

Sister in wheelchair
(Brother and sister bond and gets really close)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

Sister, Victoria 18
Brother, Jamie 20
Boyfriend, Seth 18

Written during the pandemic, when all festivities got canceled or postponed several years.

IMPORTANT!

Feelings, hurting and caring is a huge part of this story. Affectionate sex between brother and sister in the end but mostly talking and talking. Many conversations, and....

....ALL with focus on the Hurting Sister!

DO NOT! For real DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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– Are you not going to help me up the stairs?

– You said you could manage things exactly like before...nothing would change for us, right?

– Yeah, I said that, but...

– You're changing everything as we go along and you see fitting your needs...your needs vic.

–I'm not doing this to spite you or intentionally make everyone's life more miserable. My anxiety and depression affected me in strange ways...you know that! And well aware of my phantoms and ghosts in my body; you chose to be with me. You said you really liked me even though I made your life inconvenient and all that, remember?

– So, now this my fault? You know very well that even before you placed yourself in this chair, aiming for a guy like me is way out of reach for a girl like you. I'm a home-run and a.....wait, why are we having this conversation again? Tonight is about having a blast, partying and dancing. I thought you could handle the pre-party, you said you could?

– I said it would be nice having a good time together...not a word about flying over obstacles and stairs and such. If you want to leave I can ask someone else to help me.

– So you're just going to sit here while everyone's dancing? Classic vic, not caring about anyone else and completely ignoring the party. You're soo selfish! I'm not sure I can be with someone so self-absorbed like you...it's bumming me out like crazy.

If you decide to join the party later, we can see how things are between us then.

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And like that Seth left me alone, again...but this was the first time he left me stranded in the empty stairway, one and a half stairs away from all the others partying at our pre-prom-party. Of course the party had another name...a very important one for all those with two working legs, but not as significant for the ones with zero responding legs. My primary reason to quickly forget stuff around me was that it felt like they disappeared quicker than, kind of a shield...and a very good one too. A shield would be a good thing when the hottest boy in school ditches you. A shield...and a cape for flying, I had neither. But two boys sneaking out for a smoke got too much of a guilt-trip ignoring the crying girl in the wheelchair...so they stopped, walked up while avoiding eye contact...and carried me down to the entrance.

They changed their epithet on me, second to last it was 'she who always bums everyone', and now I'm pretty sure it's gloomy or Gloomhilda. I thought the cab driver would touch that subject too, because he was frustratingly repeating questions like "Why I left this early? Didn't the party just start?" He drove a bunch there so he knew in detail what a great party I left behind, lucky me. *At last*, I saw our house.

– Hi sis...home already? Had a good night with your dear *boyfriend*?
Rated R and viewer discretion...tell me every dirty detail.

My annoying older brother shouted from the couch as I was elevating myself up to my room.

– Go beep yourself so beeping beep. And for your information, it was every girl's dream. All set and good to go for the big night.

– I'm happy for you, you really deserved that...and also ready for the upcoming party with capital P, a super-awesome-day then. Good night dear sister I never wanted.

– Good night....

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– So, ready for your delayed prom you all been planning for so long now? And with the pre-party you had last weekend it must feel so good, I'm so happy for you all, and especially you dear. Love you so much Victoria...it's such a happy occasion for all of us dear. I...WE, love you SO much, so much!

– I know mum...I know. You can let go now, please. Hugs and kisses a whole bunch.

– Everything set with the pickup and extra time for you dear....? Aaaww, you look sooo beautiful.

– Hey, hold the tears mom you're going to get me started...ruin my makeup. And nothing to worry about...my good-looking date will be here shortly.

So I thought...or hoped.

– Sorry I'm late; it's been a crazy afternoon. I'm picking up your daughter now! You can keep the blanket she's wrapped in, she won't need that...we're going to be hot like...well....we're okay.

– You came...at last. Fashionable late...

– Really, are you going to start fighting before we even get in the limo? You know I had to pay extra to satisfy all your special needs, right? Can't you just let us have one evening without, well you know...without you being so much, you?!

– Satisfy my...? I'll do my best. I'd really like this to be a happy and memorable evening for us.

– Thank you! You know, you look really sexy tonight...maybe we can...

...two stretched out and awkward moments later in a limo-ride, with one passenger in make out and feeling-up-mode, and the other in quite the opposite mode.

– Is this your way of saying thanks? Everything I do for you and you give nothing back. I stick to you as my date for prom, even after you decide to make this wheelchair your best friend. Seems like you did that just to piss me off, especially since I was on the rebound from breaking up with the super-hot...ah, whatever. If you must stop walking because you feel bad and shit, isn't it a great idea to do all that after prom and stuff? And like that's not enough...now you won't put out in the limo. Is this what you call a good time and a prom to remember?

Even though you're in your traditional girl-mode...bugging the crap out of everyone, I'll be the bigger man and take you to the stairs. And don't you dare just sit there crying like you did last...you spoil everything for us trying to have a good time. All we want is to party.

Vic, this is prom, respect that!

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This was starting to be a tradition for me. Getting dumped by boyfriend...and also getting dumped on random places by boyfriend, leaving it impossible for me to get away from there on my own.

I tried on several occasions to get my legs to do what I wanted them to, but since that day a couple months ago...when I totally crashed as a person, I get no response from them. I know it's me and my head and it should be easy to fix, but I don't know how. And for some stupid reason I thought that having a boyfriend would help. Maybe it could have if we both loved each other...but our so called relationship has nothing to do with love, or sex, or talking...or sharing warmth in a cozy way...
...and speaking about warmth...

– What are you doing here, and how long have you been sitting in the stairway sis?
Are you crying?

– No, I'm just waiting for two guys coming to carry me up the stairs...they did that the last party and

– You're cold. You've been here a while haven't you?

– No, of course not and why are you here? Shouldn't you be doing something I so not want to hear about...and you tell me anyway later on?

– I was going to. I thought of meeting her with the nice tits you know...the one who lets me

– I know! You told me, more than once.

– Yeah, maybe I did...but that's one thing I like about your wheelchair, it's much harder for you to flee. So...on my way there I started thinking about my poor excuse for baby sister and thought I'd check on her first and same time the fantastic party you guys were having, and here I am.
How is the awesome party going?

– I hoped for a little more on my prom...

– Yeah, I see that...

Normally I would deal with this asshole you call boyfriend in my own special way.

– No, please don't hurt him.

– You care for him that much? That ego-asshole deserves a bag full of punches.

– I like him, I do. Not so much anymore though, and thoughts of swapping prom-date crossed my mind...but then I remembered that no one else would take me. And going with one of the hottest guys in school isn't the worst, even if he randomly grabbed me by the lockers right after the cheerleader dumped him.

More than you needed to know...yeah, and besides...if you beat him up tonight, or tomorrow, everyone will blame me...even more.

– I want to teach him a lesson and show all of them I got your back...they should know that already, but you're right. You're so frustrating when you're right.

Okay, wait here two minutes sis...just two minutes, I'll be right back.

– What was that, who did you call?

– Nothing you should concern your pretty head with...best looking prom-girl in the house.

As he said that he took his jacket and gift-wrapped me tight with it...then put his arms around me.

– Just hugging to keep you warm. And maybe whisper specifics about the girl with the boobs in your ear while we wait. I know that's a thing for you.

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My brother beat the alarm the next day as he all too loud shouted:

– Breeeeaaaakfast is ready! Only meat, candy and booze with different kinds of soda.

We're alone so don't get dressed...I'm completely naked as usual.

Our parents work a lot and have all kinds of activities and stuff, so weekends with just the two of us were the normal thing here...and having an older brother yelling sex-stuff, also normal...for me. He also knew very well I was heavy into organic healthy food with preferably a lot of vegetables. And I like tap water...just cold water right from the tap, hence his choice of menu.

I guessed it, and saw it from the lift...he'd set the table only with things I liked.

– Aaaw, you always do this, every time. I say come down naked...and you never do. Why should I prepare this if I don't get anything in return?

– No, sorry sis...I was just joking...no need for tears. I have a t-shirt and underwear just like you...and don't you like it, the breakfast?

– It's not that Jamie. It's...this you do for me...this...and, and especially what you did last night. I don't know what to say.

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What happened last night was:

I asked a friend if he could ask one of the limo-drivers just waiting for the party to end, if they could drive me and my sister home...with a 30-minute detour on the way. And one of them did.

On the detour sis and I sat on a bench by the water drinking champagne...something bubbly, and I chatted too much...but it made her laugh, several times.

And when we got home and she with tearful eyes hugged me real hard while thanking me for the best prom of her life, I kissed her briefly. Then said sorry, she looked sooo amazing and so beautiful I couldn't help doing that. Then she kissed me...brief. And we said good night after.

And that's roughly what happened last night.

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Jamie rounded the breakfast table, picked up his sobbing baby sister and sat her in his lap front to front. Hugged her tight.....and let her cry, and cry.....and...cry.

A soaking wet t-shirt later, wet from a huge load of sniveling, tears and snorting and brutal crying...Victoria started to show signs on ready to communicate again.

– I do this because I like you sis. Maybe it doesn't show so much and so often, but I do like you...so much. And even though you're the only one, you're by far the best sister I have, by far...

His sister laughed and managed to cough out some snot on him.

– See, what I prefer over my shoulders and chest is gross mucus from my favorite girl.

She looked up, still sniveling, but half smiling...leaving her nuzzling position.

Looking in her eyes, Jamie said, "I'm sorry for kissing you last night. It wasn't my intention...and certainly not why I spent the evening with you. I just couldn't help myself, you were so"

Victoria pressed her lips against Jamie's...closed her eyes and soft kissed him for ten fifteen seconds. Then she let go and motioned him to vacate the chair.

Though feeling a bit empty he did without hesitation and sat down on the opposite side again...waiting for her next move.

She wiped her eyes two times and the nose got a quick hand-wipe too. Then she spoke.

– Do you know which person is the most annoying one in the whole world? The one who irritates me to borderline madness and wanting to stab him fifty times with the closest sharp object...guess who that is?

And guess who I slammed the door on most times, wishing he was never born...or at least dropped dead that instant?

– Yes...it's you annoying brother.

– But, guess who helped me the most...in his own way, but still helped me a lot during my time of feeling the worst. And then you were only nice. Teasing of course, but you did it with love and care.

And speaking about care.....yesterday, I don't know where to start. You overwhelmed me. And when we got home and you said how nice and beautiful I looked...if I could have...I'd ripped of our clothes and fuck like bunnies on steroids right then and there. I just erupted inside from all the feelings wanting out...emotions I planned on projecting on Seth, but he never made me feel anything like this.

– I made him angry and he made me sad. But last night, do you know what was the best part? The best part no comparison...where your arms around me in the stairway. Breathing you in when you hugged me...I felt high.

So when you kissed me later I just wanted you in every way possible, not suitable for any audience...and honestly have no idea how it all came to a full stop with a short kiss and a good night, I guess it's because I have conflicting emotions...I guess.

We ate breakfast in silence after that. Exchanging looks several times...then both looked down, and up. When we were done, Jamie cleared the table saying he wanted to show me something.

We lived in a larger than average house and had a small gym, sauna and swimming pool. I guess it's more a boasting thing than using thing...fun though when we were kids running around playing. But not so much since I started feeling like shit...and even more so when I got disconnected from my legs, I felt fear when someone brought up the pool in conversations.

And now he was pushing me right in that direction.

– You're not taking me to where I think you are...right? You know how I feel about the pool.

– Of course I know how you feel. How stupid do you think I am? I just thought it would be a good thing...when we're alone, and things feel kind of nice between us. More than nice actually, and I thought this might be good...for...you...

– I'm not sure about that, I'm already starting to feel terrified.
I don't want to, please stop.

– Okay...I'll stop...right...here.

As he prolonged the words he managed to enter the pool-area with us facing the short side of the deeper end.

I've had numerous nightmares about the bottomless deep end where it was hysterically funny to push little Vicky. Push her away from the shallow side or just from the ledge...she screams equally much whichever the choice, and to everyone's amusement. Not even my so called friends defended me. They thought the boys, family, relatives...were only goofing off; don't make such a big deal out of it. So I kept away from the pool and from people too.

And now...had the one person I truly trusted, that person had brought me in throwing distance to the nightmare. A child's throw.

– Okay, you won't like this and it might be a bad idea...but I love you and I believe in the idea and I believe in you. So here we go!

I started turning around and with panic in my voice I said, "What do you mean, here"

Then he pushed me like a cannonball out in the water.

I think I panicked and blacked out...I have no idea. I just know I came back...still in the water, but in Jamie's tight hugging arms.

– Relax Victoria. We're at the shallow end and I'm holding you. You're safe in my arms, and believe me...I got you in seconds; I got you so fucking fast...so fucking fast.
I'm sorry, I am so so sorry for doing that...I thought a life-threatening shock would get your legs going again.

– Please get me out of the water.

– No.

– Please.

– No, I still believe in the idea...only it has to be done differently. But I'm doing this with you, period. And I will do it with force if necessary...no matter how much you scream, well...you screamed today, and hearing that fear in your voice...that totally crushed my heart...don't ever do that again.

– Don't throw me in my worst nightmare then. I trusted you, you're my safety net.

– I am exactly that. I'm your safety net and the one you can trust. That's why we have to do this. Starting today, starting right now. You and I, together we'll turn this nightmare of yours into a dream, or something...you get it. Into a positive thing, like candy...or in your case, a free-range carrot. Let's do this together, now!

I started feeling a bit more like my usual self...with a lot of conflicting emotions. In the pool but neatly wrapped in Jamie. I didn't know what to feel. But I felt something was missing.

– Where are my panties?

– Your what? I don't know, on you. Okay not there...ah, I see them. They're at the other end...with your chair.
Sorry...again. Here, let me.

My brother put me on the ledge, then took off his shorts and smacked them right at the target as he swam to get my things.

With the chair on dry land and holding my panties...he looked kind of smug and happy with himself as he returned.

– Really, you think that look's appropriate? And please stop looking there.

– I'm just happy being here with you, and I like watching you sit there. You're as beautiful today as you were yesterday...even more so today and every part of you, including your bushy pussy.

– Thank you, it feels good hearing you say that. And sooo not okay bro. So not okay!

– But it's true, and it suits you. You're sexy.

– Can we please change the subject, pleeease.

– Of course.

He rapidly got my panties on and also his shorts, though sneaking an extra peek while doing it. Then he held out his arms, motioning me that we should get started with whatever he was planning...and I got scared again, but closed my eyes and fell forward.

– I think I get some of the fears you have...people were cruel when they teased you...actually I don't think teased is the right word, it was more bullying the way they ganged up on you. And I didn't defend you. I should have, but didn't. So I'm a shithead and a real coward and should die a thousand horrifying deaths...but, right now I want my baby sister to loosen her panicky grip. I'm right here. We're at the shallow end with about four feet of water.....it is safe here. I guess four feet can seem like much when you're just a kid, but that's more than ten years ago sis. You're not a child anymore. You're a woman. A beautiful sexy woman.....hiding something hairy in her panties.

I looked up at him, kissed him quick. Slapped his chest, and said, "So, what do you want me to do?"

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We spent every available moment together that first month of the summer...we ate breakfast together, watched movies and ate dinner together...and most importantly, we swam. Sooooo much time in the water together...and swam wasn't entirely true...he swam; I float on my back and sat in the water on the shallow side. But he'd gotten me to float over on the deep side. I was secured with a life-jacket and floaties on my legs doing so...but we were both at the deep end...so it counts.

One day in the third week he forgot my bikini and his shorts in the washing machine. Right, forgot. And though I said we could use them any way...he insisted on us not having anything at all. And since it wasn't as easy for me to fix the washing-thing...and I kind of like being naked, I let him have his way.

It felt really awkward in the beginning, but that feeling faded fast and I got used to how he complimented my body and actually kind of liked it. Floating around naked while hearing praise about my progress and everything he admired about me...I liked it a lot. I opened my eyes now and then when he tugged me around holding my feet or toes...and though he carefully oversaw my heading; his focus was on my face and body.

The fourth week he took my floaties away and swam around holding me in front of him or with me riding on his back. I liked the second one. The first one's still a bit scary...not so much but a bit...though the second one.

Riding his back I have my hands on his shoulders at the deep end...and as soon as he turns towards safety, I more than once hugged him from behind. Really hugged him. What happens when you do that in water...is that both persons sink to the bottom. And the first time I realized what I did, and what was happening, I froze in fear. But my brotherly lifesaving equipment is extremely fast. He's wrapped around me in a blink of an eye. And not only has he almost taken away my fear of the pool and the water...he also made me a bit dependent...on...me...touching him.

I like it so much when I'm on his back and I'm pretty sure he knows that.

When he slides me around and we're face-to-face, we've kept the distance there. But the last couple of days the space between us has reduced to not much at all.

I know I've felt turned on a few times. Straight out horny too, once or twice.....but him...

...we touch, hug and he showers me with compliments and he grabs my legs, stomach, touch my breast accidentally and grace my.....but not a sign of him having an erection in the pool. Not once.

But the end of our fourth week in the pool was coming up, and that was about to change.

This day at breakfast, besides the usual nice setting, there were four cupcakes and a bottle of champagne placed on the table...and I asked him what we celebrated.

– Well, you of course. This is our four-week anniversary or one month together...so, party.

– That's why four plus one...ah, clever.

But, you really think we should be drinking before swimming?

– I really think we should. I so look forward being wasted with you in the pool.

– Wasted?! I'm not a heavy drinker, but I do need a little more than this to get wasted.

– Just a figure of speech, I meant I want us both to be dizzy together...in the pool.

And if a cozy rescue's required...it'd be very nice, I would like that very much.

– Ah, I see. Yeah, I would like that too. So let's celebrate then, shall we?!

And we did. We talked, drank champagne, ate...drank some more champagne...talked some more, and laughed, a lot. Best breakfast-party ever.

In the middle of all the laughing and cupcake-throwing Jamie suddenly stopped and looked at me...paused his throwing-hand and just watched me with teary eyes.

– Ooooh, wow sis I like you so much. You're so amazing and beautiful, and it's hard for me to

My heart started beating faster for every word, and at the 'hard for me'...I shushed him.

I removed my shirt, rolled over to his side and bumped his chair.

– What are you doing, what's up with the collision?

He looked a bit anxious, but mostly very puzzled, so I sat myself on his lap and looked in his eyes.

– I must ask you something I've been thinking about. I guess you know I like a lot of things in the pool and also, I've been turned on a few times...maybe it didn't show, well, anyhow...you never had a boner in the pool. With all the things you've said to me...all the countless nice ones and also the more than few sexy remarks...were none of them worthy of...a boner?

He blushed, and looked down.

– Are you kidding?! Everything about you is boner-material; every inch of your body...damn just hearing you speak or hum something while floating in the pool...it's...

– So why no...?

– I did get a boner the first day...actually a couple of times that day, and at first I just wanted you to see it...but then I remembered pushing you and especially reminded myself why I was doing this. Not for me and my aching boner...it was for you. It was all for you.

And after that I didn't get stiff any more, no matter how sexy you looked.

I should get a Nobel Prize for that...having this in front of me and putting her well-being before my own sexual needs. And I'm twenty years horny. Maybe a dual prize while we're at it. But,

– But?

– But now when we've been drinking...and especially with you sitting in my lap like this.

I kissed him before he ended the sentence. First light and soft, just lips touching lips...but that was far from what we both needed right now and at the same time we wildly started French kissing each other. We kissed soft and we kissed intense with so much passion...it felt soooooo good having our lips and tongues together...it felt soo good.

My lips left his with a smacking sound...I had to unhook my bra. No time to undo the right way, so I pulled it aggressively over my head.

– Don't smile, I wanted it gone. I'm burning with desire for you brother. I want you to touch me and kiss me everywhere, now.

He kissed my neck and down to my breast, licked it and grabbed my nipple with his lips. Oh, he made me crazy I couldn't wait any longer...

– Put me on the table and take your shorts off...and do it fast.

He kissed my nipple and breast, rose from his chair while holding me...then put me on the table and got out of his shorts, fast. And this time, he had a boner.

I moved from side to side and slid my panties down my legs and onto the floor. He got them and put them in my chair...then he looked between my legs.

– Do you want me to? I want to, I really want to.

– Yes, I want you to...but right now I want you in me. You're so hard and I'm trembling with lust.

– Me too. I've always liked you and I know we've been drinking...but something's changed the last couple of weeks...things in me have grown dependent on you, and I just want you so bad...
...so how do we, you on the table or?

– No, on the table tomorrow...and maybe then you can have a taste at me before; add me to your breakfast. But I want to be in your lap now. I know it's not the best position with my condition, but I can gyrate my hips...and you can bounce us or what you'll call it. The reason I want it this way is because I want us to hold each other while we're making love...I want to hold and kiss you during...

He moved in and kissed me as he picked me up...then sat down in his chair. As he sat down I slid forward a bit and got his stiff boner pressed against me and it felt so good I let out a huge moan. I leaned over to the side, grabbed his dick...aimed, and leaned back...taking him all in.

We sat like that a couple of seconds...completely still just looking at each other, then he leaned close, and I jumped him. Kissed him borderline roughly and rode him hard. So much bottled up inside. I grabbed his shoulders and bounced on him...gyrated and bounced, it felt so good feeling him leaving me, then coming all the way back in. Out...then all the way in. And the kissing on top of this...I liked it so much I...

– It's sooo good...sooo good, I...am...close. Aaaaaahhh, so cloose, I'mmm cooooming.

And I came...like there's no tomorrow. I tensed and held him tight while having the strongest orgasm to date. I almost passed out briefly; it was so strong and felt sooo good to release.

– Woooow, I mean wow. This was...I cannot start to describe how much I needed this. What a sexy workout, and that finish...did you feel me coming on you, it was something right?

– I did feel you coming, and yes it was something extra...looked like you almost passed out for a second or two.

I'm happy for you...your worth a million of those, dearest sister in the world.

I sat still in his lap; hugging his chest and listening to his heart beat while waiting for my breath and own heart beat come to a more normal pace.

– You're still in me...I feel you.

– Yes I am.

– It feels nice.

– It feels more than nice. I never want you to let go...this is like a dream you don't want to wake up from, ever.

– I know what you mean...I could also stay like this.
Question though.

– Ok.

– You didn't come, right?

– ...I didn't.

– I'll fix that for you, if you bring me and a bottle of wine to the pool, both on the edge thank you.

Reluctantly and kind of slow he moved us to the new position by the pool.

The first zip of wine I poured on my breast...wanted to see him lick my stomach and breast clean; it felt so porn-like and filthy watching his tongue lick me like that.

I think he gladly do that all day...but a promise is a promise, so I got to work...just had to feel his fit belly and caress those sexy abs. He was semi erect already so my active touch got him stiff in no time...I could tell he liked it.

I kissed his lips and asked if he wanted wine á Victoria, a mouth full...and he moaned a yees please. So I poured some wine in my mouth, then fused my lips to his and tongued it into his mouth.

I've never seen a guy come like that; being in the way of that load would've caused serious injury. And smiling like all the suns in the world was my brother as he looked at me with such loving admiration and joy...and smiling back...I also started...to feel...joy.

The rest of the day we spent mostly inside just talking, with me using my brother as a warm cozy blanket or cushion in the couch.

When it was time for bed, we both agreed that we should sleep in our own beds, we could change that later on...but it felt like the right thing to do, and besides...we had the entire next day to look forward to....and the next...

Jamie carried me up the stairs though and tucked me in with a good night kiss. As he left the room and turned off the light, he said, "See you tomorrow, and sis...love you."

It felt so good hearing that, because I knew that he really really meant it. And my first instinct was to return the words...or hurl myself after him, but I restrained myself and thought I would show my appreciation first thing tomorrow morning instead.

I had my extra-long sleeping t-shirt on me but showed him that I had my panties folded in my hand. He scurried to the lift and hugged me hard. Then picked me up and carried me to the table.

He removed his shorts, showing me the second boner in two days...and I thought he was going to do me right away, but he was just leaning in for a kiss or two...or three...then he sat down in the chair pulling me forward...getting ready for his pre-breakfast delight. But before that happened, I wanted to say something first, so I held his cheeks softly in my hands.

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– You know...all of this started when I shut down, feeling the worst I ever felt.....miserable with walls and ceiling closing in no matter what...

But the weeks together, and yesterday...I..., when I woke up today...I felt joy. And right now, right now my heart's doing somersaults...and I have butterflies in my stomach....and....for the first time in like forever...I'm...starting to feel happy again...

...I'm actually starting to feel good again, and *I am really happy*.