



Carwash Shock

(MF, inc, oral)

by B. Boner

Last month I experienced an unexpected encounter with a close member of my family, I haven't been able to speak to her since. (I wouldn't know what to say!)

The Wednesday following Christmas was to be a busy day for me; after wrapping-up the remainder of the gifts for my thirty-year-old sister and her two kids, I was to drive some fifty miles or so into the countryside to visit them.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely throughout the day and when it was time for my return, I decided to fuel-up and run the car through the carwash before returning home. Jill, my sister, remarked that she needed some milk from the convenience store and I invited her to accompany me there.

Jill is nice looking, nothing glamorous, with shoulder length fair hair that is usually tied back in a ponytail. Her build is that of a youthful size ten and I have always

harbored some secret "what-if" fantasies about her that I'd never actually analyzed before.

That afternoon as Jill slid into my car, I noticed that her shapely legs were encased within dark-gray stockings; the stocking tops just peeping from under her tweed skirt. the skirt had ridden up a little when she'd slid into the car and I was now staring!

Catching myself just a little too late, I flicked my gaze upward, straight into Jill's amused big blue eyes... there was an expression there that I couldn't quite explain when coming from my sister. It disturbed me no end when I felt a rush of blood pumping into my loins.

Shuddering slightly and making small talk to cover my confusion, we headed out for the store. But I couldn't forget that look or, and though it felt so wrong, those stockings.

I could hear tension in Jill's voice and I was still gushing out all sorts of nonsense when we reached the store. Jill said that she was going to pick up her milk while I refueled and ran the car through the wash.

When the door slammed shut I almost melted with relief and, letting out a shuddering sigh, I began to fuel the car. stealing a glance into the shop window, I saw Jill looking through the magazines and newspapers that relaxed me somewhat and after flipping my card into the pump I was ready to proceed to the automated carwash.

As I was setting the washer-my heart both sank and leapt in the same beat; Jill was getting into the car, panting slightly after having run back from the shop. I could smell the alcohol on her breath and knew now why she'd been a bit weird on the trip over. booze always had strange and unpredictable effects on my family and Jill was no exception.

The auto-washer started its cycle surrounding us with suds and jets of water. Our eyes met, and at that moment we knew it all. We each knew what the other wanted but had never had dared to ask for.

For a moment I looked away, ashamed of myself, and at that moment two things happened; firstly, the brushes of the carwash enveloped the car blotting out the world around us, and secondly, my sister Jillian laid her arm across my shoulder and leaned over, bringing her face so close to mine that I couldn't stop the inevitable kiss.

We kissed deeply; I tasted her sweetly alcoholic saliva as she slid her hand behind my head pulling me in into her kiss. Off-balance now I reached over with left my hand to steady myself and dropped my hand onto her bestockinged leg. My breath caught in my throat as a trembling female hand guided mine home to the warmth between her legs.

Still kissing, I felt myself getting hard as my fingers explored, parted and finally penetrated my sister's hidden wonders. A low groan of lust escaped from Jill and her jaws locked slightly as I began to gently finger her. But to my dismay, she grabbed my hand and I thought that it was all over and done. I was steeling myself for her shocked wrath, but it was then that she drew my hand to our joined faces and forced my fingers into our kiss.

The salty tang of her sexual fluids mingled with our saliva, made me whimper a little with almost unbearable arousal, I needed something more, I needed more from her...

Sensing my need she broke our kiss and held my hand to my lips so that I could still taste and smell her musk, while she energetically loosened my pants-fly releasing my now raging member. Pushing me back a little as she leant over me-I felt her pursed lips slide, oh so gently, down my shaft and the hot wet feeling of her mouth bathed my entire being in the feeling of paranoid ecstasy that only a blowjob can give.

Loosing all control now, with my right hand fingering both of her holes, Jill closed her teeth again a little, wondrously teasing my manhood as we both simply vibrated through to a gigantic climax where... Jillian choked a little on my pumping seed and thrusting member. She was late swallowing the first shot, and had to try to make up the shortcoming before we were bother messed on.

The ecstasy that my sister was giving me made my back arch and fingers dug deep into her anus and her slick pussy all at once, I groaned loudly, agonizingly for a moment then collapsed back against the seat, spent.

Jill then sat up, wiped her face with the back of her hand and rearranged her skirt while I zipped away my rapidly deflating penis.

After all... we were now emerging from the carwash...



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