

## Baby Steps: Generations

### Remembering Yesterday

In his whole life, David had never been so grateful for unbearably hot weather. A blistering summer that never seemed to end. Sitting in a closed room with no air conditioning, his clothes so drenched with sweat that it looked like he'd taken a quick dip in the pool without bothering to take them off. Hot beads of sweat trickled down his brow and cheeks, his damp hair was practically glued to his skin.

And the *stench*.

Sweaty clothes, a humid room, some unfinished snacks left scattered about in the heaps of clothes and trash. It was *not* a nice smell to be greeted with every time he entered the room. Though, thankfully, he got used to it quickly – was able to ignore and forget about it after a few minutes.

The view helped.

No, it did *more* than help. It was *everything*.

The view made the whole experience worth it.

Because, though he was uncomfortably hot and downright drenched in sweat, so was *she*. Stacy.

Lounging on her bed, fanning herself with an old magazine, head tilted back as she all but panted for air – the sound erotic to David's ears. Her wet chest rose and fell heavily.

She was wearing a white shirt. A *thin* white shirt.

A white shirt made near-enough transparent by the moisture soaking through it.

Stacy wasn't wearing a bra underneath.

David's eyes were glued to the clearly visible shapes of his sister's nipples. Wide, pink areola. Puffy and protruding.

If Emily hadn't emptied his balls just a short while ago, he'd have been rock hard at the sight. Hell, even *with* the recent ejaculation, his cock was stirring itself to life. Like a weary, tired soldier rising to attention; ready to do what was needed without complaint or hesitation.

"Fuck," David grunted, throat dry, "this heatwave."

"Toss it over," Stacy said, not looking at him. With her head tilted back, eyes closed, he had no idea what she meant. When David didn't react to the words, Stacy waved her hand in annoyance. "My water. Toss it over."

*Her* water?

David looked at the bottle he was holding. A clear plastic bottle of chilled water, plucked out of the fridge as soon as he and Emily had arrived home. The salvation from the oven that was Stacy's bedroom.

"This," David said, brandishing the water bottle. "Is *mine*. Get your own. There are plenty in the fridge."

"Give," was Stacy's only response, waving her hand expectantly.

"Not a chance," David grumbled.

"It's the least you can do," his sister said, voice taking on a slightly different tone. Dry, matter of fact. Unamused.

He rolled his eyes, uncapped the bottle and began drinking.

"After staring at my tits like that," Stacy added in the same, flat tone.

David choked.

Water ended up places it didn't belong, and he ended up hunched over and coughing. Throat stinging, face even hotter than it'd felt a minute ago. He coughed and spluttered, accidentally clutched the bottle of water too tight and spilled its contents all over the floor.

"I wasn't-" He managed to gasp out after a moment. "I didn't-"

"You spilled my water," Stacy said imperiously, not even deigning to look at him. "Go

get me some more.”

She flicked the air dismissively.

Happy for an excuse to flee, David left the room on a rush.

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“You’re attractive,” David stated. “Very attractive. It makes sense that guys want to ogle you. It’d be offence if they didn’t.”

Stacy didn’t say anything. She didn’t need to.

He’d learned quickly that vanity and egotism were powerful tools for him to utilise against his sister. Convincing her to want him? To *love* him? That’d never happen. Stacy was far too high and mighty, up her own ass, to go along with that. But play into her over-inflated ego? Now *that* was the way to go.

“Not even your own brother can resist,” he said, a smile tugging at his lips. “Even *he* finds you hott, though he’d never admit it. Not unless you *make* him. Now doesn’t that sound fun?”

Stacy’s eyebrow twitched. Again, she didn’t answer.

“He won’t want to admit it,” David said softly. “So making him confess that he’s attracted to you will make him squirm, embarrass him, make him uncomfortable. You’d have that power over him. The same power you have over every other guy...”

~ ~ ~

She was sitting on her bed; wearing an oversized t-shirt, legs bare, a smirk on her plump lips. Her arms were crossed over her chest, squeezing those mountainous globes together.

David gulped, slowly closed the bedroom door behind himself.

“Mom’s gone,” he said, heart thumping at the cool stare Stacy was giving him.

“She... Uh... Her new job, it’s...”

“You’ve been going out a lot lately,” Stacy said, eyeing him up and down. “You didn’t go to the store, and you’re not dressed for a job interview...”

“I like to walk sometimes,” David shrugged, sweat beading on his brow. He strode over to the bed and plopped himself down on the opposite end to Stacy. “It helps me with, you know. Stress and all that. Fresh air and-”

“In *this* heat?” Stacy said, raising an eyebrow.

He shrugged again.

Was she growing suspicious? Had she realised that David and Emily left the house at around the same time, both coming back sweaty and happy? Had she put the pieces together?

Stacy narrowed her eyes at him.

“You’re up to something.”

A lie came easily to his mind. Mostly thanks to the fact that it was the very lie he’d been planning on sharing with her anyway. Not yet – it was still a little early for him to be broaching the topic. But, before he could stop himself, the words formed in his head and spilled from his lips.

“I’ve just been *angsty* is all,” he said, a very real blush coming to his face. “It’s been months since we moved here, and it’s not like I have a girlfriend or anything... Being cooped up in here with- in here, this house, it’s difficult...”

Stacy stared at him, not yet understanding.

“It’s... it’s a *guy* thing. Since I don’t have a girlfriend, and there’s all this pent up *frustration*, I go on walks to wear myself out... Stop me from thinking about *it* and stuff.”

“It...” Stacy blinked, eyes twinkling with realisation. “You mean...”

"It's been almost a year since I've *been* with a girl," David lied, not quite as embarrassed by the words as he'd been expecting.

Probably, that had something to do with the fact that Emily's saliva still coated his cock from the sloppy blowjob she'd given him not ten minutes ago. The admission might've been embarrassing, sure. But it was also complete and total bullshit.

"As a guy, it just kinda-"

A burst of hysterical laughter cut him off.

"Shut up!" Stacy cackled, head tilted back. "My virgin brother is *not* complaining about needing to get laid! Like you've ever seen a *real* pussy in your *life*."

He'd have snapped at her then, told her how wrong she was. He even opened his mouth, about to name a former girlfriend or two, when the sight of Stacy's jiggling tits silenced him. Her shoulder rolled with her overenthusiastic laughter, chest shaking with the motions. David's mouth hung open at the sight, his eyes bulging.

For a single, brief moment, he glanced down at her legs. Bare knees and the slightest hint of thigh. Her oversized shirt was like a dress, pooling around her. Did she have anything on under it? Panties or a thong or nothing at all?

He gulped, stared back up at his sister's chest.

She caught him looking.

Her eyes twinkled with glee, lips curling into a victorious grin.

David made a show of looking away, pretending he hadn't just been staring at Stacy's rack.

"Virgin perv," Stacy giggled. "Staring at your little sister's boobs. Is that why you sneak out three or four times a day? To jerk off to me?"

The truth was a lot naughtier than that.

"Please," David grunted. "Get over yourself. I wasn't looking at *you*. I was looking at your t-shirt."

"Uh-huh," Stacy said, narrowing her eyes at him. "My t-shirt."

"It's a nice t-shirt!"

He held Stacy's gaze for as long as he could. Staring into her eyes was like looking at ice. Unwavering, unmoving. Not a shot he'd win any staring contest between the two of them. And, the moment he glanced away, he felt her smirk. Felt the glee in her eyes.

"Admit it," she said.

David looked back at her.

"Admit you were staring at my boobs." As she spoke, she moved her arms to her sides, pushed out her chest. Her already massive tits seemed to grow a size as she arched her back, presented herself. "Admit you're a loser virgin with the hots for his sister."

The 'loser virgin' part, David could've done without. The rest of it, though? Everything he'd wanted to hear, more or less.

"I wasn't-" David flicked his eyes down, gazed at those protruding mountains for a brief moment. Then he forced himself to look away, feigning embarrassment. "I don't 'have the hots' for you."

"Liar," Stacy giggled.

She was enjoying this. Enjoying the teasing, enjoying the attention. That was good. More than good.

It meant the hypnotic programming was working.

He let her tease him for a bit, mock him and playfully demand he admit to staring at her breasts. But, when he continued to refuse her, Stacy's mood began to shift. From playful to annoyed, from teasing to determined.

"Admit it!" Stacy snapped. "There's nothing wrong with it. You like big boobs. Most guys do. Just admit it already!"

"I don't!" David lied.

He made sure to glance at her chest every now and then, make sure Stacy knew he was interested. He just needed a bit of nudging to come clean, was all.

Finally, Stacy said the words he was waiting and praying for.

"If you admit it," his sister said, "I'll let you see 'em."

The whole world went quiet.

David stared into his sister's eyes, saw not hint of a lie.

"Bullshit," he said. "You'd never."

"I will," Stacy promised. "It's been so fucking hot in here, I'd be *happy* to strip out of this."

She plucked the front of the t-shirt for emphasis. The motion caused her tits to sway underneath. Just a tiny little bounce, but enough to remind David that his sister wasn't wearing a bra.

He waited for a moment, let the tension in the air linger.

"Prove it," he said at last, heart thundering.

"You wanna see them real bad, huh?" Stacy smiled.

"I..." he gulped. "I mean, I guess..."

"Nope," she tutted. "Not good enough. Admit you were staring at my boobs. Admit you wanna see your little sister's tits."

There was no way of telling if she'd go through with it or if she was bluffing. No way to tell if the hypnosis had sunk that deep yet, or if she needed more time. Could be that by pushing her now, he'd ruin everything.

But he couldn't resist.

"I was... I was staring at your boobs."

"At your *little sister's* boobs," Stacy corrected.

She could hardly be called 'little' anymore. Those things rivalled Emily's in size, and Emily had the biggest tits of anyone David had ever met. Stacy was all woman.

But, if she insisted...

"I was staring at my little sister's boobs," David confessed, cheeks bright red.

"You perv," Stacy's eyes twinkled victoriously. "I knew it."

She reached down, began lifting her t-shirt.

Boyshorts. Under the t-shirt, she was wearing boyshorts.

David didn't have long to focus on that. A few thundering heartbeats later, two massive tits dropped free of their confines as Stacy pulled the t-shirt up around her neck. Two huge, beautiful, bouncy tits. And not a bra in sight.

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"Imagine if Mom had walked in while you were flashing David," he said slowly, carefully. Bringing up Emily in these sessions always got a reaction out of Stacy. And never a good one. "Imagine her face – her *horror* - at witnessing that scene."

As always, Stacy's eyebrows narrowed at the mention of Emily. The depths to which his sister hated their mother was baffling. It went far beyond the move, the loss of her friends. This was something deeper.

So he'd use it, as any other tool, to get the job done.

"She's always been about 'happy family' stuff and getting along, being nice to each other. But she wouldn't like *that*. You and your brother being sexual with each other. She wouldn't like it one bit..."

Nothing could be further from the truth. But, with hypnosis especially, 'truth' was relative.

"Picture it," he continued. "The disgust on her face. The shock. Everything she's ever wanted, warped and twisted forever. No more happy family. No more normal life. Whenever she'd look at you or David again after that, she'd *know*. She'd *worry*. She'd think

about what else was happening behind closed doors. It'd haunt her, torment her, ruin her family dreams forever..."

Would this be enough? Did Stacy's hatred for Emily go so deep that it'd drive her into his bed just to spite their mother?

Probably not. But it was only one tool. One seed.

There were others.

Stacy hadn't gotten laid in a long, long time. She had needs.

And she enjoyed his attentions. His gifts and treats.

She liked to feel wanted. Liked knowing she had power over someone, that someone lusted after her.

And buried deeper down, shoved into the dark recesses of her mind so that she wouldn't have to face the truth, Stacy was lonely. Painfully, gut-wrenchingly lonely.

And David took that loneliness away.

Seeds aplenty.

If one didn't pan out, that was fine. Others would grow. More would be planted and watered and tested. It wasn't a matter of 'if' anymore. Just a matter of 'when' Stacy would cave. Give in to the wicked thoughts sprouting in her mind.

"Picture how much it'd hurt her. Break her heart. Imagine it..."

~ ~ ~

There was something magical about walking into his sister's bedroom to find her chillin' there near-enough naked. She didn't even acknowledge the fact she was lounging there in nothing but a G-string, save for a sly smile when she looked up to see him ogling her.

"Back from another 'walk'?" She asked, amused.

He was indeed back from fucking Emily. That woman was insatiable, milking his dick at every possible opportunity.

"Uh," David grunted. "Yeah."

"You know, you don't *have* to leave the house to jerk one out. You *do* have a bedroom. You getting arrested for public masturbation would be fucking hilarious and all, don't get me wrong. But you don't *need* to."

Her assuming *that's* why he was constantly leaving the house was more than a little insulting. Did Stacy *actually* think he was going off every day to jerk it in some random park or something?

But, for the sake of his plans, he had to play along.

"Kinda awkward doing it here," he shrugged. "You just across from me 'n' all. Wouldn't feel right."

"So you *do* jerk off thinking about me!"

He didn't reply. Instead, he walked over to the bed and sat himself down just inches from his near-naked sister.

"Do you *really* want to know what I think about when I'm stroking the sausage?"

"Yes!" Stacy said eagerly, sitting up straight.

Her huge tits wobbled, nipples standing out. David didn't bother hiding his appreciation, enjoying the perfection before him with a smile and a nod. The black G-string Stacy was wearing had to be the sluttiest piece of underwear she owned; thin and lacy, with a semi-transparent triangle at the front and nothing but string everywhere else.

David gulped. Fought down the urge to push her down and climb on top of her right there and then.

Being this close to a naked hottie, one of the sexiest women alive, and *not* being able to touch and play with her? It was a travesty. A crime against nature.

"I masturbate thinking about you," he said, meeting her eyes.

It was true and partly true. In the past, he'd filled more than a few socks to thoughts

of Stacy. Recently, though, there'd been no need to masturbate. Not with Emily around and more than happy to help. But he still pictured his sexy sister some of the times – it didn't help that the two women were almost identical, one a younger version than the other.

"That's okay," Stacy said, biting her lip and smiling. "Lots of guys do."

Ever the arrogant, self-sure bitch.

He was going to enjoy fucking that attitude out of her, make her a submissive, cock-loving slut. Those full lips around his cock...

David trembled.

"Most of those guys don't get to see *this*," David said, throat tight. He nodded to her perfect, flawless body.

"Lucky you," Stacy smiled, spoke in a softer, naughtier voice. "Big brother."

David grunted, looked her up and down again. Taking in the hourglass figure, the humungous breasts, the tiny patch of red hair sticking out under the G-string.

"Like what you see?" Stacy teased softly, cheeks flushed.

"Yes," David managed to utter.

"David," Stacy said, fluttering her eyelashes at him, lips curled into a teasing smile. "Big brother. Do you want to fuck me?"

"God yes," he breathed.

A quiet moment passed between them, their eyes locked. It was more than just teasing, more than just her messing with him. He could see it in her eyes. She was actually *considering* it. Thinking about it.

Fucking him. Here and now.

"Take out your cock," Stacy whispered.

"Are you... are you sure?"

"Shut up idiot," Stacy rolled her eyes. "I just want to see how 'big' my big brother actually is. That's all."

He was reaching down to lower his pants when he remembered where that cock had been a short while ago. If Stacy didn't *smell* the sex on him, she'd definitely see the dried, messy leftovers. And that would mean questions. So many unfortunate, impossible questions.

Much as he wanted to, he couldn't show Stacy his cock.

But...

She raised her eyebrow at him when he reached out, took her hand. When he moved it, guided it to his own crotch, Stacy's eyes bulged in surprise. Her mouth dropped open as he planted her hand over his cock.

Two layers of clothing between fingertips and bare skin. Pants and boxers. But neither of those layers was particularly thick. She felt it there, hand frozen in place. His cock. Or, at least, the outline of it. The shape and grith and size.

"Oh," his sister let out a breathy gasp. "That's... Wow."

Her face flushed as her fingers curled around his covered cock.

"I- I mean," she said quickly, glancing up at his face. "It's *alright* I guess... Not the biggest I've ever..."

Stacy's cheeks flushed even brighter.

She could try, but David knew the truth. It was written on her surprised face, in her wide eyes. She was *impressed*.

It took her a long few seconds to shake it off.

Long seconds that she stared down at the bulge under her hand, lips parted lustfully, gazing at it hungrily.

"Not bad," she said at last, putting on her usual air of superiority. Though, to David, it was unconvincing now. "For a virgin. Play your cards right and I'll- That is to say, I *might* take pity on you and-"

"Stroke it," David commanded.

Stacy flinched, glanced at him. Her face was cherry-red.

She opened her mouth to say something. Shuddered. Closed it again, biting her lip. When she gazed back down at the bulge, Stacy began stroking it. Fingertips wrapped around his shaft, massaging it through the layers of clothing.

He was full mast in seconds.

Would that he could continue. Stacy certainly seemed up for it. But he couldn't risk her finding out the truth about him and Emily. Not yet. Not until she was ready to accept it.

Painful as it was, he reached down and gripped his sister's wrist, pried her hand away from his crotch.

She glared at him, huffed.

"Knew it," she muttered. "Total virgin. No wonder you-"

"I'm gonna go get cleaned up," he told her. Her mouth snapped shut, cheeks hot.

"I'll... I'll come back tonight, after Mom's gone to bed. Wear something slutty."

She huffed again, turned her head away and refused to meet his gaze. Such a temperamental slut. She didn't take rejection well at all, did she?

"Don't bother," Stacy muttered. "No way I was going to fuck you anyway. You're my *brother*. I was just messing around and-"

"When I'm fucking your brains out later," David said, a flare of confidence erupting in his chest. "Try not to scream too loudly. Wouldn't want to wake up Mom..."

Stacy's eyes widened. She let out a quiet, whimpering moan.

She looked at him with lust-filled eyes and slowly nodded her head.

Stacy's idea of 'wearing something slutty', it turned out, was to not wear anything at all. David crept into her bedroom to find Stacy lying chest-down on top of her blankets, using her hands as a pillow. Butt-naked and beautiful in the soft glow of a nightlight.

Her eyes were closed, a small smile on her lips.

"About time," she murmured happily. "Is the stupid bitch asleep, then?"

David glanced at his sister's round ass, the temptation to spank it sparked in his head. Emily was many things, but a 'stupid bitch' was not one of them. Sometime soon, he was going to have to teach his sister some respect.

But not tonight. Tonight was for something else.

"She's asleep," David lied.

Stacy's smile widened.

"And she's a pretty heavy sleeper," he continued, stepping fully into the room and closing the door behind himself. "Still, try not to be too loud. Can you imagine what she'd think if she knew we were fucking?"

Funnily enough, *that* thought was half the reason Stacy wanted him to fuck her in the first place.

Taking her brother's dick just to fuck with and mess up their mother. Truly, Stacy was a vindictive bitch. Unreasonably so. But he had to work with what he had, and Stacy's absolute hatred of their mother had been too potent a tool not to use.

If only she knew the truth.

"What makes you so sure I'm going to fuck you?" Stacy purred.

"Because you want to," David shrugged, approaching the bed.

"Do I?" Stacy teased, wiggling her butt.

The bedsprings groaned when he climbed onto the bed, the bed's frame creaking as he straddled his sister's legs. He planted his hands on her hips, lifted her ass up.

The desire to spank her, slap that ass and watch it bounce, was almost enough to overwhelm him. He pushed it down, silently promised those beautiful cheeks that he'd punish them another time.

"You do," David said, running his hand between her legs, feeling the wetness there. "Besides, you're not the one who's fucking me. *I'm* fucking *you*."

A visible shiver ran up Stacy's spine. She let out a little breath, head still down on her hands, eyes still closed.

"Admit it," he said with a smile. "You want me to fuck you."

"Nu-uh," Stacy hummed, waying her hips and shaking her butt.

David leaned forward, pressed his still-clothed crotch to his sister's wetness. She let out a little moan as he held her there, separated by his cock by only two layers.

"Admit it," he said, "and I'll fuck you better than anyone you've ever been with. When I'm done with you, my cock is the only thing in the world you'll ever want again."

"Promises, promises," Stacy breathed.

He took one hand off her body, used it to tug down his sweatpants and boxers. His cock sprang out, bounced off Stacy's ass.

"Say it," David said, taking his cock by the hilt and slapping it against his sister smooth skin. "Or I won't."

"Like you could resist," Stacy whispered, a hint of uncertainty in her voice. "Hurry up and stick it in."

"Not until you say it," he said, leaning over her. He whispered in her ear. "Tell me you want me to fuck you, sis."

"I..." Stacy shuddered, bit her lip.

He pressed himself to her opening, held his cock there. Waiting. When Stacy tried to push back against him, impale herself on his length, he pulled back too. Refused her. Her eyes were open now, hands gripping the pillow beneath her.

"I want you to... to fuck me."

"Louder," David commanded.

"David," Stacy gasped. "Please, I want you to fuck me."

"Louder," he repeated, pushing himself against her hole, feeling the resistance there; his sister's tightness.

"Big brother," Stacy whined loudly. "I want you to fuck me!"

He thrust forward, cock straining against Stacy's tightness until his cock spread her blissfully open, sank inside her. One inch, two. A loud gasp from Stacy, her entire body tensing. Another inch, another. The deeper he pushed, the more she seemed to tense and tighten around him.

When half his length had disappeared inside her, David paused. Smiled. Pulled back.

Stacy whined and groaned.

He pulled almost entirely out of her before pushing forward again, filling her with even more of his cock. Pulling back, thrusting forward deeper than before. Slowly fucking her tight hole, giving her more and more of his cock each time. Letting her get used to his length and girth.

Stacy, for her part, panted and gasped and moaned into her pillow.

He was doing it. He was *actually* fucking her!

"What's the matter sis?" He grinned. "Looks like you're having trouble. Sure it's not you who's the virgin?"

"Fuck," Stacy groaned, "you."

"That's the plan," he chuckled.

He started slow, giving Stacy time to adjust. Then, when she began rocking herself to his thrusts, he upped the pace a little. The bedsprings creaked beneath them, the headboard gently thumping against the wall. Not loud, just creaks and light thumps, but it was enough.

Emily, listening on the other side of that wall, would hear it.

She'd know.

"Fuck!" Stacy moaned. "Ohh, *fuck!*"

"Shh," David hissed. "You're being too loud. You'll wake Mom."



That, of course, only made his sister even louder.

She gasped, slammed herself back onto his cock, cried out his name. Practically screamed it.

"David!" Stacy shouted. "Fuck me! Harder!"

It was like she *wanted* Emily to walk in.

"Fuck your little sister!" Emily cried out. "Fuck me up with your massive cock!"

David did just that.

She looked up at him with hazy, lust-filled eyes.

Her massive tits wobbled under him, bounced with every thrust. Hypnotic mountains with pink, puffy peaks.

Skin coated in sweat, red hair glued to her brow and chest and shoulders, lips parted as she panted and moaned. Less exuberant now, thanks to the exhaustion and fatigue. Her throat was probably sore from all the screaming and shouting, which was why she wasn't speaking now.

David hunched over her, entire body straining as he fucked her.

His muscles ached, back screaming at him. His mind a blur.

He thrust and thrust, on the cusp of orgasm. Reaching for it.

It was the quiet, muffled moans that did it. The barely audible gaps of a woman covering her mouth as she pleased herself.

Not Stacy, but Emily. In the next room over.

Fingering herself as she listened to him and Stacy having sex.

He came. Kept on thrusting as burst after burst of cum shot from his tired, hard cock. Pumping his sister's insides full of cum. He couldn't stop, even as his muscles tensed and ached and groaned at him, trembling as he came.

Only when the very last drop had been milked out, Stacy's pussy convulsing around his cock, did his energy evaporate.

David collapsed atop his panting sister, pressed his lips to hers, his hands on her sweat-drenched body.

She kissed him back. Either by intent, or pure impulse.

And, for a few minutes, they did nothing but make out as his cock deflated inside her.

"She definitely heard us," David said when the kiss broke. "No shot she slept through all that..."

"Good," Stacy mumbled sleepily. "Fuck her."

He already had. Many, many times.

Stacy had a lot of catching up to do.

"She's not gonna be happy about it," he said softly. "Do you think she'll bring it up tomorrow? It's not really the type of thing you can just mention over breakfast or-"

"David?" Stacy whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

He chuckled, shook his head, rolled off her.

As he did, his cock pulled free of Stacy's tight hole. She let out a whimpering moan, a tiny mumble of dissatisfaction and disappointment.

"Don't worry," he murmured softly, moving to cuddle her, "you'll get plenty more of-"

"Uh," Stacy said, putting a firm hand on his chest. "What're you doing, dumbass?"

"What?"

"I'm not your girlfriend, dipshit. We're not gonna spoon. I've had my fun, so you can kindly get the fuck out of my room now. Go take a shower or something, you reek."

He blinked at her, shook his head.

God, his sister was such a bitch.

She was lucky she was so hott. It was the only thing keeping her from being totally unbearable.

Still, her attitude *could* make for some fun sex...

He rolled his eyes as he climbed off Stacy's bed, began walking to the door.

"Oh, and David," his sister's voice came from behind him.

He looked back, saw something shift in her features. A moment of uncertainty and hesitation. Before he could even register it, the expression was gone and Stacy's usual self-confidence was back in place.

"Be a good dildo and fetch me a bottle of water before you go to bed. I'm thirsty."

He stared at her, couldn't help but smile.

"Ask me nicely," David said, "and I'll consider it."

"Please big brother," Stacy said in a high-pitched, too-cute voice. She fluttered her eyelashes at him, ran a finger down between her massive, exposed tits. "Could you get me something to drink? My throat is so dry and I can't get up..."

How could he say no to that?