

PERFECT GIFT

Emily Sinclair

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Dear Diary

Dear Diary,

I've never been so scared in my entire life. What's got me so scared, you ask? Of course you didn't ask, you're a book, but I'm going to tell you anyways as that's what you're here for. Gifting Week starts tomorrow. Yes, yes, I know giving my family gifts is no cause for alarm, but this year is different. This year I'm giving them the perfect gifts – gifts they've desired for who knows how long, but were too afraid to ask for.

It's taken me nearly ten months to discover my family's darkest secrets and muster up the courage to give them what they want the most. ME! Yeah, I said ME! At first I thought it was just my brother Eric's perverted nature, but when I overheard my parent's talking about me in a very sexual manner, I knew he wasn't alone in his thinking. Even after all this time I still find it hard to believe that my family is so full of perverts, but considering what I'm about to do for them I suppose I fit in pretty damn well.

I only hope I'll be able to give them everything they desire. Some of their kinks are way out there – far beyond anything I've ever done, or even thought about sexually, but for them I'm willing to give even their most perverted kinks a try. And who knows, if this all works out maybe we'll be able to continue long past Gift Week.

Seven days. That's how long I have to give them their gift. While in the past it would be done in the open, with everyone present, this year I've opted a more...intimate setting. I'll start with my brother on Monday, father on Wednesday, and mother on Friday giving be the weekend to rest and recuperate after what is sure to be one hell of a week.

Brother's Gift

“Happy Gift Week!” I exclaimed to my parents and brother at the start of our annual tradition that dates back to the time of my great-great-great grandparents. Every year, during the first week of June, we celebrate by exchanging gifts with each other as a show of gratitude and thanks as well as solidarity for being there for each other no matter what troubles life may bring.

“Happy Gift Week, sis,” my younger brother Eric said handing me a small box wrapped in red and black paper and tied with a purple bow – my three favorite colors.

“Thanks Eric,” I smiled as I took the box.

“Well, don’t leave us all in suspense!” mom said. “Open it. Let’s see what your brother got you this year!”

I carefully untied the bow and slung the long ribbon over my right shoulder as I moved to the wrapping. Carefully peeling back the clear tape so as not to tear the fragile paper I could see the eyes rolling in their sockets without looking up. “Leave me alone,” I said removing another piece of tape. “You know I like to save the wrapping.”

“Oh, for the love of God!” dad sighed. “It’s meant to be torn off!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don’t get your panties in a bunch, it’s almost off.” Peeling back the last piece of tape, I unwrapped it from the box and laid it on the coffee table to take home with me later. The wrapping and ribbon I always tried to keep, but the box meant next to nothing to me. Or at least it normally didn’t. This box, however, was not your every day, run of the mill cardboard box. No, this was a work of wooden art with Celtic knots painstakingly carved into it with silver hinges on the back and silver clasp at the front.

With shaky hands I opened the box as the rest of the family stared in anticipation. The inside was padded with pre-formed, felt-covered foam and divided into three rows. The top row contained three pairs of earrings – one pair with rubies, another with onyx and the third amethyst. Below that were three matching rings, and the third row contained a silver bracelet with ruby, amethyst and onyx inlay.

“HOLY FUCKING HELL!” I gasped. “It...it’s beautiful!”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“Like it? I fucking love it!” I proclaimed loudly. I never once thought to complain about such an extravagant gift. Especially considering what my gift to him was going to be.

“Well, compared to that, our gifts are downright crappy,” mom sighed.

“Nonsense! Don’t we always say it’s not the gift that counts, but the thought? I’m sure I’ll love anything you got me no matter what. That being said, I’m doing something a little different with the gift-giving. Due to the nature of the gifts, I’m going super-secret mode. So, in order to get your gift you’ll have to come over to my place tonight at six, Eric. Dad, I’ll have your gift ready on Wednesday, and mom’s on Friday.”

“Oooohh, intriguing!” mom replied. “Not exactly part of the tradition, but that’s ok. You’ve piqued my interest.”

“Well, in order to have everything prepared I need to get going now. I’ll see you at six,” I said to my brother.

“See you later sis.”

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I really didn’t have much to prepare except for myself. I relaxed in a hot bath scented with jasmine and sipped a glass of wine to calm my nerves. I was taking a huge gamble that

could potentially backfire and ruin our entire family dynamic. That is why I opted the one-on-one route instead of blurting out what I was giving them.

After my long bath, I got dressed in a black bra and matching hip-hugger panties and paced for the next hour. At 7:55 I taped a folded piece of paper to the front door and went into the bedroom and climbed into bed. To add to the intimacy, I sprinkled rose petals around me and placed a small pink box on my pink box and waited.

When the door opened, my heart began to race. This was the do or die moment. I was either going to give my brother the time of his life, or ruin our otherwise perfect sibling relationship. At twenty, he was two years my junior and had always looked up to me for guidance. I was his confidant, his friend. We had each other's back from an early age when he kicked the snot out of a boy that was bullying me. The bully and I were ten, Eric was eight, but that did not stop him from protecting me.

"Jenna, you home?" Eric yelled from the living room.

"In the bedroom," I yelled back. *For the love of God, didn't he read the damn note I left on the door?* I thought as I heard him walk down the hallway in my direction.

I adjusted myself on the bed so that I was in a more seductive pose. The door opened and Eric stared at me mouth agape. "HOLY SHIT Jenna! What...what are you doing?"

"Don't just stand there," I purred "come in and claim your gift."

"M-my gift? Is...is it in the box?"

"Part of it. I'm your gift, Eric. Tonight I belong to you and I'll fulfill your every sexual fantasy."

"YOU'LL WHAT!? Are you out of your mind?"

"I overheard you on several occasion telling your friends how sexy I am and all the things you'd do to me if I weren't your sister. Well, tonight you get to fulfill those fantasies. So come and claim me! You can start by opening the box."

Still unsure if this was real or not, Eric moved into the room and towards the bed. Reaching out a hand, making sure he didn't touch my naked flesh, he picked up the box and opened it. Inside was a bottle of lube for when he took my ass, and an empty condom wrapper.

"The condom wrapper is empty," he said looking at me nervously.

"I know," I purred. "You can shoot your load in any and all of my holes."

"You're serious? This isn't some sort of elaborate ruse to get me in trouble?"

"I'd never do that to you," I said feeling hurt. "I love you and I know you love me. I know how you think of me sexually and I want to give you what you crave. So, get out of those clothes and take me!" To prove I wasn't messing around, I sat up and removed my bra and then spread my legs slightly to give him a better view of what he was getting. Seeing he was still unsure, I took off my panties and tossed them at him as I rolled over ass up and head down. "The night's not getting any younger," I said looking back at him. I want to feel your cock in all of my holes so get up here and take me.

"Are you absolutely sure you want to do this sis? Once we begin, there's no going back."

"I've never been surer about anything in my life. I love you Eric and now I want you to screw me silly!"

Eric stripped out of his clothes and I smiled. He took pride in keeping fit, but my eyes were drawn to the dick hanging between his well-toned legs. I hadn't seen him naked since we were little and boy had he grown a lot since then. Climbing up onto the bed, he spread my legs open further and swiped his tongue along my slit causing me to moan softly.

“Mmmm, that’s it!” I moaned “Lick my pussy, bro. Get me nice and wet for your big, fat cock!”

SMACK! His hand landed hard on my ass causing me to jerk forward in surprise more than pain. “I’m going to fuck you until you can’t take it sis!” he exclaimed. “I’ve wanted you for so long it fucking hurt.” SMACK! “You were such a tease walking around in those tight dresses and low-cut tops!” SMACK! “God your pussy taste so fucking good!” SMACK!

I yelped with each slap to my ass, but said nothing as he took control of the situation. This was the Eric I was waiting for. The one that talked so much shit to his friends about making me his bitch. I was putty in his hands and allowed him to mold me to his liking.

After a few minutes of licking, Eric shifted his position and I felt the head of his cock pressing firmly against my pussy. “Last chance to stop this, sis,” he said squeezing my ass.

“Once my cock goes in I’m not going to stop until I’ve fulfilled every kinky fantasy I’ve got!”

I rocked my hips back, taking him fully in one thrust. “That’s my gift to you!” I moaned. “Make it count!” He didn’t disappoint. Gripping my hips tight, fingernails digging deep, he slammed his cock into me harder and faster than I thought possible. He grabbed a handful of my long, black hair and yanked my head back, kissing me hard as the head of his cock pressed against my cervix. For the briefest of moments I thought about him cumming inside of me – filling my unprotected womb with his potent baby-making seed. I thought about becoming pregnant with his baby and it made my pussy clench his throbbing cock even harder.

I was so certain he was going to do it, but instead he pulled his cock from my pussy. I felt the cool liquid of the lube squirting onto my asshole and I took a deep breath. Other than a finger and a slim plug, I didn’t have much experience with anal sex. Though the finger and toy didn’t really hurt, it also didn’t do much for me. But, I had overheard Eric telling his friends what a sex ass I had and how much he wanted to fuck it, so here we were.

“I’ve wanted to fuck your ass for so long sis,” Eric said spreading the lube around with the head of his cock. “You’ve got the sexiest ass I’ve ever seen and I’m going to fucking wreck it!” SMACK! “What do you think of that, sis? What do you think of your brother destroying your ass?”

“I’m here to fulfill *all* of your fantasies, bro,” I moaned as his index finger slowly penetrated my back door. “If...uhn...if d-destroying my ass is...uhn...uhn...” his finger was working its way deeper – the lube making passage a whole lot easier “t-then destroy my ass! Stretch it open!”

“Oh, I’m going to do more than just stretch it open sis.” SMACK! He made a fist and showed it to me. “This is what I’m going to do to your ass, sis. I’ve fantasized about fisting your sexy ass for years and tonight I’m going to do it! I’m not going to stop until your ass is taking my entire fucking hand!”

“OH MY GOD!” I gasped. This was a new fantasy, one that I had never heard before. And one I didn’t know if I could fulfill. “I...I don’t know...”

“You said all of my fantasies, right? That was your gift to me. Are you taking your gift back now?”

“No,” I sighed. “I...I’ll do it. I’ll do whatever kinky, fucked up fantasy you’ve got. That was my gift and I’m not going to take it back.” Taking back a gift given during Gift Week was seen as the ultimate betrayal. It simply wasn’t done no matter how tacky the gift was. I have a closet full of horrible gifts from past years that I’ll keep till the day I die.

“Perfect! You’re absolutely perfect sis! How long will this gift last?”

“Until midnight. I’ll do whatever you desire until then.”