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# I Banged My Step Sister – II

Caleb Carter

I was having the most wonderful dream about my eighteen year old step sister, Stacy. Waves of pleasure washed over me as I dreamt of all the things we had done and would be able to do. My imagination pictured how flexible the gymnast was and put her in some truly amazing positions. It was delightful how she could hold herself in a handstand while I held onto those small hips and ploughed my hard cock into her tight wet crevice.

The pleasure got more intense and I heard her say, "Is that good?"

"Mmm hummh," I sighed.

"Well, you'll have to tell me better than that or I'm gonna stop."

My dream did not seem quite right. Although I was holding her hips and shoving my shaft into her pussy while she stayed in a handstand, I could feel her fingers wrapped around the base of my cock. Neither did it feel quite like I remembered when I slid into her cunt.

"C'mon, Jack, tell me!" she complained.

"Hunh?" I mumbled, drifting up from my slumber. I felt my stiff cock aching as it was surrounded by a warm, wetness that contained something that wriggled against the underside of my shaft and rasped across it.

Realization dawned and I opened my eyes in shock. I was lying in my bed, legs spread apart and Stacy was lying between them. She had her arms across the tops of my thighs and was licking at my cockhead like it was an ice cream cone. The Tee-shirt she had worn to bed was so large on her that it hung to her knees and on the front of it was a Disney cartoon of Sleeping Beauty. Some strange detached part of my brain wondered why she wasn't still wearing the nightshirt from last night's encounter in the bathroom but it made no impact on my lust filled consciousness.

Her eyes sparkled and she flashed me a naughty grin as her tongue fluttered over the skin on the top of my cock. "I said, tell me. You know I like it. Do it for me Jack, please."

I glanced at my alarm clock and saw that it was not due to go off for an hour and a half yet. The brat must have woken up horny and wanted some satisfaction. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back to the pillow in ecstasy when she sank my length back into her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down on me as she slurped noisily on my cock while I just lay there and let the sensations chase electric thrills through my groin.

Suddenly, the sucking heaven was snatched away from me and I felt a sharp slap across my thigh. I looked down my body to see her pushing herself upright with a sulky pout on her face, "If you won't play, then I won't either!"

She began to clamber off my bed when I shot out a hand and clasped it onto her small shoulders. "Wait Stacy!" I knew what she wanted from me; it was the dirty talk. I felt a little silly doing it, but she loved it and it really got her hot, so I was not about to complain or refuse. I took hold of the base of my aching cock and wobbled the hard shaft at her, feeling her saliva run down it as I did so.

"C'mon, step sister, suck your big step brother's hard cock. Put your mouth back onto your step brother's shaft and give him a cock sucking to remember."

A devilish grin spread across her face and she immediately climbed back between my legs. I watched her tiny frame settle itself as she lay on her belly, with her feet waggling in the air. Holding my rampant shaft in her small fingers, she poked out her tongue and fluttered it against the underside of my glans. Oohhh, that felt good.

"That's it Stacy. Lick it like a lollipop. Do it for me, Sis. Oohhh, yeah. Suck your step brother's dick until I pump my step brother-cum into your sweet mouth!"

The words had their usual effect upon the brat; she moaned lustily and dropped her whole mouth over the tip of my shaft. Oh, it felt so good around my hot length even though she could not quite take all of me inside.

The sight was extremely erotic. Powerfully so. My step sister was lapping and slurping my stiff cock as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She no longer cared if anybody else thought what we were doing was wrong. At that moment, neither did I. How could something that felt so good be wrong?

"Suck your step brother's cock, step sister. Lick it. That's it." She obeyed and winked at me as her tongue slid up and down the length of my shaft, gliding wetly over the hot flesh.

"That's a good step sister. Lick your step brother's cock. Put it in that tiny mouth and show me what you can do with it."

Again she sunk as much of me inside as she could. Even though I only have an average cock, it wasn't a lot; but this was the first time she had tried oral sex, so I wasn't going to

complain. There would be time to teach her how to do it another day. Besides, it felt like heaven in there. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the fluttering of her tongue on the underside of my glans.

"Do you like that, big step brother?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel naughty letting your step sister suck your dick?"

"Yes!"

"Would you feel even naughtier if I let you fuck me?" My cock jerked wildly in her hand and against her lapping tongue.

"Hell yes!" I did want to cum in her mouth, but the temptation of fucking her was just too great.

Quickly, I sat up and she giggled as she knelt before me and dragged her Tee-shirt over her head. Her two tiny peach sized breasts bobbed enticingly on her chest. Even as she was flinging her nightshirt off I grasped her around the waist and pulled her toward my mouth.

"Mmmm!" she sighed as my lips closed around the stiff bud of a nipple and suckled.

"Oh, I like that, Jack."

While my mouth worked on her tiny breast, my hands slid up and down her back tracing the contours and committing them to memory. Instinctively, one hand slid lower to cup the small firm globe of a buttock and squeezed it.

"Oh, Jack."

After a few moments of gasps and moans as I played with her nubile body, she stroked her hand over the soft hairs on the nape of my neck and the dirty talk returned. "Do you like sucking on your step sister's tit? How does it feel to have a handful of your step sister's arse?"

My mouth left a wet trail across her shallow chest as I sought her other nipple.

"That's it step brother, suck my tit. Lick your step sister's nipple. Suck on it. Bite it a Jack, please."

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Ever so gently, I nipped the rubbery flesh with my teeth and pulled at it.

"Ohhhhh, that's it. You are the best step brother a girl could wish for, Jack."

The hand that was cupping her buttock smoothed its way downward and dipped between her cheeks, a hot moistness greeting my fingers.

"Are you wet for your step brother, Stacy?" I goaded, needlessly.

"Always," she sighed with longing.

"Oooooo," she moaned, rolling her hips as I wiggled my slender middle finger up into her tight cunt hole.

She was slick and tight in there, and I eagerly stroked every inch of her teenaged pussy flesh.

"Oohhhh," she whimpered in encouragement as my digit ploughed her wet folds restlessly.

Fluttering my tongue rapidly at the nipple, I then gave it a quick kiss before turning my eyes up to hers. She was gazing down at me with lust filling her baby-blues.

"Are you ready to get the fucking of your life from your step brother?"

A broad smile swept into place on her beautiful features and she shuffled her knees to either side of my legs and lifted her hips over my rigid shaft. "The question is," she purred, "Are YOU ready to get the fucking of your life from your step sister?"

Reaching between our chests, she lightly grasped my swollen cockhead and planted it into her slippery passage. With a long sigh, she sank all the way down on it. I winced at the almost painful tightness until she was fully seated in my lap, then I grasped onto her narrow hips and held her still.

"This is nice," I whispered, my mouth level with hers because of the difference in our height. She grinned, leaned her head forward and rubbed our noses together in an Eskimo kiss, "Isn't it just!"

We kissed. It was gentle and unhurried. Our lips played together for a long while before lust sent my tongue questing into her mouth to seek its mate. Like two serpents, the entwined and danced in fluttering licks.

My hands slid all over her small back, feeling her ribs and shoulder blades underneath them at the same time as her silky mane of long blonde hair tickled their backs. Finally, she gave a groan into my mouth and began to raise and lower her hips.

An incredibly tight velvet sheath slithered over my hot throbbing shaft. Her inner wall juiced and slid around me in a wanton display of her lust. Soon, she was slotting me deep in quick jerks, grunting on each downward bounce.

"Oh, it feels so good having my step brother hard inside me," she whispered, more to herself than to me. "It feels so dirty and yet so right. My step brother's cock is in my pussy and that is where I want it to stay."

Her bounces were now making us both rock on the bed and it was beginning to be a strain for me to sit upright without any back support.

"Stacy, get off a moment, will you?" I hissed, reluctant to deprive myself of her tight cunt.

She stopped bouncing and sank me to the hilt before stirring her hips around in broad circles, working my cockhead over every intimate inch of her depths. "Awww, must I?" she pouted in a hurt girl voice.

"Just for a minute, yeah," I said, shutting my eyes because of the delicious thrills her pussy was giving me.

"Oh, phooey!" she complained, lifting a thigh and sliding off to my side.

The feeling of my bulbous cockhead popping from the tight ring of her opening made me gasp. I looked at my almost painful hard on and saw it was completely coated in her glistening nectar. A few thin strings of clear juice stretched from my dick to her cunt but were quickly snapped as she pulled away.

"Lie on your belly for me," I said, moving out of her way.

Compliant, she slipped into the centre of my bed, sighing at the warm groove in the

sheets and lay still. She folded her hands under her head and lay her cheek on the backs. "Like this?"

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"Yeah, like that," I said, moving over her short legs. With the back of my hand I tapped at her inner thigh, "Open wide."

She did as she was told, her legs spreading to give me plenty of room between them. "You know," she giggled, "I'm never going to be able to go to the dentist again and hear that without getting all wet at the memory of this!"

"Yeah?" I said, looming over her back and supporting my body on one elbow. My other hand grasped my cock and fed it into her aroused folds.

"Oh, mmmmmm," she sighed as I took my fingers away and pushed in. "That's it. Fuck that hard step brother meat back into me."

I slid it as deep as I could and smiled at the feeling of her small buttocks nestling firmly into my groin. I held still, fully embedded until she wriggled in desire.

"Quit teasin' Jack and fuck me!" she whined.

"Fuck what?" I murmured, nuzzling at the nape of her neck.

"Fuck your step sister's tight wet cunt!" she moaned, her hips beginning to rock and fuck me.

"Well, seeing as how you begged," I chuckled, starting my own thrusting.

It was sheer heaven. Stacy was so warm and moist; so tight and thrilling. Her cunt felt better than any I had ever known. Not for the first time in these last few days I thanked my lucky stars that I got the wrong nymph that night.

Lustfully, I rammed my cock into the brat over and over. She sighed and gasped, her slick making squelching noises as I plundered it.

"Fucking Hell, you're tight!" I grunted, rooting my cock as deep up her wet crevice as I could.

She gave a grunt of her own and humped her butt up and down beneath me. "Is it good?" she gasped.

"Oh yeah," I assured her, "It's good alright!" I gritted my teeth and fucked myself into her repeatedly. Her tiny body was completely overshadowed by my bulk, the top of her head being level with my throat and the softness of her blonde hair only just grazing my chin.

"So you like it in your step sister's cunt then?" she whimpered.

"I LOVE it in my step sister's cunt! It is just where her big step brother's cock should be

Because she had her face turned to the side, I could see the grin of pleasure break out on her face at the dirty words. I liked to see her enjoying it so much, so I continued, "That tight slot is going to have its step brother's cock spitting cum in it whenever he wants to, isn't it?"

"Oh yes!" she agreed, increasing her own thrusts to match mine.

"My step sister is going to let me fuck her whenever I want to, isn't she?"

"Oh yes!"

"You like having your big step brother fuck your wet pussy don't you?"

"Un huh!" she moaned flexing her buttocks as her sopping cunt sucked at my thrusting meat.

"Tell me then, Stacy. Tell me what you are."

"I'm yours," she gasped as I bowed my head and reamed her grasping sheath faster. "I'm a fuck toy for my big step brother! I'm a tiny cunt hole for him to take and use whenever he wishes!"

"Oh God!" I gasped, wincing and resting my cheek on the top of her bouncing head.

"My big step brother can fuck his step sister any way he chooses! I want my step brother to fuck me. I want my step brother to pump his thick, step brother cum into me!" As she uttered those words, she screwed her eyes shut, squealed and began to shiver and shake like mad.

"Oh, oh, oh, I'm cuming Jack!"



And she did. Her tight inner walls suddenly snatched at my hot length as I shafted it back and forth, gripping, pulling, writhing and milking. Her firm buttocks rippled and shocked against my hips and her legs snapped tightly to either side of mine.

"Oh, Stacy!" I grunted, riding her twitching body like a surf board. "Oh sis!"

I frantically fucked her spasming sheath. My cock was being squeezed in a heavenly vice and I was crazed with desire.

"Oh Stace," I moaned. "Stacy, Stacy, Stacy." I rambled, lost in the pure delight of my step sister's clutching depths. I rammed my iron hard cock in and out of her small body, desperately savoring every ecstatic ripple and twitch.

Now my thrusts were shoving into her so hard that I was driving her deep into the mattress with each stroke. Her eyes flicked open, her mouth trembled in a silent 'Oh' for a few seconds before her breath gusted out in juddering gasps. "Oh Jack! Cum in me Jack! Cum in me, now!"

Her plea tipped me over the edge and I grunted, threw my head up, arched my back and plunged to the hilt in her tight snatch.

"Fuck yeah!" I yelled as my cock swelled and spat wave after wave of thick, creamy spunk into my step sister. Blast after hot blast filled her tight cunt and I collapsed on top of her. My full weight was far too much for her to support and I mashed her against the bed, but at that stage neither of us cared.

Bright colors danced in my vision as I lay in a sweat soaked stupor, struggling for each ragged breath. After what seemed to me like forever, my cock and her cunt both stopped writhing and we just lay there.

I felt as weak as a kitten as I slowly came to my senses. Trapped beneath me, Stacy had finally realized I was too heavy and began to struggle a little .

"Jaaaacck!" she complained, half-heartedly.

Giving my cock one last grinding stir into her, I pushed myself off her tiny body and felt a thrill when her pussy squelched as I slithered out. Sitting back on my haunches between her spread legs, I looked down at her small butt and swollen pussy. Her lips were gaping open, flushed a deep red with arousal, and shining with juice. A slender trail

of my thick white cum oozed out of her and ran like warm molasses down her slit toward her tender clit where it dribbled onto my bed sheet.

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Playfully, I swatted her butt. "Damn, Stacy! You are the best fuck I have ever had!"

Brushing a sweat soaked lock of hair from her eyes, she glanced back over her shoulder at me and giggled, "What are step sisters for?"

After she had left, I quickly fell asleep, but all too soon my mother's voice penetrated my dreams. "C'mon, Jack, wakey wakey! You have to get up and come with your father and me to the train station so that you can drive our car back. Jack! Jack, get up."

"Yeah, in a bit," I mumbled, feeling more tired by the moment. The soothing warmth of post-orgasm was making me so drowsy.

"Jack, will you get up this instant!"

"Yeah, yeah," I slurred, rolling over and snuggling down.

Through my approaching slumber, I heard the brat's voice from the hallway, "What's up Mommy?"

"Your step brother won't wake up. I need him to drive the car back from the train station when we go on our weekend trip today."

"Wait there, Mommy, I know just how to wake him up." I could hear the words but was doing my best to ignore them and drift off back to sleep. My earlier exertions had worn me out. I was sure that I heard some noises from the bathroom before the brat spoke again, her voice getting nearer as she did so.

"This'll do it."

"Er... Stacy, honey, I don't think that is such a good idea..."

SLAP! A soaking wet flannel smacked into my face causing me to yell and bolt upright. Snatching it away I turned angrily toward the grinning imp who, when she saw the look of murder upon my face, shrieked and fled in giggles.

Roaring, I scrambled from my bed and leapt after her, "Come here you brat!"

"Come on, Pumpkin!" Dad called from the bottom of the stairs when it was time for us to leave. I slipped my tongue from her mouth long enough for her to yell, "Just a minute Daddy!"

"Jack, see if you can hurry her up, alright?"

"Sure Dad!" I shouted back, pressing her small body firmly against the inside of his bedroom door as I dipped in for another hot kiss. We could hear Dad mumble something about 'kids' before stalking off to start the car.

"We better go," she murmured, hooking her hands tighter around the back of my neck and she stood up on tiptoe to get me to bend down for another kiss.

"Ah-huh," I agreed into her mouth. After a moment, I reluctantly pulled away and grinned down at her, "Come on, then. Let's go and get rid of the old folks for the weekend."

Her giggle was lovely to hear, "Oh, Jack. If Mummy heard you call her 'old folks' she would stab you to death with a spoon!"

As was usual, Mom rode shotgun beside Dad. I was first to wander out to the car, to keep up appearances, and then a minute later Stacy trotted out.

"I swear that girl dawdles on purpose," Mom sighed. "You shouldn't have let her take the day off college," she admonished Dad.

"No harm done," he replied, slipping to the brat's defense as he always did. Stacy was his angel and could do no wrong, even when caught red-handed. Our eyes tracked the im as she swayed toward the car, a youthful bounce to her step. When she slid into the back seat beside me, Dad turned around to glance at us, "Everybody ready?"

"Daddy?"

"Yes Pumpkin?"

"I'm going to miss you terribly. It will be Hell having to put up with Jack on my own for the weekend." She leant forward and hooked her arms around his seat and chest to give him a big hug. I rolled my eyes in contempt at the familiar sight of the brat in action.

"Right," said Dad, happily. "Let's get this show on the road and see if we can make out the train, shall we?"

Forty minutes later, we were all stood in a bunch on the railway platform saying our goodbyes.

While Mom gave the brat a long tight hug, Dad and I exchanged manly nods. "You will look after her, won't you, Jack?"

"Sure, Dad."

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"I mean it, son. Lay off the booze and don't abandon her to go out with your friends."

"Right," I sighed. The lecture would be shorter if I just agreed with everything. "You and Mom have a good time."

"We will. I'm going to make sure of it."

We both stood waiting whilst Mom kissed Stacy goodbye. I watched as she released my step sister and homed in on me. There was a special glint in her emerald eyes as she slipped her arms around me, pressed her body close and looked up into my face, "You'll be okay, Honey?"

"Mom!" I protested. The way she was with me you would think I was ten instead of twenty-eight. Her hands caressed my back as she kissed me.

"Don't let the minx run you ragged, okay?"

I grinned down at her, "I can handle the brat."

She chuckled her musical laughter, "Stop calling her that!" A mischievous smile spread across her face, "Even if she does warrant it."

"Have a good time Daddy," Stacy said, kissing his lips and squirming up into his arms so that he had to cup her under her butt while she hugged the breath from him. Finally he kissed her again and lowered her back to the floor. She put her hands behind her back, gripped her wrist and pouted up at him, "Daddy?"

"Yes, Peanut?"

"Are you going to bring me back a present?" she asked coyly, wiggling her shoulder from side to side like a girl.

As always, Dad went smiling into the brat trap. "Of course I am, Honey."

"That's nice," she said wistfully, turning the full Stacy charm on him. "But I wouldn't want you taking time out from your holiday to waste it looking for something for me. How about you just give me some money now, and I buy my own present?"

I groaned when I saw him reach for his wallet, "Oh for fu..."

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"Jack!" my Mom warned in a chuckle. "You're not in the army now. Mind your language in front of your step sister." The absurdity of that warning almost made me laugh as the echoes of the dirty talk that Stacy liked filled my ears, but I managed to refrain and just shrugged, "Okay, Mom."

The brat flashed me a quick glare of triumph as she held her hand flat while Dad counted out several notes. I gritted my teeth against the urge to say anything more.

Mom slid her arms around my neck as she leaned up for one last kiss, her green eyes sparkling in the sunlight. She tasted like strawberries and smelled like vanilla. "Mmmmm," she murmured, closing her eyes for a second and smacking her lips, "You be a good boy, Jack."

"I'm twenty eight years old for God's sake, Mom," I grumbled, allowing her to slip free. "I'm not a boy anymore."

"No, you're not," she said, her lips twitching into a smile as she lifted a hand to stroke my cheek while she looked earnestly into my eyes. "But you'll always be my baby, though."

A sharp whistle signalled that the train was preparing to leave and so our parents made a dash for it; Dad lugging their suitcase in one hand and holding Mom's hand in the other.

Frantic waves were exchanged when they were aboard as the train began sluggishly pulling away from the platform. When they were finally out of sight, Stacy turned to me with a wicked grin, "So, what do you want to do now?"

We had been back home for about half an hour. After making herself a peanut butter sandwich, Stacy had come over to the sofa I was sprawled out on and sat perched on the edge while she ate her snack. I let my fingers twirl the end of her long blonde ponytail causing her to slant me a sideways smile as she took another huge bite of her sandwich.

I couldn't resist a bit of teasing, "Why are you so skinny when all you do is eat like pig?"

Grinning, she chewed and swallowed, then licked her lips before raising her eyebrows at me, "How come you are so muscly when all you do is drink like a fish?"

"Ouch!" I chuckled, "You win." I twiddled a strand of her long hair, "Show me some tits."

Chewing on her next bite, Stacy grabbed the bottom of her "Gymnasts do it on the floor" Tee-shirt with one hand and lifted it up to reveal her pert left breast. The way the pale creaminess of her firm mound contrasted with the pinkness of her long nipple made me stir and I recalled how good it had been to suckle on it that morning. She casually held up the shirt while she bit another chunk out of her sandwich and then dropped it down. Licking her lips, she wiggled her eyebrows lewdly, making me laugh as I stroked her back fondly.

The phone shook in its cradle as it rang loudly.

"That'll be another one of your airhead friends wanting to gossip about what such-a-body saw at the mall," I groaned, spanking her butt as she stood up to go and answer it. She looked amazing in her tight cream shorts.

Still with the half eaten sandwich in one hand, she picked up the receiver and said, "Mphello?"

For a moment she listened and then wrinkled her nose in disgust, "It's that big sweaty tu of lard that you hang around with." She could have at least made some effort to cover her mouth piece so that Cooper didn't hear what she said, but no, not when she was in bra mode.

"Give it here, you snotty cow," I frowned. She smiled ever so sweetly, held out the handset to me and when I reached for it, dropped it just before I got hold. "Ooops," she shrugged and pranced into the kitchen.

"Hey Coop," I said after retrieving the phone.

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"Oh man!" he hooted. "Are you stuck with babysitting the kid this weekend?"

"Not really; Stacy can look after herself. Why?"

"Well, we figure that it's your turn to host the party and seein' as how you got the run of your house, we thought we'd grab a keg and scoot over. That okay?"

"Sure," I said, watching Stacy walk back in from the kitchen. She snatched up her lip balm off the sideboard, climbed into Dad's chair and began to dab it on. "What time are you planning on coming over?"

"Tank-boy, Emma and Mitch are already here and we bought the keg earlier. All we have to do is go and pick up Miranda and she says she'll be ready in ten, so say in about twenty minutes?"

I grinned remembering Miranda's idea of ten minutes; I'd put money on her not being ready for at least half an hour. "Okay, see you when you get here," I said, placing the handset back on its hook.

Stacy frowned, her finger stopping spreading the cherry balm over her lips, "They're coming here?"

"Yeah, I don't see why not."

"How about the fact that they're drunken layabouts that are no good?"

I scowled at her, "Hey, watch it. Those are my friends."

For a moment it looked like she was going to give me her usual smart-alec abuse, but she saw the expression on my face and changed her mind. "I'm not being the only normal person in a house full of losers. If you are inviting some of your friends around, then I'm inviting some of mine too."

"No, you're not," I said, hating the idea of her airhead team-mates descending on the place.

"Yes, I am," she pouted. "And if you say I can't then I shall have to ring Daddy and ask him!"



The brat knew that Dad would get on my case if he knew my buddies were coming over with a keg. "Fine, call your stupid friends, then," I grumped. Now instead of just my friends there would also be a dozen or so of Stacy's eighteen year old gymnastic teammates too.

Forty minutes after the phone call, my army buddies arrived with both Miranda and Emma in tow. We were soon all out by the pool in our swimming costumes. Miranda looked stunning in her tiny red bikini and Emma was elegant in her more modest black one.

"Hey Jack," Miranda said, taking her first plastic glass of beer from Mitch. "How old is Stacy now?"

Stacy was a topic of conversation I would have preferred to have avoided around Emma. There was just something about her that made me uneasy; almost as if I was an open book to her. "Eighteen," I said in an off-hand tone of voice, hoping to sound disinterested.

"Does she still compete?"

Damn. "Yeah, she does. She has a competition sometime in the middle of this week, Wednesday, maybe."

Emma was lying on one of our sun loungers and turned her head my way. "She competes? What at?"

I didn't know whether not being able to see her eyes behind her dark sunglasses was a good thing or a bad one. "Gymnastics. Stacy is pretty good."

"Oh? I used to compete in the gymkhana when I was her age."

Trying to deflect the conversation into other areas, I plastered on a look of interest. "Really? Did you have your own horse then?"

She smiled and it was dazzling, making a warmth spread in my chest. Jeez, she was beautiful! "Actually, I had several. Daddy owns a couple of stud farms and likes to spoil me."

Liam perched on the bottom edge of her lounge and nudged her knee, "Tell them what Daddy bought for you this week."

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She scowled at him. "Stop bragging honey. It's vulgar."

He shrugged his shoulders. "How can I be bragging if it is you who got the sports car and it wasn't even your birthday?"

"I told you he likes to spoil me. I'm still his girl to his eyes and he was in a good mood."

"Hell," I said, still not being used to just how immensely wealthy Emma's family were. "I wish my folks could afford to spoil me like that. What put him in such a good mood?"

She used one hand to pull her sunglasses down her nose a little so that she could peer over them and look me directly in the eye. She held my gaze for a moment longer than I was comfortable before pushing her sunglasses back up her nose, "I have no idea."

"Fuck me!" Cooper hissed, staring past us, so I twisted my head around to see what he was staring slack jawed at.

It was like a tide of nubile teenage flesh flowing out of the house. Stacy had said that if my friends were coming over she was inviting hers, but I wasn't expecting this. The noise of their chattering, giggling and laughing was considerable but I barely heard it as the lithe, sylph-like bodies strolled into the sunlight clad in the wispiest bikinis imaginable. Slim legs; firm, toned stomachs; small breasts; flowing hair and pearl white smiles flooded the patio and bunched around the near end of the pool. There were about eight of them, but it was almost impossible to snag my eyes away from all the bare skin to be sure.

"This is my dumb-ass step brother and his friends; ignore them if you can," Stacy chirped over the constant buzz of their talking.

The brat looked glorious in her tiny yellow bikini. True, she had almost no womanly curves on her child-like body, but she did move with the sensual grace that made her a natural gymnast. Her long blonde ponytail curled over her left shoulder and she squinted in the bright sunshine as she stared defiantly at me.

"Can't you and the pep squad do something indoors? We're trying to have an adult party here and could do without a bunch of kids," I told her.

"We're not kids," she reminded me. Like I needed that with all the flesh on show! "

"Fuck off, Stacy."

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She grinned because it was clear her barbs were getting to me. She really did love to put her wits against others, and usually won. The bitch. "Your verbal flexibility astounds me as always, Jack, but we have as much right to use the pool as you do; although granted your sweaty gorilla mates do need to wash off more than us." She made a show of pinching her nose and wafting a hand in front of it.

"Fine, but don't think you're getting any of our beer," I sulked. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Cooper in the act of handing a plastic cup full to a very pretty young thing with hair so blonde it was nearly white. "Hey!"

He turned to me and shrugged. "I paid my share of the money, One-shot, so if I want to give this cutie some, I will."

"Yeah, don't be such a tight ass, Jack," Miranda added.

"Don't you start Miranda, 'cause sure as shit you didn't put up any money for the keg."

"No," she admitted, "but Mitch did and we share everything, don't we honey?" He looked like he wanted to agree with me, but knew it was best not to put Miranda in a mood if he was hoping to get laid, so nodded. Traitor.

"Sod it!" I snapped and stalked over to sit beside Emma.

The gymnast team dissolved into girlish giggles, laughter and bubbling chat as they all spoke at once. It didn't help my mood to see how beautiful they all were, with slimmer athletic figures that had only just crossed into adulthood. It was like a fantasy come to life. There was a couple of sweet blondes, a girl with raven hair so dark it seemed to be tinted with blue highlights, and even a delicious redhead who had a nose dappled with the cutest freckles imaginable. All this young flesh was barely contained in ribbons that pretended to be bikinis and I had to tear my eyes away.

"Let them enjoy themselves, Jack," Emma said, soothingly. "It's not long since we were that young and a beer was the ultimate way to show how grown up we were."

"Emmie," Tank-boy chuckled, "One-shot ain't ever grown up."

I couldn't help but smile at that. "This, coming from you? Thanks, Liam." I sighed and leant back against the small, three brick high border to one of mom's flowerbeds. "It's ju

that the beer will not go as far with eight others drinking it."

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"And that's a problem?" Emma asked, removing her sunglasses with a look of concern.

"Huh? No," I replied, a too quickly.

"One-shot gets rather possessive about his beer," Cooper told them, dropping his bull beside me. "He's an alcoholic."

"What?!" I gasped. "No I'm fuckin' not! I just like a drink, that's all. What's wrong with that?"

"Nuthin', man, nuthin'!" Cooper hastily said, holding up a placating hand defensively.

Not liking the direction of the conversation, I drained my glass and got up to refill. Stacy's mates were clustered all over the patio, each holding their large plastic glass of beer as if it were gold. I pushed between the redhead and the ash blonde to get to the keg.

"Calm down a bit, One-shot," Mitch suggested from nearby.

I sagged a little and nodded; I was being unreasonable but it was a common reaction when I crossed paths with the brat and old habits die hard. I twisted the tap and let the beer fill my glass as I shot a sideways glance at Stacy. The brat was ignoring me and chatting to Kimberly who looked amazing in her tiny pale blue string swimsuit. My eyes roamed over her small breasts, not as tiny as Stacy's but still small for a girl her age, and was sure I could see a nipple between the netting of her bra's cup. That stirred me and I dropped my gaze lower to examine her bikini bottoms. They too were woven with mesh that allowed the briefest glimpses of the flesh beneath and, like my step sister, she also seemed to be completely shaven. It was probably something to do with the skin-tight leotards they wore when they competed that would have looked strange with even a small mat of pussy hair bulging them out.

A sweet, bubbly giggle and a snickered laugh to my right made me glance at the redhead and her pal. They were pointing at me and obviously amused. Even as I tracked my eyes to where they pointed, the other girls turned to stare, and everybody saw the beer overflowing my glass and splashing down onto the ground.

"Hey, One-shot!" Liam shouted. "Go easy, would ya?"

I scowled and flipped off the tap, lifting my glass and sucking some of the froth.

nectar to stop it spilling. Kimberly slid to my side. "Hey, Jack," she purred.

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"Uh, hey," I returned. What was it with this girl that seemed to short circuit my power of speech? I honestly did try to make eye contact, but I missed by at least a foot. She didn't appear to mind, and possibly even stuck her titties out a bit more for my inspection.

"Why do your friends call you One-shot?"

There was no way I was going to answer that and for a small second I was relieved when the brat intervened. Yeah, stupid of me, I know. Her voice dripped with venom as she flashed me a beautiful smile while she played to her audience. "Oh, go easy on him, would you? He's already standing up and drinking; if you make him use up brain power to talk as well, he'll fall over."

All the girls giggled, but the redhead was in the middle of a gulp of beer and it came blasting out in a spray as she nearly choked with laughter.

"Way to go Amber. Very classy," Kim congratulated her. The girl looked mortified and her face pinked up as she smoothed the back of her hand over her lips to brush off the beer.

"So?" the sex kitten said, turning her attention back to me. "Why do they call you One-shot?"

"Tell 'em Jack, I dare you!" Liam hooted.

Kim seemed to take a pity on my obvious discomfort because she turned to our reed the joker and folded her arms over her small breasts. "How about we start with why they call you Tank-boy?"

"That's easy," Stacy sniped before he could answer. "He has the brain power of a goldfish."

To his credit, Liam thought that was as funny as the girls did. Unfortunately, it didn't distract Kim. "So, tell me why," she persisted, batting her eyelids at me as she did so. Before I could even open my mouth, the brat chirped up again.

"Are you serious? He still thinks that it's an amazing coincidence that Mom and Dad named him Jack when that is what everybody else calls him too!"

"Drop dead!" I fired back amid all the laughing. Stacy just screwed up her face and stuck her tongue out at me.

Cooper was the only one who didn't join in; he had been sliced by Stacy's sharp tongue once too often to take pleasure in her doing it to others. Foolishly, he even tried to defend me from her. "Why don't you lay off him?"

It was a bit like seeing an accident coming and not being able to do anything about it. She swivelled her gaze around to him and frowned as she looked him up and down, "Are you why don't you shut up and go back to your hobby of collecting?"

"What are you talking about you git? I don't collect anything!"

"Oh, really? In that case, why do you have so many chins?"

"Woohooo!" Tank-boy whooped, raising his hand before Stacy. "You got him there babe! Gimme five!" Stacy grinned from ear to ear and spanked his palm with a loud slap.

Coop was nearly purple and idiotically tried to even the score. "What makes you think you're smarter than me? Just because you go to college? I'll have you know I went to college too!"

"Really? Who did you get to sign for the package you were delivering?"

That did it. I strode forward, grabbed the brat by her shoulder and frog-marched her back over near the house. When we were far enough away from the group for our whispers to be private, I hissed, "Knock it off! What the Hell is wrong with you? Can you even try to be nice to my pals?"

She pouted, "I didn't invite them, you did!"

"So?"

"So I thought with Mom and Dad out of the way that you and I could have spent the time in better ways than getting pissed!"

Ah. That cooled my anger toward her. "We will, Stace, I promise. Behave yourself this afternoon and I'll wrap things up early so that we can do stuff."

Her pout was softened by a sheepish shrug. "I thought you were going to make a nig

of it, so I invited Kim to stay."

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"Oh. Oh well, I am sure that we can still sneak some alone time together. When she's asleep, perhaps."

"Okay," she grumbled, still not too happy.

"Now play nice," I warned, spanking her butt as we went back to the group.

Gradually the sun travelled across the sky and we got drunk while watching the girls shriek and frolic in the pool. At one point Miranda had Kimberly seated on her shoulders, while Emma had Stacy and the two teenagers were wrestling to see who could overthrow the other. The other girls had divided into pairs also and a huge free-for-all had developed. Teenage girl-flesh glistened in the water as they all thrashed and whooped.

Us guys were sat on the flagstones of the patio, our backs against the house wall as we drank and watched the show. I can't speak for them, but mentally I fucked each and every one of those teasing nymphs. Images of gliding my cock into smooth, bare young cunt filled my mind. I daydreamed of reaming the redhead's ass while dueling tongue with Kimberly.

"Did Stacy tell Emma that Kimberly was staying the night?" Liam asked me.

"Yeah, apparently she is."

He groaned and punched me playfully on the upper arm, "Are you gonna fuck her, One shot?"

I did have an image to keep up so I just leered back at him. He whooped and laughed, "I knew it! You dirty dog, you!"

There was a shriek from the pool as Stacy and Emma toppled over, eliciting cheers from Kim and Miranda. Slipping a leg over Miranda's head, Kim slid down her body, belly to belly. For a moment, it looked as though the girls were going to kiss each other, then Stacy leapt over to them and sent them all crashing beneath the surface in a huge splash.

Later, when I wandered out of the house after a visit to the bathroom, I found everybody sat in a rough group around one edge of the pool.

"Yeah, once," Sophie, the raven-haired cutie mumbled, dropping her gaze as the rest of the group chuckled and laughed.

"What are you doing?" I asked, crossing my legs as I sat on the flagstones beside Emma's sun lounger.

"We're playing truth or dare," Stacy laughed, wiping her eyes as she saucily nudged Sophie. "Your turn, Soph."

The black-haired teen flicked her eyes about the group and settled on Cooper. "Truth or dare?"

Amid jeers and gentle ribbing, Cooper beamed a huge smile at the attention. "Dare."

Miranda leant over from her sunlounger and whispered into Sophie's ear, who nodded. "Dare you to moon everybody."

"Oh, puh-leeese!" Stacy groaned. "If he's thick skinned enough to show his face, his ass is not gonna be a problem."

Cooper scowled, stood up, yanked his shorts down and wiggled his expansive butt in my kid step sister's face. "Kiss this you stroppy cow!" Everybody howled with laughter, causing Stacy to frown. When Coop finally pulled his shorts back up and sat down to chug his beer, she waved a hand at him. "Enough already. Put your pants back on and put your ass away. Oh, you have. That must be your face, sorry."

It was petulant and somewhat childish, which made me realize just how broad the age gap between me and my step sister was. I wasn't sure whether I felt ancient, or just uncomfortable about how young she really was.

"Your turn Cooper," Miranda told him, obviously in charge of this game.

"Okay," he grinned evilly. "Stacy, truth or dare?"

She narrowed her eyes at him, sure that he would demand something humiliating if she chose dare, so she said, "Truth."

"Are you a virgin?"



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