

THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 03

rm Dexter

Connor discovers his little sister's oral obsession.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

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I hurried through my shower and quickly got dressed in a pair of shorts and a polo shirt. The session with Margaret had set me behind a little bit and I rushed around the house getting some stuff together. Not that I was complaining, the slippery hand-job Margaret had given me had been fantastic. I grabbed another pair of swim trunks, a bottle of wine from the cupboard and slipped my laptop into my shoulder bag. Taking a last look around, I picked up my keys, slipped on my sunglasses and headed out.

It was great to feel the warm sun beating down on me as I feathered Sally back and forth through traffic on the way to my mother's. Having the top down on the old Mustang was one of life's little pleasures that I absolutely loved. I pulled into our family house and parked beside Emma's car in front of the double garage. I let myself in and kicked off my flip-flops by the front door.

"Hey, anybody here?" I shouted as I made my way further into the sprawling house.

"Back here, honey," I heard my mother's voice coming from the kitchen area near the back of the house. I made my way down the hallway that lead into the rear portion of this section of the house; the walls opening into a large combination kitchen/great room. The house had ten foot ceilings throughout with a high cathedral ceiling over the great room area. The back of the house was heavily windowed to look out over the pool area and the nicely landscaped yard. My dad had put a lot of work into this house and yard and my mom hired a landscape company to keep everything in order outside. It looked great.

"There you are, sweetie," my mother said as she came out from behind the fridge door. I could only stare as she walked towards me, those wide flared hips of hers swaying seductively. My eyes looked ravenously up and down her voluptuous body, those massive tits of hers leading the way towards me. She was wearing a luscious charcoal-gray sweater that hugged her sumptuous form wonderfully. The sweater had sleeves that ended just above the elbow and a deeply scooped neckline that exposed a dick-hardening amount of her substantial cleavage. I noticed that the sweater was actually sort of a cardigan, with about five large buttons up the front. The bottom three buttons were done up with the third one anchoring the two sides together right between those huge guns of hers. Her ample bosom caused the tight sweater to pull out from either side above that; leaving the top two buttons undone. The tight ribbed material of the sweater flowed snugly around every delicious curve of her body, accentuating that sexy hourglass figure of hers. It followed the wide fullness of her chest and then pulled in trimly at her waist before flaring out at her wide womanly hips. The bottom of the sweater fell nicely over the top of a tight white miniskirt, which followed the flow of her child-bearing hips before ending high on her thighs. My eyes followed the line of her long tanned legs downward before they ended with a smart pair of white strappy sandals that put the finishing touches on a gorgeous outfit.

"Mom, you.....you....." I simply stared in awe as she moved in to hug me.

"There's my big boy." Her arms slipped around my neck as she pressed herself against me. She tilted her face up towards mine and as I lowered mine towards hers, she pressed her soft lips to mine in a gentle kiss. She pulled me closer to her and I felt those massive orbs pressing firmly against my own chest as the kiss seemed to last a little longer than usual before she pulled away. "I'm so glad you're here." As she kept her arms locked around my neck but drew her face back slightly from mine, the luscious scent of her perfume filled my senses like an intoxicating elixir. Oh man, she smelled as good as she looked. She looked right into my eyes with a look of pure joy, a huge smile spreading across that gorgeous face of hers. She gave me another quick peck on the lips before slipping her arms from around my neck and letting her hands slide slowly down over my muscular chest.

"Mom, you look amazing," I gushed as I looked down at her, her swirling frosty-blond hair falling in lustrous waves about her shoulders. Once again I was struck by how much she looked like Wifey, the internet porn star.

"You don't look so bad yourself," she said as her hands gave my firm pecs a little squeeze before she let go. "I was hoping you'd like this." She stepped back and did a little pirouette so I could see the whole look. The stretchy white fabric of her miniskirt showed off her sumptuous round ass and dynamite legs exquisitely; but that top.....fuck.....it was incredible.

"Like it? I love it!" I stood and stared as she put her hands on hips and turned from side to side as she posed for me. Oh Jesus, I could feel my dick stiffening in my shorts already. "Those.....those clothes, are they new?"

"Yeah, I decided I needed a few new things; that I needed to spark up my wardrobe a bit. This is some of the new stuff I bought."

"If the other things are like what you're wearing, I'd love to see the rest of it."

"Well, just keep your fingers crossed, and maybe you'll be lucky enough to see," she said as she kind of thrust her hip at me provocatively before giving a little giggle and stepping back to the kitchen counter.

"This is for you," I said as I reached into my bag and handed her the bottle of wine.

"Oh Connor, you didn't have to do that.....but since you did, be a dear and open it, would you? I'd love a glass." As she opened the fridge and put a few things on the counter, I pulled out the corkscrew and opened the bottle. I retrieved a couple of glasses from the cupboard and poured a glass for each of us.

"Mom, those new clothes you're wearing; that reminds me; are you wearing that new bra you were talking about earlier?"

"Maybe," she said as she gave me a teasing smile.

"I thought you promised to show me."

"I said no such thing. I think what I said was I MIGHT show you, provided you did a good job of handling the grille."

"Then when do we eat?" I asked eagerly as my eyes flicked down to her sumptuous tits.

"Oh you," she scolded with a dismissive wave of her hand. "We won't be eating for a little while yet. The girls are outside." My eyes followed hers as she nodded towards the pool. "Why don't you go out and join them?"

"What time did Emma get here?" As I looked out, I could see Zoey sitting in one of the deck chairs, her hands busy texting on her cell phone. I could see movement in the water and knew Emma was swimming laps; which she did every time she had the chance.

"She got here about a half hour ago. She's been working a lot of extra hours on that big merger her company is working on so her boss gave her the afternoon off. Actually, I think he knew she needed to work off some stress."

"That's good; she deserves a break." I sat down on one of the high stools at the breakfast bar and faced my mother across the granite counter. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about, Mom?"

She looked a little nervous after I asked that and she took a sip of her wine before setting her glass down and looking at me. "Well, here's the thing.....you know how much I loved your father."

"I know, Mom. He was a great guy."

"And you how much you mean to me.....you and the girls." She paused and I wondered where she was going with this. "Well, I.....I was thinking about maybe getting back into the dating game." She looked kind of sheepish when she said this, like a little kid asking for their parent's approval; only this time it was reversed.

So this was what this was all about. As I took in my mom's words, I was at first surprised because I hadn't seen this coming at all. But as I looked at my mom, standing there nervously waiting for a response from me; the reality of her situation hit me like a tsunami wave. She was a beautiful woman, in the prime of her life, with so much to offer to another person. I knew she had loved my father dearly; when he'd still been alive, you could just see it in the way they looked at each other. But at 47, she still had a whole lifetime ahead of her. I knew she must be painfully lonely at times, missing my dad; and I knew that had to be incredibly hard on her. Now here she was, basically asking for my permission; and who was I to deny her? She didn't have to ask me but I knew she wanted my approval and she would respect my opinion, and as I looked into those deep blue eyes, my heart went out to her.

"Mom," I said slowly as I reached across the counter and took her trembling hand, "I think that's a great idea." Her eyes lit up and she squeezed my hand tightly as a beaming smile came across her face.

"You.....you really think it would be okay?"

"Sure, Mom, I really do. I know you'll always love Dad; but you're still young enough to enjoy life. And you deserve to be happy."

She came around the counter and hugged me tightly, those big round breasts of hers pressing into me warmly. "Oh Connor, thank you so much. You know your opinion means everything to me." She reached across the counter and grabbed her wine glass. "Shall we toast then? To the new me?" I could see a look of both relief and excitement in her eyes as she raised her glass.

"To the new you," I repeated as I clinked my glass on hers and we took a drink to celebrate her new outlook on life.

"So, tell me," I said as we both set our glasses on the counter and she moved back to where she'd been dealing with the food, "is there somebody?"

"What?" she replied with a confused look on her face.

"Is there somebody specific? Has some guy asked you out?"

"Oh," she said and gave a little laugh, "of course you would ask that. No, nobody's asked and there is nobody specific. I know that after being with your father, I guess you could say I'll have some pretty high standards for any man to meet. I'm not really in any hurry, and I guess I can be choosy, if I want." She paused for a second and I nodded in agreement to what she'd just said. She looked up at me again, a more serious expression on her face once more. "So that kind of brings me to the second thing I wanted to talk to you about." She stopped and left that hanging out there.

"Second thing?"

"Yeah.....it's been a long time since I've dated and I was wondering, do you think you could help me with that?"

"You mean like give you advice?" I asked, somewhat mystified that my mother would be asking for dating guidance from me.

"No, silly," she said with a nervous little smile and then looked intently at me once more. "I was wondering if we could go out on a date together; you know, so I can see what it's like again."

Well, this was definitely unexpected! My mother was asking me to take her on a date. As my eyes flicked down to those voluptuous tits of hers swelling over the cups of her bra, it was an easy decision for me to make. "I'd love to, Mom." The beautiful smile reappeared on her face immediately, her brilliant white teeth lighting up her face in joy. "It would be my esteemed honor to escort such a beautiful woman." I made an exaggerated gesture of a bow, extending my arm and bending from the waist. She gave a little laugh at my good-natured gesture as we each raised our glass and toasted to our date.

"So, when did you have in mind?" I asked, trying to suppress my soaring excitement at the prospect of going out with my gorgeous mother.

"What about this Saturday?" she asked, appearing to be visibly eager as well. "Are you free? Can you make it?"

"Saturday is great, I'm totally free. What would you like to do?"

"Well, I want it to be just like a real date. So is it okay if we get dressed up?" That was definitely alright with me; I was anxious to see just what she'd wear.

"Of course, I wouldn't expect anything else."

"Oh good, I've got my eye on a new dress that should be perfect. How about we go out for a nice dinner; then see a show; I haven't seen the new Cirque du Soleil show yet."

"I haven't either."

"Excellent. And then maybe after the show, we can go somewhere for a drink." She looked at me questioningly to see if that scenario was okay with me.

"That sounds perfect, Mom. Do you want me to make some reservations and pick up the tickets?"

"No silly; I'm the one who asked you out." She gave me a devilish little smile again. "I'll make the reservations and take care of the tickets. This date is all on me. You just have to pick me up, like a real gentleman would."

"You don't think I'm a real gentleman?" I gestured to her in mock despair.

"Of course not," she said with a giggle before looking at me seriously. "I think you're a perfect gentleman, Connor. That's why I'm so happy you've agreed to do this for me." I could see her eyes get slightly moist as she started to tear up.

"I'd do anything for you, Mom; anything."

"Oh thank you, sweetheart," she said as she came around the counter and hugged me once more. "You are so dear to me; I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom."

"Okay then," she said as she gave me a quick peck on the cheek and moved back a step, "Saturday it is then. I'll call right now and make an appointment to get my hair done. Why don't you go out and visit with your sisters for a little while? I know they both love it when they get to see you. It's gonna be another hour or so before I'm ready for you to start the barbeque."

"Okay; I think I'll just put my suit on first." As my mom reached for the phone, I grabbed the suit I'd brought and went into my old room to change. It always felt both strange and yet comforting to be back in the room I'd spent most of my life in. As I thought about the upcoming "date" with my mom, I thought of all the loads of cum I'd pumped out in this room thinking about her. It brought a wry smile to my face.

My mother was still on the phone when I came back, so with one further glance at her spectacular profile, I slung my laptop bag over my shoulder, grabbed my sunglasses and my glass of wine and ventured out to the pool, closing the door behind me to keep the air-conditioning contained inside.

"Hey Zoey," I said as I put my stuff on the patio table and pulled my laptop out of its case.

My baby sister barely stopped her texting long enough to acknowledge my presence, "Hi Connor; just get here?"

"A few minutes ago; I was talking to Mom inside." I flipped open my laptop and fired it up; I had to get to work on this article or I was gonna be in deep shit. As I pulled off my polo shirt and set it beside me, I looked over at Zoey as she went back to her texting, her knees pulled up in front of her as she lay back on the deck chair. Her curly blonde hair swirled about her shoulders as she nibbled on her full bottom lip cutely while her fingers were busy manipulating those tiny buttons on her phone. "What would you do if I took that phone away from you?"

"Die!" she said emphatically as she stuck her tongue out at me and went back to what she was doing. I'm sure my mom had threatened to do that to her a thousand times already. The world revolves around their cell-phones for these girls, it seemed. Who was I to talk; although I didn't text like these teenagers, I never went anywhere without mine.

With Zoey engrossed in her texting and obviously in no mood to talk right now, I took a sip of my wine and with my sunglasses on; I was able to look over at her surreptitiously without her being

aware. She had on her favorite white bikini, one of many suits she owned; it was my favorite too. I had a number of pictures of her in this suit, taken at various family get-togethers like this one. I would often bring those pictures up on my computer at home when I wanted a little.....let's call it "inspiration", during a jack-off session.

As I looked over at her, I felt a little surge go through my cock as once again I was amazed at how skillfully the little pieces of clinging material that made up that suit could contain that voluptuous curvy body of hers. The top was made up of two little triangles of material that barely encased those spectacular 34DDs of hers; the pieces of fabric held together by white spaghetti straps that tied around her back and behind her neck. I could see the hint of her budding nipples casting small shadows on the front of those clinging pieces of material. The bottom was similar, appearing to be two triangles joined together where it disappeared between her legs. It was cut very low and, like the top, the two pieces were tied together with little tiny bows at each hip. I don't know how many times I had pictured deftly plucking at one those bows and watching the bottom fall away to reveal the luscious treasure lying beneath.

Like I said earlier, Zoey was all delicious curves and mysterious valleys. Her body was lush and seemed to be just calling out for your hands to explore all the pleasure it had to offer. And as I mentioned, she had retained just that little bit of baby fat that seemed to make her all that much more innocent and alluring. She was just perfect right now; but I knew she'd have to watch herself in the next few years to make sure she didn't let herself go.

As I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, she seemed to think of something important and immediately put down her phone and almost jumped out of her chair. "Hey Connor, I forgot to show you something," she said gleefully as she stood next to her chair and faced me directly, her hands on her hips. She looked down and my eyes followed hers until they landed on shimmering stones coming from her navel. My mom had told me on the phone a couple of weeks ago that she had relented and let Zoey get her navel pierced, and now Zoey was proudly showing me how it looked. And it looked pretty fucking sexy to me, alright! I could see the little silver ball just above her navel and then a similar one at the bottom of the post right in her navel opening. Dangling from the bottom ball were two thin strands of rhinestones, one about two inches long, the second one about an inch longer. Man, did it ever look hot! As I mentioned before, I am not too keen on tattoos and what I feel are unnecessary piercings; but this one was perfect.

"Zoey, that looks great," I said sincerely as my eyes roamed up and down her plump little body; nicely tanned and seeming to just glow with youthful energy.

"So she showed you what she did to herself?" I turned as Emma's voice came from the direction of the pool. She climbed up the ladder at the end of the pool near us, water sluicing off her emerging body. I could see she had on a red Speedo, the type that fits almost all the way up to the neck and is cut extremely high on the hips; the choice of all competitive swimmers. As she grabbed her towel she'd set by the pool, my eyes were immediately drawn to the way the wet stretchy fabric formed snugly around her 36Ds. The refreshingly cool water of the pool had caused her nipples to stiffen, their pronounced form readily apparent beneath the damp material.

"I don't know why you'd do something like that to yourself," Emma said to Zoey as she walked over to us, drying herself on the way. My eyes were drawn away from Zoey's navel piercing and zeroed in on those gorgeous long athletic legs of Emma's. With the way that bathing suit was cut, it really accentuated her tall perfect figure. The damp suit clung to all her curves like a wet loving kiss while those tanned legs seemed to go on and on forever from the high-cut leg openings.

"Well, I don't care what you think," Zoey spat back like a spoiled little kid. "I like it.....and Connor likes it too."

"Yeah, well Connor's never been known to have good taste," Emma said as she looked at me with a playful smile while she wrapped some of her long brunette hair in the towel and rubbed it dry.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked indignantly.

"What about that girl you dated in high-school, Chantal what's-er-name?"

"Chantal Simmons? What was wrong with her?"

"Kind of a skank, don't you think?"

Chantal actually was kind of skank, but man, she could suck cock like nobody's business. Anywhere, anytime, she loved to get her mouth filled. "A skank? Are you kidding me; she was very sweet," I replied, all the time knowing Emma was right; about Chantal anyways.

"Sweet my ass." My sister shook her head as if to say that if I couldn't see it like she did; this part of the conversation was over. That was the lawyer in her coming out; presenting the facts as she knew them; then shaking her head in dismay if the guilty party was too ignorant to see through their own stupidity. Her attitude brought a smile to my face as I watched her rubbing the towel down those long tanned legs of hers. "Well, I'm gonna go in and get out of this wet suit."

"Grab yourself a glass of wine on your way back," I said as I gestured towards my glass on the table. My eyes followed the sensual sway of that perfect ass of hers as she walked towards the house, her hips moving from side to side and up and down in a perfect rhythm. The way that damp suit cupped her firm rear end was spectacular; the muscled yet nicely round cheeks drawing my eyes like a magnet.

"So Connor, you really do like it, don't you?" Zoey asked with her full lower lip pouting out; now wanting the attention back on her, as usual.

"I think it looks absolutely perfect," I replied with emphasis, watching the happiness appear on her face as I did.

"Do you.....do you think it looks.....you know.....sexy?" she asked with a naughty glint in her eye.

"Yes it does, it looks very sexy.....very grown up," I said with a gentle nod of my head. I could see her looking more pleased with herself, especially after I added that "very grown up" part.

"Do you think I look fat?" That question seemed to come right out of the blue as she kind of turned her back towards me and looked back at me over her shoulder, her hands still on her hips. Oh man, what a fucking pose she had presented to me; her curly blonde hair falling teasingly over one eye, those huge round tits thrusting out before her, and that plump beach-ball like bum pointing directly towards me. I almost gulped in surprise as my eyes roamed over that lush touchable body of hers.

"No, not at all. Why do you say that?" I asked in mock surprise, knowing girls at that age worried about their weight constantly.

"Well, I just overheard some girls at school talking about me. One of them called me a 'fat cow' and one said something else that was pretty mean."

"I don't think you're a fat cow at all. I think you're beautiful. The girl that said that is probably just jealous."

"That's what Jenna said." I knew Jenna was her best friend and would stick up for Zoey through thick and thin.

"And Jenna's exactly right." My curiosity about what else she said got the better of me though. "So what did the other girl say?"

"She said the only reason I got an 'A' in English class was that I was always flaunting my big boobs and fat ass at Mr. Dexter." She kind of turned and showed me that lush plump ass of hers as she said this, as if to give me a good look in order to give my judgement on the "fat ass" comment.

"Fat ass?" I exclaimed as if even the thought of it was an inconceivable notion; although like I said, Zoey's cute bum was perfectly full, round and soft right now; but verging on going over the edge if she didn't watch it. "I think your little bum is nice and cute, just like the rest of you. Now your big boobs, I think we both know there's nothing you can do about that." I paused as both of us looked at that tremendous chest of hers, so round and full with a dark line of cleavage that you just wanted to stick your tongue into. "So, were you flaunting them at this Mr. Dexter?"

"Of course not!" she said indignantly; but I knew my little sister better than that.

"So if I called the cops and they gave you a lie-detector test about that, you'd pass?" This made her laugh and her girlish giggle lit up both our faces.

"Well, maybe I did a little," she confessed with mock innocence, "but that's only because Mr. Dexter makes me sit in the first row and well, I think he likes to look too." I wondered about this guy Dexter; wondering if he was some kind of perv teacher or just a regular guy. Knowing the way Zoey dressed and her raw sexual allure; I figured he was just a normal guy who liked to put the eye candy up front in the first row. I was pretty sure I'd do the same thing if I was her teacher. It would be great to look over every day and see those full round tits of hers staring back at me; or catching a glimpse of those plump creamy thighs of hers beneath the short skirts I knew she loved to wear.

"When you have a beautiful build like you do Zoey, all men like to look; you should know that by now."

"All men?" she asked quizzically as she looked at me and swayed slowly from side to side, those massive tits wobbling gently. "Even you, Connor?" She had a devilish look in her eye as she provocatively tilted her head to one side. When she said that and with the slow teasing swaying of her upper body, my eyes couldn't help but flick down to those heavy round orbs. I could feel the sweat break out on my forehead as my gaze took in those round voluptuous tits, enticingly accentuated by her tiny white bikini. As I lifted my eyes back to hers, she was staring at me intently, as if she could read my very thoughts. I could feel the blood rushing to my face, like a little kid being caught red-handed. Fortunately, I was saved from having to answer as I heard Emma's voice as she emerged from the house.

"So Connor, did Mom talk to you?" The tenseness of the moment was broken by the intrusion and I saw Zoey sit back down in her deck chair and pick up her phone as I turned towards Emma.

"About what?" I asked as I watched Emma approach. Jesus, she looked fucking hot! She had changed out of her actual 'swimsuit' into a jet black bikini; once again, with Emma in a black one, and Zoey in a white, they were like night and day. Her toned body looked great in the suit; her lithe

form athletically sculpted and nicely tanned, those large breasts of hers being perfectly shaped. She was carrying her briefcase in one hand and a glass of the wine I'd brought in the other. She put her stuff down at the table next to me and took a seat.

"I thought Mom was going to talk to you?" It was like we were feeling each other out; wondering if the other was talking about the dating thing; or something else entirely.

"Well, we talked about something earlier when I got here," I said kind of noncommittally; as if it was no big deal.

Emma pause for a second before finally broaching the subject, "Did she mention about the dating thing?" she asked delicately, just in case my mom hadn't mentioned it yet.

"Yeah, she did." I could see the relaxed expression on her face now that we were both on the same wavelength.

"So, what did you say?"

"I told her I think it's a great idea."

"Oh good," Emma said with relief. "She was so worried about what you would think. I know if you hadn't liked the idea of her dating, she wouldn't do it."

"Really?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh God, no. I don't know why, dear brother, but our mother thinks the world rises and sets around you. Your opinion means everything to her."

I was shocked but thrilled by what Emma had just said; that my mother valued my opinion that highly. I let my sister know what I thought, "She's still a young, beautiful woman; she deserves to be happy."

"I'm glad you feel that way. It will make it so much easier for her to get back out there if she knows you feel like that. I think she's been waiting long enough."

"No kidding," Zoey's voice reached our ears and we both looked over at her, her fingers pausing momentarily from texting on her phone. She looked over at us and you could see the concerned look on her face as she talked about our mother. "We all know.....and she knows, that she can never replace Dad; but you guys aren't here all the time; you don't see how lonely she is sometimes."

"That's why it will do her some good to get out there, meet some new people," Emma said; both Zoey and I nodding our heads in agreement.

"How would you guys like a snack," our mother's voice ended the conversation as she came out of the patio door, a tray in her hands. Jesus, she looked so fucking hot in that new outfit, the cardigan and the structured bra I knew was lying beneath cupping and lifting her massive breasts until they seemed to threaten to spill over the top of the plunging neckline.

"Here you go, some veggies and dip," she said as she set the tray down on the table between Emma and me. "I've got some more stuff to do inside. Connor, I'll let you know when to start the grille. You two have some work to do, right?" Emma and I both nodded as I turned to my laptop while Emma reached into her briefcase and pulled out a couple of files.

For the next hour or so, I worked on refining my article while Emma read through her files and occasionally jotted down some notes on a legal pad. Zoey went into the house briefly and fetched a school book and finally put her phone away before starting to do some studying. I knew that as much as she loved to socialize and pretend to dislike school, she got excellent grades. Emma and I had both done well, and Zoey seemed to be following right along. I knew that was why my mother gave her a little leeway every now and then; like with this navel piercing thing.

It was hard to concentrate on my work with my two sisters almost within arm's reach; their sexy young bodies teasingly displayed in their skimpy bikinis. As I continued to steal surreptitious glances in their direction, it took all my willpower to keep my rising libido under control.

"CONNOR, YOU CAN START THE BARBEQUE NOW," my mother called out from the door to the house. "And girls, you can start to set the table anytime."

I fired up the "que" as Emma stowed her work away and Zoey went into the house and came back with a tray full of food for me. My mom had put out a nice spread; some marinated chicken, a few slices of nice-looking beef tenderloin and some skewers with a variety of vegetables, glistening with a fine coating of olive oil. As I started cooking the food and the girls finished setting the table, they both disappeared inside to change. As I rolled the veggie skewers around and flipped the chicken, my mother strolled out and joined me, wine glass in hand.

"Connor, I can't believe how excited I am about our date," she said proudly as she snuggled up next to me, my arm pushing into the softness of the side of her breast. I was pretty excited too; and not just thinking about our date; the exquisite feeling of her big soft breasts pushing against me causing a stirring in my loins.

"I'm really looking forward to it too, Mom," I said as I looked into her gorgeous blue eyes. "I'd do anything for you; you know that, right?"

"I do know that, son. That's why I love you so much," she said happily as she turned her face up to mine and gave me a quick peck on the cheek, her warm hand sliding over my bare chest. As she pulled back, she turned and looked furtively at the patio door. Seeing that the girls had yet to return, she pulled anxiously on my arm. "C'mere," she whispered hurriedly, pulling me past the corner of the house so we were out of eyesight of anyone coming through the door.

"What's up, Mom?" I asked as I stumbled along after her, her hand gently tugging my arm.

I was kind of positioned with my back to the wall as she stood in front of me, that tremendous chest of hers heaving with excitement as she started to breathe a little quicker. "I just wanted to give you a little thank you for agreeing to go out with me," she said in a breathy whisper as she moved in close, her hands sliding up the front of my body. I was stricken by surprise as she tilted her head up to mine. I watched as her eyes closed just before those full pillowy lips of hers met mine. Oh my God, her lips felt so incredibly warm and soft as she pressed them against mine. I could feel her lips were slightly parted and as I did likewise, I felt her hot wet tongue slither forward and slide between my parted lips.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a low growl as her tongue slid over mine, our lips pressed together wetly. I swirled my tongue against hers, that probing piece of flesh driving me crazy as she used it to explore every square inch inside my hot oral cavity. I could feel a surge of blood flow through my groin as my cock instantly started to harden.

"HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?" Like a shot of electricity, Emma's voice jolted us out of our embrace; my mother stepping quickly away from me. Both of us were gasping breathlessly as we sought to quickly compose ourselves. I looked down at her heaving chest and could see the protruding outline of her stiff nipples pressing enticingly against the gray ribbing of her tight sweater. I saw her eyes flick down to my groin, where I could feel my stiffening erection pressing against the front of my loose swimsuit. She looked back up at me with a little secret smile, smoothed her hair back and strode back towards the pool.

"I was just showing Connor the roses," she said as Emma appeared around the corner, now dressed in khaki shorts and a crisp white blouse.

"I think the stuff on the barbeque is burning," Emma replied as she gestured towards the smoking grille.

"Oh shit!" I uttered as I ran over and started moving things away from the spitting flames. With my back to everyone, I could feel my swelling dick start to recede as I got things under control; both with the barbeque and myself.

"Is everything okay, sweetie?" my mother said as she appeared at my side and lovingly stroked my arm. I could tell that she was asking about what had just happened with our secret little kiss; not the situation with the barbeque.

"Everything's absolutely perfect, Mom," I said as I met her twinkling eyes with a conspiratorial smile.

"Good." She gave me another quick peck on the cheek before disappearing back into the house, her full womanly rear end swaying seductively in that little white skirt of hers.

As I finished up with the food on the grille, the three women finished bringing out the rest of the stuff for the table; including a big garden salad and some nice-looking freshly cut bread. All in all, a really nice spread.

"Can I have some wine?" Zoey asked as we took our usual places at the table; my mother at one end with me at the other, Emma to my left and Zoey on my right. I noticed that Zoey had changed into a little faded denim miniskirt and a little pink midriff-cut t-shirt with the words "Soft Kitty" on the front. I knew this was from the song they sing sometimes on the TV show, *The Big Bang Theory*; but seeing it on Zoey conjured up other images in my wanton brain. I would have bet any amount of money that Zoey had a nice soft kitty herself; and I'm sure the teasing suggestiveness of that was not lost on her when she purchased it.

"You can have a little bit of wine, just a little," my Mom said as Zoey reached over quickly and grabbed the bottle. We all filled our plates and eagerly dug in. The food tasted absolutely delicious and I'd forgotten how hungry I was until the enticing aroma reached my nostrils. I guess the little session with Margaret had helped my appetite.

"So Mom," Emma said between mouthfuls, "I'm glad you're going to start dating again. It's been long enough that you've been cooped up here most nights."

"Thanks honey; I think you're right. And I'm so glad Connor's gonna be able help me with that." My mom's eyes had that knowing little twinkle again as she smiled at me from across the table.

"Help you?" Emma looked from my mother to me; and back to my mother again, a questioning look on her face.

"Yes. It's obviously been a long time since I've been on a real date; and since I'm kind of.....out of practice.....I guess you'd say; I asked Connor if he could take me on a pretend date, so I can see what it's like again."

"That's actually a pretty good idea," Emma said, that lawyerly brain of hers analyzing the potential ramifications of such a thing. "You're out with someone you're comfortable with and trust, you can relax and enjoy yourself and not feel all that nervousness that usually goes with a first date."

"Exactly, that's what I thought," my mother replied as she gave me another little smile.

"So when is this date?" Zoey asked as she tipped up her wine glass and drained the last of the dark red liquid.

"No more for you, young lady," my mother scolded as she pulled the bottle away from Zoey's reaching hand. "It's this Saturday actually."

"What are you gonna do?"

"Well, while you guys were out here earlier, I made reservations at a nice new restaurant in The Venetian and ordered tickets for the new Cirque du Soleil show at Treasure Island. And then depending on how things go, we might go for a drink after that. How does that sound to you, Connor?"

"That sound great to me," I said as I opened up my hands slightly, "sounds like there's nothing left for me to do."

"You just have to remember to pick up your date," my mother replied as she tipped her head forward and looked at me teasingly.

"That....I can do."

"And don't forget to get dressed up. I really want this to be special."

"I know.....I know," I said, mocking her somewhat as if she'd already told me a million times. I was actually so looking forward to this date that I could feel the excitement building in me already.

"Good, now let's have some dessert." As I helped Emma and Zoey clean up and take the dishes into the house, my mom whipped up some fresh whipping cream to go with variety of mixed berries she set out in some tall parfait glasses. My mother scooped up a big dollop of cream for each of the girls and they made their way back outside as I waited for mine, parfait cup in hand. She scooped some and placed it delicately on top of the berries as I watched her, my eyes drifting down the front of her fantastic new top, her deep dark line of cleavage drawing my eyes like a magnet.

"See if this is sweet enough," she asked as she reached into the bowl of whipping cream and came up with a big gob on her index finger. As she raised her finger to my mouth, I watched her own gorgeous mouth form into an inviting little "O", just like you do when you're feeding a baby. I opened my own lips and her cream covered finger slid between them. I closed my mouth around her finger and tasted the cool delicious cream as it settled on my tongue. It tasted wonderful, but mostly because of how she'd fed it to me. With my lips wrapped snugly around her invading digit, I rolled my tongue lovingly all around her finger as I gathered up all of the tasty cream. She left it there longer than she needed to and I could see her lips part in a little gasp as I softly sucked on her long womanly finger, my lips and tongue not wanting to release it. Finally, I let my lips relax and she seemed to reluctantly withdraw her hand, a look of excitement on her face.

"It's sweet enough," I said as she stood there unmoving for a second. "How about you try some?" She stood speechless as I reached into the bowl and pulled out my own index finger, now covered with the foamy white cream. She looked into my eyes wantonly and opened her lips enticingly as I brought my finger to her mouth. Those gorgeous full lips of hers were waiting as I slid my cream-covered finger between them. "Oh fuck, does that ever feel amazing," I thought to myself as my mother's lips closed around my long thick finger. I watched, absolutely delighted as her eyes closed of their own volition as she started to suck. She rolled her talented tongue all around my probing digit as she licked and sucked as she gathered up all of the offered cream. I felt her swallow and yet her mouth, lips and tongue continued to draw on my embedded finger. I started to slide it back, and felt her draw on it even harder; so I inserted it deeper into her mouth and started to slowly draw it in and out; my long thick finger sliding teasingly back and forth between those soft red lips of hers. With those gorgeous soft lips and fluttering tongue of hers working on my finger, I felt a big surge go through my cock as it started to stiffen once more. Finally, she seemed to realize the girls might come back looking for us anytime. Her eyes flicked open in alarm and as her mouth opened, I quickly withdrew my glistening finger.

"Yes, it's definitely sweet enough." With her face flushing red, she scooped some into her own bowl, her breath coming in quick little gasps as she fought to compose herself. By the time we both got back to the table out by the pool, we were both able to carry on a decent conversation; the girls being none-the-wiser to what had just gone on in the kitchen.

"So what's everybody doing tonight?" Zoey asked as we finished up our desserts. "You're going out with Aunt Julia, right Mom?"

"Yeah, we're going to see a movie," my mother checked her watch as she spoke. "And that reminds me, I better get ready and get going; it's later than I thought."

"I've gotta finish reviewing these briefs," Emma chipped in. "Looks like another late night of exciting reading."

"And I've gotta get this article I'm working on finished," I added. "I better get this in tomorrow or my editor will kill me. What about you, Zoey, any plans?"

"No, not really," she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "I might go over to Jenna's for a while. Here, let me help with that." She reached for the dishes and spoons that Emma and I had been using and then stood next to my mother impatiently while she finished her last mouthful. As Zoey carried the last dishes into the house, Emma and I gathered up our stuff as our mother went back into the house also. I went back into my old room and put on the shorts and polo shirt I'd arrived in and was just about to exit my room when there was gentle knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and my mother stood in the doorway, her hands reaching towards her stomach. "I think I promised you something if you did a good job of cooking our dinner," she said provocatively as her hands went to the button anchoring the front of her tight gray sweater together. "I was just going to get changed to go out and I thought this was the best time. As she plucked open the straining button between her massive breasts, I watched in awe as the released material pulled further open to each side, giving me a better view further into that deep valley of cleavage. I could see a portion of lacy white bra cups starting to come into view as she undid the next button. Her top spread further to each side and more of her sexy bra came into view. I could now see nearly all of the impressively filled cups, the delicate lace caressing the swelling upper

slopes. She released the last button and took the two sides in her hands, first pulling them tightly together as she covered her breasts, and then opening them out to each side to give me a perfect view.

I stood there totally speechless as I felt myself flushing with excitement, blood surging to my stirring member. Her lacy white bra exquisitely enhanced those remarkable tits of hers. I found myself simply staring in awe, wanting to shake the hands of the designers who had come up with such gorgeous garment. Whatever company had made that bra, if they were looking for investors, sign me up! I could see the underwire beneath some piping; definitely needed to adequately hold those impressive 34Fs of my mothers. But the cupping shape and the delicate lace made it oh so feminine. The result was a beautiful combination of brilliant engineering and sensual femininity.

"Well, I always keep my promises," she said teasingly as she quickly closed her sweater over her voluptuous tits. "I've gotta get ready to meet Julia. I'll call you tomorrow, sweetheart." She stepped forward and gave me a quick innocent peck on the lips before turning and heading to her own room, giving me a last wistful smile as she disappeared around the door frame.

"Down boy," I said to myself as I let my fingers run down the inside of my thigh where my thickening cock was starting to push against the material of my shorts. In a daze, I made my way outside to my car. Emma was just stowing her stuff away in her car as I climbed into Sally.

"See ya later, bro'," she said as she looked over at me as she opened her own car door. "Make sure you show Mom a good time Saturday night."

"Oh I will; I promise." I wanted to keep my promise, just like my mother had kept hers. I turned my car around and left, Emma following on my heels. She turned off a little later to head to her own place as I headed home, my mind swirling with the events of the last few hours.

First, my mother asking me to take her on date, then that delicious secret kiss back against the garden wall. Jesus; was that ever good. We'd then had that wonderfully erotic spur-of-the-moment episode with the whipped cream, followed by her flashing me in my old bedroom. The vision of those gorgeous big tits of hers, spectacularly framed within that sexy bra, was seared into my brain. I knew that as soon as I got home, I'd have to jerk off a load.....or two! Just the thought of it had my cock swelling as I continued to drive.

A short time later, I pulled into the driveway, shut off the car and got out. I reached over to the passenger seat and as I looked down, I noticed that my laptop wasn't there. I quickly spun around and looked in the backseat; not there either. "FUCK!" I said out loud. In my distracted state of mind after catching that glimpse of my mother's tits, I had totally forgotten about it. As I mentally retraced my steps, I realized exactly where I had left it; in my old bedroom. I had to get that article sent in tomorrow or I'd really get in shit. I had it on my computer in the house, but I had made a lot of changes both earlier today when I'd been at the pool with Margaret, and then later this afternoon at my mom's place. And all that work was on the copy that was on my laptop. I'd planned on working on it tonight and tomorrow in order to finish it up. I had to go back and get it. I knew that if I went into the house and started jerking off, I probably wouldn't have the willpower to go back out. With a deprecating shrug at my own stupidity, I started up the car and headed back to my mom's.

I cursed myself all the way there; about a full hour of valuable time wasted since I'd left. As I pulled back into the driveway, I noticed an unfamiliar car parked in front of the garage. It looked like some

kind of old "beater"; like the first piece of shit car I'd had when I was in high school. I wondered who's it was; Zoey's friend Jenna usually had access to one of her parent's nice cars.

I let myself into the house with my key, kicked off my flip-flops by the front door and headed straight to my old bedroom. Sure enough, there was my laptop bag and my bathing suit I'd brought sitting on my old bed. Shaking my head in dismay at myself once more, I slung the bag over my shoulder, grabbed the suit and started to leave. As I left my bedroom and started to head for the front door, I heard a low moan.

"What the fuck was that?" I thought to myself as I put my things down on a table in the hallway, mentally locking in the location of where I'd set down my stuff. I heard another groan and stealthily made my way in the direction of the sound. I could tell it was coming from a room in the back corner of the house; what we called the "Theatre"; which had a huge TV and surround-sound system. Another moan stopped me in my tracks just outside the door to the room. Wondering what the fuck was going on, I peered around the corner of the doorframe.

"Holy fuck!" I thought to myself as I saw Zoey on her knees between some young guy's spread thighs. The kid was sitting at the end of one of the couches; the warm golden glow from the table lamp beside him illuminating them clearly. I was looking at them in profile, able to clearly see exactly what was going on. The kid was sitting back, his head lying against the top of the couch; his eyes half-closed; one hand tightly gripping the arm of the couch beside him, the other extended out and gripping the back of the couch on the other side of him. He was wearing a t-shirt and I could see his pants and underwear crumpled up around his ankles. He appeared to be a tall lanky kid, pretty scrawny with not much muscle.

My eyes were immediately drawn to my little sister, kneeling between the kid's legs. I was surprised to see her wearing her cheerleading uniform; the tight white sweater with the colorful school insignia, her short-short white skirt with colored piping; the whole outfit complete all the way down to her little socks with pink bobbles at the back and white running shoes. She had pushed her hair back onto her shoulders, seemingly so it wouldn't interfere with the work she was doing. And man, it looked like she loved her work!

"Mmmmmmm," it was her that I'd heard moaning as she enthusiastically bobbed her head up and down on the kid's throbbing erection. She had one hand wrapped around the base of the guy's cock, her circling fingers jacking up and down rhythmically; the top of her hand bumping into her soft red lips as she continued to bob up and down. I could hear the sloppy wet sucking sound she was making as she sucked ravenously at the guy's rock-hard boner. I watched wide-eyed as she wasn't just sucking his cock; she absolutely making love to it orally. There were trickles of saliva leaking from the corners of her mouth down his upright shaft as she sucked for all she was worth. She seemed to love what she was doing, the kid's pulsing cock being the center of her universe as she squirmed about on her knees as she never released the stiff prong from her vacuuming mouth for even an instant. Those huge tits of hers looked amazing in the tight cheerleading sweater as she leaned forward, the sheer size and weight of them looking spectacular in profile.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum," the young guy said as his scrawny chest started to heave with short little breaths while his hands gripped the couch firmly. His words seemed to inspire her even more as she brought her other hand up and I saw her cradle his sperm-laden balls. I watched as she rolled them around delicately in her palm, as if she was trying to coax out their hidden treasure.

"OH FUUUUUUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK," the kid moaned loudly and I watched as his body started to twitch and shake.

"Ennhhh," Zoey moaned with a little bit of a squeal as I could see her vacuuming cheeks working as the kid started to unload. Her lips were locked on his engorged cockhead and one hand continued to milk away at his spitting cock while her other hand gently massaged his swollen balls. I saw a little trickle of white cream leak out from one corner of her mouth and then I saw her neck muscles contract as she swallowed.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred like a kitten now as the young guy's warm cream seemed to find a welcoming home in her stomach. Her hand continued to jack the kid's spewing cock into her waiting mouth a few more times before she stopped and swallowed once more. She released his balls from her cupping grasp and I watched as she slipped her glistening red lips off the guy's cock. Her open mouth looked so fucking desirable, I couldn't believe it. Those big soft lips of hers looked slightly puffy and swollen from the effort of her fervent cock-sucking. I could see the wetness of the inside of her mouth shining in the lamplight as she lowered her mouth to the shaft of the kid's slowly dwindling rod and licked up the trickle of pearly seed that had leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"Oh fuck Zoey, that was fantastic," the kid said as he looked down at her, her talented tongue delving into the tip of his cock, searching for another tasty morsel of his slimy semen.

"Do you have another load in there for me?" I heard her ask teasingly as she licked all around the head of his semi-hard cock. "I'm still a little hungry."

"How about we fuck?" the guy asked as he leaned forward and grabbed her arm and tried to pull her up.

"NO!" she said emphatically as she pulled herself out of his grasp. "You know I don't do that."

"C'mon Zoey, I won't tell anybody," the kid said as he sat forward and took a firmer grip on her arm.

"NO!" she exclaimed as she tried unsuccessfully to pull away from his firm grasp. I'd had enough of this shit.

"LET HER GO FUCKHEAD!" I said firmly as I strode into the room. They both looked up at me in surprise and the young guy automatically let her go and started to get up from the couch.

"Who the fuck are you?" The stupid kid had more guts than brains as he stood there and tried to act tough. The kid was close to my height, but I had him outweighed by at least fifty pounds. Also, it's pretty hard to act tough with your pants around your ankles and your dick hanging out.

"I'm her brother, you stupid fuck," I said as I gave him a menacing look and pushed him hard in the chest. With his pants and underwear still pooled around his ankles, it didn't take long for the kid to land on his back halfway down the big couch. He scrambled away from me towards the other end and quickly pulled his pants up. As I stepped forward, he didn't wait for a second before he bolted past me, still holding onto the waistband of his pants. A second or two later, the front door slammed shut and then Zoey and I were left looking at each other as we heard his car start up and tires squeal as he tore out of the driveway.

"Connor, thanks for doing that," Zoey said as she shakily got to her feet, noticeably trembling from what had just happened. "Wha.....what are you doing here?"

"I forgot my laptop," I said as I motioned towards the room where I'd left it. "Looks like I got here just in time."

"We were just talking. I could have taken care of it," she said nervously, as if I had arrived just the second before I burst into the room.

"Talking?" I said as I held my arms out widely in surprise. "It didn't look like you were doing much talking with your mouth full of his cock. What would Mom think if she knew what was going on while she was out?"

"Connor, please, you can't tell her," Zoey pleaded with me as she wrung her hands together nervously.

As I looked at her standing there, visibly shaken and worried about what I would do, my heart went out to her. I would protect her from anybody; but I also knew I wouldn't tell my mother about what I'd just seen. Just the same, I couldn't let Zoey see that; I had to act like the responsible big brother; at least for a while longer. "Don't tell me that little punk is your boyfriend?" I asked with a disappointed look on my face.

"No, he's not my boyfriend," she said as she kind of lowered her head in shame. "He's just a guy from school that I know. He's really not that bad."

"Not that bad! Did you see the way he was grabbing you? Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't been here." I paused and she stood there with her lip trembling, afraid of what I might do. I softened my voice and spoke gently, but I still wanted her to know this was a serious situation. "Jesus Zoey, what were you thinking? If Mom knew you were acting like a little slut like that, it would kill her."

"I'm not a slut!" she said defensively as she raised her misty eyes and looked at me. As she did, I could see the pride within her coming to the surface as she replied to my accusation.

"What do you mean? I just saw what you did with that guy."

"Yeah, I know what you saw....but I.....I don't do the other."

"What?" I said, shaking my head from side to side in bewilderment.

"I don't, you know.....fuck," she said softly, almost timidly. I just looked at her, not sure whether to believe her.....and not sure what to say to her at this point either. She sensed my hesitation and started to argue for her side, like we were having some form of debate. "I.....I'm actually still a virgin."

"You expect me to believe that after what I saw and heard here tonight?"

The tone of my voice showed how serious I was, and as I looked at her, I could see tears welling in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Connor. But I'm telling the truth; I am a virgin." She paused and I saw a single tear run down her plump little cheek. "I don't know how to explain it....but I.....I've only done what you saw a couple of times before.....but I.....I just love to.....you know.....do that?"

"What?"

"I love to.....you know.....suck cock." Jesus Christ, what a predicament I'd put myself in. I didn't know what to do about this whole mess; and now my little sister was admitting to me that she liked to suck cock. Her confession seemed to lift the stress of the situation off her shoulders and she looked at me as I stood there, shaking my head in disbelief and confusion. As I looked back at her, I could

see her eyes light up intriguingly; as if a little light bulb went on inside her head as something occurred to her.

"So Connor, if you heard all that stuff," she asked as she looked at me curiously, "how long had you been outside that door before you came into the room?"

Oh shit! What was I supposed to say now? Once the kid ran out and the initial excitement of the situation had calmed down, it had finally dawned on her that I must have been watching for some time.

"I'd been here long enough to see what you were up to," I said as I pointed my finger back at her accusingly; trying to put her back in the spotlight. Unfortunately, my indicting tone didn't have the desired effect.

"So since you didn't say anything right away," she said softly as she started to sidle over towards me, "I guess you must have liked what you saw."

"I was more shocked than anything," I said, backpedaling furiously to try and take control of the conversation. Again, it had no effect as she moved slowly towards me. "So....so what's with the outfit?" I asked as I looked her up and down; trying to sidetrack the conversation as my brain raced to figure a way out the predicament I seemed to be getting myself in.

"Most guys like to see me in it," she said as she tilted her head to one side provocatively and kind of thrust out her tits for me to see. I had to admit, she certainly looked fucking hot in her cheerleading uniform. "Do YOU think it looks good on me, Connor?" she asked teasingly, putting the emphasis on the word "you". She did a slow pirouette so I could see the whole thing; pausing with her lush backside towards me so I could see the way the abbreviated little skirt flared out over that plump round bum of hers. She continued her slow turn until she faced me directly, her hands on her hips as she pulled her elbows back slightly to emphasize her impressive chest. "Oh fuck", I thought as I looked at the way her knit sweater hugged her voluptuous body; the vertical ribbing of the tight fabric flaring out and then back in alluringly as it rose up and around those round heavy tits of hers.

"Yes Zoey, I think it looks very good on you," I said honestly, resigned to the fact that my attempt at scolding her had failed.

"Connor, have you ever had a cheerleader.....you know?" She asked suggestively as she moved her short curvy body right up next to me and put her delicate little hand on my flat toned stomach.

"What?.....What do you mean?" I asked as I felt my willpower fading; the pure raw sexuality of my little sister overpowering me like a bewitching spell.

"Have you ever had a cheerleader.....you know.....suck you off?" she asked as she looked up at me, her sparking blue eyes alive with lust. With her alluring perfume wafting into my senses like an intoxicating drug, I could only watch as the palm of her hand slid lower, her delicate fingers moving insistently down over the front of my shorts.

"Zoey, we shouldn't do this," I said, summoning up the last of my fading willpower.

"Nobody will ever need to know, Connor; it'll be our little secret," she said as her eyes looked downward as her hand found the swelling mound of my cock through my shorts. I looked down

also as her little fingers wrapped themselves around the stiffening muscle of flesh beneath my shorts and followed it downwards along the inside of my thigh.

"Oh wow," she said as she reached well down until her soothing hand came to the burgeoning head of my stiffening dick. "It feels so big," she said in a breathy whisper. Her hand squeezed gently around the thickening girth as she rubbed me right through the stiff material of my shorts. She looked up at me again, a pleading look on her face now. "Connor, please, could I.....could I suck you off, just this once?" I could see the rapturous desire to suck cock in her eyes; it seemed more than just a longing, like she'd said earlier; she looked absolutely hungry for it. As my eyes looked at those full soft red lips of hers, glistening with her saliva, I felt the last of my willpower evaporate; driven from every pore of my body as my lustful desire for her overwhelmed me. Knowing that mentally I had accepted what was about to happen, I decided I was going to do whatever it took to make sure she remembered this night.

"So you promise you won't say anything to anyone.....not even Jenna?" I said as my eyes seemed unable to leave that gorgeous mouth of hers.

"I promise," she said as she took her hand and crossed her heart. "My lips are sealed."

"Not too sealed, I hope," I said suggestively as I gave her an agreeing nod and pushed gently down on her shoulders.

A smile of pure bliss seemed to come over her face as she willingly dropped to her knees in front of me and reached for the button at the front of my shorts. As she worked furiously to undo the restricting button and zipper, I pulled my polo shirt off and tossed it on the couch behind me. She finally got my button open and the zipper down as she reached up to the waistband and tugged downwards. As my shorts fell to my ankles, I quickly kicked them aside and stood before her; my tall muscular frame looming powerfully over her petite young body.

"Oh my God," she said in shock as she remained completely immobile; her face mere inches away from my stiffening cock. Released from the confines of my restricting shorts, my dick unfurled right before her eyes and then started to rise as my pulsing blood flowed rapidly into it. "I.....I've never seen one that big before," she whispered breathlessly as her eyes never left my growing erection; her whole being seemingly mesmerized by the rising cylinder of flesh between my legs.

"Well, little sis," I said as I reached forward and slid my big hands into her curly blonde locks, "let me see if that sweet mouth of yours is as good as it looked earlier." She willingly let me guide her towards the enflamed tip of my stiffening cock; her lips parting eagerly as I moved her head closer. Her hands started to reach up towards my groin and I stopped pulling her head towards me and held her totally still. "Unh-uh," I said firmly, my tone stopping her hands instantly. "No hands just yet. I want to see what that pretty mouth of yours is like on its own."

Her eyes flicked up to mine and I could see the lustful desire in them as she nodded compliantly. The tremendous excitement of the illicit situation had grabbed ahold of me and I couldn't believe how tremendously aroused I was. Here I was about to live out one of my favorite sinful fantasies; my little 18-year old sister was going to suck my cock; and not just suck it; she seemed to be absolutely aching with desire to suck it.

As she looked back down as my prick achieved almost full erection, I gently pulled her head towards me once more. "That's a good girl.....now open wide," I said softly as my guiding hands moved her willing mouth right in front of my engorged cockhead. I watched as she opened her mouth wide; those beautiful pillowy lips of hers ovalled rapturously into an inviting target for me.

As I saw her tongue slither out and run in a teasing circle around her waiting mouth, I pressed the tip of the dark crimson crown against those soft red lips of hers.

"Mmmmmmm," she let out a little moan of pleasure as her lips slid over the sensitive spongy membranes of my glans. With my hands holding her head in place, I slowly flexed my hips forwards as I looked down and watched those thick pouting lips of hers stretch and stretch as they followed the flowing contours of the broad mushroom head. I pressed insistently forward and watched with intense satisfaction as my little sister's soft lips stretched further and further until finally, the massive engorged crown slipped fully into her mouth; her pursed lips adhered snugly to the shaft of my cock just below the thick rope-like corona. I held still and let her get accustomed to the feel of the big head filling her mouth.

"Uuuunnhhhh," she groaned blissfully as I felt her hot wet tongue roll lovingly all around the sensitive membranes inside her mouth. I could feel a pulsing go through my rod and knew it was drizzling pre-cum into her welcoming mouth as her tongue continued to press and roll over the engorged hot tissues of my dickhead. She had quickly worked up a mouthful of saliva and I could feel the hot wetness of it as she vacuumed in her cheeks and pressed them against the sides of my inviting cock. What she was doing was fucking great.....but I wanted more.

"That's a good girl," I said as I flexed my hips back slightly so her locked lips tugged enticingly against my retreating corona; her desire for more cock making her reluctant to let it out of her mouth. That was fine with me as I reversed direction and starting feeding more into her. My cock was now brick-hard and it felt incredibly luxurious as I slid it deeper into her mouth. I could feel her sucking in slightly so those soft tissues on the insides of her cheeks made a velvety soft channel for me to rub against as more and more of my thick shaft disappeared inside her mouth. I got about half of my ten plus inches deep into that hot oral cavity of hers before I felt the tip bump against the sensitive membranes at the opening to her throat. Knowing she was relatively inexperienced, I figured this was as far as I should go.....for now anyways, I thought wickedly.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred sensually against my throbbing dick as I held it right there; her heavenly tongue caressing and exploring every square inch of cock inside her hot wet mouth. I could feel her work up another big mouthful of slick warm saliva that she used to bathe my throbbing erection with. Oh fuck that felt good; her soft wet tongue rolling and caressing her slick spit all over me like a soothing balm. I pulled back and looked down to see her gorgeous mouth following my retreating dick-shaft lovingly; those full red lips of hers distended forwards like a fish out of water. My cock was glistening with her warm saliva and I saw a shimmering gob of her spit slither to the bottom side of my prick and drop to the floor beneath us. I could see already that she liked her blow-jobs to be nice and wet, with lots of flowing spit; and being the caring big brother that I was.....I had no problem with that whatsoever!

"That's the way, Zoey," I said, my comforting voice loaded with praise, "nice and wet.....that's perfect." I flexed back forward at the same time my hands pulled her head towards me; starting to get into a smooth back and forth rhythm as I sawed my engorged pecker in and out of those pillowy soft lips of hers. I fucked her willing mouth as she mewed and purred constantly with desire, her magical mouth working superbly as she tried to give me as much pleasure as possible. And she was succeeding tremendously!

I looked down at my little 18-year old sister, her eyes half-closed with lust as she enthusiastically sucked away at my rock-hard erection; the look of sheer pleasure on her face making it readily apparent how much she loved what she was doing. I could tell already that she was an exceptional cocksucker; the way she seemed to be willing to take her time and make sweet oral love to my cock

instead of just hurrying through it to get it over with. No, she was in no hurry, I thought as her gentle tongue rolled with a soft heavenly pressure all around the hot crimson crown of my cock. As I thought about how wickedly sinful it was to be fucking my little sister's face; the illicit nature of what we were doing just seemed to make it all that much more exciting for me; and I'm sure for her as well. I could feel my own libido rising and after the teasing experiences earlier in the day with both my sisters and especially my mother; I knew I couldn't last much longer without getting off.

"Do you want my cum, Zoey?" I asked as I continued to slide my stiff erection back and forth between those widely-stretched lips of hers.

"Mmhhmmm," she mewed in agreement against my glistening shaft; little rivulets of her warm saliva continuing to leak from the corners of her mouth and dripping off the underside of my cock in shimmering strands.

"Are you gonna drink it for me?" I asked with a smile of satisfaction on my face as I held her head still and slowly but insistently fed over half of my long thick cock in and out of that sweet young mouth of hers.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," she said with a long humming purr as she looked up at me, a look of wanton desire glistening in those gorgeous blue eyes of hers at the thought of swallowing my cum.

"There's gonna be a lot.....are you sure you want it all?" I asked teasingly as I slowly probed all around the inside of that tantalizing mouth of hers, the enflamed mushroom head pressing against the hot wet tissues. Jesus, she had a great mouth. It wasn't going to be much longer before I'd be feeding her a nice big dose of creamy cough syrup.

"Mmmhmmmm," she agreed again enthusiastically, her mouth never for a second leaving my brick-hard erection. Oh fuck, this was going to be so good, and I was getting so close, I thought as I ran my fingers through my little sister's soft blonde curls as I slid my cock back and forth. On man, the hot wet friction of her lips and mouth was scintillatingly amazing. I could feel my heavy sperm-laden balls drawing up close to my body as my impending orgasm started to sweep over me. I looked down at that beautiful young face of hers, her big soft lips stretched tightly around my sliding dick, her cheeks hollowed in as she gently sucked; the hot wet tissues within pressing lovingly against me. I could see the look of pure bliss on her face at the same time as I felt her push another huge wad of her hot saliva down over my cock. Seeing more of her glistening spit leak from the corner of her mouth and slither down my pistoning shaft was all it took.....

"Get ready, Zoey," I said in warning as I felt the delicious initial sensation of my boiling semen start to speed up the shaft of my cock. "OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES!" I said with a low groan as I felt the first thick rope jettison forth into her vacuuming mouth. With my gripping hands buried within those soft golden curls, I held onto her head as I could feel her tongue pressing firmly up against the underside of my gliding dick while a second, third and fourth creamy wad shot forth.

"Mmmmmmm," I watched her face as she let out a soft moan of satisfaction as I continued to unload. I saw the muscles in her neck contract and a shiver of excitement went through me knowing my little sister was swallowing my warm cum. "Mmmmmmm," she purred again as the thick creamy semen slid down her throat. My spewing cock kept erupting into her velvety soft mouth as wad after wad shot forth. Ten.....eleven....twelve.....I watched her eyes open wide as I continued to unload, the pulsing shots of jizz filling her mouth once more. As I looked down at her beautiful young face, flushed with both excitement and rapturous delight, I saw milky trickles of my creamy seed leaking from the corners of her mouth. Fifteen.....sixteen.....Her unbelieving eyes flicked up to mine as I

saw her quickly swallow again, a moan of pleasure humming through my pulsating dick as she pressed her tongue back against the throbbing underside as she ravenously sucked for more. Oh fuck, was she ever good! Eighteen.....nineteen.....twenty.....With the twentieth shot, I felt the final major contraction course through me. I held onto her head as my spitting cock finally slowed; the final drops of warm baby-batter oozing forth onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed blissfully; her eyes dropping back to my dick as she gently sucked for the final delicious morsels. Her tongue slid delicately into the gaping red eye at the very tip and I felt her gently draw out the glistening strands of seed she'd found there. She then rolled that magical tongue all around the top half of my cock I'd left buried in that sweet young mouth of hers; her tongue gathering up every stray gob of my milky cream. I finally released my hold on her head and leaned slightly back, leisurely starting to withdraw my slowly deflating prick from her nursing mouth. I eased it slowly all the way out, her hot open mouth gasping wetly; strands of cum and her warm saliva glistening on her puffy lips.

"Connor, that was incredible," she said breathlessly as she looked up at me, her voice quivering with a deep burning passion. "Your cock.....it's so big.....and when you came.....there was so much cum.....I.....I couldn't believe it!" As I looked down at her, I thought my little sister had never looked so beautiful. Her beautiful blue eyes were simply alive with excitement and her whole face had a flushed glow to it. Her full soft lips looked puffy and red from the abuse I'd just been giving them; making them even more appealing than usual. I smiled to myself as I looked down at her lower face; the area all around her mouth, her upper lip, cheeks, chin and neck were glistening with traces of her saliva and silvery traces of my fresh semen. As I looked at her, I wondered what her pretty young face would look like with one of my full loads all over it. As my eyes roamed over her glistening face, I noticed one thick gob hanging heavily off the right side of her chin, the distending milky strand extending even lower as she looked up at me with lust-filled eyes. I watched as the silvery web connecting the heavy gob to her chin got thinner and thinner until it finally detached itself and fell with a soft splat onto the golden skin of her thigh. She felt it hit her leg as she kneeled there before me; and as we both looked at the pearly gob clinging to her skin, she reached down with her finger and scooped it up.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed contently as she slipped her finger into her welcoming mouth and savored the tasty morsel.

"Looks like you missed a little more," I said as I reached forward and slid my long fingers up her neck and around her chin. With my thick cum dangling from my fingertips, I held them in front of her face; my hand moving slowly from side to side as the warm milky cream swung hypnotically before her. I could see the mesmerized look in her hungry eyes as I swung the glistening pearly strands teasingly back and forth.

"Do you want this, Zoey?" I asked softly, my tranquil voice sending a shiver of desire through her curvy young body.

"Yes please," she answered compliantly, her eyes never for a second leaving the shimmering creamy treat that awaited her.

"Open wide," I said persuasively as I moved my fingers closer to her mouth. It didn't take any coaxing at all as she readily let those full pouting lips of hers slip open for me. "That's a good girl," I praised as I slid my dripping fingers right into her waiting mouth. Her soft lips instantly closed around the invading digits and I felt her tongue press against them.

"Mmmmm," she purred softly with closed eyes as she relished the masculine flavor of my cum. She sucked softly and licked earnestly at my hand until she had every drop inside her. Having her hungrily suck at my fingers sent another jolt to my cock and I knew if we had time, I wasn't done with her yet. When she'd gotten as much into her as she could, I withdrew my fingers reluctantly and cleaned up the last few stray pearly ribbons from her neck and chin. She eagerly accepted the offered gift once more and heartily licked up the final remnants from my fingers.

"You're not done quite yet," I said as I lifted my half-hard cock and showed her a couple of gobs that had leaked from her overflowing mouth and were still clinging to my gnarled cock-shaft.

"Yes," she said with a breathy hiss as she quickly leaned forward. Her beautiful tongue slithered out from between her wet red lips and I felt the hot tip press against my shaft. I watched as she slowly licked upwards, the thick gob of milky semen pooling on her tongue. With a final upward flick, her tongue withdrew quickly back into her waiting mouth as she swallowed, this last gob of warm cum finding its way to mix with the rest in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said as she looked up at me with a satisfied look on her face, "your cum tastes so good.....and there was so much of it."

"Did you like it?" I asked as I reached down and tenderly stroked my baby sister's soft cheek.

"Liked it? I loved it!" she admitted excitedly as she looked up at me with loving eyes. "How....how did I do?" She had a bit of an insecure look on her face now; happy herself but unsure of what her mature older brother thought of her efforts. She had been absolutely fantastic; just an amazing cocksucker....but I didn't want to let her know that; at least not right away. I wanted to see where her little bit of insecurity would lead.

"You did pretty good," I said with kind of a noncommittal shrug of my shoulders; as if blowjobs of that caliber happened to me every day.

"Pretty good?" she asked with a bit of a disappointed look on her face, her gorgeous lips unconsciously forming into a bit of a pout. She looked up at me, and I could see that she wanted me to be pleased with her efforts; she wanted to get some additional level of praise from me. "I.....I can do better. I'm used to using my hands too. I want to do better, Connor." She looked up at me with a forlorn look on her face; wanting nothing more than for her big brother to be proud of her. "Would you.....would you teach me?" There it was.....exactly the type of thing I was hoping for.

"Well Zoey, I don't know if we should do that?" I replied hesitantly.

"Oh please, Connor," she said anxiously. "I really want to learn to do better. I love it so much but if you think I can do better, I'd love for you to teach me what to do."

"What if somebody was to find out?" I said with a bit of a shake of my head, as if I was about to dismiss the whole idea.

"This will be our little secret; I promise, Connor. I promise never to tell a soul."

"And if I promise to teach you, will you stop screwing around with those idiots like that punk that was here earlier?"

"I promise; never again," she said emphatically, a warm smile of joy starting to spread across her face even though I still gave her a look of consternation that I wasn't fully in agreement with her

proposal yet. She looked up at me with big doe-like eyes and tilted her head provocatively to one side, "I'll do whatever you want, please Connor?"

Oh fuck, any willpower I had left was totally shot to hell as my eyes ran over her pretty face and that gorgeous curvy body of hers; my eyes lingering especially on those 34DDs tightly encased in her cheerleading sweater. "Okay, I'll teach you," I replied with a comforting smile and gentle nod of my head.

"OH THANK YOU.....THANK YOU!" she said excitedly, bouncing up and down on her legs folded beneath her. She stopped and looked up at me anxiously. "When.....when can we start?"

"How about right now," I replied as I lifted my semi-hard cock and pointed it back towards that beautiful mouth of hers as she automatically formed her lips into an inviting "O".

RING.....RING..... We both looked instantly to the portable phone that was sitting on a little stand on the end table beside the couch.

"That's Mom's cell number," Zoey said with a quizzical look on her face. "I wonder what's going on. She shouldn't be getting out of the movie for another hour or so."

"You better answer it," I said as I nodded towards the phone, "maybe she was in an accident or something."

"Okay, I'll put her on speaker phone so you can hear too." Zoey leaned forwards past me and pushed a button on the phone. "Mom?"

"Hi, Honey," I heard my mother's voice come through the speaker.

"What's up, Mom? Is everything okay? I thought your movie wouldn't get out for about another hour or so."

"Everything's okay. The projector system broke about an hour into the movie. After about fifteen minutes, they told us they wouldn't be able to fix it and they gave everybody a gift certificate to come back another time."

"Oh that's too bad," Zoey said as she looked up at me with a disappointed look on her face. She turned back to the phone and spoke suggestively, "So are you and Aunt Julia gonna go somewhere and hang out for a while?" She was obviously anxious to get on with our first cocksucking lesson.

"No, that's why I called. I just dropped Julia off and I'm heading home. I'm thinking of grabbing a coffee at Starbucks and wondered if you wanted anything?"

"No, no thanks, Mom. I'm fine," Zoey replied, trying to hide the disappointment in her voice.

"Okay sweetie, I'll see you in a few minutes, bye." Zoey pressed the off button and sat back on her heels and looked up at me with a big pout on her face.

"It's a good thing she called," I said as I reached for my shorts and started to pull them on. "If she had just come home, who knows what she would have seen." I grabbed my polo shirt and quickly slipped it on as well.

"Yeah, I guess we better be careful from now on," she said as she rose to her feet. She followed me out of the room and stood next to me as I stuck my feet into my flip-flops. "When.....when do you

think I can have my first lesson?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know; we'll talk tomorrow."

"She just left Aunt Julia's," Zoey said suggestively and I wondered where she was going with this as she paused. "Could I.....could I just suck it again for a minute or two." Her hand reached forward and pressed against my semi-hard dick, once again confined within my restricting shorts. "Please Connor, just for a minute." She gave my cock a loving squeeze and once again, I was powerless to deny her.

"Okay, but hurry," I said as I quickly unbuttoned my shorts and pulled down the fly. "I want to be out of here when Mom gets home." Zoey quickly dropped to her knees in the front foyer as I pulled out my long limber cock. She quickly opened her mouth and I fed the big spongy head right inside.

"Mmmmmm," she started to purr right away as her lips closed down beyond the long crown and she started to suck. Her tongue swirled teasingly over the sensitive membranes and I felt it instantly start to harden. She started to reach up with her hand again and as much as I wanted to let her have her way with me, I knew if I let her really start; I'd never get out of there without feeding her another big load; and the risk was just too great. The potential for where this would lead with Zoey was incredible; I was hoping that nearly every fantasy I'd ever had about her was now within the realm of possibility. If my mother happened to discover us now; none of that would happen; I couldn't take that chance.

"No, Zoey," I said as I pushed her hand away again. "I'll let you use your hand next time. You can suck for another minute, and then I've got to get out of here." She did as I asked and I felt my expanding member continue to stiffen as she sucked; her talented lips and tongue working their magic once more. With my cock now rock-hard, it took the last of my dwindling willpower to pull it out of her vacuuming mouth. It came out with an audible "POP" and with difficulty, I stuffed it back in my shorts. She stayed where she was, her hot inviting mouth gaping open slightly, a trickle of glistening saliva running down her chin.

"Okay, you'll get another big mouthful as soon as we can figure something out," I said as I hurriedly grabbed my laptop bag and swimsuit and yanked open the front door.

"I can't wait," she said and I looked back as her hands slid down beneath her huge tits as she lifted them towards me.

"Oh fuck," I thought as I quickly closed the door behind me and jumped into my car. As I peeled out of my mom's driveway, all that had happened today raced through my brain in an exciting rush. I wondered what tomorrow would bring.....