

# THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 13

*rm Dexter*

*Connor helps out sister Emma in her time of need.*

Incest/Taboo

4.81

20k words

*A note from the author: Chapter 12 of this series seems to have been missed by many readers. It has been up for a few weeks now after I had taken a lengthy break from this story line. I would suggest that chapter be read before this one, as the story does proceed chronologically. Thanks for your votes and comments, and I hope you enjoy reading this chapter as much as I did writing it...rm Dexter*

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"So, how's Dick the Dick this morning?" I asked, arriving about five minutes early for my 10:00am meeting with the magazine's chief editor, Richard "Call me Dick" Morrissey.

"I'm pretty sure somebody pissed on his Cornflakes again," replied Cara, his administrative assistant. I wondered when 'secretaries' became 'administrative assistants'. More of that 'politically correct' bullshit, I guess. Cara was a sweet woman in her late 40's. She was 'mom-sized' and not really on my MILF radar, but I liked her just the same. I know, it's surprising, a shallow asshole like me can actually be friends with a woman, even if I'm not eyeing them up as a future sexual conquest. Cara had been in this position for a long time, and basically ran the office. She also had a bit of a soft spot for me, running interference for me with Morrissey a number of times.

"Oh great. I barely got my article in on time last Friday. I already know he's going to try and tear me a new one. I don't need him in a bad mood at the same time. Did something happen?"

"Who knows with him? Maybe he missed last night's episode of '60 Minutes'," Cara replied with a shrug of her shoulders. "That article you wrote about the movies being made in town, I read it this morning. There's some good stuff in there."

"Thanks. Hopefully he feels that way too," I replied, nodding toward Morrissey's closed door. Just then, Cara's phone buzzed. She hit the speaker button.

"Yes?"

"Is that Young I hear out there?" I heard Morrissey's grating voice come over the phone. It sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard.

"Yes," Cara replied, sticking her tongue out at the phone and winking at me.

"Send him in. I haven't got all day."

Cara hit the end button as she looked at me and shook her head. I gave her a big smile as I turned and opened the door to the editor's office.

"Hey Boss," I said as I entered the room. I smiled to myself as I looked over at the big bulletin board he had on one wall. There were papers with the ongoing assignments tacked all over it, plus other miscellaneous pieces of information. I'd snuck into his office one day when he was out for lunch

and stuck up a picture I'd printed off the internet. It was a print of the cover of Morrissey's album "Ringleader of the Tormentors", with a black and white photo of Morrissey playing a violin. I figured the title was perfect for Dick. Surprisingly, he must have liked it—it was months later, and the picture was still there.

"Close the door and sit your ass down, Young," Dick the Dick replied. I don't think I'd ever heard the guy refer to me by my first name, even the first time I was interviewed. His office was a mess—shit everywhere. I almost laughed out loud every time I came in here. The guy had a brush cut and a big bristly moustache, coupled with a rumpled shirt and loosened tie. He sported the same look of the permanently-frazzled magazine editor every time I'd seen him. He was the epitome of a cartoon character, always reminding me of J. Jonah Jameson from the Spiderman comics. All he was missing to make the look complete was the big stogie, but then again, that would have been politically incorrect nowadays.

"What's up, Dick?" I asked as I slumped into one of the chairs opposite his overflowing desk. I purposely put a slight emphasis on the 'Dick'.

"Young, I really want to thank you for submitting that last article in a timely fashion," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Getting it in that extra five minutes before the deadline was just so considerate of you." He tugged at his tie angrily and sat back in his chair, glaring at me. I was surprised I couldn't see the steam coming out of his ears.

"I aim to please, Chief."

"Try aiming a little higher next time, smart ass." He still had that irritated look on his face, and my little quip had done nothing to alleviate his sour mood. I wondered if he was gonna lean forward, start banging on his desk, and call me Peter Parker.

"Was there something wrong with the article?" I asked, confident that what I'd given him was pretty good.

"That's not the point," he replied, pointing his finger at me like a school teacher reprimanding a kid. "What kind of magazine do you think we run here, Young?"

"Uh gee, I don't know. Hardcore Nazi porn with an emphasis on amputee midgets partaking in various forms of tit bondage?"

He looked at me like I was a piece of shit on the bottom of his shoe, which I actually found pretty hard to dispute after what I'd just said. He shook his head from side to side in disgust, letting me know exactly what he thought. "Not quite, but I'll bring your suggestion up with the board of directors at the next meeting. Try again?" This time he did lean forward with his elbows on the desk, and I knew if I wanted any future work here, I better shelve the wise-guy act.

"Uh...an entertainment magazine?" I replied, my eyebrows arching up questioningly.

"A professional magazine—that's the kind of magazine we run here." The pointy finger was coming my way again as he spoke. "And I can't be fucking around with those last minute submissions of yours every time I give you an assignment."

We'd been through this song and dance before, and I knew what my next line was. "Okay, I get it. I'll make sure I get the next one in earlier. Sorry about that last one. I was tinkering with it right up until the end. Was it what you were looking for?"

Now that I'd admitted to being a fuck-up, it kind of put him back on his heels. It's hard to stay mad at somebody when they admit to their mistakes. J. Jonah...er, Dick, was no exception.

"Well," he said gruffly, grabbing a stack of papers on his desk, "it was actually pretty good. There wasn't much I had to cut out. Here, take a look." He handed me a copy of my article, with his red pencil marks on mine as well as the one he held in his own hand. For the next half hour or so, we went over the article and the few changes he made. I was happy. The editing had been minimal, and I actually had to agree with the changes he'd made and the minor revisions he suggested. We also looked at some pictures he'd had a staff photographer take in support of the article. They were good, shots of movies that had been made in Vegas over the last year or so. I knew they'd look great with what I'd written.

"Okay, looks good," I said finally, sitting back in the chair once we'd finished.

"I have your next assignment for you." He pushed some papers around on his desk and pulled out a single sheet with some text near the top.

"Great, what is it?"

"There's been an increase in the number of ads in the various entertainment rags and on Vegas websites lately for male escorts." As soon as his words hit my ears, I bolted upright in my chair. He saw the shocked look on my face and put his hands out in a 'calm down' gesture. "Now...now...I'm not talking about the gay publications and websites advertising male escorts for other males—those have been around for years. No, I'm talking about ads directed at straight people, at women basically."

"Oh, umm, okay," I replied, still feeling flustered, but trying to maintain my equilibrium that had just gone on tilt.

"Yes, they seem to be coming even more prevalent these days. I want you to do some investigative journalism and see what this is all about."

"Uh, all about?" I held my hands up as if it was obvious. "Isn't it just about sex?"

"Of course, of course," he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand. "But what's the underlying story behind the sex. What kind of people are these escorts? Where do they come from? How much do they charge? What kind of services do they provide? And what about the women who hire them? What's their story? Are they usually rich married women? Single woman who are sick of the dating scene? Shit like that. You figure it out."

"You're kidding me, right?" I actually wondered if somehow he'd found out about my Face-Painter ad and was just jerking me around.

"Is there a problem, Young? I can always give the assignment to Benning."

"Benning's a hack," I blurted out, knowing Jim Benning's work was notoriously weak.

"But a hack who always gets his assignments in on time." Morrissey sat back in his chair, pleased with his response. He reached over and picked up his phone before looking back at me. "Do you want the assignment or what? I can call Benning right now."

"I'll take it," I replied. He put down the phone. "How much do you want, and when?"

"12,000 words. I want an outline on my desk in ten days, and the finished article in three weeks. And it better be good—AND ON TIME," he said loudly.

"Okay...okay." I got out of the chair and stood before his desk. "Anything else?"

"Have a nice day. The people in HR told me I need to be nicer to my staff." He turned to his computer screen, his hand reaching for the mouse. "And close the door on your way out."

I made my way out of his office in a daze, the shock of the assignment I'd been given still buzzing through my head. With a brief goodbye to Cara, I made my way outside, pulling out my cell phone as I leaned against Mustang Sally in the parking lot. I punched in the new number I'd put on speed dial and brought the phone to my ear.

"Hello?"

"Deanna, you're not going to believe this..."

I hit the expressway again and headed towards home, Gary Numan's 'Cars' blaring from the Mustang's sound system. I loved the sound of the soaring keyboards in that song—perfect for driving, especially with the top down. Deanna had been shocked when she heard the assignment I'd been given, and then she couldn't stop laughing. Once she started, I found myself chuckling too at the absurdity of the whole thing. She ended the conversation by saying she'd better get to work lining up clients in order for me to do my research. We agreed how funny it would be for me to actually be making money from my regular job at the same time I was making money as a professional escort.

I didn't have to meet Andy for lunch until 12:30, so I still had just under two hours to spare. I was having trouble wrapping my head around the idea of the new assignment Morrissey had given me. I still couldn't get over the bizarre coincidence of being handed such an assignment after my recent endeavors as 'The Face-Painter' in the same peculiar niche that I just been asked to investigate. I figured I'd settle down in front of my computer at home and start looking up some websites, to see the nature of some of the advertisements he'd mentioned. I'd probably start by looking at others in the website where my own ad had been placed.

I pulled Sally into my parking spot in front of the condo and climbed out, spying Margaret next door watering her flowers, hose in hand. Fuck, she was a sexy woman. Statuesque and built like a brick shit-house. She had on a pair of those stretchy shorts she seemed to like, the ones that always looked so fantastic on her. The pair she was wearing today were navy blue, the curves of her lush rear end and her long toned legs provocatively on display. Up top she wore a powder blue tank top, the form fitting garment stretched nicely over her round heavy tits. Even from across the yard, I could see the outline of her heavily structured bra beneath her top. Her red hair flowed sensually onto her broad shoulders, the soft locks framing her pretty face. Man, from head to toe, she was all woman—a perfect MILF.

"Hey stranger," she said, giving me a warm smile as she continued with her watering. I looked at her delicate hand holding the hose, remembering how she'd held mine when she'd given me that first hand job just a few days ago. Jesus, she had been good. I thought about the hot session we'd had late Friday night, and how insatiable she'd been.

"Stranger?" I replied. "I just saw you a couple of days ago."

"I'm just teasing you. Did you have a good weekend?"

"It was great, actually."

"That's good." She turned slightly until she was partially in profile, my eyes drawn magnetically to the thrusting shelf of her big tits. "And how's that hamstring you tweaked the other day? Did you find it stiffening up at all over the weekend? You know how much trouble things can be when they start stiffening up on you." I watched as she held the hose in front of her groin and slowly tilted the nozzle upwards, the water spewing forth as she brought her other hand forwards and wrapped them both around the hose. The suggestiveness of what she was doing wasn't lost on me at all. I felt my prick give a little twitch as I looked at her.

"As a matter of fact, I can feel it stiffening up on me right now," I said.

"Oh dear. That's not good." She gave me a pouty look, my eyes focusing on her beautiful lips.

"I have to meet Andy for lunch at 12:30, but this hamstring could be a bigger problem than I thought. Do you think Nurse Margaret would be able to uh...fit me in during that time?"

She had a mischievous look on her face now. "Hmm, I think Nurse Margaret has an open slot right now that she'd be quite happy to have you fill."

"Well, this must be my lucky day."

"Why don't we step into her office," Margaret said, reaching to turn off the hose.

I followed her into her house, once again diverted from my work by a beautiful woman. Maybe I'd have trouble meeting this deadline too. "Oh well", I thought to myself as I followed her lush swaying hips into her bedroom.

"Why don't you take off those clothes so Nurse Margaret can examine you better? Get undressed and sit on the side of the bed. I think we should really take care of that hamstring before it becomes a more serious matter." She didn't even wait for an answer. She walked into her en-suite bathroom and pushed the door partially closed. I took off my clothes and tossed them onto an easy chair she had in her room, and then sat down on the side of the bed as directed, my cock feeling heavy and swollen already. A minute or two later Margaret reappeared, a towel and her massage lotions in hand. She put them on the bed beside me, grabbed a pillow, and dropped it on the floor right in front of me.

"Now, I don't want to get any of that massage oil on my clothes, do I? Where did I leave my lab coat?" She pretended to look around the room, in search of the missing lab coat. "Oh well, I guess this will be fine." She reached for her waist and pushed her shorts down before daintily stepping out of them. She then crossed her arms and pulled the tank top up and over her head, tossing it aside with her shorts. She stood before me, wearing a gorgeous matching bra and panty set made of brilliant white satin and trimmed with delicate white lace. Her tits were beautifully packed in, her full 40DDs straining at the confining material of the heavily wired bra. Her panties were cut sinfully high on her wide matronly hips, accentuating the full curves of her voluptuous body. I felt a surge in my dick as I looked at her tall buxom figure.

"Ah yes. I can see you're definitely having a stiffness problem. Let Nurse Margaret help you with that." With a sly smile on her face, she dropped to her knees on the pillow. She popped open the top of one of the tubes of oil and poured a generous of the viscous gel-like goo onto her hand. She rubbed her hands together, the warm citrus scent wafting into my senses as the lubricant started to glisten suggestively on her hands. I looked down at her kneeling before me, my eyes zeroing in on

the deep dark line of cleavage between those massive succulent tits of hers. My cock lurched once more.

"Wow, this is definitely a problem." She reached forward with both hands, and I almost swooned with pleasure as she wrapped one around the thickening girth of my prick while her other warm slick hand cradled my sperm-laden nuts. Her circling hand fit wonderfully around my stiffening shaft, her slender fingers working their magic as she started to stroke back and forth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I groaned, my cock becoming rock hard in no time flat. I leaned back, my arms straight behind me as I looked down at her kneeling between my spread thighs, her mature talented hands working me over. It was so great to have a neighbor like this who was so willing to look after me.

"That's it. Let Nurse Margaret take good care of you." She let go of my swollen nuts and brought both hands to the pulsing shaft. She wrapped them firmly around, one above the other, and then started that slow methodical cork-screw motion, her hot slippery hands sliding from the thick base all the way up to the broad flared head. Up and down, up and down, over and over, with a nice sliding twist that had me climbing the walls within minutes. Oh fuck, was she ever good. She knew just what to do with a cock. I tried to suppress the delicious feelings I was experiencing, but it was useless. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body and knew I was close.

"Oh my God. I'm gonna come already," I gasped, my heart racing as she mercilessly continued to jerk me off, her wonderful hands keeping up the same smooth teasing rhythm she'd been using all along. The contractions started and I felt my stomach muscles flex as I went off, a long thick rope of white cum shooting high into the air.

"That's it. Let it go," she said softly, her hands continuing to stroke deliciously up and down. I shot again, and then again, a fountain of semen spurting high into the air before falling, the gobs and ribbons of milky seed landing erotically on my stomach and her stroking hands. "That's the way. Give Nurse Margaret every thick creamy drop." She kept pumping, and I kept shooting, wad upon wad of jizz spewing forth. Her mature hands felt absolutely fantastic as she continued to jerk me off, her slender fingers pulling as much cum out of me as I had to give. My stomach and her hands were a gooey mess, but I kept coming, until finally, the last oozing wads of silvery cream spurted forth, sliding down from the oozing tip and over her cum-covered hands.

"I better take a sample of this for testing," Margaret said as she leaned forwards and started licking my stomach. I sat there, trying to slow my beating heart as I watched her lick up my cum. She slurped it up wantonly, her lips and tongue searching out every stray drop. When she was finished cleaning my stomach, she started in on her hands, licking the warm milky goo off the backs before sliding her semen-covered fingers deep into her mouth, her lips closing around each slimy digit as she swallowed my potent swimmers. It was incredibly erotic to watch, the sultry wanton look on her face keeping my cock just as hard as it was before I came.

"Oh dear, we don't seem to have solved your stiffness problem," she said, her hand slowly stroking my still-hard prick.

"Now, where is that slot of Nurse Margaret's that she wanted me to fill?" I reached down and pulled her onto the bed, throwing her onto her back as I scrambled between her legs.

"It's right here," she said teasingly, drawing her legs up and letting them roll open as one long red fingernail came down and traced provocatively over the front of her panties. I could see they were

soaked, her womanly cleft visible beneath the damp fabric. "You'd better fill that slot in a hurry, before somebody else does."

I reached down and pulled her panties off as her warm womanly aroma filled the air, the intoxicating scent firing my libido even more. I tossed her panties aside and moved between her thighs as she opened her legs right up for me. I leaned forwards and angled my rampant cock down towards her waiting flower, the brilliant pink petals of her labia glistening wetly. I could feel the incendiary heat of her flowing juices as the broad flared head nestled between her parted lips, the sensitive tissues of my glans bathed by her oily juices.

"Oh yeah, that's it," she said in a deep breathy voice. She slipped her arms around my neck and pulled my face down to hers, giving me a hot passionate kiss before dropping her head back onto the pillows and looking up at me, her eyes alive with wanton desire. She rolled her hips slightly, making the helmet-shaped head fit perfectly between the gates of her beckoning cunt. "There, perfect. Now give it to me nice and slow. I want to feel every hard inch going all the way inside me."

Not wanting to disappoint her, I flexed back and slowly drove forward, sliding inch after inch of hard thick cock into her oily depths. Yes, at just a couple of years south of 50, she was the perfect MILF neighbor.

"Ohhhnnn," she groaned deep in her throat and her head tilted back as I went deeper. She brought her knees further up, opening herself as much as possible for my slow merciless onslaught. She was luxuriously hot and incredibly wet, the steaming oily tissues inside her parting reluctantly as I slowly flexed forward, until the final few inches disappeared, over 10" of steel-hard cock buried inside her.

"Oh my God. I absolutely love how big and hard you are," she said as she looked into my eyes, a fine sheen of perspiration breaking out on her forehead. She looked incredible, her shimmering red hair framing her pretty face attractively. She had a wicked little smile on her face as she looked at me and spoke, "Just stay still for a minute. Let me work it, okay?"

"Whatever you'd like," I replied, letting her know I was willing to do whatever she wanted. She rolled her hips slightly, and I could feel my rigid prick settling just a fraction of an inch deeper into her. She started to work the muscles inside her mature talented cunt, and I felt a wonderful massaging sensation as she tightened down. A luxurious rippling seemed to roll in delicious waves along the full length of my buried cock as she started to really work it with that talented cunt of hers. Oh man, this woman was incredible. I'd made love to many women in my young life, but the only one I could compare to Margaret was my mother. Both of these beautiful mature women were absolutely amazing lovers. I guess there was a lot to say for experience.

"Oh, that feels so good inside me," she cooed, bringing her legs up and wrapping them around me, her heels crossing over my backside. She flexed her hips up and rolled them in a slow tantalizing circle as she continued to work me over with the muscles inside her.

"Oh fuck, Margaret," I said, unable to take her delicious teasing any longer. "That feels incredible." I started to move my own hips, settling deep in the saddle as her cunt continued to squeeze and pull at me. She smiled at me like a sultry enchantress as I slowly drew back, the hot oily tissues inside her clinging to my withdrawing dick possessively. Her cunt-lips nibbled at the broad tip as I pulled almost all the way out, and then slowly drove the full length into her once more.

"Yessssssss," she hissed as I powered my way all the way into her, the hot folds of flesh inside her pussy enveloping me like a hot buttery glove. I pulled back and drove it into her again. With her legs crossed over my back, she lunged back at me, thrusting her hips upwards as I really started to

fuck her. I gave her good hard long strokes, knowing she loved it when I touched bottom every time. She was breathing rapidly, her mouth gaping open and her eyes closing in bliss as the delicious waves of pleasurable sensation rolled over her. She was still wearing her bra, her 40DDs delightfully enhanced by the sexy garment. I loved the look of a spectacular set of tits beautifully on display beneath a sexy bra. I was in no hurry to have her take it off. Her bra-encased tits looked sinfully erotic, the upper swells jiggling and shaking sensually as we fucked, her stiff nipples enticingly visible through the shiny white satin. Perfect. With my eyes feasting on that mouthwatering set of tits, I flexed back and then slowly drove forward, angling my rigid prick up so I was concentrating on the hot slick tissues on the roof of her vagina.

"Oh God, that is so...that is...OH FUCKKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly as she started to climax. I felt her fingernails clawing at my back as she started to convulse and gyrate like a wild thing. Her hips were twitching and bucking as her orgasm overwhelmed her. I held on to the excruciatingly delicious ride, my body moving with hers as I fucked her deep and hard. I felt like I was riding a bucking bronco, her wide matronly hips pistoning themselves up and down recklessly, my hard thick cock rubbing fiercely against the hot folds of flesh inside her.

"Jesus, this woman is something else," I thought to myself as her mature flexing body had my balls drawing up in anticipation of my oncoming climax. She must have sensed it, because she quickly spoke up.

"If you're going to come, I want it on my face," she purred out breathlessly. Man, I think those were my favorite words in the English language. With those tell-tale contractions starting in my midsection, I quickly withdrew and scrambled up over her until I was straddling her, wrapped my hand around my surging cock and pointed it right at her face. I barely had time for one stroke before a long white rope streaked forward, slamming forcefully against her cheek.

"Aaaahh," she gasped as I fired again, the next ribbon of semen running all the way up her face and into her red hair. I pumped my hand back and forth as I unloaded, flooding her face with a warm fresh dose of milky protein. Strand after strand of silvery goodness spewed forth as I moved the head of my dick from one side of her face to the other. She opened her mouth and I directed one shot right between her ovalled red lips, and then went back to painting, sluicing the spitting jets of white semen all over her. I pumped and pumped, the milky seed raining down upon her face. Finally, as the last tingling shiver ran down my spine, I sat back and flicked the final drops down onto the upper swells of those beautiful tits of hers.

"Oh my God, I love that," Margaret said softly as she brought her hands up and started massaging my cum into her skin. She was a mess. Milky gobs and pearly ribbons crisscrossed her face erotically. Silvery strands clung to her lush red hair, while her sumptuous chest was spackled with random wads of glistening pearly semen. All in all, she looked perfect.

"Connor, you can do that to me any time you want," she said, pushing a wad down each cheek and into her waiting mouth. I helped her by scooping up the warm milky gobs on her chest with my fingers and slipping them into her mouth, loving the feel of her soft lips closing down and sucking at my fingers. Soon, she had it all inside her, a thin layer of shiny semen drying on her pretty face.

"What time is it? I have to meet Andy at 12:30 at Gabriel's for lunch." We both turned and looked at the clock on her bedside table: 11:43.

"You've still got about a half hour before you have to leave," Margaret said softly. "But I think you need a shower before you go." She slipped out of bed and made her way towards the en-suite,



reaching behind and unhooking her sizable bra as she did. Just before she went through the door, she stopped and looked at me over her shoulder, and then tossed the bra back towards the bed, allowing me just a teasing glimpse of her heavy round tits in profile. "Care to join me?" With a wicked little smile on her face, she disappeared into the bathroom and I soon heard the shower running.

I sat there with a big smile on my face, blissfully savoring the feeling of post-orgasmic bliss. When I heard her close the shower door, I knew it was time to join her. Margaret's place was almost an identical layout to my condo next door, and I knew she had a big walk-in marble shower like mine, more than enough room for two. I entered the shower and quietly closed the big glass door behind me, savoring the view of her tall mature body standing beneath the pelting spray of the shower. She had both the dual shower heads going, and the space was quickly becoming erotically steamy. She was letting the powerful pellets rain down upon her face and head, her hands raised up beneath her flowing red locks. With her arms lifted up like this, it caused her huge tits to thrust forward enticingly. I felt my fingers just itching to get at them as I moved in close behind her.

"Mmmmm..." She mewed like a little kitten as I nuzzled into her neck, my lips caressing the soft skin of her neck, the alluring scent of her hair wafting into my nostrils. She turned her face towards mine and I kissed her passionately, my tongue sliding deftly into her hot welcoming mouth. We both gave off soft moans as we luxuriated in the feeling of the long sensual kiss. Finally, we parted, both of us gasping. I watched over her shoulder as she thoroughly lathered her hands, and then she passed me the bar of soap. I did the same to my hands, working up a soapy froth before setting the bar back down into one of the little shelves built into the sides of the shower. I slid my hands around her mature body from behind and up over her toned flat stomach, my slippery hands drawn magnetically to those tremendous tits of hers.

"Mmmm...nice," she purred as my slick hands cupped and hefted those big round beauties. Man, they were heavy. I ran my hands all over them, gently squeezing and hefting, and then allowing my fingers to seek out her sizable nipples. I circled the stiffening buds with my soapy index fingers, loving the slippery warm feel of them coming alive beneath my touch. Her own hands slid down my sides as she reached behind, her soapy fingers caressing my flanks deliciously as her hands made their way towards my midsection. As I ran my hands beneath the massive globes once more and hefted them together, I was surprised to feel another tingling lurch in my cock.

"Holy fuck," I thought to myself. I had just come twice in a row, and I could feel myself starting to get hard again already. There was something about this sexy mature woman that really did it to me. She was amazing in bed, that's for sure, but maybe it was knowing the understanding we had, that we had agreed to be purely 'fuck buddies' that made it so wickedly exciting. I don't know, but whatever it was, as her hands slid down my front and onto my abdomen, I felt myself responding. Her lathered fingers slid down over my sizable member, feeling it start to swell and stiffen beneath her warm hand.

"Oh my," Margaret said as her slick hand circled my rising dick. She turned around until she was facing me, both of us beneath the hot steamy spray of the dual shower heads. She re-lathered her hands thoroughly and then reached down between us, her mature hands taking hold of my stiffening prick. She wrapped one hand around the base and slowly drew it towards her. Just before it slipped off the end, she reached forward with the other hand and put it around the base, and then pulled towards her with the same motion. Within just a couple of these delicious strokes, I was totally hard again. She kept doing it, drawing one hand over the other in a 'pulling a boat to shore' motion, her hands pulling at my long thick cock like a rope.

"Oh fuck. That is so good," I said as I leaned back against the shower wall and let her have her way with me.

"I thought you'd like this," she replied, her hands continuing to work their magic on me. I soaped up my own hands again and reached for her tits, filling my hands with her big guns as she continued to stroke me. She varied her motion now, putting both hands together on my cock and using that slow twisting corkscrew motion again. She had me climbing the walls already. It was unbelievable the way she knew how to work me, to touch me in just the right way to bring me unbelievable pleasure.

"It's so hard," she said under her breath as her soapy hands stroked back and forth. I felt something a little different and looked down to see the red fingernails of her one hand scratching teasingly around the taut base of my cock while her other hand continued that delightful twisting motion, my loins covered in soapy lather. The incredible feeling of those fingernails scratching delicately at the base of my cock was all it took to send me over the edge.

"Oh fuck, Margaret. I'm gonna come again," I warned. She dropped to her knees in front of me but never missed a stroke, her frothy hand pumping teasingly back and forth while her nails scratched at my groin. I felt the first rope of semen jettison forth, the long pearly strand striking her in the chest.

"Yessss," she hissed, continuing to pump my engorged cock. I leaned against the shower wall, feeling on the verge of collapse as I went off, flooding her huge tits with a torrent of cum. Her amazing hands felt so good as wad after wad of thick creamy semen spewed forth, splattering her massive breasts with gob upon gob of pearly nectar. I watched one sizable wad start to run down her chest and into the deep dark line of her cleavage, a scintillating glistening trail. She jacked away as I unloaded a fountain of cum onto her, her heavy round breasts shining with my sperm-laden cum. Silvery strands and milky ribbons were flying every which way as she vigorously jerked me off, draining me of every pearly drop. The delicious contractions within me finally waned as she pumped me dry, leaning in close to rub the final drops from my dripping cockhead right onto her nipples.

"Well, that was a surprise," she said after giving the tip of my cock one more loving kiss. I helped her to her feet, both of us looking down at her cum-covered chest. "Hmmm, I seem to have made quite a mess. I better do something about that." I watched, totally enthralled, as she reached down and lifted one of her massive tits in her hands. She leaned forward and pursed her hips, bringing it right down on top of her cummy nipple.

SSSSLLPPP!

A slurpy sound, like somewhat sucking up a strand of spaghetti, filled the little shower room. The cum disappeared from the tip of her breast, but she kept sucking. "Mmmm," she purred warmly as her lips went to town on her nipple. She released that one and then lifted the other heavy tit, bringing her lips down onto the gooey nipple of that one. She moaned softly again as she pleased the stiff little button with her lips and tongue. I stared at the incredibly erotic scene, knowing if I wasn't so completely drained, my body would have been responding to the lurid scene going on right before me. She finally released her nipple, the dark red bud wantonly swollen and stiff. She then laved her tongue over as much of her ample tit-flesh as she could reach, licking up as much of my cum as she could. When she'd gotten all she could reach with her mouth, she used her fingers to gather in the rest.

"God, I love the taste of that," she finally said, the last of my cum finding a home in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach. She turned to the shower and we both moved under the pelting spray, sharing the soap and shampoo as we properly bathed. We dried off with a couple of big fluffy towels and I got dressed as Margaret lounged on the bed, her towel still wrapped around her, her big tits swelling over the top edge of the towel.

"Perfect timing," I said, slipping on my watch and pulling on my shoes.

"Well, any time you want to come back and see Nurse Margaret, I'm sure she'll have a slot open for you. Maybe next time she'll give you an oral examination. I know she'll want to take it nice and slow to make sure the test is done just right. She's gonna need to take another sample that way. There wasn't time for that today."

"Thanks. I'm looking forward to it already." I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss before leaving, the fresh alluring scent of her soap and shampoo settling warmly onto my senses.

Less than fifteen minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot at Gabriel's. I was just getting out of my car when Andy arrived, his silver Ford Fusion pulling into the spot next to Sally.

"Hey buddy, you're looking good. Having a good day?" he asked as he got out of his car and patted me on the shoulder.

"You wouldn't believe it," I replied, both of us making our way into the restaurant.

Being Monday, both Marta and Silvia had the day off. I was fine with that. After what had happened with my mother and Deanna over the weekend, and what had just happened in the amazing encounter with Margaret, I was in no mood to do any flirting right now. I just wanted to be with my good friend. Another of Gabriel's busty waitresses took our lunch order and brought us a couple of drinks, a Diet Pepsi for me, and the usual Dr Pepper for Andy.

"Well, come on, tell me. How was your date with your Mom?" Andy asked, his eyes alive with curiosity.

Taking a deep breath, I launched into my tale, which you know in detail from the previous chapters of this story. On Saturday, Andy had been gracious enough to share the intimate details of his relationship with his own mother with me. But I'm sure you've read 'Educating Mom—Andy's Story', so I don't need to share that information again here. Anyways, with the honesty we'd shared with each other our whole lives, there was no reason to hold back now. I gave him explicit details on what had happened with my mother, and then my 'business meeting' with Deanna last night, the meeting with Dick Morrissey and the assignment he'd given me, and the hot encounter with Margaret that I'd had just a short time ago.

"Jesus Christ, you've been one busy motherfucker," he said, sitting back and taking another swig of his drink.

"Yes. A busy motherfucker—literally." We both laughed at that. Our lunch had come and gone during our conversation, and as the waitress cleared away our plates, we ordered another drink, neither of us ready to leave just yet.

"That assignment your boss gave you. That's hilarious. And now Deanna is going to help you meet these women. I envy you, my friend."

"Hey, you could set up your own escort service too: 'Triple A Inc.' The escort who keeps coming and coming."

"No thanks. I think I'll stick with my mom. She's more than enough for me."

I knew that was more Andy's style. He was definitely a 'one-woman man' type of guy. And his mother had an incredible body beneath those conservative clothes she used to wear. I was anxious to see her in some of the new flattering outfits Andy'd told me he'd gotten her. It would be great to see her finally showing off that magnificent rack and incredible figure of hers, if only for Andy's sake. I knew there was no end of fun he could have with her. I could tell from the way he'd talked how much they cared for each other. It was more than just a roll in the hay. It was a deep respectful love they had for each other.

"Andy," I said, looking up at him. He looked at me intently, knowing that whenever I actually called him by name that it was serious. "That's great. I'm really happy for you, and your mom. I mean that."

"Thanks," he replied with a nod. "That means a lot to me. I'm happy for you too. You will let me live vicariously through your escapades though, won't you?"

"I think I'll have to. I'd probably go insane if I couldn't talk to somebody about it." I paused as our waitress set down our drinks, her full tits straining at the bodice of the overly-tight uniform Gabriel made them wear. I waited until she left before I spoke again. "And you, because of the way things are going with your mom, you're not going to stop ogling these waitresses or anything, are you?"

Andy smiled as he watched a couple or the waitresses walk by, each of them well-endowed in the chest department. "Oh, you can rest assured, I'll never get tired of that. And, as you can see even right here in this place, you can see the small-breasted waitress is going the way of the dinosaur, my friend."

"What are you talking about?" I asked quizzically.

"Well, you know what we say about the size of the tips and the size of the..."

"Yeah..."

"We're not the only ones that feel that way; all guys do. Eventually, small-breasted waitresses will just be phased out. At the end of their shifts, these girls compare tips with each other, and how do you think those small-breasted waitresses feel when that happens?"

I looked at Andy and shook my head, a twisted grin spreading over my face. "I'm sure you're about to tell me."

"They'll feel like shit. They won't be making anywhere near what the girls with big tits are making. They'll end up having to give up the waitressing life and get jobs at call centers or something. Somewhere it doesn't matter how small their tits are."

"I can see you've spent a lot of time thinking about this."

"At some point, it's going to end up being like in the movie 'Children of Men', where there was only one little kid left on earth. There'll be a news story, 'Small-Breasted Waitress Spotted at Sid's Diner in Kalamazoo, Michigan', or somewhere like that. People will come from all over to see this final member of a dying species. But do you know what's gonna happen?"

"Uh...no."

"Those people will come to that diner, stare and take pictures to show their grandchildren, but they're still gonna want to be served by the chick with the D-cups. 'Hey you with the nice rack, bring me a corned beef on rye and a Budweiser'. And she's the one who's gonna get the big tips!"

"Oh, of course. How silly of me not to see it."

"And not only small-breasted waitresses, that's the way our whole society is going," Andy said confidently as he looked at me across the table.

"Okay," I said with a smirk on my face, "I've got to ask...what the fuck are you talking about now?"

"I'm talking about the gradual demise of small-breasted women from the face of the earth."

"Oh, this is gonna be good," I replied, suppressing the laughter I felt building inside me.

"I'm telling you, it's like what Darwin found in the Galapagos, but it's happening in our society today."

"Darwin?"

"Yeah, I call it 'Andy Adelson's Theory: Survival of the Bustiest'."

"Survival of the Bustiest?"

"I'm serious," he said calmly as he continued slowly, making sure I took in every word. "Just think about it. You know how advertising today is promoting the way we all look as being so important?" he paused, waiting for me to respond.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You guess so? You know so! You're about the most superficial shallow person I know. Do you deny that?"

I simply smirked and looked at him, knowing my track record in being anything but a practicing swordsman was pretty hard to deny. "Okay, I won't deny it. You got me there."

"Hey, I'm not saying that's a bad thing...although some people I'm sure would say you're just a piece of shit." We both laughed at that. "But that's the way all of society is going. Now, let's just take an average guy, someone kind of like me."

"Okay, an average guy."

"So this guy, like me, goes through life and starts dating girls. Which ones is he going to be attracted to? The ones that look like the girls in the advertisements, of course. Beautiful girls, with gorgeous hair, perfect make-up...and..." he let that one hang out there, like a softball lobbed over the plate. I had to hit it out of the park.

"Big tits?"

"Exactly, big tits. Now, eventually this average guy settles down and, of course, he marries the girl he loves, the pretty one with big tits. Let's say they have two kids, one boy and one girl. Now, genetically speaking, how do you think that girl is going to look when she grows up?"

"Big tits?"

"Now you're starting to understand my theory. And all this time, what has happened to all our small-breasted women?"

"I'm not sure, but I think you're gonna tell me," I said, a big grin on my face.

"They've become elderly spinsters, never knowing the thrill of having a man tit-fuck them and blow a load all over their faces. Eventually, they pass away, ending their sad and deprived existence on this planet, with no children to carry on their legacy of A-cups."

"Hmmm, interesting."

"So you see, as time marches on, more and more people are going to be producing female offspring with generous physical endowments in the chest area while the small-breasted women continue to flounder and wither away until their futile existence ceases to exist in its entirety. Now, this isn't going to happen overnight, but in the next few generations, I see it coming to fruition." He paused and looked at me across the table as he held his hands up in a gesture of finality. "Thus, Andy Adelson's 'Survival of the Bustiest'."

"You know, you are a perverted genius, I'll have to give you that," I said as he nodded in agreement, clearly being of the same tit-loving mindset as yours truly.

"Hey, I've gotta go," Andy said, checking his watch. We paid our bill and left, saying our goodbyes and agreeing to keep in touch. As Andy pulled out in his Fusion, I pulled out my CD case and started flipping through possible selections. When I was debating between something by Ultravox or Simple Minds, my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?"

"Connor, it's me, Emma."

"Hi Sis. Are you at work? It didn't come up with your name on my phone."

"Yeah, I'm calling from work, not from my cell. Listen, I need a favor. I've been doing most of the work over the last couple of months on a big account we have here. The client unexpectedly decided to come into town today. My boss wants a few of us that have been working on this project to go out to dinner with the client while he's in town."

She'd been speaking rapidly, and kind of paused to take a breath, as if she was a little frazzled, which seemed to be happening with her a lot lately. "Uh, okay. What do you need from me?"

"I need a date. Everybody else who's going is married, and I'll look like an idiot if I show up by myself. I called Mom, and she said she had a really nice time when you took her out the other night. Anyways, Mom said I should give you a call."

"She did, eh?" I smiled, remembering what an amazing time we'd both had that night, and most of the weekend. Over and over, load upon load.

"Yes. Connor, I don't ask you for much. Would you do this for me, please?"

"Sure, of course I will. What time and what should I wear?"

"The thing starts at 7:00 and it's at The Wynn."

"The Wynn. That should be nice. So, do I need a tie or will a nice suit be enough."

"Ah, you're young. No tie. Some of the lawyers will be buttoned-up to the max, but I think a suit and nice shirt will be fine."

"Okay, sounds good. So, I'll pick you up at your place shortly before 6:30?"

"Great, and make sure you have the top up on your car. I don't want to wreck my hair."

I laughed out loud. "Mom said the same thing when I took her out the other night."

"Great minds think alike, I guess. Okay, I'll see you later. And thanks, Connor, I do appreciate it. I'll make it up to you somehow."

"That's fine, Emm," I said, using the slightly-shortened pet name I had for her. We said our goodbyes and I sat thinking. I wondered what my mother had said to her. She wouldn't have told her about what had happened, would she? No! But then again, she seemed to have no problem discussing those things with her sister, which I found somewhat strange as well. My curiosity got the better of me and I called my mother.

"Mom," I said, once she'd answered the phone.

"Hello dear. How's my big boy," her lusty purr went straight to my groin as I listened to her speak.

"I'm great. Hey, I just got a call from Emma."

"Oh good. I was hoping she'd call you. Did she ask you to be her date for that dinner she has to go to tonight?"

"Yeah. That's fine. I told her I'd do it. She said that she'd called you and you suggested it."

"That's right."

"Uh, Mom, did you say anything to her about the other night?"

"Just that you were a perfect date and I had a wonderful time."

"Nothing about...?"

"Of course not, dear," she said, not waiting for me to finish. "But I'll tell you right now, if something happens and you get any kind of opportunity like that with your sister, go for it."

Did she really just say what I thought she said? "Mom, did I hear you right? You can't be serious?"

"Honey, listen to me. There's nobody more frustrated and stressed out these days than your sister. To put it bluntly, she needs to get laid. There's nobody in her life right now to take care of her that way, and I think if she spent one night with you, she'd be good for the next year."

My head was just spinning as I listened to her—my own mother was suggesting I fuck my sister! "But what would she think if I tried something?"

My mother gave a small chuckle on the other end of the phone. "So, it sounds like you aren't against the idea. Honestly, don't you think your sister's attractive?"

"She's very attractive."

"And don't tell me you've never jerked off thinking about her, or Zoey."

Now that one really floored me—she'd brought my youngest sister into the conversation too. Little did she know I'd already fed curvy little Zoey a number of loads. I was too stunned to even answer.

"I take it by your lack of response that I'm not wrong?"

"Well...I...uh..."

"Exactly. They are both beautiful young girls, and I know what boys are like. I know how you used to check out the laundry hamper. There were many loads of your cum I had to wash out of the girl's underwear as well as mine." She paused and I felt myself flushing—guilty as charged. "And Emma needs to get laid badly. After what you did for me this weekend, I can't think of anybody better to give her what she needs."

"But I..."

"Connor, sweetie. You wouldn't believe how I've felt since you left here yesterday. I haven't felt this calm and relaxed in years. I feel like I'm absolutely glowing. If Emma can get just a little bit of that, you won't believe how much better she'll feel, and how much better she'll be to be around."

"She has been kind of bitchy lately."

"Bitchy? That's an understatement. Anyways, it's great that you're going to go with her. If nothing happens, well, so be it. But if you see some kind of opportunity, I think you should go for it—for her sake, if not yours."

Mom had no idea how much I had dreamed about fucking Emma, she of the perfect heart-shaped ass. If we did end up doing it, it would definitely be for my own sake as well as hers. "Well, I guess we'll see how it goes."

"Oh Connor, that's so sweet of you. But listen, don't use yourself all up. I'm okay right now, but Mommy's gonna need another one of those stress relief sessions herself pretty soon."

For some reason, I found it incredibly erotic that she'd referred to herself as 'Mommy'. "Okay. But don't worry, Mom, where you're concerned, I have plenty of time to help you with stress relief. I have just what you need for a deep internal massage to hit those stress points."

"Mmmmm, I can't wait." That sultry purr was back in her voice again. I pictured her slipping her own hand up her front and cupping one of those beautiful Wifey-like tits of hers.

"Okay, Mom. I better go. I've got some work to do before I pick up Emma tonight."

"After thinking about what you just said, I think I'm gonna let my fingers do a little walking before Zoey gets home from school. Just thinking about that beautiful hard cock of yours has me all gooeey already. Good luck tonight, sweetie."

I ended the call and sat back in the Mustang, amazed at what I'd just heard from my mother. Fuck, it was incredible—listening to her suggest that I fuck Emma. She was right though, if there was some sort of opportunity, I knew I was too much of a cad to just let it go by. I'd grab that opportunity with both hands and give it everything I had.



"Fuck it," I said to myself, slipping some Ultavox into the CD player and putting on my sunglasses. As I pulled back onto the street and headed for home in the convertible, Midge Ure's voice belting out the beautiful 'Vienna' accompanied me. Yes, life for Connor Young was pretty fucking good right now.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Emma, it's me," I said through the door after I knocked.

"C'mon in. I just unlocked the door," I heard her reply from inside. I let myself into her apartment condo. She hadn't had it too long, but the place was pretty nice. A nice feather in the cap for a young attorney. I'd done some research work on the new assignment for the rest of the afternoon, and then got ready in plenty of time to be here to pick up my sister. I checked my watch: 6:25. We'd make it to The Wynn by 7:00 with no problem.

"Connor, you look great," Emma said as she came into the living room, her hands busy attaching an earring. I had to admit, I did look pretty good, once you got me cleaned up and threw some decent clothes on me. I had on a navy blue Italian-cut slim-fitting suit that even made me smile when I looked in the mirror. I chose a simple white dress shirt that I wore with the collar open. The Steve Madden black dress shoes completed the whole look. Stylish and sophisticated, but not presumptuous. I could tell by the pleased look on Emma's face that she approved of what I was wearing. Now it was my turn to look at her. Oh fuck...

"If you think I look great, then you look incredible. Emma, you're simply stunning."

"Oh Connor, thank you. I didn't have a thing to wear so I went out at lunch time and got this dress. You really like it?" she asked as she did a little pirouette to let me see it from all sides. Man, it almost took my breath away. I realized it had been awhile since I'd seen my sister fully dressed up like this. It was a relatively simple sleeveless black dress—I'm sure what those in the fashion trade refer to as a 'little black dress', something every woman should have in her closet. This dress fit my sister perfectly. It hugged every delicious curve of her athletic body, forming to her exquisite figure like it was made only for her, and her alone. It accentuated her spectacular figure wonderfully, without being overly tight or trappy.

The sleeveless dress had two straps a couple of inches wide over each shoulder, with a scooped neck that showed off a tantalizing glimpse of alluring cleavage formed by Emma's nicely-shaped 36Ds. Again, glamorous and sexy, but not blatantly obscene. The soft black fabric flowed smoothly around her full breasts and then hugged in nicely at her slim waist, before once more following the sensual contours of her hourglass figure as it covered her full hips. The hem ended high on her gorgeous thighs, again, not too high, not too low, but as Baby Bear would say, "Just right."

Her long toned legs were bare, the warm honeyed tone of her tan accentuated by some form of cream or oil that had those gorgeous columns glistening sensually. Her feet were encased in a sexy pair of high-heeled black slingbacks, with a wickedly pointy toe and slim strap that kept it on at the back of her heel. With the 4" heel, those shoes alone had me salivating. She turned around again, making sure I had a glimpse of her outfit from all sides.

"Oh Jesus," I almost moaned out loud as her ass came into view. Talk about spectacular. I have never seen anyone with such a perfect rear end as my sister; full, round and the absolute most superb shape imaginable. An ass that you wanted to dive into and bounce on all night long. And in this dress, it was absolutely breathtaking. At most, she must have had a thong on, because there

was not one panty line visible, and with the way that dress hugged those delectable cheeks of hers, there was no way her panties wouldn't have shown if there'd been anything there.

"Emma, that dress, those shoes, you...you look fantastic." She smiled, and I finally tore my gaze away from her amazing figure to look at her face. It was beautifully made up, her eye shadow in smoky exotic tones that accentuated the black dress and her lustrous brunette hair. Her lips were a brilliant red gash, her lipstick a vivid dash of color setting off the whole outfit. She wore a necklace and earrings of glittering black stones, perfect with everything else she was wearing. Man, she looked absolutely breathtaking.

"Thanks so much. I wanted to look my best for tonight. This is a big client, and I want to make a good impression. I've been so busy at work, I need a night like this." She reached for a wine glass I hadn't noticed earlier on the end table beside her. She drained about half the glass right there on the spot.

"Whoa, slow down there, Emm, take your time. We've got a few minutes."

"I'm okay," she said, putting down the empty glass. "I'm just a little nervous. That was just a little liquid courage to help me relax."

"Uh okay. Are you ready then?"

"Let me just grab my purse...ah...there it is. Okay, let's go. Is the top up on the car?"

"Yes...yes," I replied, holding the apartment door open for her. "The top's up."

"You're not going to make me listen to more of that 80's crap, are you?"

"Do you want me to take you or not?"

"Okay, but U2 only, okay?"

"Alright...alright."

"Emma, I think you've had enough wine for tonight," I whispered to her about two hours later. The evening had gone pretty well, everyone meeting in a reserved area of one of The Wynn's restaurants for cocktails before the meal. I'd nursed a scotch while Emma had another glass of red wine. I was introduced to her boss, Blair Thompson, and his wife, Annika. The senior partner then introduced us to the client who this whole thing was for, Dominic Dellacourt. You could tell just by the way this middle-aged man carried himself that he was important. He was confident and personable, without being pretentious. He spoke genuinely to both Emma and I, and I liked him, although as Emma asked for another glass of wine, I could see she was nervous in his presence.

I noticed Mr. Dellacourt, and Emma's boss, Mr. Thompson, checking her out admiringly, like every other red-blooded male in the place had done as well. And the way she looked, I didn't blame any of them, taking a number of surreptitious glances myself at her spectacular chest and alluring figure. Man, that little black dress she was wearing was a gift to all of us. Her long muscular legs and that ass of hers looked incredible in it.

The meal was fantastic, the reserved room holding about twenty people. Emma barely picked at her food, but I noticed she did finish another glass of wine. As the meal finished and we retired to the adjacent room for further conversation, Emma had stumbled, nearly knocking over a beautiful vase full of flowers sitting on a sideboard. It was at that moment when I mentioned to her that I thought

she'd had enough to drink. I didn't want her to embarrass herself in front of her colleagues, and especially this client, Mr. Dellacourt.

"I'm fine," she replied, almost slurring her words in response to my observation about the amount she'd had to drink. "Just one more." She grabbed another glass off a tray from a waitress who was walking past, and then walked away from me and started talking to one of her co-workers.

"Oh shit," I thought to myself as I watched her, wishing I'd forced her to eat more of her food, rather than just let her pick at it. This had all the makings of a disaster.

"Mr. Young." I turned to see Mr. Thompson's wife, Annika, standing next to me.

"Mrs. Thompson," I replied, acknowledging her with a polite nod.

"Please, call me Annika." She was a beautiful mature woman, probably in her mid-50s. She looked like she took care of herself, with a good figure, her ample chest displayed nicely by the deeply scooped neckline of the royal blue dress she was wearing. Unlike some of the older women there, Annika's dress was molded nicely to her curvy figure, showing off a very nice body beneath. Besides her impressive rack, I had noticed her shapely legs, sensually clad in sheer black stockings, their muscular definition nicely accentuated by her black high-heeled pumps. Her blonde hair framed her pretty, yet mature, features flatteringly. She was slightly older than I was used to, but I was quickly learning there was a lot to be said for experienced women.

"Alright, Annika," I replied, emphasizing her name. "As long as you call me Connor."

"Agreed." I watched as her eyes strayed over to my sister, who I saw laugh a little too loudly at something said by one of the people in the group she was standing with. "My husband tells me your sister is an outstanding young attorney."

"Well, thank you for saying that. I know she works hard."

"How much has she had to drink tonight?"

"Uh, I think she's a little nervous."

"I think that's pretty obvious. Listen Connor, I know Blair thinks Emma has a great future, and I don't want to see her do anything tonight to jeopardize that. Mr. Dellacourt is an important client. Do you think it might be best if you took Emma home? It would probably be best for her, and the firm."

"Between you and I, I've been thinking the same thing for the last half hour or so, but I don't know what to do. She's so nervous—I've never seen her drink this much before. I'm afraid she might get angry at me if I say something. I definitely don't want to make a scene."

"It's alright, Connor. I'll take care of this. Is your car in the valet parking?"

"Yes."

"When I give you the sign, you just go and get it. I'll meet you at the front door with Emma."

I nodded as Annika walked over to Emma. I saw her touch my sister gently on the arm to get her attention and then start talking to her. She took Emma by the elbow and started leading her away from the group she'd been talking to, going in the direction of her husband and Mr. Dellacourt. She turned and nodded to me, letting me know it was my turn to do my part. I put down my drink and

made my way to the car park, giving the valet my token. I nervously waited as he retrieved the car, and then drove it the short distance to the sweeping drive of the main entrance. I left the car running but got out and waited, wondering what was going on. A couple of minutes later, Annika and Emma came out, the older woman holding onto my tipsy sister by the arm.

"Is everything okay?" I asked Annika as I helped get Emma into the car. I closed the door and came around to the driver's side, where the older woman was waiting.

"Everything's going to be fine. I told Blair and Mr. Dellacourt that I wanted to discuss some issues with Emma regarding the status of youth in the firm. I let them know that Emma was the focal point for the direction the firm would be taking in the next few years, and I wanted to sit with her in a relaxed atmosphere alone and get her thoughts. I told them this was the first opportunity I'd had to talk to her, and there were just too many people around to do it in there. They thought it was a great idea, and Mr. Dellacourt appreciated the confidence I had in your sister."

"That's great. I don't know what to say. Thank you so much for doing that." I reached out to shake her hand. She took my hand in hers, and then reached for it with her other hand, holding on to mine.

"Just take her home, Connor. That was a close call tonight. Tell her to relax—she's doing a fine job. There's no need to be nervous."

"I'll do that. Thank you. But aren't they going to think it's strange when you go back in there without her?"

"I'm not going back in. I told Blair I was just going to have our driver take me home after I'd finished talking with Emma. They'll be talking business all night and never notice." She waved her hand dismissively, as if she'd been through this kind of thing many times before. "You're a good brother. I wish I had a big brother like you when I was younger." The older woman looked me up and down, and I could see that lustful look in her eyes. I'd been seeing that a lot lately, and there was no mistaking it.

"It would have been nice to have a sister like you too," I replied, my eyes now looking over her well-maintained body. "You seem like someone it would be nice to be close to."

"That's so sweet to hear something like that from such a handsome young man." She gave me a wistful little smile, stepped closer and rose up on her tip-toes. Her full breasts pressed against my chest as she kissed me tenderly on the cheek. She turned her face slightly and whispered warmly into my ear. "I think we should see how close we can get some time. I think that would be fun for both of us." I felt her lips brush hotly against the side of my ear before she stepped back, but not before pressing something into my hand. She turned and walked towards the valet station, her sumptuous rear end swaying enticingly beneath her snugly-fitting blue dress. I looked down at a small cocktail napkin folded in the palm of my hand. I opened it up. It had the name 'Annika' and a phone number. With a last look at her delectable backside, I slipped the napkin into my pocket and got in the car.

"Connor, I think I'm drunk," Emma said, looking at me with glassy eyes.

"No shit, Sherlock," I replied, slipping the car into gear and heading for the expressway.

"Oh Connor, what have I done?" Emma whined as I handed her a cup of coffee. "Do you think I'm going to get fired?"

"It's going to be fine, Emm," I replied as I sat down next to her on the couch. "Mrs. Thompson took care of everything. She talked to her husband and Mr. Dellacourt, and they're none the wiser." I paused and looked at her as she reluctantly sipped at the coffee I'd forced her to drink. I made sure she kept the window open in the car on the way home—she needed the fresh air to help sober her up. She was a little wobbly getting into her building, and I'd held her arm slung around me as I circled her slim waist and half-carried her with my other arm. I had to admit, the feel of her warm soft breast pushing into the side of my chest did feel nice. Once we'd gotten to her apartment, I'd plunked her down on the couch and made her some coffee, whether she wanted it or not.

"I'm such an idiot. Why did I drink that much?"

"Good question. Why did you drink that much?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and my eyes immediately looked down at the quivering upper swells of her breasts, teasingly visible above the scooped neckline of her tight dress. "I don't know. I feel like a total fuck-up these days."

"You're not a fuck-up. Everybody there told me what a great job you're doing. You've just got to learn how to relax. You know, you have been pretty bitchy lately. Is something wrong?"

"I don't know. I think it all started after I broke up with Kyle." Kyle, the financial investor businessman-type asshole that she'd broken up with almost a year ago. A Lexus-driving pretentious piece of shit. You know the kind—the ones who wear multiple layers of pastel-colored polo shirts on weekends, all with turned up collars. Late blooming preppies, a decade too late.

"Kyle? Don't tell me you miss that prick?"

"Oh hell, no. I have no idea what I ever saw in that jerk. It's just since then, I don't know, with work and all, I haven't been able to meet anybody."

"There's nobody in the office of interest?"

"No, they're either married, or gay." She turned to me and kind of laughed. "Pretty cliché, eh?"

"Well, what are you gonna do? You could try online."

"No, thanks. That's full of sickos and perverts."

I smiled inwardly, thinking of my own ad I'd had online just a few days ago. "Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Emm. A beautiful young woman like you, you'll meet someone soon enough."

"Ha, it's been almost a year. If this goes on much longer, my hymen might start growing back."

Remembering what my mother had said about taking a chance if an opportunity arose, I decided to take a shot. I drew back and threw a fastball right down the pike. "Maybe you just need to get laid."

"Duh! You think? Tell me something I don't know," she replied sarcastically, making both of us laugh. She set her coffee cup down, and I was surprised to see that she'd finished it. She turned and looked at me, that intelligent fire in her eyes again. "It's different for us women, we can't just go out and pick up somebody like you do."

"Me?" I asked, holding my hands up defiantly.

"Oh Connor, don't try and bullshit me. I've seen the way women look at you. Can you sit there and tell me you haven't been laid in a year?"

"Uh well, no. I can't say that," I replied, thinking of how many times I'd gotten off in the last four or five days alone.

"See, exactly. People call you a 'Player' or something like that, but if I acted like you, everyone would just call me a slut."

"Oh, c'mon now, Emm..."

"It's true. And I have no idea how to find someone I like enough to be with. All my old friends are either married, or they're jerks. Like I said, there's nobody at work." She paused for a second, her shoulders slumping in surrender. "I know I've been bitchy and miserable lately. Believe me, I know what you mean when you say I need to get laid. As a lawyer, I couldn't argue a case against that."

That last comment actually brought a smile to both of our faces. It gave me a bit of an idea. Again, I needed to push things, and the way I decided right there on the spot to do it, I was pretty sure I had a way out if she got pissed off with the whole idea.

"Hmm, good point, counsellor. Now, let me see if I have the evidence straight here." I paused as she looked at me, her lips turned up in a little grin. "So you've not had sex for approximately a year, correct?" She nodded.

"Miss, can you please speak up so the jury can hear your response," I said, sitting forward on the edge of the couch and gesturing to the imaginary jury box across on the other side of the living room.

"Can you repeat the question please?" she asked, getting into my little game now.

I pushed her coffee table out of the way and stood up, then started pacing back and forth, the way lawyers on TV do in a courtroom. "My question was, you say you have not had sex for approximately one year, is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Hmm, I see." I paced back and forth, rubbing my chin, as if deep in thought. "Ms. Young, are you what some people might refer to as a nutbar, headcase, or whack-job?"

"No, sir, I am not." The smile on her face almost lit up the room.

"Alright then. Are you a lesbian?"

"No, sir."

"So you do find men to be attractive?"

"Yes, sir."

"And as an intelligent, mature woman, would you have any trouble carrying on a conversation with a man who might be interested in you?"

"No, sir."

"Hmm, very interesting. Here you sit, Ms. Young, an attractive—no, let's say what you really are, shall we? A stunningly beautiful young woman, successful, intelligent." I gestured to the other side of the room. "And you expect this jury to believe that you haven't had sex in over a year?"

She started to laugh. I shook my head and pointed to the empty easy chair at the end of the couch. "Judge, I would move that Ms. Young be charged with perjury for sitting here and lying to the good people of this court."

"No, it's true. Honestly," she blurted out.

"Then what is the problem, Ms. Young? Do you suffer from any bizarre perversions or freakish peccadilloes?"

"No, sir. I don't think so, sir."

"I see...I see..." I resumed pacing, rubbing my chin in consternation. "So, if I'm to believe you, the problem is that you haven't been able to meet someone you care enough about to have sex with?"

"Yes, sir, that is correct."

"Hmm, at this point, do you believe your problem could be solved if you received sexual gratification?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you tried toys or sexual aids, Ms. Young? I understand there is quite a wide variety and selection available nowadays."

"It's not the same thing as being with a man, sir."

"Yes, yes, of course," I muttered. "Now, let me get this perfectly clear, Ms. Young. You need a man, yet it needs to be someone you care enough about, to help you achieve sexual gratification, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you insist, a beautiful woman like you, that you have been unable to meet a man that fits that criteria?"

"Yes, sir. That is correct."

I shook my head from side to side in dismay. It was time to go for the gold. "Well, to paraphrase Sherlock Holmes, when you eliminate all other possibilities, the one remaining, however improbable, must be the solution." I turned and pointed towards her as I spoke, emphasizing my words as I summed up. "I propose to you, Ms. Young, that the answer to your problem lies before you, right here in this very room. The man you seek, is none other than your brother, and mine, Long Dong Holmes." I sat down next to her—case closed.

She roared with laughter and then turned to me and kissed me on the cheek. "Connor, thanks for making me laugh. You are so good to me."

"Emm, it is nice to see you laugh. I don't think you've been doing enough of that lately." She nodded, the smile still on her face. It was now or never. I metaphorically crossed my fingers. "But, the problem still exists. So, what do you think of my suggestion?"

"What?" She looked at me as if she thought I was jerking her around. "You weren't serious, were you?"

"Hey, why not? We're both grown-ups, with both of our lives and careers in pretty good shape. It's not like we're kids whose psyches would be scarred for life if something happened between us."

"You're kidding, right?"

"Listen, you said yourself you need to get laid. You haven't had any luck meeting anybody for a long time now. I think you need to step out of your comfort zone just a little and try something—I don't know...risky. Who knows, you might even like it." I gave her a playful jab in the ribs, which made her smile again.

"Oh, you're pretty confident in yourself, aren't you, Mister?"

"I don't recall having heard too many complaints lately." I looked at her, but as usual with my sister, I had no idea what she was thinking. Remembering something my mother had said on the phone earlier, I decided to see if honesty really was the best policy. "Emm, listen. You were a pretty girl, and you've grown into an even more beautiful woman. I'd be lying to you if I told you I've never thought about you in that way before."

She looked at me intently, but still had a playful glint in her eye. "You mean you...uh..."

"Masturbated thinking about you?" I said, finishing her question for her. She didn't seem to know what to say, and I decided not to leave her wriggling on the hook. "Many times. And I loved it every time." She gave a slight little gasp at that. I decided to make her do a little soul searching of her own. "Now that we're both grown up, can you tell me you've never thought about me like that?" She just looked down, and I saw her flushing. I think it was the first time I'd ever seen my sister at a loss for words. "I see. So when you did think about us together, was it really so bad?"

I could see what I was saying was finally registering with her. She took a deep breath to kind of compose herself, and then looked at me. "And what exactly is it that you suggest we do?"

"Well," I said, holding my hands up, as if open to suggestions, "that's up to you—whatever you'd like. I have nowhere I need to be and I'm willing to help out my sister any way I can."

"I can't believe we're even having this conversation." As soon as she said that, I knew I had her interest.

"Listen, I have a suggestion for you. Why don't we just try one kiss? And if it doesn't work for you, we'll forget the whole thing, no harm, no foul."

She looked at me, and I swear I could see the devils and angels fighting on her shoulders. I guess the devils won out. "I can't believe I'm really saying this, but okay, one kiss."

We were both sitting forward on the couch at this time as we'd been talking, our knees next to each other. I slipped my arm around her back and leaned towards her, at the same time as she leaned towards me. My eyes went to her mouth, her soft red lips looking so lusciously compelling. I slid my other hand across her body and set it gently on her hip. We slowly moved closer together, and I saw her eyes close in anticipation of the kiss. Mine closed as well, just as my lips touched hers. They felt like soft warm pillows as I pressed my lips to hers, the intoxicatingly warm scent of her perfumed body wafting into my senses. As our lips meshed warmly, I moved mine gently against hers for a few seconds, enjoying the intimate closeness we'd never shared before. My sister wasn't



pushing me away, so I slowly slid my tongue forwards, letting the tip run delicately along the warm crease between her lips. I felt her tense up just a little bit, and held her gently with my hands, not forcing myself on her, but letting her know I wasn't going to pull back either. I kept my tongue moving tenderly over her succulent lips, letting her know this was the time she had to make a decision. I knew it was now or never.

"Mmmm..." She gave off a gentle little moan as her lips slightly parted, allowing my tongue to enter her mouth. With my lips pressed against hers, I feathered my tongue forwards delicately, slipping it between those soft pillows, and then finding her tongue and rolling mine gently against it. It took a second or two, and then something inside her must have surrendered, because I felt her tongue press back against mine tentatively. Encouraged, I kissed her more passionately, letting my tongue slide deeper into her mouth, my lips and tongue working insistently, yet tenderly.

"Mmmm..." She purred like a little kitten as I felt her kiss me back, her tongue wrapping itself around mine as she sucked at it. The feel of her mouth against mine reminded me of my mother, both of their mouths feeling incredibly hot and wonderfully moist in a similar way. 'Like mother, like daughter,' I thought as we continued to kiss. I slowly withdrew my tongue from her mouth, wondering what she would do. Her tongue avidly followed my own and we kissed deeply again, this time with her tongue exploring the depths of my mouth. I felt my cock twitch as the blood started to flow, this kiss with my sister rapidly becoming steamingly hot. After about a minute of hot kissing, I pulled back, anxious to see what she would do. She looked up at me, her eyes looking glassy with lustful excitement.

"Well," I said softly, "we had one kiss. What do you think?"

"I'm not sure," she replied, a devilish smile on her face. "I think I need to try one more." She slipped her arms around my neck and eagerly pulled me to her as she laid back against the couch. I moved forward with her and found her mouth open and willing this time as I pressed my lips to hers. She held my face in her hands as we kissed, her lips and tongue working ravenously against mine as she pulled me close against her. From the way she was kissing me, I could definitely believe she hadn't been with anyone in a year. I smiled to myself, knowing she had a lot of sexual energy that she'd need to get rid of before she was satisfied. Feeling her willingness coming right through her avid kisses, I slid my hand up the front of her dress and cupped one of those gorgeous tits of hers.

"Mmmm," she gave off a sexy little purr as I gently squeezed the full round orb. It felt nice and heavy in my hand, the shape and feel reminding me of both my mother's and little sister Zoey's tits as well. Emma seemed to be loving the intensity of the kisses, so we kept at it, her hands pushing my suit jacket off my shoulders. I slipped it off and shrugged it aside, bringing one hand back around her shoulders while this time dropping my free hand onto her bare thighs. I slid my hand up and down over the smooth bare skin, and then moved my fingertips inwards, towards the deliciously soft skin of her inner thighs. Her legs parted slowly, giving me easy access to the deliciousness lying beneath. My hand slid upwards, loving the feel of the silky soft skin beneath my fingertips as her legs rolled further open to each side. I flicked my eyes down and saw the hem of her short dress rising as the gap between her legs widened. Man, seeing that hem rise up, that has to be one of the sexiest sights known to mankind.

With her ardent mouth pressed hotly against mine, I slid my middle finger up and right over the front of her panties. "Unnggghh..." She gave off a little whimper as my finger pressed against the warm cleft of her sex, her panties already soaked with her flowing juices. I ran my fingertip up along the line of her pouting lips beneath, rolling the tip of my finger over the stiff protrusion of her clit at the apex of her sex.

"Ohhnnnn..." Her lusty groan inspired me and I flicked my finger to the side, sliding it beneath the leg opening of her panties and pulling them to one side. With the back of my hand I pushed the hem of her skirt right up and out of the way. I drew my face back from hers, both of us gasping breathlessly. I looked down at her shaved pussy, the wet slippery lips of her cunt a brilliant pink, absolutely flushed with desire. From her incessant gasping and twitching, I could see how badly she needed to come, so I slid my middle finger between those beckoning petals and slipped it inside, slowly burying it to the third knuckle in one slow insertion.

"Oh Godddd...," Emma moaned, dropping her head onto the back of the couch as I started to work her over. Her legs rolled open ever further, totally exposing her beautiful cunt to me as I worked my finger back and forth. She was absolutely soaked, her creamy nectar almost flowing out of her. I slipped a second finger into her, sawing them back and forth together as she continued to squirm, her lush backside shifting about on the couch. I tipped my fingers up, concentrating on the hot folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, the nerves beneath her sensitive clit just above my long sliding fingers.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...OH YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," my sister hissed loudly as she started to come. Her loins were bucking up against my fingers and she was shaking spasmodically as she climaxed, her whole body wracked with paroxysms of pleasure. She was mumbling incoherently as her head lolled from side to side, the overwhelming sensations of her tingling climax rolling over her in exquisite waves. I could see how badly she needed this, and I continued to gently slide my fingers over the sensitive tissues inside her, drawing out her pleasurable release as long as I could, until she finally reached down and gripped my wrist, her sensitive body unable to take any more.

"Stop...stop. Oh Connor, thank you. I needed that so bad," she gasped breathlessly.

"I could tell."

She sat up and kissed me, a little slower this time, but I could feel the passionate need still inside her as her tongue slipped into my mouth and pressed hotly against mine. Her hand slid over my thigh and then stopped, almost in shock, as her hand discovered the iron bar of my rigid cock beneath my clothes.

"Oh my God, Connor, is that all you?" she asked, her fingertips exploring the length of my stiff prick.

"I'm afraid so." She quickly pulled at my belt, undid my pants and pulled down my zipper, anxious to see what her hands had discovered. Her slender fingers slid beneath the waistband of my fitted boxers, wrapped themselves around the thick root, and then she forcefully pulled it out, having difficulty getting the puffy swollen head past the elastic waistband. Released from its confines, the stiffening shaft totally unfurled, the broad mushroom head seeming to almost blossom once it was in the open air, the wet red eye already seeping pre-cum.

"Oh my! I've never seen anything like it before." I watched as she looked at it hungrily, and then a delightful shiver ran down my spine as her tongue came out instinctively and ran wetly around her full soft lips. I'd seen that look before, and knew exactly what she wanted. But before I could even say anything, my sister spoke first. "I can't believe how badly I need it in my mouth." She didn't hesitate as she leaned forwards and pressed her lips to the head of my cock. She gave it a little smooch, her lips and tongue sucking a tasty sample from the glistening tip.

"Mmmm..." She gave off a needy little whimper, and I felt her lips start to part as she slid her mouth down over the pebbly tissues of my glans. Her mouth was just like her pussy—incredibly hot and wet. I felt her lips stretching, and then they went right down over the broad flared ridge of my

corona, the blood-engorged ridge rubbing sinfully against her soft full lips. I felt her lips press hotly against the veiny shaft as she paused, and then started to suck.

"Ohhhnnn," I groaned, my sister's cheeks caving in to envelop my dick in a steamingly hot sheath. She started to move slowly up and down, her cheeks moving in and out like a bellows as she wantonly sucked. She was working on my dick like a pro, her hunger for cock obvious by the eagerness with which she was going about her cock-sucking duties. I lay back against the couch, luxuriating in the delicious sensations of my sex-deprived sister sucking me off like a porn star. I'd been getting more and more turned on by looking at her all night long in that gorgeous dress and those sexy slingbacks, and now, with her mouth working on me this vigorously, I knew I wasn't going to last very long. Her hand slipped around the thick root of my cock, her slender fingers starting to pump up and down as she continued to suck wetly, her drooling saliva running out of her mouth and down over her stroking fingers. Within minutes, she had me climbing the walls. I reached beneath her and cupped her breasts beneath her dress, loving the feel of the pendulous weight of them as she leaned over my groin. As I moved my hand beneath the soft heaviness of her tits, the feeling her hard thick nipple beneath my fingers was all it took.

"Oh fuck, Emm...I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as I felt those heavenly contractions start in my midsection. My words seemed to only inspire her as she started to bob her head more vigorously, her lustrous brunette hair flying everywhere. I looked at her pursed lips sucking ravenously at my throbbing dick as I started to cum. The first shot blasted forth, and it felt so forceful, I was almost surprised it didn't knock her head right off my spurting cock. I fired again as she continued to bob up and down, my spewing pecker flooding her mouth as I went off.

"Glumpphh." I heard her make a gulping sound as she swallowed, but she never missed a stroke as her bobbing head flew up and down, her lips and tongue licking and sucking feverishly at my spitting prick. I came again and again, unloading a massive load of spunk into my sister's mouth. I watched it start to leak from the corners of her pouty lips, the whitish goo sliding erotically down the sides of the glistening shaft. Her eyes opened wide in surprise as I kept shooting, torrents of semen spewing forth over her tonsils. More was seeping from the corners of her mouth now as she couldn't keep up, thick gobs of pearly nectar sliding down over her pumping fingers. She sucked ravenously, eagerly swallowing the mouthfuls I was feeding her. I felt a few more spurts launch deep into her mouth, the broad flared head of my pecker bumping against the soft tissues at the back of her mouth as she swallowed, my silky discharge sliding right down into her welcoming stomach. A shivering shudder ran through me, and the final wads of liquid protein oozed forth, drizzling sensually onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she swallowed, the muscles in her neck contracting teasingly as she let the overflowing goodness within her mouth slide down her throat. Her lips pulled back reluctantly, pursed forward like a fish out of water as they clung to my thick shaft. She pulled them right off, and then dove for her hand, her tongue licking at the syrupy goo coating her fingers. As I lay there recovering, I watched as she licked and sucked up all of my pearly nectar, the gobs of milky semen eagerly lapped up by her avidly working lips and tongue.

"I can't believe how much you came," she finally said, looking up at me, her eyes still filled with lustful need. "Do you always come that much?"

"Most of the time."

"There was so much, and it tasted so good. It's been so long since I've had any." Her hand was still stroking my semi-hard cock, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Uh, you're not one of those

'one-and-done' guys, are you?"

"Not at all," I said as I pulled her up and pushed her back on the couch. "I can give you as much as you need, for as long as you need it." I pulled off the rest of my clothes as she watched admiringly, and then dropped to my knees in front of her. She was still fully dressed, right down to her sexy high heels. "But right now, I think I'd like to do the same for you."

"Mmmm, I think you're reading my mind." She eagerly let her legs roll open again as I knelt between them. As her hem rose higher, I reached forward and grabbed the little slip of black silky fabric that was her panties—as I'd thought from looking at her in the tight dress, nothing more than a G-string. She lifted her hips as I drew them down and off, tossing the soaking wet piece of material to the side.

"That's it," my sister said wantonly as I moved closer between her spread thighs and started licking, my tongue sliding luxuriously over the sinfully soft skin of her inner thighs. As I licked higher, the intoxicating scent of her creaming cunt filled my nostrils. The warm earthy scent washed over me, firing my senses. It was so invitingly womanly, and incredibly arousing, without being nasty. I breathed deeply, loving the feel of the alluring fragrance washing over me. I could see that her snatch was almost bubbling over with need, glistening drops of her creamy juices shining on the puffy petals of her pussy-lips.

"Mmmm..." It was me who groaned this time as I couldn't wait any longer and dove in, pressing my face flush up against my sister's dripping cunt. I slipped my tongue between the beckoning gates of her weeping little box and slid it upwards, getting rewarded with a massive dose of her flowing discharge. She put her hands on the back of my head, her slender fingers running lovingly through my hair as I started to eat her, my tongue rolling in slow luxurious circles over the hot seeping tissues inside her.

"Oh Jesus, you're good," Emma moaned, and I flicked my eyes up to see her looking down at me, her lips turned up in a rapturous smile, her eyes hooded with desire. "We could have been doing this years ago. How many times did I lay in bed at night with my fingers inside me, thinking about my big brother doing this to me?" I was surprised at my sister's honesty, but I guess there is nothing like a little sexual release to loosen someone's tongue.

"Mhmm," I hummed my agreement into her throbbing sex, my face pressed warmly against her shaved groin as I feathered my tongue as far into her as I could. I felt her bring her legs up and rest them on my shoulders as she squeezed her legs together, trapping me between her strong muscular thighs, her high-heels crossed over my back. It felt incredible when she did that, letting me know how badly she needed this from me. I stiffened my tongue and rolled it again and again over the hot dripping flesh inside her, her juicy goodness oozing out continuously onto my tongue.

"Oh fuck...that is so...that is so...AAAAAAHHHHHHHH," Emma gasped as she started to shake. With her legs clamped around my head, her hips bucked up off the couch, driving her dripping cunt against my working mouth. I slipped my hands beneath her lush behind, finally getting my fingers on that perfect ass as I continued to work on her, my lips and tongue running feverishly over the pulsing flesh of her gushing cunt. My face was awash with her sticky nectar as she came, her warm juices flowing onto my waiting tongue. I swallowed, loving the flavor of my sister's gushing trench as I dove back in for more, my tongue running lewdly over her throbbing pink flesh. I kept licking while she kept twitching and shaking, her backside thrashing about erotically as I sucked and licked at her juicing cunt. Her climax went on for a long time before she gave out a long sigh, and then collapsed back against the couch, her strong legs releasing their possessive grip on my head.

"I think you needed that pretty badly too," I said, slowly licking upwards along the dripping cleft between her shiny pussy-lips, gathering in a mouthful of her seeping discharge.

"Oh my God, did I ever," Emma said, looking at me through half-closed eyes, her sumptuous chest heaving beneath her tight black dress.

"How about one or two more," I replied, lowering my mouth back down and slipping my lips over the protruding nodule of her throbbing clit, sucking at it in a tender yet merciless kiss.

"Oh no," she moaned deep in her throat, and I looked up to see her eyes close as she lay back against the couch, her hands slipping into my hair and legs coming up to trap my head once more as I went back to work. I ate her for the next half hour or so, bringing her to three more tingling climaxes, my sucking mouth and working lips never leaving her steaming gash.

"Oh Jesus...enough...enough," my sister finally said, pushing my sticky face back from her sensitive twat. I was covered with her juices, from my hairline all the way down my neck and onto my chest. I loved it. I watched her eyes as she pushed me away, her gaze dropping to my midsection, my rampant cock once more standing at full salute.

"Oh my God, it's so big," Emma said as she sat forward and slipped her slender fingers around it, giving it a gentle squeeze and then pumping it slowly. "How big is it?"

"A little over 10".

A shudder went through her, but I could see the ravenous look in her eyes as her hand continued to pump. "Come with me," she said, getting up from the couch and leading me into her bedroom. She pulled down the covers on her bed and turned to me. "Connor, I wonder if you'd do something for me."

"Sure Emm, anything."

"I hope you won't think this too weird, but I love to have it in my behind. Would you...would you do that for me?"

Holy fuck, my sister with the perfect rear end was asking me to fuck her in the ass! Could it get much better than this? "I'd love to," I responded, and we both looked down as my surging cock twitched in anticipation, the engorged tip bobbing menacingly up and down.

"I guess I'm not the only one who likes the idea of that," she said with a teasing smile as she stepped up to me, kissed me hotly, and stroked my long hard cock, her red fingernails tracing teasingly over the full length of my ten hard inches. She let go and reached into her night table, drawing out a tube of lubricant. She poured a generous amount onto her hand and then slickened up my cock, reminding me of the delicious hand-job I'd had from Nurse Margaret earlier in the day. "I've never had one as big as yours before. Be careful, okay?"

"Absolutely. Just let me know if it starts to hurt," I replied. I looked her up and down. She looked fantastic, still dressed in that sexy little black dress and pointy slingbacks. "But how about if you do a little something for me too?"

"What's that?" she asked kittenishly, her slippery fingers still stroking my rock-hard cock.

"Leave your dress and shoes on, at least for now. I want to take you just like this." I could see her give off a shiver of excitement as I told her I wanted to take her, my words letting her know who

was going to be in charge during this ass-fucking.

"You are a nasty one, aren't you?" she replied. "I like the sound of that." She climbed onto the bed and got on her hands and knees in the middle of it, looking bewitchingly sexy with the hem of her dress riding well up on the back of her full thighs, the pointy toes of her high heels digging into the mattress.

"Oh Emma, you are so gorgeous," I said, climbing onto the bed and hurriedly kneeling behind her.

"I think you know just where to put that beautiful hard thing of yours." She leaned forward and arched her back, the hem of her dress rising even higher as her luscious heart-shaped ass opened up deliciously before me.

"Oh fuck," I muttered to myself as I reached forward and pushed her dress up, letting it gather at the small of her back, the breathtakingly round cheeks of her bum exposed before me. I couldn't resist, running my hands over the spectacular lush mounds, feeling the incredible warm flesh beneath my hands for the first time. I knew then what I'd heard some women say about erections—it was amazing that something could feel so firm and yet so velvety soft at the same time. That was how Emma's ass felt, magically firm and like liquid silk at same time—truly magnificent. I slowly rubbed my hands all over the sizable cheeks, loving the velvety smoothness and lush fullness of it beneath my fingertips. My prick surged as a tingling shiver of anticipation ran through me, knowing I would soon have my stiff cock deep inside that enchanting masterpiece of an ass.

"Oh Emma, you have the most spectacular rear end I've ever seen," I said, pushing down gently on the small of her back. She knew exactly what I wanted, leaning further forwards and turning her face sideways as she dropped it onto a pillow. With her back arched even more, it opened up the deep crease of her backside invitingly. I looked down at the deep groove, following the crevice down to where it ended at the winking pink starfish of her anal pucker. Oh man, did that ever look sweet—so pink, so tender, such an inviting little rosebud. My cock flexed again, the dripping head drawn to that cute little opening as if it were a homing beacon. I pushed down on the top of the slickened shaft, the rigidity of it pushing back forcefully against my fingers.

"Yes, that's what I like," Emma purred lewdly as I rubbed the broad slippery knob down along the shadowed crevice, stopping when I had the very tip nestled up against her wrinkled sphincter. The heat was incredible as the tender flesh nibbled wantonly at the tip of my cock. I almost lost it right there, suppressing the urges rising within me. She wriggled back against me, getting the head of my rampant erection just where she wanted it.

"There, that's perfect," she said softly, letting me know she was ready. I put my hands on her wide hips and flexed back slightly, still keeping the oozing tip of my cock against her waiting bum-hole. I saw her breath deep and then let it out slowly, forcing herself to relax for what she knew was coming. I flexed forward, feeling the resistance of her flesh as I started to make my way into her. I looked down as the tiny pucker started to open up, the hot pink tissues adhering possessively to the pebbly glans of my engorged prick. I was amazed to see it open up so beautifully as the broad flared knob went deeper. I kept up a slow insistent forward pressure, watching as her sphincter continued to spread open over the flaring contours of the massive lubricated knob. I was almost there now, only the purple ring of the engorged corona to go. I paused for a second, and then pressed forward.

"Unnnngghhh," Emma moaned deep in her throat and the rope-like ridge slipped inside, her tight anal ring clamping down beyond the broad crimson crown. "Oh Jesus, that's big." I held still, my

hands on her hips as she got used to it. She was breathing deep, and then I felt the muscles inside her relax as she started to roll her hips in a slow tantalizing circle.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, feeling the incendiary heat of her ass pulling at my throbbing erection. I had never felt anything so hot in my entire life. It was amazing. She continued to roll her hips, and I could hear her moaning softly as she started to push back, pulling more of my rigid dick into her waiting ass. Knowing she was ready for more of it, I gripped her hips firmly and flexed again, my hips moving with hers.

"Aaaahhh yessssssssss...," she hissed loudly, her back arching even more and her head snapping up as I fed more of my rock-hard cock into her. I insistently moved forward, the hot wet tissues inside her slowly yielding to my advancing cock, the clutching pink tissues gripping me like a hot buttery fist. I looked down with a smile on my face as I watched the last two inches go in, my shaven groin pressing flush up against her beautiful backside.

"Oh Godddddddd," she groaned, feeling my body get as far into her as I could. I held still as she got accustomed to the size, her lush rear end slowly moving against me. "I've never felt so full in my entire life." She rolled her hips again, my cock stirring her insides like a thick batch of cement. Her head was moving up and down and then she looked at me over her shoulder, her eyes alive with fiery lust. "Fuck me, Connor. I really need it bad."

Fired by her hungry desire, I slowly withdrew, stopping when I felt the ridge of my corona tugging erotically at her anal ring. I reversed direction and fed it back into her, a little more forceful this time.

"Yessssssss..." She groaned deep in her throat as I ended up balls-deep once more, her lush body totally impaled on my thrusting erection. I pulled back again, watching that delicious pink pucker of hers pulling back at my retreating cock, and then watching the wrinkled tissues flex inward as I drove it deep.

"Unnnnggh...ungghhh...ungghhh." She was moaning deeply with each thrust as we got into a smooth rhythm, my cock going the full 10" into her as she pushed back against me, rolling her hips lewdly as we fucked like animals. "Oh my God. I love that so much," she groaned breathlessly as she flexed the muscles inside her, the searing tissues lining her ass feeling like they were trying to strip the skin right off my hard cock. The heat inside her was amazing, and she really knew how to work her ass, the muscles inside her gripping and pulling at my surging dick lewdly. The feeling of her bum working on my rigid cock was absolutely fantastic, the clutching pink tissues nibbling and squeezing down on my driving prick like she never wanted to let it go.

"Oh Connor, I think...I think...OH GODDDDDDDDD," my sister gasped as she started to come. An intense climax overwhelmed her and I held firmly onto her hips as she convulsed and thrashed about beneath me, her body shaking and twitching like a rag doll as she came. I suppressed my own urge to come, wanting to give my sister as much pleasure as possible before I got my own. Her orgasm went on for a long time, and I stopped moving for a minute or so, keeping my engorged prick buried to the hilt inside her. When I felt she had recovered long enough, I started to slowly move once more, rolling my hips suggestively as I teased those sensitive tissues way up inside her yearning ass.

"Ohhhnnnnn," she moaned once more as I pulled back and then drove it all the way into her once more. I flipped her over on her back and she brought her long muscular legs up and wrapped them around my back, her high heels crossing over my backside. With her knees well up, I continued to

fuck her ass this way, kissing her hot passionate mouth as I ran my hands up the front of her sexy dress and filled my hands with her gorgeous 36Ds. Even with her legs crossed behind me, she worked her lower body wonderfully, bucking her hips and thrusting her hot needy ass up against me.

I fucked her through two more orgasms in this position before finally letting myself come. I buried it all the way inside her when I climaxed, basting her insides like a Christmas turkey. I absolutely flooded her ass with semen, feeling it squelch out around the connection of our joined bodies as I totally unloaded inside her. With both of us covered in sweat, I finally pulled out, gobs of semen gushing out of her to slide down her perfect ass, the milky fluid making an absolute mess on the sheets. Emma's legs dropped onto the mattress, her legs remaining open as pearly semen continued to ooze from her ravaged ass.

"Oh my God, Connor, that was incredible," Emma gasped, her breathing still ragged and shaky after her last climax. "I've never come like that before—it felt like I was never going to stop. Thank you so much. I think I needed that even more than I realized."

"You're welcome, sis. Just let me know any time you're feeling a little frustrated and I'll come by and help you out."

"Mmmm...I think I'm still feeling a little tense even now," she replied mischievously, rolling onto her side and nuzzling at my ear. Her hot breath teased me, causing me to shiver as she whispered, "How about we take a shower and then you can fill me up some more?"

I came three more times that night, filling my sister's spectacular ass with two more loads and blowing the final one all over her face after she'd cleaned me up and then given me a nice long leisurely blow job. I lost track of the number of times Emma had climaxed, including a couple of times when she'd fingered herself during that long luxurious blow-job she'd given me to end the night. Suffice it to say, she admitted she probably wouldn't be walking too easily the next day.

In the middle of the night after I'd pasted her face with that last load, she finally kicked me out, telling me she definitely needed to get at least some sleep before an early meeting over breakfast with Mr. Dellacourt, their big client.

"What, you don't think it would be a good idea to show up like this?" I asked, taking a finger and gathering up a big wad of semen from the load I'd just painted her with. I took my gooey finger from her cheek and slid it deep into her mouth, sliding the cum-covered digit lewdly back and forth between her soft lips. "I bet Mr. Dellacourt would love to get a look at you like this, picturing his cock filling that pretty mouth of yours."

"If he liked it, he'd better be ready to give me a job, because I'm sure I'd get fired on the spot." She gave me a playful smile as she pulled the covers over her lush naked body, her eyes almost closed in blissful exhaustion.

"Alright, alright, I get it. I'll go," I replied, gathering up my clothes from the other room and dressing in front of her. I was just about to zip up my pants when she reached forward, her hand stopping me.

"Connor, can I suck it for just a minute more?" she asked, looking up at me with doe-like innocence in her eyes. I was dumbstruck, having heard almost the exact same words from my little sister Zoey on Thursday night. As Emma rolled towards me on the bed and opened her mouth, I couldn't resist.



"Okay, just for a minute. But that's all. I want you to be in top shape for that meeting tomorrow," I replied, lifting my prick and dropping the heavy knob right into her open mouth. That one minute turned into two, and then three...and then about fifteen minutes later, I flooded her tonsils with a torrent of thick sperm-laden semen, my sister's talented mouth coaxing a final load out of me. She slipped her lips off my spent dick, her tongue circling her lips to get all the milky residue that had seeped out of the corners of her mouth. She dropped back onto the pillows, a blissful smile on her face as she closed her eyes, sleep overtaking her already.

I looked down at her, joyously happy that I'd been able to help my sister with her problem. And like I'd told my mother, it hadn't been for just her sake, but my own too. However, as I looked at her sleeping so serenely, my pearly cum clinging to her pretty face, I was happy for her, knowing she'd needed this more than I did. I also knew I'd be happy to get into that spectacular ass of hers any time she wanted. I had still to explore the depths of her alluring pussy, and I definitely wanted to do that. Maybe she felt that by not having vaginal intercourse, we hadn't crossed the line into incest. Who knew? I didn't care—it had been fantastic any way you looked at it. But if this was all my sister wanted from me, a one-shot deal to get rid of the frustration and anxiety that was weighing her down, well...hell, that was alright too. I loved her, and just wanted her to be happy.

I quietly closed the door of my sister's apartment behind me and made my way home, Mustang Sally purring as we made our way along the relatively barren streets. I cranked up the sound system, the real Morrissey's wondrous "Tomorrow" pouring out of the speakers. Yes, tomorrow...I wondered what tomorrow would bring.