The Sisters Divine

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Veronica and Anastasia Entertain Some Boys

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Looking back on that day now, from up in a corner as if looking down on a dream, I look out of place on the starched linen draped over my mother's Italian sofa, green tea steaming on the coffee table as she twittered about the room, wringing her withering hands. The room was pristine, bleached and sparkling, I sat precariously near the edge of the cushion, my long legs crossed, straining against my tight skirt. I sipped on my tea, uttering a sultry hiss under my breath from the heat as I heard her clear her throat, sit in the loungers across from me and stir her own tea.

"Veronica," she began, her voice like crackling glass, "when was the last time you talked to your little sister?"

"About what, mother?" I asked, knowing damned well what she was going to bring up. My little sister was A Divine, there could be no denying it, and to be Divine meant a total sexual dominance of your environment.

But how could we not? My sister and I each possessed our unique charms. My lips are extra-ordinarily full, pouting, and looked built for only two things; kissing was not the dirtier of the two. Still it was my breasts that would always draw men's eyes down, away from my emerald eyes to the vast expanse of cleavage that a pair of FF cups have to offer.

Anastasia was built from the same mold, her face sculpted from marble, lips full and succulent, her firm jaw slender, framed by her cascading raven hair. Her 34g breasts were almost obscenely too large for her petite frame, but like mine, defied gravity, sitting high on her chest. Her smile was a sneer of complete confidence, and I could hear her lusty voice in my tea is it swirled about in my cup. But, she was Divine, and took after her sister, which left my mind reeling as to the depths of her troubles.

I was admittedly a little jealous of her looks, but more so of her openness. I was only getting kissed when she was being felt up…I could only wonder where her amazing confidence had landed her by now.

"Your sister has been inviting two boys from the soccer team over." My mother said with a prudish sip from her own cup.

"It is my intention that you crash one of these little parties and set her straight about defending her reputation. It is my belief that she is pitting these two men against each other to select a… a consort. I do not want these two men taking advantage of her youthful innocence.

I had to fight to avoid laughing out my tea. Though I'd heard nothing of these boys, I had no doubt she would have them serving her chocolates. Little did I know how far things had truly gone.

My Mother told me to come home early from school and go into the basement the next day, so I could chaperone my little sister from harm.

I could not believe what I found when I did.

As the sun burned across the horizon, melting the blue sky orange, I waited, lounging in an easy chair in the basement. I was conflicted, did my mother really use the title consort? Was she so out of touch? But, she only wanted the best for Anastasia, and I had to respect her wishes. As the basement door creaked open, I heard her husky voice as she giggled, accompanied by two other chatting voices. I could hear the soft patter of kissing lips, the soft rustling of clothes, her shadow drenched body leaning back against one man, the other lifting her legs as they wrapped around his waist, both of them cradling her as they staggered down the stairs into the dim basement. Her gigantic breasts heaved on her chest as she craned back, finger rustling through the hair of one man, four hands groping at her mounds.

I smiled a quiet, reflective grin and standing, I tugged on the overhead light.

"Ahem," all three shuddered, the boys almost dropping my little sister, their faces agape in horror. Anastasia's calm was slightly unnerving, resolute, her lips curled the softest, most devilish grin as her crystal blue eyes exploring mine, digging at them with sharpened daggers. "I hate to interrupt the cub scout meeting, but I need a word with my baby sister."

She scowled, standing with an exasperated look on her face and strode across the room. Her large nipples were as shameless as she was, and they stood erect like a pair of gum drops; the boys doubtless would find them equally as sweet.

"Mom is going to kill you!" I hissed through clenched teeth.

She folded her arms beneath her ample sweater missiles, rubbing my face in their superior size while hissing back brazenly,

"Forget her. She's just jealous I've got two hunks. She's never even seen boys as hot as this."

I opened my mouth to protest, but caught a glance of the one on the left.

He was like God had thrown the perfect switch when making him, and forgotten to turn the juice off. A chiseled jaw sat below a delicious dark stubble, framing a mouth that I longed to have touching any part of my body. His hair was dark, and mussed, yet somehow it appeared styled as though in the finest salon. His shoulders looked broad enough to support both of us and probably his friend on his back as well,

Yet it didn't stop there. His biceps were powerful, thick things, jutting the kind of muscles most men have to work years for, and his pecs had the pefect hard edge for running my tongue on. Trying to avoid such thoughts, I whipped my head down, and had to stifle a grin. For all his perfection he was obviously overcompensating for something… the bulge in his pants was unnatural and only made me guess whether he'd stuffed a sock or a piece of fruit inside to fake it so.

No way any man could be that big soft.

"What's the big deal," Anastasia shot a scolding look over her shoulder at the other man, his lips stopping as he felt her gaze on him. As I had known, and he was clearly learning, her eyes were ice.

"Mom is disconnected," I said, her face turning back to me, my eyes slipping past her delicate features to the silent men behind her. The blonde, who she had silenced was just as slimmer than the first, more of a GQ look, his short hair molded, his face longer, cleft chin and perfectly kissable lips. His chest filled his shirt, the long shorts draped about his thighs hung loose, except for the protrusion down the inside of his left thigh.

"Yeah, no shit," Anastasia's voice sounded like it was coming from under water, far away, my eyes kept roaming from one of her studs to the other, my lusciously full lips parting as my huge breasts heaved on my chest with the deeper, faster breathing.

I couldn't get words to come from my mouth at all as the dark haired smirked at my struggles.

"Hey hon, why don't you come over here and have a seat in my lap. Your sister shouldn't have to deal with us alone."

I gasped, wanting to protest but finding myself unable.

Then I noticed the jealous look on Anastasia's face and realized this gave me an angle. At least that's what I told myself as I began to cross towards the couch, hips swiveling, breasts bouncing softly with my deliberate steps.

"Veronica, don't you think I'm woman enough to handle myself."

I turned my head and looked her up and down once, eyes lingering on her stretched shirt and plush mouth. Then I took another lingering look at the hunk I was approaching.

"Not around these two hon, sorry. Let the adults talk."

I turned my back on her, letting my next steps really emphasize my ass; the one area where I think I'm slightly better off physically then her.

Then that ass was being pressed on the muscular thigh of the stud, I was amazed at the yielding, yet hard texture of his cut legs. His eyes were devouring my neckline which showed just a hint of cleavage through a red halter top, tucked into my medium length black skirt.

"So what's your name?" I asked the hunk, wondering still what it was that was filling out that impossible package.

"Jake," he said, his strong hands cradling me in his lap as I ran my forefinger up his bulging chest, my lips curling in a wide smile. His fingers traced over my pert, heart shaped ass. "You're Veronica, it's nice to meet you."

"You have no idea how nice it could be," I whispered, my voice riding my low panting breath, my thighs rubbing the bulge in his pants. I slipped my fingers down along my thigh, hoping to catch a feel of the mystery as I feigned and attempt to readjust myself. My fingertips slid over the thick rod, pushing in on it slightly, caressing it as it throbbed in response. "Oh god," I whispered, it was real. There was a throbbing rod of meat running down this studs leg as thick as a beer can, and it was real. And it was soft!

Anastasia crept up behind me, my fingernails softly scratching up my back, brushing my luxurious brunette locks from my face, her lips grazing my ear, her voice low and sultry. "Now, do you understand?" I glanced over my shoulder, the blond standing behind her, his hands cupping her huge breasts, lifting them high on her chest, his thumbs encircling her pinky sized nipples.

"What's going on-" Jake placed his fingers to my full lips, his fingertips depressing into the succulent plumpness of them, his hands turning my face back to his, his eyes sparkling, his mouth curled in a half smile.

"Don't you think we can find something more productive for those perfect lips to be doing, baby?" he said, his voice dripping confidence that sent goose-bumps down my arms and shivers through my body into my moistening pussy.

Then he was kissing me, his lips powerful and soft, forcing mine to yield effortlessly.

I pulled from his moist, passionate lips and kissed my way down his neck, pulling his shirt up to taste the bare flesh of his torso. His taut muscles were delectable and I moaned slightly as I kissed my way along. Rigid pecs. As I reached his sculpted abs, something was stirring in those pants. Something huge, primal and powerful.

Like I giddy schoolgirl I unbuckled his bent and unsnapped his jeans. I pulled them down quickly, which turned out to be a bad idea, for from that full basket leapt a thick shaft I was not prepared for. The tension cause it to smack across my face, and had his strong arms not enfolded me, I'd have fallen to the floor. I was almost eye level with what looked to be most of an arm length of cock meat. Still bulging with in the pants were two more massive lumps.

I looked at his eyes, then at his quivering mass of cock.

This was going to be tasty.

My knees weak, buckling under myself, I slipped down between his legs, his hands letting me go as I sat on the floor before him. My fingertips trailed up his strong legs, my nails dipping into the natural cuts between each sinewy muscle. My fingers curled around his undies and slowly tugged them down, revealing what looked like coconuts under his throbbing shaft. My hands slipped between his thighs, under his bulbous shaft as I cupped those enormous sacks, hefting them slightly, each filling my palms.

Anastasia's voice fluttered softly into my ears from a distance, and in my peripheral vision, I noticed her other friend slumping into the darkness. My baby sister's delicate fingers trailed down Jake's side, as she dipped onto her knees beside me, her hand resting my knee. My eyes never left the log of red meat that jumped inches from my face, a map of veins trickling across it's surface, the head flaring out from the shaft, even thicker, like a bell on the end of a pole.

Anastasia smiled softly beside her sister, a knowing smile curling her full red lips, she breathed the

musky aroma of his gargantuan manhood. She was helpless, delirious with lust as her breasts heaved on her chest, her heart racing so hard it could have ruptured through his skin. Her eyes locked on that monstrous head as she dipped her face down to it, sliding her velvet cheek against the side, placing a soft, full lipped kiss on the tip.

"Now do you understand?" she asked.

"Yeah I understand. I understand that my little sister Anastasia is a slut for this cock..."

I looked at the pulsating organ, breath quickening at the thought of it being inside me… or even close enough for me to touch. I dreamily massaged the fat, heavy balls that I cradled in my grasp like so much precious ore.

"…And evidently, I am too." I added, bending my head lick and slurp at his titanic right nut. Caresses the shaft like a beast I wanted to tame, I hefted and offered the other ball to Anastasia.

"Let me show you how its done little girl. Try to keep up."

Then I attacked the sweet man-fruit. My tongue lathed and lambasted his wrinkled skin, feeling as it slowly expanded until the scrotum was smooth, his testicle engorging with sack-syrup. I rolled the fat ball in my hand, licking its every angle and crevice, not letting an inch of colossal coconut escape my probing tongue. Then I set my lips to the task, slowly slurping on oval-shaped backside, hearing him suck in a breath. From this angle while I sucked and nursed on the flavorful treat, I caught a glimpse of Anastasia going to work on her share of this bountiful treasure.

Her lips pursed as she gave his mammoth seed-maker flush, full-lipped French kisses, her tongue slathering it with saliva. Our cheeks brushed as we scrunched together between his brawny thighs, each with thick cords of muscle stacked atop each other. His own hand gripped the base of his tree trunk shaft, fingers never reaching his own thumb as he pulled it up away from our faces, as we noisily slurped at the heavy sack. I raised my small hand, rubbing over his as I marveled at the throbbing pillar of cock meat that rose above my head. My fingers explored the underside, the thick canal that dollops of pre-cum were currently gushing through, before spurting over his apple sized head, dribbling down the throbbing pole of musky masculinity.

Anastasia followed my lead, sliding her own long nails up the veiny shaft, feeling the smooth, hot skin stretch from the strain of his tool. Our fingers brushed, satin on velvet as we both delicately massaged his massive missile in awe. I could hear my little sister's lusty voice moan as she continued to kiss at his sack, her billowy lips parting as she took his hefty scrotum into her mouth. My own obscenely full lips parted in a knowing smile, parting themselves as I sucked furiously, his shaved ball

slipping into my wet, warm mouth with a soft pop. His chest heaved as his hand began to squeeze at the base of his pole, the stiff rod quivering as it glistened with goo, the sticky syrup coating our fingers as we continued to caress it. His other hand roamed through my hair, tussling it, tugging my face in tighter against his luscious privates. It then moved to Anastasia, pulling her in tighter, our cheeks rubbing as we each suckled and slurped, moaning in lusty pleasure.

"It's so beautiful," I panted, my breath hot on his smooth, dark scrotum. "I didn't know a cock like this could even exist."

"That's right, baby," his voice roared, washing down over us like a tidal wave. "It's the biggest, heaviest, most pussy watering cock you'll ever find. Are you going to keep telling me what I already know, or do you think you can do something productive with that sexy little mouth of yours?"

My pussy creamed a little just from the vibration of that voice. A tone like that could only come from the base of a pair of balls like the ones I was sucking; huge and heavy, swollen with potent masculine power

Anastasia pulled her fat lips from his fat balls, a dazed expression on her face. She was in too much awe to notice the drooling, thick ribbon of pre-cum that connect her upper lip to his mind-numbing nutsac. I seized the opportunity to snap up the errant strand in my mouth before it could break.

My sister gave a greedy grunt of protest as her lips streaked my cheek in pre-cum,

"mmmm" I let the syrupy pleasure in my voice let her know just how much I enjoyed the tasty morsel. Then I began to ascend his incredible shaft, showing him just how good a mouth could be as I puckered my pouters around his shaft, working in a spiral circling motion. My tongue diverged the stream of pre-cum as I worked my way up and around his shaft, amazed at how long a journey it was to reach the hand I had cupping him just behind his cock-head.

Anastasia was not to be left behind, and she worshipfully was kiss-licking right up behind me, slather every spot that I left untouched, her competitive side bringing those full-lips to bear on his pulsating shaft. She paid special attention to roughly licking his veins, coaxing more blood into his already enormous shaft.

I was amazed to find his shaft filling out even more as I reached the tip. Then I was staring eye to cum-slit. The view from up there was incredible, Anastasia lost in a world of nothing but cock as made her way up the incredible tool, cleavage now batting at his balls as she neared my level.

Our eyes met on either side of the colossal head, the expressions reflecting back only lust for what

lay between us. Then we both opened our mouth and lowered for the towering obelisk, the head engorged and red like a ripe apple, obscene length of sloppy sausage below.

Then we showed him what two pairs of Divine lips can really do.

My lips hummed against the bulbous head, feeling his gooey pre-cum smear against my luscious lips, my eyes, barely open, locked on the piercing hazel eyes of my little sister, sharing the huge apple red cock-head with me. My small hands wrapped around the base, feeling his bulging sack bouncing against my pinkies as it began to churn his cream. Anastasia's hands stroked down from the head, turning around his massive pillar as they slid, touching my own before gliding back up. His large hand began to roam through my luxurious hair, twirling through the locks as he cradled my face against his mushroom head, his panting breath deep. What was I doing? I could hear my own voice racing through my mind, and then it went silent, I couldn't think, I could barely breathe. My lips continued to slurp, my tongue sliding under the ridge of his huge head, sucking mouthful of pre-cum between my lips. I had never met this man, I barely knew his name, but his supremely massive cock owned my thoughts, my actions. When it leapt, my hands squeezed at it, my tongue exploring it with boundless need, it's throbbing sped my own heart, my only reason for being was to pleasure this monster.

I wasn't alone in this I was abruptly reminded as Anastasia's spermy lips slithered over the cock, grazing mine in a sisterly kiss. Not sure what I was doing I reached out and seized my sister's heavy breasts from her shirt, pulling them towards me to wrap around the thick shaft of monster-meat.

She moaned and held them there herself while I freed my own mammoth mammaries, the nipples engorged with my un-satiated lust. I leaned forward, pushing my sister back gently to press my tits up against hers. The lucky stud gave a lurch as he was suddenly enwrapped in more tit-flesh then most men even see in a lifetime.

Slowly we began to give him a friction-filled tit-fucking, our nipples grazing one another as our lusty moans filled the air, her voice throaty, mine husky. Amazingly, even stacked one on top of the other, his rod protruded from between us and taunted our tongues from our mouths.

I was jealous to note that Anastasia's tongue was slightly longer then mine as we twirled together around his head, but it didn't seem to make much difference to him as a new tidal-wave of pre-cum spilled out, running into our mouths, down our breasts, and all over our hands. If pre-cum was any indicator, this stud must have been hefting about a gallon of cum in each bursting ball.

My hands roamed from his pulsating schlong to my own firm, creamy breasts, squeezing them together around his rod. Pushing in, my breasts tightened around his shaft, my hands grinding the flesh together, as I slowly begin to gyrate, rubbing my breasts up to his head, back down as they

bump against my little sister's. My eyes glanced up as I began my gyrations, hearing his voice groan from deep in his throat, his eyes widening as he saw our breasts push together around his cock. Oh, that's it, use those huge tits on my cock, hunh, you're such great sluts."

Anastasia ground her tits into mine, giving me a knowing look as she took a huge pull off of his cock, pre-cum visibly pooling in her lower lip. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she gave the throat-full an audible gulp. It must have acted as a true aphrodisiac, because she then reached out and grabbed my tits with a moan, beginning to jack my tits up and down his shaft with ferocity.

Not to be outdone, I reached and seized hers, the two of us violently bruising our boobs all over his endless length of steel. My sister dipped her head to continue sucking him, her face buried in our collected, sloppy cleavage. To put my mouth to good use I looked up at our stud with a horny look that was in no way fake and talked dirty to him.

"yeah, you fucking like it when we jack your huge stud-cock with out big titties don't you? You fucking love it. You're just gonna have to shoot out those bull-balls all over us won't you? Your fucking dick is like a god-damned table-leg, and not a small table either. Makes me so fucking wet just looking at it."

I gave a horny squeal as Anastasia pinched one of my nipples deliberately while she stroked.

My little sister moaned in insatiable hunger as my husky voice wafted about the room. I moved to massaging my own huge breasts, my fingers intertwining with Anastasia's, all four of our hands cupping my colossal boobs as they bounced against her own, surrounding his quivering column of meat. His hands gripped in my thick, brunette hair, his legs tensing against me. Anastasia must have felt his geyser about to erupt, spreading her luscious red lips over his knob, forcing them to part wider to take the head into her mouth, her breathing heavy and languished. Leaning down, I kissed along his shuddering member, my lips pressing those of my sister as we urged his eggs to expel their cream. He leaned back, growling low and primal as I felt his cock shake, Anastasia's eyes bulging as she gurgled, white goo frothing at the corners of her mouth. She pulled up and off, gulping down the mouthful of his first blast, another spraying into the air, thick and congealed as it rose above my head, my eyes following it's descent as it splashed against my breasts, coating my creamy skin and dribbling into my cleavage. It was warm on my skin, and then another dollop spattered as it hit my taut flesh. Anastasia parted her lips, her long tongue dipping from her mouth as she tried to catch another spurt in her mouth. Smiling, I parted my own ample lips, hoping to catch as jet of his spunk in my own wide mouth. His massive cock shot salvo after salvo of thick, creamy cum high into the air, falling to our waiting mouths. Momentarily, I remembered when we were little girls, trying to catch rain while we splashed under the heavy summer storms. But, rain was never so addictive, so delicious as his salty, viscous cum as it splashed down on us, coating our smiling, faces, drenching our hair and glistening on our breasts before he finally slumped back, his cannon pulsating the last of his seed.

My sister and I looked at each other, faces and chests glistening in virile nut-sap. There was no way of picking which of us looked more the slut, but the hunger in our eyes was undeniable. This day we'd both been awakened by the biggest cock we were likely to ever see.

Somewhere behind my head there was an unzipping sound. Jake's friend had suddenly dropped his pants, and my sister and I could only look at one another, jaws hanging. Obviously soft, Jake's friend was nearly as big as Jake hard. My pussy throbbed in protest of what was likely to come, and my sister was already crawling for the new stud on her slutty hands and knees.

Somehow I did not think this was what my mother had in mind.

And the fun was just starting...