

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 7 of 8

I smiled down at the bowl, filled as it was with milk and cereal.

Today was going to be a good day. I could *feel* it.

Snatching up my spoon, I began devouring my breakfast. Downing mouthful after mouthful of cereal. Thoughts dancing back to last night, the naughty kiss Emily and I had shared.

I chuckled around my spoon, cheeks straining from my wide grin.

If I focused, though back to that moment, I could almost *taste* her lips again. Feel her trembling body. Hear her soft pants and sighs. Images of her flushed and flustered face sprang to life in my mind.

Jesus fuck, she was *beautiful*.

Someone entered the kitchen. A feminine figure with a large bust and vibrant red hair, caught in the corner of my eye.

I looked up quickly, hopeful.

But no, it wasn't Emily.

Stacy strode through the kitchen like she owned the place, radiating 'queen bitch' energy with every step. Her gaze flicked to me as I shovelled cereal into my mouth, eyes narrowing into a disgusted glare.

"What the fuck are you looking at?" She spat. "Loser."

Rude.

"What're you doing down here?" I shot right back. "Shouldn't you be in your room crying or whatever?"

She glared at me.

It was remarkable how much Stacy looked like Emily. Height and figure and face, it was as if she was Emily's clone. The only thing that separated them were two decades in age. Not that Emily looked *old*, she could've passed for Stacy's older sister in fact. No, it was more like Stacy had a youthful *energy* about her. Pep in her step, the lively elasticity of her tits whenever they bounced as she moved, not to mention her emotions were more intense and immature.

Emily, I couldn't imagine ever *glaring* at someone. She was too soft and kind and nice.

Stacy, though? Glaring was her default. Especially these days.

"You wouldn't be so happy moving here," Stacy snapped, "if you had friends to leave behind. I guess being a loser loner has its perks after all."

She stormed passed me, slammed open a cupboard, snatched out some sugary snacks, and began stomping her way back to the kitchen door.

"Careful sis," I said quickly. "Keep eating shit like that all the time and you're gonna get fat."

"Fuck you," she growled.

Then she was gone. Marching back upstairs to her bedroom.

What in the fuck did she even do all day up there?

I mean, back when it'd been *me* spending all day in my room, I at least had video games to entertain me. And something told me Stacy wasn't wasting her hours away gaming. Likewise, I doubted she'd been partaking in my other major pastime – masturbating like a man possessed.

So, what was she doing in her room all day?

It didn't matter.

Just as long as, whatever it was, it kept her busy. The more time she spent in her room, the more opportunities I'd have to be alone with Emily.

As I finished off my cereal, I felt my mood souring.

Stacy.

As long as she was around, even quiet in her room, there'd be a risk of Emily and I being caught. Drama. Maybe even public humiliation if Stacy found out what we were doing, decided to be petty about it and go to the police or post about it online.

It was a wrench in my plans, but a relatively small one all things considered. We'd just have to be careful.

My lips brushed the smooth skin of her shoulder, left tiny little pecks on the pale skin there. Emily moaned softly, shuddered.

"David," she breathed, slender arms wrapping around my head. "We shouldn't... Your sister..."

Despite her complaints, she held me in place. My lips on her neck, my hands on her hips. She didn't try pushing me away or stopping me. If anything, she held me closer. Her body urging me on.

She could say what she wanted. If she *really* wanted me to stop, she could have with a single word. Those non-committal, half-hearted complaints? They were simply the last whimpers of resistance before she gave herself to me completely.

"She'll hear," Emily moaned quietly. "She'll..."

I slid both my hands off her waist, lowered them to her magnificent ass. She let out a little gasp as I squeezed and pinched, her body going weak against me.

With just a tiny bit of strength, the smallest amount of force imaginable, I pushed Emily up against the wall. Was about ready to start stripping her right there in the hallway. Hell, I'd have *fucked* her right there and then, if I could.

But the sound of floorboards creaking stopped me.

I froze as footsteps moved elsewhere in the house.

A door opened.

Stacy, going to the bathroom or kitchen.

I pulled away from Emily, who let out a little whine. Most likely, she hadn't heard Stacy's movements. I took Emily by the hand, led her quickly out of the house. Confusion joined the heat and haze in her face and, seeing her pouty lips and lusty eyes, it took all my willpower not to pounce on her right then.

"Come on," I said, leading the way to Emily's car. "Follow me."

We drove for over an hour. Me in the driver's seat, Emily beside me. Soft summer music played on the radio as evening sunlight shone in the sky; not too hot or glaring, but cool and calm and relaxing. Windows rolled down, cool wind washing over us.

Since strapping her seatbelt on, Emily hadn't spoken a word. With a smile tugging at her lips, she'd simply gone along with it. Hadn't questioned anything.

The drive had begun simple enough. My cock guiding the way as I searched for somewhere fitting. Some place I could pull over and fuck the ever-loving shit out of Emily. My eyes scanned all around, searching for a good spot. *Any* good place.

Dark alley? No. Someone might pass by and interrupt.

A tiny motel? No. Didn't have money to pay for it.

Public park? Definitely not. Too public.

Abandoned building? No. Probably a crack den or something.

As minutes ticked by, though, my hard-on shrank and my racing heart slowed. The urged slowly faded, and I found myself just enjoying the ride.

Since moving to this new town, I hadn't really had the chance to see or explore it. All my time had been dedicated to the single-minded pursuit of Emily. Every waking moment spent thinking about her, fantasising and planning and setting into motion my little schemes.

It was a nice town. Large; almost a full city.

And it was *hot*.

Not quite full desert, but cracked and dry earth around the town spoke volumes for how hot it got here. There were plenty of green areas, vibrant and beautiful. But those dusty, dry areas were the ones I kept coming across as I drove. Around the town, fields of golden grass and endless shrubs waved in gentle breezes.

I stopped letting my cock guide me, instead let curiosity and randomness determine our destination. I drove out of the town's boundaries, ended up cruising down abandoned, cracked roads. What I assumed was a forest surrounded us. Trees sparse around us, ground dry and firm.

When I finally pulled over, it felt like I'd driven for an eternity. The sun was low in the sky, quickly approaching the horizon. The air, still hot, was quickly cooling. Pretty soon, it'd get chilly out here. Freezing, even.

"David?" Emily asked softly, the first time either of us had spoken since setting out. "Are you alright?"

Was I? I *felt* okay.

"I'm fine," I shrugged, staring forward, hands still on the steering wheel. "Just thinking."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Did I?

"I'm fine," I said again.

"Okay..."

I tapped the steering wheel absently, let my thoughts wander freely. My mind found itself at the weirdest of places. Emily – *Mom* – at my bedside, waking me up in the morning. Her driving me and Stacy to school. Camping. Graduation. Ordering pizza. The three of us sitting at a dinner table, her telling me and Stacy that we'd be moving away.

Memories that felt like they belonged to a different person.

Was I? It'd only been a couple weeks since I'd discovered those old recordings. Not long at all. And yet, it felt like a lifetime ago. Had I changed so much since then? Had I changed at all?

"Your father used to get quiet too," Emily said, drawing my attention back to her. Back to reality. "He'd spend so much time thinking quietly to himself. Hours and hours at a time. And he'd never tell me what was on his mind."

"Probably didn't want to worry you," I shrugged. "Some things, you just can't talk about."

"I don't believe that." Emily smiled. "I was always here for him, ready to listen and help. But he never let me in. He never let that wall down."

Of course he didn't. All those hours spent contemplating; it was about fucking *her*. Manipulating her. What he was going to do to her next. No way he'd share any of that.

"Maybe," I said, "he was thinking about things you wouldn't understand. Sometimes, people are better off not knowing."

"You'd be surprised about the things I know, David. The things I *understand*. I'm here, if you want to talk. I'm always here. And I always will be."

My chest thrummed.

"You don't want to know what I'm thinking."

"Try me," Emily said with the kindest, most motherly smile I'd ever seen. Eyes filled with nothing but love and compassion.

I opened my mouth. Hesitated.

Fuck it. I could always trigger a trance if she took it badly, make her forget I'd said anything at all.

"I want to fuck you," I told her. "It's why I brought you out here, where no-one can see. To fuck you."

"I figured as much," Emily chuckled.

"But it's more than that," I added, heart thundering in my chest. "I want to *fuck* you, Emily. Really, truly *fuck* you. I want to make you scream and beg for my cock. I want to fuck your mouth, force my cock down your throat. I want to fuck your ass and make you squeal. And I'm *going* to. I'm *going* to fuck you, no matter what. I'm going to make you my slut. My personal fuck-rag. I'm going to..."

The look on her face. It'd barely shifted, but it *had* changed. Eyes widening slightly, a hint of surprise and shock.

"I'm going to..." I lost steam, let out a sigh. "I'm..."

"Having doubts?" Emily asked.

I shook my head. No doubts. Just...

"Is all of that what you really want?" Emily asked, voice earnest and without judgement. "Will it make you happy?"

"Yes," I whispered. "It will."

Emily nodded her head, pursed her lips.

"Okay then," she said after a few silent moments. A wide, loving smile on her face. "Then do it."

My eyes widened.

"Do it," Emily repeated, beaming. "Fuck me. Force your cock down my throat, fuck my ass. Make me your slut."

I stared at her, not quite believing.

Was this because of the hypnosis? Her wanting to make me happy? Was the trance *that* powerful?

Or was it something more than that?

"Maybe not right now," Emily said, turning to look out the car's windscreen. "It's getting late, and there are no streetlights out here. Probably best we get a move on back home. I don't like the idea of driving on these roads in the dark."

"Oh. Yeah..."

I gulped, heat flushing though my face. Disappointment mixing with embarrassment and awkwardness.

Emily looked at me, let out a beautiful giggle.

"It's your own fault!" She laughed. "Could've stopped us at a nice motel, spent a few hours fucking me on an actual bed. Didn't need to come all the way out here!"

"R-right," I murmured, heat spreading to my ears.

I started up the car's engine again, turned us around and started driving back in the direction we'd come.

"Once we get on flatter roads," Emily said casually. "I'll suck your cock, if you want."

I glanced at her in the rear-view mirror, saw her pink cheeks and shy smile. The same expression I'd seen on her face a hundred times over, in those old sex-video recordings. It was the first time I'd seen that expression on her face in person.

"Y-yes," I stammered. "Please. Suck my cock..." A dozen names for her flitted through my mind. 'Mom' and 'Emily' and 'Slut' and so many more. In the end, the one I settled on was the one I knew she liked most. "Princess."

Emily blushed brightly, smile widening.

"Yes, Daddy," she breathed, voice quaking.

She drank down the glass of water in one go, gulping heavily.

When she slammed the empty glass down on the counter, Emily let out a loud, satisfied gasp.

"There," she smiled. "Much better."

I blushed, shrugged.

"So," Emily said, looking as stunning and radiant as I'd ever seen her. "Wanna head out back and have a little swim before bed? I still have a slutty bikini or two, though they

might not fit me anymore...”

“Ah...” I gulped. “I don’t know. I was thinking we could, you know, go upstairs and...”

“Have sex?”

I nodded my head quickly, hopeful.

“That’s probably not wise,” Emily said apologetically. “I can get pretty loud and, well, Stacy.”

“Maybe we could still get a motel room?” I asked, hopeful.

Emily tilted her head at me, gazed at me with hypnotic, pale blue eyes. Knowing eyes.

“Tell you what,” she said softly. “Give me a day or two, and I’ll sort things out. Make it so we’ll have a few days all to ourselves. You can do whatever you want to me then. And I’ll do everything you want me to. How does that sound?”

I gulped, nodded my head.

It wasn’t what I wanted. If I’d had my way, she’d be bent over the sink right now, my cock deep inside her. But this was already going so much better than I could’ve possibly imagined. What was another day or two?

“Good.” She leaned forward, gave me forehead a little peck, leaned back again. “Go grab some towels and meet me by the pool. I’ll be there in a few minutes. It’ll be worth it, I promise.”

And so, minute or two later, I was sitting at the poolside wearing swimming trunks and a towel. The air was cool, not quite cold yet. The pool’s water was still plenty warm enough to swim in.

My eyes were on the sky, the dying light.

My mind? That was *everywhere*.

So many thoughts and ideas and events to sift through. This whole afternoon... It felt like a dream. I was half convinced I’d imagined all of it. The long, aimless drive with Emily. The things said. Her sucking me off.

I shuddered at the memory. Her warm lips on my cock.

When I’d been stripping off my clothes to put on these swimming trunks, I’d noticed that my boxers had been damp. Wet with Emily’s saliva. It couldn’t have been cum – she’d gulped down every drop of *that*.

“Unreal,” I breathed.

I was dreaming. I *had* to be.

She was going to have sex with me. She’d *agreed* to it. No resistance or convincing needed. She was totally on board.

Had I even needed to use trances in the first place?

I didn’t hear her approaching behind me until her breath tickled the back of my neck.

“Hi Daddy,” she purred, “I’m all wet for you.”

I froze, eyes wide. Slowly, I turned my head to look at her.

Whatever she saw in my face made Emily burst out laughing.

She gave me a little wink, hopped past me, dived into the pool. The splash of water blinded me for a moment and, when I opened my eyes and was able to see again, Emily was floating there in front of me. Glad in a white two-piece that, amazingly seemed to be turning transparent in the water.

“Well?” She smiled at me. “Gonna sit there all night? Hop in. The water’s lovely.”

“So are your tits,” I said before I could stop myself.

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I froze. And, for a single moment, Emily froze too – eyes widening.

Then she grinned, looked down at herself.

“They are, aren’t they?” She said, reaching under them and lifting them up. “Wanna play with them?”

“Fuck yes!”

“Then go ahead,” she giggled, eyes twinkling. “But you’ve got to cat me first!”

She raised her legs, kicked off the side of the pool, launched herself away from me with a backstroke. Her tits bounced free of the swimsuit top instantly, swaying like ships at sea as Emily waved her arms in wide circles.

The pool wasn’t big. Catching her wouldn’t be difficult at all. *Not* catching her was a practical impossibility.

Grinning, I dived into the pool after her.