

Baby Steps: Generations

Summer Days

Stacy was infuriatingly sexy.

Swaying her hips as she walked, her shapely butt bouncing with every step. An image that wasn't helped one bit by the skin-tight hotpants she was wearing. Milky white skin hugged by blue denim. Paired with a white crop-top that was so tight and thin, the white bra underneath was clearly visible, and Stacy was utterly irresistible.

A fact she knew - and wasn't ashamed to take full advantage of.

David trailed after her, multiple shopping bags in each hand and a backpack slung over his shoulders. Dragged down by the weight of his sexy sister's avarice.

Still, at least he had a nice view.

The redhead sauntering ahead of him was, by every metric, a world-class hottie. From the tips of her toes to the top of her head, Stacy was stunningly beautiful. Out here, in bright sunlight, was where she belonged. Not cramped up in her bedroom, wasting the days away.

That it was *his* money she was spending wasn't *great*.

But the fact that he'd managed to lure her out of her room, bring some light and life to her, was big. A massive leap forward for his plans.

The sooner Stacy got used to living in this new place, the sooner she started to like it here, the sooner she'd set aside her loathing of their mother. And the sooner it'd be before David managed to get them both in the same bed, at the same time. A threesome that'd make any straight man envious.

Those fantasies of the future almost made the weight of clothes and crap he was carrying feel like nothing. Almost.

"There next," Stacy said, turning sharply towards another store and making a b-line for it. "Come on."

David would've complained then. Was about to, in fact.

Then he saw the store in question. Instantly shut himself up.

A lingerie store.

Fucking finally.

Somewhere he didn't mind Stacy spending his money.

Unlike all the clothes and jewellery and junk he'd already surrendered his credit card to. *This* was something he might actually get some use from.

He followed Stacy into the store, heart soaring.

What felt like an hour later, he was standing in line besides his sister. Barely managing to hold a pile of skimpy underwear in his already burdened arms. More than a few of the store's customers – primarily women – looked at him in amusement, smiles on their lips while they held back laughter. The few guys that he saw shrugged their sympathies to him.

When it came time to pay for everything, David just about felt his spirit leave his body.

A dozen sets of lingerie cost *how* much?!

Numbly, he watched as Stacy handed his credit card to the cashier and whittled another chunk out of his meagre savings.

To add insult to injury, she turned to him once they were out of the store, a wide grin on her face. Her eyes twinkled at him as she handed him yet another bag to carry. Then, without a hint of shame, she looked around the highstreet and spoke words that'd haunt David for a long, long time.

"So," Stacy happily said. "Where to next? I think there are more clothing stores down this way..."

When the dude and his friends approached, David pushed down a groan.

Laden as he was with a dozen different store bags and his own heavily filled backpack, it wasn't exactly possible for him to square up and look intimidating. With how hunched and worn out as he was, he probably came off as the tamest, most meek guy imaginable.

The kind of guy a girl like Stacy would only date for one reason; his wallet.

Stacy saw the guy and his friends approaching, turned to face them with her hands on her hips. Looking every bit the unimpressed queen bitch David knew she was.

If these tools had any common sense, they'd see the cold indifference in Stacy's eyes and keep on walking.

They didn't.

"Hey," the obvious pack leader said, a friendly smile slapped onto his face. "Don't think I've seen you around here before. I'm Greg."

He extended his hand to Stacy, smile unwavering as she looked down her nose at it, didn't reciprocate.

"And you are...?" Greg continued, undeterred.

"Stacy," David's sister answered coolly.

"And your boyfriend?" Greg asked, not even bothering to look in David's direction.

A smile pulled at Stacy's lips, her eyes suddenly gleaming.

She waved a hand dismissively at David.

"He's my brother," Stacy said sweetly. "I don't have a boyfriend."

"Oh really?" Greg beamed.

Motherfucker.

As Stacy proceeded to smile and flutter her eyelashes at the newcomer, playing dumb as shit-for-brains started flirting with her, all David could do was glare at her.

She was doing it *intentionally*. Toying with him.

Spending his money. Making him carry the bags. Flirting with random guys in front of him. Anything she could do to show him that she was in control and that he had no say.

Bitch.

The only thing that kept David from saying anything was the knowledge that Stacy wasn't as in control as she thought.

In fact, she had no control at all.

He endured his sister's flirting with a stranger until, at last, she asked for Greg's number.

The idiot was only too happy to give it to her. Even tried to get her to 'test it' and 'make sure it was right'. Which, of course, Stacy refused. Playing the happy, eager ditz who had somewhere she needed to be. Walking away from 'Greg' and his buddies, David trailing behind her.

"He was cute," Stacy hummed as she led the way.

"If you're into dumbasses," David muttered. "Sure."

She looked back at him, eyes glinting.

"What?" David snapped.

"Aww," Stacy mocked. "Is my big brother jealous of Ted?"

Ted?

Oh. She'd gotten the dude's name wrong.

"Not one bit," David smiled. "Later, while *Ted* is sitting with his phone and waiting for you to call him, I'm gonna be balls-deep inside you. I'm not the one who should be jealous."

"Who knows," Stacy hummed to herself. "Maybe I'll give him a call after all. Maybe it'll be *him* who's 'balls-deep' in me tonight."

"We'll see," David said confidently.

Knowing his bitch of a sister, Stacy wouldn't have even bothered to type in the

dude's number as he'd been giving it to her. Too much work and effort for her.

But, just in case, David would hypnotise her tonight.

Make sure she knew she was his.

Nudge her ever closer to accepting their mother.

Under normal circumstances, getting Stacy to willingly spend time in the same room as their mother would've been a win. A sign that David was getting ever closer to that magical three-way.

Unfortunately, these weren't exactly 'normal circumstances'.

Stacy was cuddled up next to him on the sofa, her legs across his lap and an arm around his waist. Her lips were just a few inches from his neck, her breath tickling his skin.

Her eyes, though, were on their mother.

Checking to see if the older woman was watching. And, when Emily's gaze did flick in their direction, Stacy took the initiative.

David groaned as his sister nuzzled his neck, leaving little kisses on his throat. Her free hand, the one that'd been resting harmlessly to one side, began to move. Slowly, it snaked its way under David's waistband and glided down to his rock-hard cock.

She was really going to do it.

Stacy was *really* going to fuck him in front of their mother.

He'd thought she'd been *bluffing*.

Maybe she *had* been, and the heat of the moment was driving her to do more than she'd planned. Or maybe his bitch sister was just *this* much of a vindictive slut.

"She knows we're fucking. How can she not?"

The memory of Stacy's words washed over him as her delicate fingers massaged his cock, her lips teasing his neck.

"With how loud we've been... No way she hasn't heard."

Stacy had been plenty loud. Especially when she knew their mother was home, would be able to overhear them.

"She wants to pretend everything is fine? Fuck that."

Stacy moaned into his neck.

"Let's give her something she can't ignore."

She pulled away from him, hand retreating from his pants, lips drawn away from the tingling spot she'd been kissing just moments before.

For a single, insane moment, David actually believed his sister might stop herself. Hold back. Relent.

Then she climbed atop him fully, straddled him.

A hand on each shoulder, she shoved him back into the sofa. When she leaned in for a kiss this time, David's lips met hers. Their tongues danced as her hands moved from his shoulders, slid down the front of his shirt and tore it open.

With the blood rushing in his ears, he didn't hear the tearing sound, nor the *clinks* of buttons bouncing and rolling away.

Her hands moved down his chest, slid lower and lower.

When they reached the waistband of his pants, they didn't slide under it again. Fingers gripped elastic fabric, started tugging his pants down instead.

When his cock sprang free, it slapped against Stacy's shirt-clad crotch.

That'd been her idea. The skirt.

Something to make the sex less obvious. Provide them with some small measure of deniability.

All that went out the window as Stacy broke the kiss and grabbed his cock. She raised herself above it, pulling her skirt up to reveal her pussy to David and her ass to their watching mother.

"Fuck my brains out," Stacy purred as she lowered herself. "Big brother."

Warmth engulfed his cockhead.

A sweet tightness that had his head rocking back, a groan spilling from his lips.

Stacy gasped, let out a little whine.

She didn't stop lowering herself until his whole cock had disappeared inside her.

"Fuck," Stacy moaned, closing her eyes and gripping David's shoulders. "You're filling me up. Why is your dick so fucking *big*?!"

When she lifted herself up, brought herself back down, it was all David could do not to nutt right there and then. With great mental effort, he looked past the goddess that was his younger sister, took in the sight of Emily across the room.

The woman was rubbing herself, practically panting at the show Stacy was giving her.

He had to shut his eyes, force himself not to think about just how kinky this whole situation was. As his sister bounced on his lap, ass clapping against his thighs as her magnificent tits bounced under a paper-thin top. He had no choice but to deny his natural impulse to look and stare and touch.

Much as his body pleaded with him to, he couldn't allow himself to cum, not yet.

"Big brother!" Stacy cried out, making his job even harder. "Fuck me with your big cock! Fuck your little sister senseless!"

Not even mental maths could keep him distracted for long.

Stacy let out a loud, disappointed whine when he came.

She continued to ride him – even harder now. Trying to build up her own orgasm. But, just as he hadn't been able to hold out for long, his dick was little different. Within a minute of him filling Stacy with cum, his cock began to soften inside her.

He opened his eyes to find her glaring at him.

"S- sorry," he blushed. "I couldn't..."

The disdain in her eyes made him feel all *sorts* of things. More than his brain could process in that moment, for sure.

Stacy looked down her nose at him, shook her head in disgusted disappointment. Then, slowly, she turned to look over her shoulder. Her body went rigid at what she saw.

Across the room, Emily was thrumming herself.

"What." Stacy breathed in surprise and outrage. "Why aren't..."

Emily saw the pair of them looking at her. She let out a loud, sharp gasp. Rubbed under her sweatpants even harder.

"Sicko!" Stacy barked, hopping off David's dick so fast, he was surprised he didn't get whiplash. "Why the fuck are you *masturbating* to me?!"

Not 'us'. 'Me'.

David rolled his eyes.

"Stop it!" Stacy snapped, storming over to Emily. "Stop it now! You filthy whore. Stop touching yourself!"

It took Stacy grabbing Emily's shoulders, shaking her roughly, for Emily to finally stop.

"You're sick!" Stacy screeched. "What's *wrong* with you?!"

"Honey," Emily purred, reaching up to stroke Stacy's face.

David watched in silence, his post-orgasm bliss fading fast as Stacy dragged their mother from her chair, pulled her along as she stomped back to him. Her eyes, he saw, were filled with heat. And not just the angry kind.

She was still aroused. Still horny.

Stacy shoved Emily to the floor before him.

"You wanna look so bad, freak?" Stacy growled, the tone of her voice a little warmer and more eager than before. "Well go ahead, bitch. Look at it. Now!"

As Emily raised her head, David saw a familiar heat and intensity in them. Lust

unbound. Almost the exact same look in her eyes as was in Stacy's at that very same moment.

Stacy pulled their mother by her hair, dragged her face right up to David's deflated, wet cock.

"Look at it. Look at it!" Stacy barked, panting slightly. "Like what you see, slut?! Go ahead. Lick it."

She shoved Emily's head closer.

"Lick it!"

Emily didn't hesitate in obeying.

"Harder!" Stacy demanded. "Fuck her harder!"

David grunted, slammed forward with all his might. Spearing Emily on his cock, driving it as deep inside her as it'd go.

A high-pitched, erotic scream burst from Emily's lips.

Her entire body convulsed, shaking and trembling before collapsing into a heap on the bed. Face in a pillow, tits propping her chest up, ass held aloft by David's cock alone.

"I didn't say stop," Stacy scolded, voice distorted by her own heavy breathing. "Keep fucking her!"

David, running on fumes, did his best. Thrusting his hips, watching as his cock sank in and out of his mother's tight snatch. Every motion sending shivers through his body.

"Look at you," Stacy moaned, addressing their mother. "Getting off on your son's cock. What a whore."

David didn't point out that Stacy herself had gotten off on his cock too. Countless times by now, in fact. He was tempted to utter the words, put Stacy in her place alongside Emily. But, just barely, he managed to contain himself.

She'd be taught her place soon enough.

"Bet you're craving his cum right now, aren't you?" Stacy gasped, her hand between her legs, under her skirt. Moving in rhythm to David's thrusts. "Bet you can't wait to be filled up with your son's hot cum..."

Emily groaned, mumbled something.

"What was that, slut?" Stacy asked, a glint in her eye. "Did you just say 'more'?"

Emily groaned again. Shuddered.

"You heard her, dildo," Stacy snapped. "The cumrag wants more. Give it to her."

"Babe," David panted. "I don't know if I-"

"*What* did you just call me?"

"I..."

"Babe? *Babe*? I'm not your fucking *babe*, dildo."

David shook his head.

Some time soon, he was really going to have to sort out his sister's attitude. Figure out what her beef with Emily was, exactly.

"I'm tired," he groaned, slumping forward onto Emily's back. "Give me a minute..."

The disgust in Stacy's eyes as she stared at him made David want to ram his cock down her throat. Images of that face – those disgusted and disdainful eyes – staring up at him as she choked on his cock...

A new burst of energy flared to life inside him.

He grabbed his mother's hips, resumed thrusting.

"Next time we go shopping together," he told Stacy, "I'm buying you a strap-on. See how long *you* can keep at this."

"Oh?" Stacy smirked. "You volunteering to be my partner?"

Me? David's sex-addled mind took a moment to realise what his sister was suggesting. "No!" He barked out quickly, face heating. "Not *that*. I mean- Argh. Screw you, Stacy."

"Soon as you buy me that strap-on," Stacy winked.

He shot her a glare. She smiled sweetly back at him.

Between them, flat against the bed with her ass in the air, Emily let out a sharp, loud moan.

"Jesus, can you shut up for a minute?" Stacy growled, inching closer to Emily and poking her head. "So fucking loud. Where's a gag when you need one?"

"If you had a strap-on..." David hummed.

"Shut it, dumbass."

"Just sayin'."

"Don't need a fake dick to shut this bitch up," Stacy muttered, positioning herself before Emily's head. "I've got something even better. Here, slut. Get to work."

Stacy lifted her skirt, dropped it over Emily's head.

The message was clear. And, underneath that skirt, Emily's head started to move. Lifted up with great effort, moved closer to the spot between Stacy's legs.

"That's it, bitch," Stacy cooed. "Lick me clean."

When he'd envisioned three-ways with Stacy and Emily, David's imaginings hadn't gone *quite* like this. But, in that moment, he couldn't complain about it.

He'd fix his sister's attitude at some point. Turn her into an obedient, sex-hungry slave – just like Emily was.

Until then, why not enjoy what he had while it lasted?

"That's right Mom," he said, drawing his sister's excited gaze. "Do a good job, and you might even taste some of what I left inside there. Think of it like a treat."

"A treat for a bitch," Stacy barked out a laugh.

A muffled, wet moan sounded from under Stacy's skirt.

A sound David couldn't wait to grow accustomed to.