

# A Little Something To Be Thankful For

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*In the spirit of the holidays, a family will always cum together...*

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"Violet! You have ten seconds to be down these steps and dressed, young lady!" my stepmother Gina screamed in that disgusting nasal voice of hers.

"Coming, Gina!" I sang down from my room. It always annoyed her when I used my sing song voice to talk to her.

I giggled silently when I heard her little of huff breath, she really needed to calm down. You see, before my father married the dreadful trophy wife, Gina, who came fully equipped with fake DD breasts, fat injected lips, bleached blonde hair and a butt that totally defied gravity, the holidays at our house were actually peaceful. Me, my brother and my parents were perfectly content in ordering pizza and watching a football game on the flatscreen. But after my mom died of cancer that all stopped for awhile.

My dad recovered after the devastating loss of my mother, and don't get me wrong, me and my brother Michael had no objections, but we didn't understand why he had to recover with a bitch like Gina. But even though we both hated her stupid plastic guts, we just wanted daddy to be happy.

I pushed those thoughts out of my head, refusing to let them get me down. I adjusted my pleated green and black skirt, feeling totally ridiculous. But it was better than the wrist-to-ankle polyester dress Gina suggested I wear. I shuddered remembering the pumpkin colored monstrosity she called clothing.

Brushing out my pigtails one more time I went to my full length mirror, giving myself a final look over before going downstairs. I had to admit, I looked really sexy. I had on a mid-thigh length green and black pleated school girl skirt, a skin tight black sweater, little ankle length lacy socks, and kind of pilgrimish school girl black shoes. I decided to add on a gold chain belt right over my hips to accentuate the tininess of my waist.

I skipped down the stairs, totally ready to shock Gina and her uptight parents. I hopped onto the

landing and gave a tiny smile as Gina's eyes became as wide as the moon at my outfit.

"John! John! Come look at what your daughter has on this instant!" Gina screamed, her perfectly botoxed face contorted in anger. "Ooooh, you're soooo going to get it, young lady."

Daddy trudged to the living room, he didn't like these thanksgiving parties either. "Gina what is--" Daddy stopped mid-sentence when he saw me.

I tucked my hands behind my back, making my 46D tits push out against my sweater, and making my daddy's eyes glue to my chest.

"Daddy?" I asked in my signature little girl voice, even though I was 19, "What do you think of my outfit? Gina doesn't like it." I pouted, sticking my bottom lip out.

"I think you look amazing, princess," Daddy said in a husky voice, stepping behind Gina to hide his erection, "and I don't think you should change."

Gina went wild. "John, do you see what she has on?!"

"Oh I see," Daddy assured her. I felt my pussy swell and dampen at the fact that he wasn't even trying to hide the lust in his voice.

"Whatever," Gina huffed. She was used to getting her way. "It's too late for her to change anyway, Mommy and Daddy have just arrived," she announced after a quick glance out the living room window.

Me and Daddy gave simultaneous sighs, we both hated 'Mommy and Daddy'.

"Too bad Michael isn't here," I whispered to Daddy, going to him and slipping my arms around his waist.

"I know, princess, I miss him too." Daddy sighed. Two years ago my brother enlisted into the army and he wasn't due back home for another 6 months.

We both watched Gina go to the door and wait for her parents knocks like obedient little puppies. After three knocks she nodded her head three times before letting Satan and his wife inside.

"Mommy! Daddy! Come in, come in! Happy Thanksgiving!" Gina exclaimed, closing the door behind them. They muttered a half hearted hello to her, their eyes searching our house for anything they

could criticize. "John, don't be rude, come take their coats."

My dad reluctantly trudged over to them, taking their coats and hanging them in the hall closet. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Green," he called over his shoulder before escaping to the kitchen, leaving me in their clutches.

"Well, Violet, aren't you going to give your Grandpa a hug?" Mr. Green prompted, his greedy eyes moving all over my body, making me uncomfortable.

'You're not my fucking Grandpa,' I thought begrudgingly but I still went to him and gave him a hug. "Hi, Mr. Green, happy Thanksgiving," I said, trying to pull away but he tightened his grip on me.

"No, no," Mr. Green tsked, lowering one of his hands to my ass and gripping it hard, surprising me, "Call me Grandpa."

He had his back to his wife and daughter so they couldn't see what he was doing. He used one of his fingers to slowly massage the tender skin above my asshole through my skirt and thong, and even though Mr. Green absolutely disgusted me, it felt really, really good. He pulled me closer to him and I could feel his erection pressing into my lower stomach.

What had gotten into Mr. Green?!

Before today this man made it no secret that he hated me, and now he was rimming me in front of his wife and daughter!

"Happy Thanksgiving, Grandpa," I said breathlessly, pushing my bottom higher into his touch. I knew that if he didn't stop this soon, I would cum right there in front of his wife and daughter.

"Daddy!" Gina whined behind us, "I want a hug too!"

Mr. Green sighed and rolled his eyes before leaning down to whisper in my ear, "We're going to finish this later," he promised, "Now give your Grandma a hug." With a final squeeze and rub to my ass he released me and turned to his daughter.

I moved to 'Grandma' with open arms but she recoiled away from me. "Don't take take it personally, darling, but after six hours nonstop on a plane, I am in no mood for any holiday cheer," she huffed. "Now direct me to your powder room, I need to freshen up."

"It's the last door on the left in the hallway, Mrs. Green," I said, kind of happy I didn't have to hug her.

"Thank you," she said, turning on her heel and walking away, her shiny new nose high in the air.

"Wait for me darling I'll join you!" Mr Green yelled after her. Desperate to pull himself away from his daughter's death grip he ran after her.

Looking after her father sadly Gina turned to look at me. "You look like a slut," she sneered quietly.

I put on a fake smile, refusing to let her anger me. "Thank you, Gina! You were actually my inspiration for this outfit."

She rolled her eyes at me. "Whatever, you dumb--"

Just then a series of knocks hit the door, causing us both to jump.

"Who the hell could that be?"

"I think I know who it is," I said happily, running to the door and throwing it open, "Michael!"

I screamed happily, jumping into my brother's arms and wrapping my legs around his waist. I showered his face in kisses while he laughed uncontrollably.

"Hey, hey! Do I have the right house? This isn't the Violet I remembered from two years ago," he said teasingly, setting me down and looking me over.

He was right, I wasn't the same Violet from two years ago. See, I was a late bloomer, and when I finally blossomed, I BLOSSOMED. My breasts filled out completely, I had a cute bubble butt and supple thighs, and my acne finally cleared.

"A lot can change in two years big brother," I said seductively, licking my full lips.

His green eyes stared at my lips awhile before Daddy came in and broke the silence.

"Son! I've missed you so much! Give your dad a hug," Daddy said, his eyes moist.

"Hey, Dad, I've missed you too." He went to Daddy and they embraced each other in a bear hug.

"Violet, help your brother to his room and help him settle in. John, come with me to the kitchen and help me with the appetizers," Gina commanded, going to the kitchen.

Daddy rolled his eyes and clapped Michael on the back. "Good to have you back, son." He headed to the kitchen after Gina.

I grabbed his duffle bag from the porch and closed the front door. "Follow me," I said, and bounded up the stairs ahead of him, adding an extra swish to my hips.

I heard his sharp intake of breath and knew he could see up my skirt, knew he could see my thong clad pussy from behind and all of my ass. His room was at the farthest end of the house, it wasn't always but when he started to bring girls home at 16 - he's 21 now - Gina moved him further down the hall so she didn't have to hear all Michael's 'business'. I opened the door and it was exactly the same as when he'd left it. The same pictures of beach bimbos on the walls, same dirty socks and underwear on the floor, and his bed unmade.

Michael sighed heavily and flopped himself on the bed, his legs spread and hanging from the side, and threw his arm over his eyes. "Home sweet home."

I set his bag on the floor then closed and locked his door. I tip toed over to him and sank to my knees between his legs. I quickly unzipped his pants and stuck my hand inside, fishing for his cock.

He jolted up immediately and grabbed my wrist, stilling me. "What the fuck do you think you're doing, Violet?" He didn't sound mad, he sounded excited actually.

"I've been waiting to do this for years, and when you left for the army I didn't think I'd ever see you again. I'm not waiting another second." With that I pulled my wrist from his grip and pulled his cock out.

Michael moaned as I gripped his cock in my hand and fell back against the bed. "Okay, but just this one time. And you can't tell anyone."

"I won't," I promised and sucked his cock deep in my mouth. He moaned loudly and pushed my head down his cock and came down my throat.

"I'm so sorry," he grunted through his orgasm, "It's been so fucking long."

I tried to swallow as much of my brother's cum as I could but there was so much and a lot spilled from the corners of my mouth, landing on his jeans. I released his cock from my mouth, gasping for air. "It's okay," I panted, "I'll take care of you."

I pulled his pants down and really went to town on my brother's dick, licking up and down his massive shaft, nipping his cockhead and sucking away the stings. Spitting on the tip I jacked his cock furiously while I attacked his ball sack. I licked each nut before sucking and rolling them in my mouth.

"Fuck," my brother groaned aloud, humping his hips up against my hand, "Suck my dick, baby! Suck it!"

I released his balls from my mouth and swirled my tongue around his cockhead. I held his eyes as I spit on his cock and stroked him up and down, getting him slick. I opened my mouth wide and took him in, gagging on his massive length. He had to be at least 7.5 inches long and 2.5 inches thick. Michael groaned loudly and grabbed my hair by my pigtails, using them as anchors while he pumped his cock in and out of my mouth.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! You're my sister fuck! My baby sister!" He moaned loudly with each thrust of his cock into my mouth. "I'm fucking my baby sister's mouth! Oh fuck yesss!"

I looked up at him, my mouth full of my brother's cock. He groaned and pulled me off his dick, my mouth releasing him with a loud pop. He pulled me up to his chest and flipped me onto my back. He pushed my skirt up and ripped my thong off, burying his nose in them and breathing deeply.

"Fuck me," I said simply, spreading my legs wide for my brother.

"Why do you want to do this? We're brother and sister for christ sake!"

I thought for a second, why did I want to do this? I mean just because you have desires doesn't mean you should always act on them, right?" "Fuck me," I said again, not caring about how sick this was, not caring about the consequences.

He threw my panties somewhere in the room and gripped his cock, pointing it towards my pussy. He watched my face contort in absolute pleasure as he sheathed himself inside me in one thrust. Supporting himself on his hands placed on either side of my head he fucked me silly. There was no build up, just rough fucking straight out the gate, I guessed two years without pussy could do that to you. I moaned his name over and over as he hammered his cock into me, gripping the backs of my knees and pulling them to my chest.

"Fuck me Michael," I hissed, feeling my pussy juice leak down from my hole to coat my ass cheeks and asshole, "Fuck your little sister, you son of a bitch."

He grunted and fucked me harder, his balls slapping into my wet ass cheeks, causing a slight burn to

form there. His bed shook violently under our rapid fucking, the bedsprings squeaking loudly under each vicious thrust. The loud, wet sucking sound of my pussy pulling him in filled our ears. I released one of my knees and reached a hand down between our bodies to finger my clit. I guess the sight of his baby sister masturbating herself underneath him really set Michael off and he thrust into me harder, as if he were trying to hurt me, but I felt no pain. I could only feel the pleasure of my brother's cock working my pussy, the feel of his cock pushing and stroking against the tight, wet flesh of my pussy.

I gasped as he gripped my neck. "I'm going to cum so fucking hard inside you," he promised, panting heavily against my mouth.

"Yess," I hissed, "Fill my pussy with your fucking cum, big brother." I rubbed my clit harder, faster, right on the very edge of cumming.

He groaned and kissed me deeply, his tongue fighting its way into my mouth to battle mine. I moaned and came at the heat of the kiss. My fingers vibrated over my clit as my pussy contracted around my brother's cock. I jolted as I felt my brother cum inside me, the hot splash of his semen coating my convulsing pussy. We moaned into each other's mouths as we came down.

"Mmm, Michael, that was--"

Rapid knocking on the door jolted us both from our euphoric state. Michael jumped back from my body and pulled his pants and underwear up from around his ankles, hurriedly fastening his pants closed. I stood and smoothed my skirt and hair, my heart feeling as if it was going to jump from my chest.

"Yeah?" my brother panted, sweaty and out of breath from our romp.

"Come on kids I'm setting up the movie and we're all waiting on you," our dad called through the door.

Me and my brother's eyes met at the same time. 'How long had he been standing there?' I thought as me and my brother left his room. 'I hope he didn't hear us, we didn't even try to be quiet. Thank God I locked that door.'

When we entered the living room where everyone was sitting Daddy was looking at us strange. 'Oh God he knows!' I thought. I watched Daddy's eyes scan over us and stop and widen at Michael's crotch. I lowered my eyes to Michael's crotch and I felt my heart sink. He still had cum on his jeans from when I gave him a blow job earlier.

'God now he REALLY knows,' I thought. I just wanted to run and cry, I was so ashamed.

"Well don't just stand there, sit down," Daddy said grimly.

"But, Daddy, there's only enough room for one person left on the couch," I said, and I was right. Daddy, Gina and Mrs. Green occupied the couch while Mr. Green sat in Daddy's easy chair, which was slightly positioned behind the couch.

"Sit on the floor then," Daddy said, turning away as if he couldn't look at me anymore.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Green. "Michael, you take the couch, Violet come sit in the big chair with Grandpa. There's more than enough room for you."

"But--" I started protesting.

"Do as he says, Violet," Gina warned.

I rolled my eyes and stomped over to 'Grandpa'. "Can you scoot over please?"

"Yes, sweetie, but first we need to push this chair back a bit, this television is too close for my eyesight."

We pushed the chair about another 4 feet behind the couch, well from the eyesight of anyone else. Grandpa sat right in the middle of the chair and pulled me into his lap.

"There just relax darling. John, we're ready now, lower the lights and start the picture," Grandpa said, tightening his arms around my waist to keep me in place.

Using the universal remote, Daddy turned off the lights and played the movie. It was a ritual we carried on from Mom. Before any holiday dinner we'd all vote on a horrible movie and watch it together as a family. Stupid I know, but it's these little things that help keep Mom alive in our memories and our hearts.

But it was hard concentrating on the movie when I could feel Grandpa's cock pressing up into my pantyless pussy.

"John? Could you turn the volume up? I can barely hear anything," Grandpa called from behind me.

"What are you doing?" I whispered to him when I felt him grip my hips and start to slowly grind up

against me.

"Just relax darling," he whispered into my ear, "I know you're not wearing panties and I know your little pussy is wet, I can feel it."

I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning when he pushed his cock against me harder. My mind resisted, telling me this is so wrong, but I couldn't stop myself from grinding on him.

"That's it, darling, let go," he whispered into my ear, biting my ear lobe.

I breathed heavily and ground my pussy on him harder. It was so hard to keep myself from crying out at the pleasure. I didn't even watch the movie, I just stared at the backs of my family's heads while I rubbed my pussy against Grandpa's cock. He gripped my hips and worked me hard and fast over his cock, I had to grip the arms of the chair to keep myself in place.

"Cum on me, cum in my lap you little whore," he whispered in my ear.

And I did, I came on Grandpa's lap, my ass shaking and my nails digging into the chair. I slumped back against him, worn out from my orgasm.

"Take my cock out and fuck me darling," he breathed quietly.

Spreading my legs, I reached between them, slowly lowered his zipper. He squeezed my hips when I gripped his cock and released him from the constrictions of his pants. I lifted slightly and lowered my pussy over his cock, biting my tongue to keep from moaning aloud. Once again settled against his lap I leaned back against him. 'Don't turn around,' I mentally prayed to the backs of my family's heads.

"Put your legs over the arms of the chair, darling."

I complied, spreading myself wide with Grandpa's cock deep inside my cunt. Grandpa reached a hand around and flipped my skirt up, exposing where we were so intimately joined. 'Don't turn around!' I prayed over and over. Using the same hand he rubbed my clit while giving tiny, forceful thrusts into my pussy. My head swirled with the eroticness of it all. I couldn't believe I was fucking Grandpa out in the open like this, with our family only a few feet away!

"Fuck me Grandpa," I whispered into his ear, panting lightly, "Make me cum again."

He sped up his thrusts slightly and rubbed my clit faster. "Rub my balls, darling. Harder, good girl."

I jiggled, pulled, rubbed, and bounced his balls in my hand, the feel of their heat making me all the wetter. I ground my pussy down hard against his cock, my orgasm approaching fast. "Grandpa, I'm gonna cum," I whispered hurriedly. "Fuck me harder, please fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

Grandpa thrust into my pussy harder, his fingers continuing to work my clit. Giving a final squeeze to his balls I came on Grandpa's cock, right there in the living room, in Daddy's chair with our family four feet away. Grandpa's orgasm came right after mine. He pushed his cock hard against me as if he were trying to trap his cum inside me. When he was finished he released me and I stood on wobbly legs so he could push his wet cock back into his pants and zip up.

I smoothed my skirt down and excused myself to the bathroom as the movie was now over and everyone stood to stretch their limbs. I hurried to the bathroom and locked the door behind me, thankful we'd finished when we did or we would have had a lot of explaining to do.

I used a tissue to wipe the cum that had leaked out of me and seeped down my legs. I washed my hands and splashed some cold water on my face. I stared at my reflection in the mirror, wondering what the hell was wrong with me. I couldn't believe I had sexually teased my own father, had sex with my brother, and had sex with my stepmother's father, all in the same day! This wasn't me.

I must have been in there for awhile because Daddy knocked at the door. "Princess? Dinner's ready, open the door honey."

I huffed out a breath before unlocking the door. Before I could even turn the knob, Daddy pushed open the door and came into the bathroom. He had a strange look in his eyes as he relocked it behind him. I took a few steps back, something wasn't right with Daddy.

"Daddy? Are you ok?"

He said nothing as he walked to me and gripped my upper arms, lifting me to eye level with him. My voice was caught in my throat as Daddy mashed his lips to mine, licking and nipping at my full lips, sucking them into his mouth. I moaned and rubbed my tongue against his, my previous thoughts of my wrong doing gone. Daddy broke the kiss and set me down, ravishing my body with his eyes.

"Dammit we don't have time for foreplay. I'm sorry, princess, I wish could be slow with you but they're expecting us at dinner. Just bend over the sink for Daddy."

I did and I watched Daddy in the mirror as he came behind me and lifted my skirt.

"Your pussy is so red and swollen princess. Tell Daddy who you've been fucking," he commanded,

never tearing his eyes from my rear, massaging and pulling apart my ass cheeks and licking his lips when he let them smack together.

"Mmmm, Daddy, that feels good," I moaned, pushing my butt further towards his touch. "I fucked Michael and Mr. Green, Daddy, I'm sorry."

"I never knew you had freckles on your ass," Daddy said absent mindedly. "Oh well, sorry just isn't going to cut it, princess."

With that, he lifted his hand into the air and spanked my ass, the resounding smack filling the air. He repeated the action several times, my ass burning hotter and hotter with each smack of my father's hand to my ass. I yelped with each spank, highly embarrassed as I had never been punished this way before, and even more embarrassing, I liked it. I could feel myself dampen further with each slap, and soon I was leaking down my thighs.

"Ooh, my princess is dripping everywhere! Let Daddy plug up your pussy for you."

I happily agreed and Daddy thrust himself inside with one swift move of his hips. When he'd pulled his pants down I don't know, but I do know that Daddy's cock was the biggest I'd ever had. I moaned and arched my back, offering more of my pussy to Daddy.

"Ooh Daddy's dreamed of this for a long time, princess."

"Mmm me too, Daddy, oooh God fuck me, Daddy," I begged, pushing my hips back against his, urging him to move.

"Tell Daddy how you want it, baby."

"I want Daddy to fuck me hard."

And Daddy complied, pulling out to just his tip before slamming his whole dick back inside me. I gasped at the impact, the force of his thrusts pushing me into the sink over and over but I didn't care, Daddy's cock was giving my greedy little cunt the fuck it needed. Daddy fucked me hard, my ass cheeks bouncing heavily against his thrusting hips. I was moaning and screaming on Daddy's cock, not caring if the entire neighborhood heard me.

Daddy pushed me higher into the sink, my nose inches from the mirror. I was barely standing on the tips of my toes but my pussy was completely open for his thrusts. I moaned as Daddy fucked me harder, causing his balls to swing up and slap against my clit, a sensation I'd never felt before.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Make me cum all over your cock!" I screamed.

"And how many cocks have you spurted your cum on today, you little slut?" Daddy sneered, once again raising his hand to spank me. "If I'd known you were so cock hungry I would have fucked you years ago."

I moaned as Daddy spanked my ass continuously, having no mercy as he fucked his daughter. My clit started to burn from all the slaps it was receiving from Daddy's balls.

"Daddy I'm going to cum!" I screamed, my pussy juice leaking from my cunt in rivers.

Daddy pulled himself out of me before I could cum. "Get on your knees, now! Hurry, princess!"

I kneeled in front of my Daddy as he stroked his cock rapidly, pointing his dick at my lips. "Open your mouth, baby, Daddy wants you to taste his cum!"

I opened my mouth and was immediately shot with Daddy's cum. Every hot strand landed on my tongue and I happily licked it all up. When Daddy was finished I grabbed his cock and sucked his tip, seeking more of my Daddy's tasty cream.

Daddy groaned and pushed my head off him. "Mmm, no sweetie, Daddy's too sensitive, maybe later. That was good wasn't it, princess?" Daddy panted, looking at me expectantly.

I released his cock and bit my lip, I didn't want to embarrass him but, "Yeah it was great, Daddy, but I didn't get to cum."

"Oh I know, sweetie," Daddy said, pushing his cock into his pants and zipping up, "Only good girls get to cum. Now clean up and come to dinner, we're all waiting on you, princess."

I sat there still on my knees with my jaw hanging as Daddy washed his hands. Why that son of a b--

"Oh yeah and princess?" Daddy said, halfway out the door.

"Yes Daddy?" I said, hopeful he would change his mind and finish what he started.

"Happy Thanksgiving!" and then left me there.

I burst out into laughter, the taste of Daddy's cum still ripe in my mouth. This really had been a happy

Thanksgiving, and all the men in my life had given me a little something to be thankful for.

\*Thanks for reading I hope you enjoyed!\*