**My Sister's New Car**

by BethTheBee

*A late night road trip with my sister gets embarrassing.*

Hi everyone, Beth again. Sorry I've not written for a while.

Usual housekeeping: this is a story about getting excited by being in an embarrassing situation. If you are looking for full sex this isn't the place! I seem to have written a bit more background and build-up in this one - so sorry if it takes some time to get going. Let me know if you like having more build-up or not - I can't promise that I won't just write whatever I feel like next time anyway though...

Everyone involved was over 18 at the time this happened. Spoiler, but this contains (mild, accidental) piss stuff, so if you hate that maybe don't read on, but it isn't the main event if that makes sense!

As a recap - I'm Beth (or Bee), 20 years old at the time of this, living at home with parents and sister. 5'4. Slim but not skinny. Brown hair. I'd discovered a kink for being embarrassed, exposed or semi-exposed, or generally taking risks (see my previous stories) - but found it tricky to get the nerve to actually do stuff often or to push my boundaries. At this time I had dialled things back a bit. I was still sleeping naked (it's just so much more comfortable), and not wearing underwear with some outfits (mostly out of habit), but I'd stopped taking massive risks in the house (see "The safety of home" to read more about that).

This happened just under a year after that story - other interesting things had happened between then and this, but this was the memory I felt most like sharing today. I might revisit the time between one day I guess.

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My sister Erica and I got on pretty well all things considered. But she was two years older than me, and that had always been enough of an age gap that we were never like besties. But once we got out of our early teens the sibling bickering pretty much stopped (to the relief of our parents I'm sure). But we were certainly not the sort of sisters who would confide everything to each other in whispered giggles late at night, and we moved in pretty different social circles. But yeah, we got on just fine - went on day trips together occasionally (usually as a last resort if all our friends were busy) and would do the odd favour like a pick up from work or whatever. Very normal really!

I suppose I should describe Erica a little as she features prominently in this. I know in fiction things are often simplified to "oh she's the pretty, popular one and I'm the punk" or "I'm the cool one, she's the mousey academic" or whatever. I guess it's a technique to help people remember characters. But real world here and honestly although we had different friends and a few different interests we were actually pretty similar in lots of ways. Both liked to stay fit but were not like "sports girls", both pretty average academically, both had plenty of friends. I once overheard some piggish boys from our school debating which of us they fancied more - and it seemed to be a fairly even split haha (seriously though, what utter dickheads).

Looks-wise she is a couple of inches taller than me, and her hair is a dark blonde rather than my brown (unless she was going though a dyeing phase). Facially we are very similar. Our parents tell us that when we were little people used to ask if we were twins. Them recounting this is usually followed by a joke at my expense about me being pretty large for my age back then (I've seen the photos and yes I was chunky enough to be mistaken for a couple of years older, glad I grew out of that).

Erica had been saving up for a while and had just got herself a new car (well new to her anyway). It was nothing special, just a bog standard third or fourth-hand used hatchback, but she was ridiculously proud of it. In fairness to her she'd spent a bit more to get the one at the dealership that had the significantly less stained upholstery, so I guess all her "no food or drink or muddy boots in the car" rules were fair. It was still a bit funny seeing how protective she was of a car that most people wouldn't give a second glance to.

One Saturday there was a semi-well-known band playing in the city a couple of hours away from us. They were an older band that our dad has gotten us in to - so none of our friends were interested and we had decided to go together. Dad was away on a work trip so couldn't go, I think he was a bit sad to miss out on a gig with us but he pretended not to care ("I saw them in their prime, I don't need to go and see them on their zimmer frames" etc). Mum had always hated them so no chance she would be coming. So just the two of us.

The plan was to take the train from our small town to the city and back. It'd mean a late night - but at least we could both have a drink. We didn't want to pay for a coat check, and the weather wasn't too bad, so we dressed for the venue. Just taking the clothes we were in and a small handbag between us. We'd have a nice drunk buzz to keep us warm on the way home anyway.

Erica was dressed in skinny jeans, a strappy top, and a short, tight lightweight jumper that she liked a lot (I liked it too and would steal it now and then - tight enough to be flattering without being restrictive, and a really nice shade of red).

I was in my powder-blue short sleeved boiler suit type thing. It was an all in one, trousers and top combined, and was a thick almost denim-like material - although a really light colour. It was one of the pieces I was in the habit of not wearing anything underneath. It was thick enough that it would never be noticed that you have no underwear on.

As it was not form-fitting, the material quite often didn't touch certain bits of your body that you'd be used to the feeling of underwear pressing against, so you almost felt like you were naked while everything was still covered. So yeah, a little liberating and exciting to wear - although to be honest I wore it for the gig because it's comfortable, and allowed me to skip underwear more as a keeping-cool-in-a-sweaty-venue measure than anything sexually motivated.

It did have disadvantages, it tended to show sweat patches (but fuck it, gigs are sweaty and I don't care). Also being one piece you did have to take the whole thing all the way down to pee. Which for me with my lack of underwear meant essentially sitting on a public toilet completely naked. But I'd been to this venue before and I knew the toilet situation was good with plenty of well screened cubicles - so no issues there really.

Anyway, we were about half way through walking to the station when I got a text from mum: signal failures, all trains cancelled (she was a worrier and always kept an eye on timetables when we travelled).

Fuck! We hadn't left a huge amount of time to get there as we didn't want to hang around, and the train was quicker than driving. Still, if we hustled back home and got the car we should still make it, even if we did miss the support act.

We power-walked home as fast as we could. Erica had her keys on her so we didn't waste any time, got straight in the car and went. The journey there went without incident, although Erica was a bit grumpy as now she wouldn't be able to drink. I did offer to drive home so that she could, but we both knew it was a totally hollow gesture. No way she'd let me drive her precious car. Plus I wasn't even insured on it.

We got to the gig for basically the last song of the support act. No big deal, we'd never heard of them and judging by that song we didn't miss much! Erica got over her grumpiness, and as we'd bought tickets which came with discounts on the first two beers each, I drank hers for her and had a nice buzz going, even if I suspect they were fairly watered down so wasn't exactly drunk.

The band were great, but four beers is a lot of liquid even if they are watered down, and I did quite need a wee. With no interval I didn't feel like missing songs while I queued for the loo, so I decided to hold it until the end of the set. The queue was even bigger then though, and Erica was getting tired and didn't want to wait half an hour before driving. So I agreed we could just go, as long as we could stop at a service station ("rest stop" I think for the American readers!) or something on the way back.

Back in the car and only a short way into the journey and I was getting pretty desperate. I'm usually good at holding it, but there are limits! I let my sister know that the situation is getting quite urgent. She replied with the thing our parents used to ask "side-of-the-road-urgent, or next-service-station-urgent?" I was getting pretty close to side-of-the-road-urgent to be honest, but told her I could wait until the next services, as long as that was soon!

Before long we were pulling in to a car park and I was scurrying towards the public toilets of a pretty sketchy looking petrol station... not the nice modern motorway services I'd hoped for.

Oh well needs must. I practically ran to the ladies', unbuttoning the top couple of buttons of my boiler suite as I scampered. Locked. Hand-written sign on the door "out of order, use the disabled toilet". Fine, no problem.

Also locked.

The more permanent sign on this door read "please ask for key at cash desk".

Balls. Not an option.

My bladder had head rumour that it was nearly time for action and was not going to hold on much longer. The only thing for it was to dart into the men's toilets, praying that it was empty this late at night.

It was thank god, not a sign of anyone inside. It also looked like it hadn't had much sign of a cleaner for a fair while too. I bee-lined straight to the first of the two cubicles, butterflies in my stomach that I was alone in a men's public toilet (not sexy butterflies, I was actually pretty scared). I won't go in to details but that cubicle had seen some things. Gagging, I backed straight back out and tried cubicle two. Thankfully cleaner (relatively at least).

Less ideal was the broken lock.

Fuck. Fuckity fuck fuck. There was no more time, I was more desperate to pee than I think I'd ever been. So I awkwardly undid the rest of my buttons and slid my boiler-suit down to my ankles while trying desperately to keep the cubicle door mostly closed.

Nothing was going to stop me peeing as soon as my bum hit the toilet seat. Not even the terrible nervousness of being a 20 year old girl, essentially fully nude in an unlocked men's public toilet stall at nearly midnight. I tried to convince myself that this was no different to leaving the bathroom door at home unlocked for the thrill of a cheap risk. But it felt very different and I was genuinely afraid of what might happen if some weird trucker found me like this.

I was still mid-stream when the main door of the toilets creaked open.

No. No no no no.

Complete panic set in and I shot to my feet, pulling the boiler suit up in record time and uncomfortably trying to clench what felt like every muscle in my body to stop my flow mid-way. I bolted out of the cubicle and through the main door, back into the shop area of the petrol station. The (I'm sure) completely innocent guy now standing at the urinal didn't even look round.

I probably could have calmed myself, waited for him to leave, and slipped back in to finish my business. But I was spooked. Really spooked. I decided I'd go find a bush in the carpark or something. Anything rather than going back in there.

My bladder didn't agree with the plan at all though. As far as it was concerned we were not going anywhere until we'd finished what we had started. To my dismay and horror, stood there between the sandwich fridge and the magazine display, I felt the pee start to flow again.

20 years old. Pissing myself right there in the middle of a shop. And it wasn't like a little bit, I was wet down to my knees (very obvious against the light blue fabric), my canvas shoes were soaked, and a puddle had formed under me. My cheeks were burning, I felt sick with shame, I couldn't move - the release was too much and I had to just stand there and finish.

The guy came back out of the toilets and made eye contact with me before his gaze went down to my soaked crotch and legs and the puddle on the ground. The look of disgust and contempt on his face as he walked away made me hit a new level of humiliation.

I went to leave but then felt guilty. I'd worked customer service before. The girl at the cash register couldn't have been much more than 18. The last thing she wanted was to discover a puddle of piss later on, or worse have to deal with someone slipping in it and breaking their necks.

Swallowing my shame and trying to put on a brave face I approached her. She was on her mobile chatting and it took a moment to get her attention.

"Excuse me, I've had a little accident at the back of the shop" (shame, shame, shame).

"What sort of accident?" she asked, then looked down, "oh".

She gave me a look of daggers and went back to her friend on the phone. "Fucks sake, I gotta go now. Have to mop up some dumb bitch's piss. Fuck my life". She didn't even look at me again. She obviously had decided I was below her. She might well have been right.

I walked back in to the cool night air of the car park. The cold air hitting my piss soaked legs made me gasp, and I walked quickly back to the safety and warmth of the car. There was no hiding it from Erica though. "Oh what the fuck? there is NO way you are getting in my car like that."

I started to cry. This was totally unplanned, and was all the humiliation and embarrassment without any of the good thrills. I was completely adrift in shame.

Erica went in to 'Practical Big Sister Mode'. She took off her lightweight red jumper and said "right, you can wear this, but that boiler suit comes off outside the car".

We were in a fairly dark corner of the car park. I couldn't see anyone close by. But still get naked felt like a pretty big deal. Shaking and crying, I stripped. My shoes were soaked too so they also came off. I crouched, completely naked by the car. In a public car park. In front of my sister.

Minus the "in front of my sister" part, this would usually be the thing of my fantasies. If I was daydreaming about a scenario like this I would picture myself doing a lap of the car park, maybe finding a tree to fuck myself behind. That kind of thing.

This didn't feel like a fantasy though, it felt like a nightmare. Perhaps it was because it was completely unplanned, or maybe it was because I was getting really cold from being soaked with piss in the night air, but I was not enjoying this one bit.

Trying to get the whole experience over with as soon as possible, I used the dry top part of the boiler suit to clean and dry off my legs as best I could, wrapped it round my shoes so all the wet bits were inside the bundle and threw it on the back seat. Then I reached out for Erica's jumper to put on and scrambled into the car, trying not to fully stand at any point.

The jumper was thin, and too short to cover anything below my waist at all. My nipples were hard from the cold and very obvious through the fabric, and I was still naked from the waist down. Still, I would cover my crotch with my hands, and the top was enough that at least we wouldn't get pulled over by the police or something.

Relief. Thank god this had happened with someone here to give me a top and drive me home (although I doubted I would ever live it down). But I was safe, and it was over. I least I thought it was...

Erica started the car, and we sat in silence as she pulled back on to the motorway. Suddenly she started laughing.

"Oh my god Bee, you're such a fucking mess. Also where the hell is your underwear you utter slut."

Fuck, I didn't think she'd noticed I was going commando. What would she think of me now? Would she realise my exhibition kink? Would she think I did all this on purpose? Humiliation washed over me again.

But something else was starting to stir too. Even though she said it with a laugh, being called a slut for being caught not wearing underwear awoke the "oh this is the exciting sort of embarrassing" part of my brain, even if it was my own sister saying it.

I sat there next to my sister in the dark. Naked from the waist down, and very aware of the sensation of the car seat on my bare bottom. Every time we passed another vehicle I flinched, worried about what they could see. And even through all this (and maybe because of this) I could feel myself starting to get aroused.

I was VERY aware of Erica's obsession about keeping her car clean. And starting to get a bit worried about how wet my pussy can get when I'm turned on. I really, REALLY didn't want this journey to end with her noticing a big wet patch on the seat when we get up. I wasn't 100% sure what suspicions she now held about me, but I'm sure any she did have would be confirmed to her if she realised I was turned on by this.

The more worried I got about leaving a wet spot on the seat, the more humiliated I felt. The more humiliated I felt, the hornier and wetter I became. The wetter I got the more worried I got about the seat. It was a pretty vicious cycle that was starting to spiral out of control. The faint vibrations of the car coming up through the seat directly on to my bare ass were not helping matters either.

I went quiet for the next half an hour or so. I was trying to focus on anything other than my rapidly advancing arousal. My thighs started to unconsciously clench and my legs were starting to tingle. Honestly, it felt very, very good, but I really did not want it to. I had experimented at home a couple of times when I had the house to myself, seeing how close I could get to an orgasm without it arriving, and how long I could maintain that for. I think people call it edging? Anyway, this was starting to feel quite a lot like that.

I was pretty confused. Every orgasm I've ever had has involved some level of touching myself (or being touched). Even when I'm super horny I need to touch for a bit to cum. I didn't think it was even POSSIBLE to orgasm without it, I was desperately hoping it wasn't at least - but evidence to the contrary was starting to mount up.

I had stopped thinking about the seat. At this point I knew I was dripping wet and it was a loss cause. My main focus now was trying desperately to control my breathing and not to moan out loud. I reached out and turned the volume up on the radio, in the vain hope that this would drown out any noises I made. I was desperate for my sister not to notice that I was pretty much getting off next to her.

Oh god. Every time I thought "please no, Erica is right there", my humiliation levels increased and I got more and more turned on. My mind was wracked with intrusive thoughts: "you foul bitch, turned on by getting off in front of your own sister... no no it's ok, its not incestuous, its nothing to do with her being your sister, you'd be turned on no matter who was next to you... you foul bitch, thinking you'd like to get off in front of ANYONE whoever they are".

Each time thoughts like this flickered through my head, I'd feel even more ashamed of myself, which pushed me towards what was starting to feel like a pretty inevitable orgasm.

Then Erica noticed something was up.

I wasn't aware at the time but she told me later that I had pretty much lost control. Apparently she glanced over at me to see me biting my lip, straining against my seatbelt, legs slightly spread. My hands were no longer modestly covering my lap, but instead by my sides, fists clenched.

"Oh my god Bee are you...?" she started.

"Yes I'm CUMMING" I cut her off.

Her noticing my predicament was all it took to push me over the edge into an orgasm.

I later learnt that she wasn't sure what was happening until I screamed that and came. She was going to ask "are you OK?", it hadn't even occurred to her that I was getting off, she thought maybe it was a fit or something at first. Had I had presence of mind and avoided the actual orgasm, I might have been able to style it out.

Oops.

It wasn't the best orgasm of my life, probably never would be without actually committing to it and touching. But an orgasm is an orgasm and it still felt great.

I could only bask in the feeling for a microsecond before reality slammed into me though.

I was bottomless. In a car. On the motorway. My own sister had just witnessed me have an orgasm.

Shit.

We sat in stunned silence for a few minutes. I started to feel very intense guilt. Even though it hadn't been intentional at all, I felt like I had used my sister for sexual gratification. And without any form of consent or encouragement from her. I felt like a pervert, and not in a good way.

I wouldn't blame her if she never spoke to me again. If she pulled over on the hard shoulder and kicked me out, half naked, to fend for myself in the night. Sure, my parents might be concerned when she turns up at home without me. But once she explains what I did I'm sure they would be right on board with her; changing their phone numbers and the locks, or maybe even moving away altogether and I'd never see them again. They wouldn't want anything to do with their disgusting daughter anymore either.

I started to cry again. Not in a showy "look how contrite I am" way. Just quiet tears of someone who knows that their fate is sealed.

She broke the silence.

"You're OK"

It wasn't a question, it was a calm statement of reassurance. I don't think I've ever felt relief, gratitude and love course through me as intensely as I did in that moment. She didn't hate me. I don't know how she didn't, but she didn't.

Still driving, she repeated it a couple of times until my crying stopped. We sat quietly for a while longer. I don't remember the exact specifics of our conversation word for word from there. It had been an intense night and I was struggling to take everything in, but we had a pretty good heart to heart.

She had evidently worked out, based on the events of the evening, that I had some sort of humiliation or exhibitionist kink. She asked me if I'd ever done anything like this before, and reassured me that it is OK to have a sexuality and that kinks are nothing to be guilty about. That my secret was safe with her. That while this kind of thing wasn't her thing, she didn't hate me for it. I did briefly wonder what her thing WAS, but decided it wasn't anything like the time to ask.

For my part I told her about a couple of my previous adventures, about how I fantasised about doing more, but found it hard to get the guts to follow through or push my boundaries. The most detail I gave was about my first walk in the woods, that you can read about for yourself elsewhere (although not the part with the lady on the stile), and a few bits that I've not written about here yet (another time perhaps). I wasn't ready to confess about the stuff I did in the house yet though.

I was also very keen to emphasise that the events of the night had not been planned by me in any way at all. And that, other than going commando (which was so usual for me at this point that I barely thought of it as being a sexual thing), I had intended to be completely normal tonight.

She said that she believed me, and I think that she did.

As we got pretty close to home the conversation got lighter again. We chatted about the band, and what songs we liked most, and she even lightly teased me about my state of undress and that I'd pissed myself. By this point I had given up trying to cover myself up, there didn't seem much point. Besides, my seat was sticky and wet and uncomfortable and to try to avoid it I was kind of slouched with my bum on the very edge and my legs pretty spread for balance. Erica laughed when she noticed and said "honestly I'd have thought you had your fill for tonight, I don't think you could be sitting in a sluttier way if you tried."

Full disclosure, this sent another little thrill shooting through me. But I was too spent for it to have much effect. She was kind enough to warn me whenever we approached another car on the road, to give me time to close my legs and cover myself.

As we pulled up outside our house, I confessed that the seat might be a bit of a mess.

"Yeah I guessed it might be. You're scrubbing that out in the morning by the way."

That seemed fair enough to me.

We decided to leave my pissy clothes on the back seat to deal with tomorrow too. It was nearly 1.30 in the morning and the street was deserted. Even so it felt pretty intense dashing the few metres from the car to the front door barefoot and bare-arsed, with my hands clamped over my vagina.

Erica took one last opportunity to wind me up, intentionally taking her time to find the key and unlock the front door as I cowered behind a low bush, and hissing "you better hope mum isn't still up" as she opened it.

We knew she wouldn't be, but still my heart was in my mouth as I practically sprinted up the stairs to my bedroom.

I stood in the middle of my room reeling from the events of the night. Erica followed me in and made a quip about "don't think this means you get to keep my jumper, I know you've had your eye on it for a while".

Without thinking I peeled it off and handed it back to her.

"Wow, obedient too, how interesting."

Before I had time to process her comment she pulled me in to a long, tight hug. Not sexual in any way, shape or form, but the hug of two sisters who have gone through a pretty intense experience together. Although made slightly unusual by one sister being fully nude I suppose.

She quietly repeated some of the things she said in the car. How she won't tell anyone, how having a kink is OK, how I'm safe with her.

I felt insanely grateful, and closer to her than I ever had before.

She broke off the hug and walked out the room, leaving me standing there naked. Just before she closed the door she turned back and looked me in the eyes.

"Oh, and if you ever need someone to help you push your boundaries, let me know."

I lost a fair few hours of sleep that night trying to work out just what she meant by that.

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Thanks for reading!

Obviously after the events above, my relationship with Erica changed a bit, but not as dramatically as you might think. For the most part we remain very regular sisters, although we became closer and much more likely to confide in one another afterwards. There did develop (and still remains) a sexual element to our relationship, but we are both (fairly) straight and mostly this is mutual arousal rather than actual sexual contact. You'll have to check back once I've written some more to find out just what it entails.

I suppose, being brutally honest, you could consider some of the stuff I might write about in future to be incestuous. Although, mostly (but not exclusively) this would have to be a pretty broad definition of incest - so I doubt my writing would ever move to that category on this site. Basically don't ever expect to read about us fucking each other's brains out or anything like that - it just hasn't ever happened!

Erica does feature very prominently in some of my other memories that I may one day write up, but not all of them so don't expect her in every story. I also just want to make it clear that I've discussed writing my experiences up with her and she is OK with it (although I will confess that Erica isn't her real name. She felt that especially as I do use my real name it would be best to change hers).

Love to you all.

Bee x