

TWO SISTERS: 39 WEEKS PREGNANT

silkstockingslover

Horny pregnant woman submits to her dominant younger sister.

Incest/Taboo

4.65

5.9k words

Summary: A horny pregnant woman submits to her dominant younger sister.

Note 1: This is dedicated to the real Laura who had this fantasy when she was pregnant, and it still consumes her thoughts and fantasies.

Note 2: This is a **NUDE DAY 2017** contest story so please vote... although this plot is about the almost nude aspect that triggers the plot.

Thanks to: Tex Beethoven, Robert, Scott and Wayne for editing this story.

*

God, I hated being pregnant.

I felt fat.

I felt ugly.

And my dumbass husband only added to my insecurities by refusing to fuck me... which was even more frustrating because as I'd neared the end of my third trimester I'd become horny as hell... all the fucking time.

So, of course, a guy who'd wanted it daily before I was bloated and huge, suddenly wouldn't fuck me at all. Yet ironically, or maybe just pathetically, he still expected blow jobs.

And masturbation had become a major workout as I struggled to reach past my huge belly.

Then, due to the events of one night, everything changed.

My baby sister Anna (she is five years younger than me) had invited me to stay with her, as my husband was selfishly going on a business trip to Europe (yes, fucking Europe) and I didn't want to be alone... Being 39 and a half weeks pregnant and all. Unless the baby arrived much more overdue than she already was, there was no possibility Dwayne would even be back in time for the birth! Anna had asked me to arrive early, since she was attending a bridal party that evening and wanted me to come along. She, the dear heart, promised she wouldn't let me out of her sight until I had reason to give her a cigar.

When I arrived early in the afternoon, she invited me to join her in her backyard hot tub. She shrugged off her housecoat to reveal a barely-there bikini and stepped right in. Feeling insecure about my oh-so-pregnant waistline I, of course, removed my shoes and only put my bare feet in.

As I sat there with my sister Anna, her 36DD breasts seemed to be everywhere. I joked, "Christ. I'm ready to pop at any moment, and your tits are still bigger than mine."

She shrugged. "They're my best asset. Plus, yours look pretty fucking huge at the moment."

"They weigh a ton," I said. "I seriously don't know how you can walk around straight all day. I feel like the Hunchback of No Sex."

Anna replied jokingly, "Well truthfully, I prefer being on my back."

"Don't we all," I agreed with a chuckle.

"And what's this no sex bullshit?" she questioned.

"Dwayne won't fuck me anymore," I admitted, adding, "And he hasn't done shit in like five months."

"Fuck off!" she blurted, astonished.

"And he won't go down on me either," I added.

"God, if I don't get fucked or munched every second day I'm a complete bitch," she said.

"So you never get fucked or munched at all?" I joked.

"Fuck you," she shot back, chuckling at my teasing.

"If you weren't my sister, I'd take you up on that offer," I joked again. Truthfully, my sister was incredibly hot and is likely to blame for my over-excited hormones. I'd been spending a lot of time on Literotica recently, my current passion being reading and fantasizing about lesbian sex. Particularly domination and submission. And in all the stories and all my fantasies, when I put faces on the participants, they were my younger sister Anna and me. I know, fucked up, but most of my fantasies during the past month had been of my baby sister taking charge and using me however she wished.

I am naturally submissive, always have been.

But Anna has always been a strong-willed, opinionated woman, so I just assumed she would always be the one in control in the bedroom.

She quipped right back, playing along with my joke and raising the stakes, "I have a strap-on in my bedroom."

"Don't tempt me," I said, the idea of lesbian sex with my sister always intriguing... clearly I needed to get fucked. I then added, realizing the obvious question, "Why do you have a strap-on?"

"Actually I have three," she smiled wickedly. Clearly my twenty year old sister had a far more active sex life than I did.

"Okay, why do you have not only one, but three?" I asked, the image of her putting one on and getting some aerobics in by pounding me hard popping into my head.

"Two for the girlfriends and one for the boyfriend," she revealed mischievously.

"Oh my God!" I gasped, wondering which of her hot friends she was fucking. And wondering also if she'd fucked her prior hot boyfriend who was an amazing football god.

"It's 2017 big sis, you say OMG!" she teased.

"You *have* fucked people before?" I asked, my cunt already wet just at the thought.

"Oh yeah, I like giving as much as I like receiving," she nodded, "plus...." she stopped mid-sentence.

"Plus what?" I asked, suddenly living vicariously through my wild, hot sister.

"Well this may be the 'too much information' piece," she said, suddenly tentative after the shocking reveals.

"More shocking than you fuck men and women?" I asked, suddenly realizing the obvious... which I hadn't somehow until now... if she fucked men she had to fuck them in the ass... the thought having never come to mind until she mentioned it. And then my mind surged right ahead and presented the image of me fucking my own man's ass, since he'd always wanted to fuck mine. I'd always said no of course, but inwardly (before I became a beached whale) I'd often found the idea appealing and intriguing. How about giving in, but insisting on tit for tat?

"I'm not sure how shocking you'd find it, but it's more personal," she admitted, suddenly looking and sounding vulnerable.

"Anna, you can share anything with me," I said. "I mean I just shared that I haven't had sex in five months and I would almost be willing to have you bend me over this hot tub and fuck the hell out of me."

She smiled, "Trust me. You don't want me fucking you, I'm pretty dominant and verbal."

"To tell the truth, that only turns me on even more," I admitted, enjoying the sexual talk and the sly incestuous flirting I was doing with my sister, pretty sure that if she went and got her strap-on I would indeed bend over and invite her in.

"I figured you were probably submissive," she said, nodding knowingly.

"You did?" I asked, surprised. It's one thing to *be* submissive, it's another to *look* it.

"I wasn't sure," she admitted. "It's just that often strong-willed women are submissive behind the scenes."

"But you're strong-willed," I pointed out.

"The other option is to be a Domme," she added.

"So you're a Domme?" I asked, even though it shouldn't have surprised me at all. The turn our conversation was taking had my pussy leaking slightly more than it had before.

"I can be," she smiled, before adding, "especially to female submissives."

"Lucky I'm not submissive," I joked.

"Right," she smirked.

"What are you implying?" I objected, pretending to be offended.

"That there's no doubt about your being submissive," she explained.

"Mmmmm... Well, just when I'm in the mood," I admitted.

"Which is always," she smiled, as she got out of the hot tub... her perfect body glistening in the sun. Some people can't wear thongs successfully. She could.

"I hate you," I joked, as I stood up too.

"Like all jealous bitches do," she smirked.

And truthfully, I *was* jealous of her. Her body was perfect and I wished I had her tits, her ass, but at the moment, her trim waistline.

I slapped her ass, taking the opportunity, "You may need a spanking."

She shot right back, "I'm usually the one doing the spanking."

"Are you saying I need a spanking?" I teased, really enjoying the sexually playful banter.

"Perhaps," she shrugged, "although in my expert opinion what you really need is a good strap-on fucking."

"Anna!" I gasped, even as I imagined her doing just that.

"Am I wrong?" she asked.

"I'm not going to answer that," I coyly replied.

"If you weren't my sister I'd fuck you into labour," she said wickedly, as she walked into the house.

"Now you're just teasing" I pouted, following her into the house.

"I always tease before I please," she tossed off. She added, "Now go get dressed, we have a bride-to-be to scandalize."

"Going to fuck her with your strap-on?" I quipped.

"Never say never," she winked and headed to her room.

I waddled to the guest room, feeling completely unattractive in comparison to my thin sister while I pondered her words 'never say never'.

I undressed, put on my bra and maternity dress before realizing I was too tired from the hot tub to put on stockings or my panties.

When Anna called out, "Ready?"

I called back, "Help!"

She walked into the room and asked, "What do you need?"

As I stared at her in a short, one piece red cocktail dress that showcased every curve she had, I sighed, "Apparently I could use a new body."

"Pretty soon," she laughed, as I admired her trim, athletic legs displayed in mocha nylons.

"I'm too exhausted to put my panties on," I sighed.

"Really?" She asked.

"I tried three times," I sighed dramatically. "I'm definitely not up for a full night out."

"You're going out and that's that," she said, grabbing my panties.

She dropped to her knees in front of me and ordered, "Lift up your foot."

My pussy leaked instantly at the sight of her kneeling in front of me just inches from my cunt, but I obeyed... although I wished I was the one on my knees in front of *her* cunt.

"Other foot," she ordered.

Again I obeyed.

Then she slid the panties up my legs, her head actually going under my dress... I trembled as I felt a slight gush leak out of me... praying she wouldn't notice.

I said lightly, although I definitely wasn't joking, "If you weren't my sister, I'd grab your head and shove it in my pussy."

She laughed, "And if you weren't my sister, I'd munch on this sweet ripe twat until you came and came. Although I usually prefer being the one in control, I love licking cunt."

"Oh God," I moaned. "You'd better back out of there before I handcuff your wrists to my knees."

She laughed, as she stood up and said, "Be careful, big sis, I'd hate to turn you into a lesbian."

I admitted, "It's been so long since I went *anywhere* sexual that I'd probably dyke out with anyone willing."

"Don't move," she ordered, "your outfit isn't complete."

"I'm not sure I can anyway," I admitted restfully, leaning against the head of the bed.

I waited, curious what she thought was missing, when she returned with pantyhose.

I said, "First, I hate pantyhose, I only wear thigh highs."

"Sssssshhhhh," she shushed, as she already had one leg rolled up, and she returned to her knees in front of me, "lift up your leg."

"Fine!" I sighed, not actually thinking it was fine, except for the delicious sight of her again on her knees in front of me.

"We're going to make you look as sexy as fucking hell," she said, as she rolled one nylon up my leg.

"How can a pair of nylons that fits you, fit me?" I asked, even as another gush leaked into my fresh panties.

"I accidentally bought a large size when I wasn't paying attention last month and haven't returned them," she explained, as she stopped a few inches above my knee and moved to my other foot.

She observed with a chuckle, her head again under my dress, "Someone really is horny."

"What?" I asked, even though I'd heard the question.

"You have a wet spot in your panties," she said.

"I really do need to get fucked," I admitted.

She laughed, as she continued putting the nylons on.

Once she had both legs completely covered up to my butt, she ordered me to stand up.

I did.

She then pulled the pantyhose up past my thighs, before going behind me and pulling them up the rest of the way... Her hands feeling so good on my thighs and then ass. "These pantyhose are sheer silk from France and have the power to magically draw people to you."

"So these are magical pantyhose?" I asked. "Like Cinderella wore?"

"I don't think Cinderella's fairy godmother had access to twenty-first century Parisian hosiery, but this style has been magical for me," she nodded. "The number of men and women who come on to me while I'm wearing them is crazy."

"It could be your huge tits, perfect ass, and unforgivably narrow waist," I pointed out.

"It's all part of the ensemble," she said, as she gave my pantyhose-clad ass a firm squeeze and said, "Now you look good enough to eat."

"Be careful," I warned, "I may invite you to dine down there and hire a maître d' to ensure you don't leave the table until you've cleaned every bit of sauce from your plate."

She grabbed my heels and helped me put them on as she teased, "Like I said, if you weren't my sister I would be all over you... or even *under* you."

"Stupid incest laws," I joked.

"I know," she laughed, as we headed out for the bridal party.

And for the next four hours I was horny, unable to get the idea out of my head of my sister licking me.

It didn't help that every gift given to the bride-to-be was sexual in nature.

Lingerie (a couple cute, but sexy teddies, his and hers edible underwear packaged in a pink lunchbox, stockings, and a gift card for Victoria's Secret).

Sex toys (2 identical rabbit vibes (I immediately wanted one when I saw the double pleasure it provided in and out), a fat ass dildo that seemed way too thick for any pussy, and a strap-on given by my sister... who pointed out it could be for the bride to use on her husband).

Accessories (fur-lined handcuffs, a selection of lubes, rechargeable batteries, and scented candles (my gift... I was the boring one in the group)).

I grabbed one of the rabbit vibes and checked it out. It was long, it was cute and it had a variety of speeds and sensations. I tried it out (only on my wrist) and fell in love. I immediately knew I needed

one of these.

I asked, "How much does one of these cost?"

Emily, an old high school friend, who I only saw maybe once a year, joked, "What, Laura? Hubby not giving you any?"

I joked, "I think I may have cobwebs down there."

A girl I didn't know asked, "Let me guess. He's worried about hurting the baby if he fucks you."

"Yep," I nodded. I'd seen an ultrasound display on Playboy TV once proving that no matter how big the guy was, there was no way his cock was ever going to touch the baby's womb (even though they might be close neighbors), but as usual, Dwayne wasn't buying it because I was a woman and only men understood science, so what did I know.

"And have you been super horny lately?" she asked.

"I'd fuck any guy willing to pound me," I responded... not even sure I was joking at the moment.

Jamie said, "It's yours Laura, I sure don't need two."

Sarah, another high school friend, argued, "One for your nightstand and another for your purse."

"You keep one in your purse?" I asked.

She smiled, "A smaller one, but yes... 'always be prepared' is my motto."

My sister added, "That could be a very profitable line of mini toys for women."

"I'd buy some," someone added.

"Could be a whole new slogan for MasterCard's 'never leave home without it'," I added, still holding onto the extra toy.

We kept joking and talking sex all night, only enhancing my horniness... everyone knowing I was going to be using my new toy the minute I was in the bedroom.

Once back at Anna's, I waddled to the bedroom, as Anna went to have a shower (she always had a hot shower before bed... weird, but true). I got partly undressed, the pantyhose way too much work to get off, got onto the bed, turned on the rabbit vibe and moved it to my fevered pussy. I figured I would just have it buzz on the outside of my panties and pantyhose and that would be enough to trigger my long delayed orgasm.

Yet, although I got the toy to my pussy, I soon dropped it between my thighs, and my huge fucking belly was in the way of retrieving it.

I piled the pillows up so I could sit up higher, hoping I could lean forward enough to pick it up, but it was still out of my reach. Out of frustration, I swore, "For fuck's sake."

Apparently I was too loud, because my sister rushed in, only in bra and pantyhose (I noticed she wasn't wearing any panties), her huge tits begging to fly free in all their bounteous glory, and asked, "Laura, what's wroooooong..."

She drew out the last word endlessly as she stared at me.

I was too horny to be embarrassed as I admitted with extreme frustration, "My belly's so huge I can't even fucking fuck myself."

Anna had tears in her eyes as she sympathized, "I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Me either," I said, my legs spread open, the toy buzzing uselessly against my leg.

Anna came to me, looking amused and then surprised me with, "Want some assistance?"

"Pardon?" I asked, not sure I could have heard her correctly.

Anna moved onto the bed and grabbed the vibrator. Looking deep into my eyes, she softly said the most exciting words I'd heard in a long time, "I can fuck you."

I replied, without even thinking about it, my need to come overriding any future consequences, "Yes, please."

She laughed. "So polite," as she moved her hands to my pantyhose clad crotch and ripped a hole.

"Aren't these expensive?" I asked.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," she joked.

"Oh these are definitely desperate *timmmmmmmes*," I answered, as she tugged my panties aside and slid the buzzing toy inside me.

"Oh yes, fuck me," I moaned instantly, deciding I was going to enjoy this. "Oh God, don't stop," I moaned. "I've needed this for so long."

"Oh yes, you're fucking soaking wet," Anna correctly observed, pumping the vibe in and out of me.

"I know, your dirty strap-on talk, all the sex talk at the party, and kinky presents had me overheating... besides the fact that these days I'm always hot and sweaty," I said, between moans.

"Maybe I should get my strap-on and give you the good hard fucking you need," Anna said, surprising me.

I think she was kidding, but I leapt! "Go get it."

"Seriously?" she asked, making it clear that she *had* been kidding.

"You can't offer something like that to a pregnant woman in heat and not back it up," I countered, the toy now buzzing merrily away in me but not moving.

"I can be a little dominant once I'm wearing the strap-on," she warned, actually considering doing it.

"I want you to treat me like any of the women you dominate," I said, finding the idea utterly thrilling.

"You sure?" she questioned, giving me one last chance to back out.

"Yes, you figured out I was a submissive, and now I want you to use me like one," I offered, the desire to make my lesbian incest fantasy come true suddenly moving to top priority in my bucket list.

To my surprise, she pulled the toy out of me and ordered, "No coming yet."

"Please hurry," I pleaded in utter desperation... the need to cum my only coherent thought.

I lay there horny... but now savouring the anticipation of certain release ... I was finally going to get fucked.

I lay there amazed... my beautiful sister was going to be the one to fuck me.

I lay there hopeful... maybe, just maybe by some miracle she would take total control and treat me like a born slut.

I lay there leaking... my recent, twisted, wonderful, lesbian incest fantasy about to come true.

Anna returned wearing only a strap-on and the pantyhose, looking absolutely gorgeous... as I finally got to see those huge fucking tits in all their naked glory for the first time in years.

"Ready to be fucked?" she asked, leaning against the doorway in a sexy pose.

"Long past ready," I answered, before adding, "now get over here Ms. Plumber, I have some rusty pipes that need flushing."

She walked over, joined me on the bed, and knelt not between my legs, but at my head.

Before I could ask why, she waved the strap-on in my face and ordered, "Suck my dick, big sister."

This surprised me, yet instantly turned me on.

I love being told what to do.

And I'd been fantasizing about her controlling me for months... and especially today after she'd revealed her lesbian domination persona.

I obediently opened my mouth and took my sister's cock in my mouth.

"Good, slut," she purred, complimenting me... just like some of the Mistresses I read about in erotica.

Being called a slut as I awkwardly sucked her plastic cock only added to the intensity of the sudden surprise submission.

It wasn't really incest.

It was just one sister helping another sister in need.

At least it wasn't incest *yet*.

Because I knew if she made me eat her pussy, I wouldn't hesitate.

Incest would become my best friend.

That idea was making my pussy gush again.

I bobbed on the cock, trying to treat it like I would a real cock, taking more and more down my mouth with each forward bob... although propped up on a pillow like a beached whale, it was hard to really give a good blow job. But since her dick didn't have any nerve endings, I guessed she wasn't going to be overly critical.

"You look hot with my cock in your mouth, big sister," Anna stated, clearly enjoying being in charge and making me do this.

I moaned in response as I kept sucking... wanting her to know I was enjoying the dominant treatment.

"Do you want to be my slut tonight, big sister?" she asked, finally asking the question I had literally dreamt about.

As she pulled the cock out of my mouth so I could speak, I instantly answered, "Treat me like you do all your pets. I need to be treated like a slut tonight before my cunt shrivels into a sun-dried prune."

To my surprise, again, she then straddled my shoulders and lowered her pussy above my face... she had also ripped a hole in her pantyhose, the cock rested on my forehead, her wet pussy glistened in front of me like a ripe, juicy, forbidden apple that had to be eaten, as she said, "Prove it, big sister. Become my incest committing, cunt licking slut."

I had fantasized this hundreds of times... But never in a million years imagined it happening for real.

My long held lesbian fantasy was about to happen... with my sister.

I now understood why Eve took the apple.

She had no choice.

I craned my neck forward as best I could, my back pressed helplessly against my stack of pillows, but I couldn't reach, her pussy so tantalizingly close and yet seeming to be miles away because of my uncooperative body.

"Fuck, I can't reach," I declared, my tongue extended to its limit, but not making contact.

She laughed as she said, "Here, let me help."

She lowered her glistening pussy lips onto my facial lips and finally I began licking eagerly.

As I'd anticipated, it was exquisite.

She moaned, "That's it, big sister, lick baby sister's wet cunt."

I wondered if she was as turned on as I was by the taboo kinkiness of sister and sister.

It seemed so.

I lapped her pussy like it was fine wine... wanting to get her off... wanting to hear her moan.

And moan she did. It was sooooo satisfying to hear that!

"Oh yes, big sister, you look so very good between my legs," Anna crooned, her fingers combing through my hair.

"You taste so good, baby sister," I replied, getting really turned on from just licking her.

"I know," she replied. "No one can lick me just once and not want to visit there again."

"That may be bad news," I joked between licks.

"Why?" She asked, beginning to grind her hips on my face.

"I may not be able to resist diving between your legs during Christmas dinner," I joked.

"Maybe we can start a new family tradition," she moaned.

I couldn't resist as I added, "Well this pie would be a heavenly dessert."

She laughed before ordering, "Agreed. Now shut up and get your Mistress off."

Hearing her call herself Mistress added to the euphoria I was already feeling... licking her pussy just as stimulating for some reason as having mine pleased.

I wanted to respond 'yes Mistress' but my mouth was already busy, so I just focused on pleasing her as instructed.

As she ground her wet pussy on my face, the strap-on cock rubbing all over my head, she moaned, making promises I sure hoped she planned to keep, "Oh yes, big slut sister, I plan to use this pretty face long after today."

This made me moan and I would have rubbed my clit if it was possible... the idea we would be doing this more than just tonight was driving me closer to orgasm all by itself.

"Having my own incest slut to use as I please is the ultimate turn-on," she continued, clearly as enraptured by the taboo act of incest as I was.

Then there was just mutual moaning and singular grinding as she used my face and tongue to get herself off.

It should have felt wrong and humiliating, yet nothing had ever felt more right.

Then it got even better as she grabbed my head, ground even rougher for a few seconds and came all over my face.

"Yessssss," she screamed, as her explosion of wetness coated my face, my lips, my tongue, even my tonsils.

The taste was pure heaven... and if I'd had any doubt of my insatiable hunger for cunt, it was gone. I knew I would dive back between her legs at the snap of her fingers.

"Eat it all, slut," she ordered, continuing to grind all over my face... as she came... and came... giving me the wettest facial of my life... and I'd had many.

I kept licking throughout the entire ordeal, forgetting my own orgasmic needs, and focusing on hers.

When she finally was done, she moved off me and said, "That was amazing."

"Agreed," I said, looking up at her.

She leaned down and kissed me.

We had kissed before, as siblings.

But this kiss was soft and tender.

Then as her tongue continued parting my lips, after a while it became passionate and urgent.

When she broke the kiss I was disappointed... I loved kissing... at least kissing Anna... my husband not so much anymore.

She then moved between my legs and said, "Before I pound this pussy, I think I need to have a taste."

"Oh yes," I moaned, as I felt her legs slide down my nylon-clad legs.

"We will need to shave this wilderness area for future munchings," she decided, looking at my hairy pussy.

"Sorry, I can't reach to shave it," I apologized and defended.

"No worries, I can help you out later," she said, as her head disappeared between my legs, totally eclipsed by my belly and completely out of sight.

"Please," I moaned in anticipation, her breath hot on my pussy.

She tugged the panties aside again, and then she asked, "Laura, do you want your baby sister to lick your cunt?"

"God yes, Anna, lick me, I need it so bad," I pleaded, needing to come urgently.

"Beg!" she ordered, as her finger traced the perimeter of my pussy lips.

"Oh please, Anna, get your big sister off. Commit incest on me and make me your bimbo fuck toy," I babbled, meaning every word of it.

"As you wish," she said, as she slid a finger inside me and licked my clit.

"Oh God!" I screamed, the instant the double pleasure hit me.

In seconds, my orgasm was building, and when she found my g-spot, which I'd always assumed didn't exist because no man had ever been able to find it, and tapped on it a few times while flicking my swollen clit with the tip of her tongue, I came hard as I screamed, "Yes, Anna, oh God!"

My legs stiffened, my orgasm exploded and my head went light as the long denied pleasure coursed through me like an earthquake and a tornado hitting me simultaneously.

Anna kept tapping.

Anna kept licking.

I kept coming and coming.

When she pulled her fingers out, she joked, "You have a quick trigger."

I could barely speak as I babbled, "G-spot... oh... God."

"I think that will be your pet slut nickname, "Trigger."

As I tried to recover, I asked, "I was just kidding. You're giving me a pet name?"

"I give all my pet sluts nicknames," she answered. She then added, "Still want to get fucked?"

"Yes," I nodded, not wanting this evening to end... even with the promise of future fuck sessions... I couldn't be sure how we would react when the moment was over and common sense was regained.

"Can you get onto all fours?" she asked.

"I think so," I nodded, beginning to sit up, "Are you going to fuck me like a pet rabbit?"

"I'm going to fuck you like a cheap slut," Anna answered, before adding, "hopefully right into labour."

"That would be amazing," I said, as I slowly, awkwardly, moved from my back to my knees... feeling like a turtle trying to roll over from her shell.

Anna helped, and soon I was on my knees, my face resting on a small stack of pillows as Anna said, "Fuck, you have a great ass."

"It's the pantyhose," I joked.

She continued, "I may have to fuck it sometime."

"You ass fuck your pets?" I asked, the idea fascinating.

"Sometimes," she admitted, rubbing her cock head between my leaking lips.

"I've never done that, although Dwayne wants to all the time," I admitted.

"Be a good pet and I'll train you to be a good ass slut," she said, as she continued teasing my pussy.

"I'll be your anything you want me to be," I moaned, meaning it. If she wanted to fuck my ass, I would let her in without hesitation.

"Yes you will," she agreed, as she slid the cock inside me. "And now you are officially my fuck toy."

"Yessss," I moaned, as her cock filled me... the first one of any kind in five months.

"Yes what?" she asked, her cock all the way in me... Anna's groin resting against me.

"Yes, I want to be your three-hole fuck toy," I declared.

As she began slowly fucking me, she promised, "If I text you, Trigger, you'll drop everything and come over."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, accidentally using the word without realizing it, already thinking of her that way.

"Yes, I am your Mistress, Laura, and I'm going to train you to eat pussy perfectly, to take it in the ass like a champ and to be a sexy slut submissive," she continued, knowing exactly how to press my buttons.

"Yes, I'm all yours, Mistress Anna," I agreed, everything she'd listed exciting me even more... imbuing me with strong new feelings and allowing my second orgasm to grow quickly.

And then she fucked me....

At first slow.

Then as my moans increased, she began going faster.

As the pleasure grew, I begged, reminding both of us of the taboo incest act we were committing, "Please baby sister Mistress, fuck me hard. Pound me. Use me."

And she obliged fully as she slammed into me so hard my face was pressed into the pillows.

She grabbed my hips and pounded me fast, deep and hard.

"Oh yes, fuck," I moaned.

"You like it rough, slut?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I love being used like a cheap slut," I declared, "keep slamming into me!" my orgasm close.

"Come for me, slut, come for baby sister," she ordered, her fast hard thrusts relentless.

"Oh yes, fuck, yes, fuck, fuck, I love you," I screamed, as my second orgasm in minutes ripped through me after a couple dozen more deep thrusts.

Anna didn't slow down ravaging my cunt as my orgasm flooded out of me... with way more wetness than I could ever recall happening.

When she finally pulled out, I didn't move... completely exhausted.

After a moment, she said, "Um, Laura."

"Yeah?" I asked, so weak that I wondered if I could fall asleep like this... I mean cows can sleep standing up.

"Either you're the champion squirter of all time, or your water broke," she said. "And I think it's the water."

I joked, still feeling liquid leaking out of me, "Did you just actually do what you promised and fuck me into labour?"

"I'm pretty sure I did," she nodded, as she climbed off the bed and removed her strap-on cock.

I weakly rolled over and said, "Well, I guess we should go to the hospital."

"Yeah," she nodded, suddenly back in nurturing sister mode, "Are you okay?"

"I've never been better," I said. "Thanks for fucking me to labour."

She laughed, "It's the least I could do."

"Now help me off the bed," I said. "I think you may have broken more than just my water."

"Damn," she said jokingly. "This is inconvenient; I was just getting ready to take that ass."

"Rain check?" I questioned.

"Definitely," she nodded.

.....

14 hours later I gave birth to Chloe... with my loving sister by my side.

10 hours after that I licked her pussy in the hospital room... which was such a rush with oblivious nurses and orderlies rushing back and forth past my open door.

A week later, my pussy still off limits because of a tear during labour, Anna took my ass while my husband was at home watching our daughter.

A month later, I went to my first lesbian orgy at a lesbian club I hadn't known existed, called Le Chateau Club. In the changing room Mistress Anna stripped me and gave me a collar and a leash before we made our grand entrance, me on my knees, of course.

A month after that, once I was totally healed, my husband finally fucked me for the first time in over half a year. Unfortunately, although I loved him, sex with him would never be the same... not even a month after that when I gave him my ass... although I did enjoy very much taking his ass which I do rather regularly now.

Next week is Christmas and Anna has promised to use me in every room of our parent's house... it doesn't seem possible... it is incredibly risky... and yet I know I'll obey any order she gives me regardless of the risk of getting caught... after all, I *am* her slut.

THE END