inhale his masculine aroma with a squeal of delight.

"Did you miss me, pumpkin?"

I look up at him with welling tears. "So much! Please don't leave me again! It sucks without you here! Can't you do online courses?! I even left your room the way that it was!"

Chuckling, he pecks my cheek. "I can't do that, pumpkin."

I huff, "But why not?!"

Andrew frowns. "You wouldn't understand."

Tears trickle down my cheeks. "Cause you think I'm stupid?!"

He licks away my tears, which is even stranger than it sounds because he seems to do it as an unconscious reflex of some sort. “I don’t think you’re stupid.”

“Then explain it to me.”

Andrew slyly changes the subject. “I can see your nipples. Don’t you have any bras?”

“Mom says she’s not wasting money on bras for tiny tits that ain’t done growing.” I glance at his pecs. “Yours are bigger than mine. Are you on the juice?”

“No,” he laughs, “I’m not. I’m on something more *loony*.”

“Which you won’t explain, huh?”

Andrew grins guiltily. “That’s right.”

I scowl. “I baked you a cake but I don’t think you should get any since you’re being so *secretive*.”

He gives me a bounce. “How much you weigh now?”

“A hundred pounds so don’t pretend you can’t hold me as long as I want.”

“Well, *bossy*,” he chuckles, “I was planning to go out with some friends, so I can’t hold you all night.”

I pout. “You don’t wanna eat cake and cuddle on the couch and watch movies?”

“Sorry, pumpkin, maybe tomorrow night.”

I sneer. “*Maybe*? Is that all you got for me?”

Andrew sighs. “You still haven’t made any girlfriends, have you?”

I spit, “Girls are bitches! I just want you, Drew.”

“You’re my baby sister and I adore you, but you need friends other than me.”

“I can be friends with all your friends like always.”

“That was fine when we were kids, but now my friends wanna hump you and I’m not cool with that.”

“They wanna hump me, really?”

“Yeah,” he snorts, “you’re a hot little piece of booty.”

I blush. “You think so?”

Andrew rolls his gorgeous eyes. “*What*, did mom toss out all the mirrors or something?”

“Beauty’s in the beholder’s eye.” I flutter my lashes demurely. “So tell me what you behold when you eye me.”

He beams at me suspiciously. “You been reading *Twilight* again?”

“Stop changing the subject, Drew. Tell me what you think.”

“Do I really have to tell you what I think, because I think you know.”

“I wanna hear you tell me *exactly* what you think.”

“The same as my buddies.”

I chomp my lower lip. “So *you* think I’m a hot little piece of booty.”

Andrew glances away with discomfort. “I’ve gotta shower so you’ve gotta let go of me.”

“Give me a kiss first.”

He pecks my lips and I smile wide with elation.

I dare, “You can give me a *real* kiss if you wanna. I won’t tell.”

For a moment, it looks like he’s considering it and my heart begins to hammer. “Ember, I’ve gotta go shower.”

I pout and let go and he plops me down. He kisses my crown tenderly before marching into his bedroom.

I shut mom’s bedroom door so Andrew thinks I’m in there, then go into the bathroom, squeeze into the linen closet and close the louvered door, peeking through the slates.

I watch with baited breath as he enters and unfurls his towel from around himself, unveiling his long, thick wiener. I wanna howl with jubilation! It's even longer and thicker than I last saw it.

Andrew twists on the shower, waits a moment for the water to get hot, then steps in and pulls the transparent shower curtain liner closed.

I gawk as he lathers his bulging muscles with suds, and wish I was the pouf he's scrubbing himself with. My kitty is so wet! I wanna touch myself but I'm too afraid I won't be able to contain myself and he'll hear me moaning, so I suppress the urge.

After rinsing off, Andrew squeezes body wash into his left palm and then leans forward against the shower wall with his right hand so the water runs down his back. He begins to stroke his shaft with slow, firm pumps. He groans as his wiener grows stiff as a flagpole.

My heart leaps into my throat as he moans softly, "Ooh, *pumpkin*, ooh, *pumpkin*, yeah. Your mouth feels so awesome."

I wanna bust outta the closet and offer my mouth to him, but I know he'd be furious I was peeping, so I bite my fist and cross my legs and ogle him silently as he jerks off while imaging me sucking his big woody. I wish he'd let me! I'd suck him so hard!

Ten minutes later, he grunts, "Ooh, *Ember*, I'm cumming, *pumpkin!*" And he shoots his load into the drain while my drooling mouth is right here, only a few feet away. I wanna taste his goo!

Andrew pisses into the drain, washing his sticky cum away, and twists off the water. He dries off, steps out, and dashes from the bathroom.

As soon as I hear his bedroom door shut, I squeeze outta the closet, tiptoe outta the bathroom, open mom's door, and wait in the living room to beg him to let me go out with him and his buddies.

When he comes outta his bedroom wearing a fresh pair of slim jeans and a T-shirt that can barely contain his yummy muscles, I plead, "Drew, can I *pretty* please with a cherry on top come out with you tonight?"

"Sorry, Sis, but you're not old enough to get it."

A car horn honks outside.

He pinches my cheek affectionately. "Save me some cake, *pumpkin*." And he grabs his hoodie and bolts out the door.

The only place in town that Andrew's old enough to get into but I'm not is the BYOB strip club. I have a great idea!

I jot down a note for mom so she doesn't worry, slip on my puffer jacket, snatch my purse, and lock the trailer behind me.

I knock on the door of my gross neighbor who is always leering at me through his living room blinds.

He answers the door wearing nothing but yellow-stained tighty-whities and a pair of grimy Crocs. "Whattaya want, my little darling?"

"Can I borrow your scooter?"

He looks me up and down, smacking his nicotine-stained lips. "You got a hot date?" He winks. "Wouldya like one?"

I inhale a deep breath, gathering my courage, and blurt, "I'll show you my tits."

"Sweet cheeks," he cocks his head and arches a brow, "you ain't got no tits."

"I'll show you my *kitty*."

His bloodshot eyes go wide. "Okay, we've got a deal."

This is the end of the free preview of [Stalking My Feral Brother](#).
The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.
Please browse my website JamesLucien.com for more of my works.