

Brown Lust: Chapter 2 (Part 1)

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A hot day at the swimming pool turns hotter when Vick's baby sister tries to seduce him. Meanwhile, Vick's got his lustful eye on his beautiful mother and older sister. It's a day of bikinis, lingerie, sweltering heat and incestuous seductions with the whole family involved!

Author's Note (Important): This story is based on pure fiction. Because this story has explicit sexual content, ALL characters in this story are 18+. Let me just outline briefly that Vickram is 19, Sonia is 18, Lara is 21, Vinod is 19, and Rani 21.

Brown Lust: Chapter 2 (Part 1)

The Saturday morning sun's bright rays pushed through the thin white curtains and struck Vickram Dutt's eyes. He squeezed his eyelids tighter and turned over in his bed, throwing aside the white blanket because of the heat.

Vick had only gotten a few hours of sleep. All night, dreams had come unbidden into his exhausted mind. But they were not dreams he wanted to have, dreams over which he had no control. They were erotic dreams.

First he dreamt of his sister Sonia and himself engaged in forbidden acts of incest, then there was another dream where he was with his mother, and then there was the one following where he was with both his mother and sister....

A few minutes passed by as Vick tried to fall back asleep in vain. However, knowing that if he didn't wake soon his father would yell at him, Vick decided to get up. He brushed and then went out into the hall. As he walked past his older sister's room he saw that the door was closed.

"Lara's still sleeping," he said with a shake of his head. Yep, she probably came home past 2:00 last night after partying and drinking. Dad's gonna be angry and give her a good tongue-lashing.

"Well," he said going down the stairs, "I can only hope...."

Walking into the dining-room he saw his parents and younger sister already sitting down to breakfast.

"You're late," said Rishik, grimacing at his son.

"Y-yeah," Vick replied, "I didn't get much sleep last night." He turned his gaze away from his father and his eyes landed on Sonia: she smiled at him.

"What's the matter, Big Brother?" asked Sonia with a grin, stirring her bowl of cereal with a spoon. "Did you have bad dreams? Is that why you couldn't get to sleep?"

Vickram chose not to answer her as he took a seat.

That punk! he thought, for an 18 year old soon to be graduating high-school, Sonia sure can act like a little brat.

"Aren't you going to have breakfast, Son?" asked Mrs. Dutt, looking at Vickram from the other end of the table as she poured more tea into Rishik's cup.

"I don't feel like it," Vick replied, resting his forehead on the tabletop. He was trying his best to not meet Mala or Sonia's stares, fearing that he would give away his mounting lust for them.

Just great, he thought, how can I get through the day after last night? I'll be imagining Mom and Sis naked every time I see them.

Mala pushed her chair back and stood up. She walked into the kitchen, opened a few cabinets and drawers, and soon came back into the dining room.

Placing a steaming mug before her son, she said in English, her words marked with a slight accent, "Drink some tea, Vickram, dear. It will make you feel better." Vickram raised his head and looked up at his beautiful mother. She smiled at him and bent down to kiss him on the forehead.

"Okay," Vick replied, watching his mother walk back to her chair.

His eyes zeroed in on his mother's tasteful nightie. The black, silky material underscored Mala's full figure, especially her trim waist and the two tight cheeks of her ass which swayed with her steps. When Mala took her seat, Vickram could see his mother's deep cleavage, the luscious cleft between her large breasts exposed by the low neckline of the nightie.

That familiar burning sensation welled up inside of Vickram's chest.

This is wrong, he told himself. I shouldn't be checking her out. She's my mom!

But visions of the previous night assaulted his brain. He saw his naked mother sucking his father's fat prick, getting her pussy eaten while she moaned and groaned, and finally riding Rishik's cock till she came with a scream. Vickram also remembered with disgust how he had wished he could have been in his father's place fucking his own mother. Then there had been the startling discovery of his father's perverted desire to have sex with his Mom's sister.

Sonia cleared her throat, causing her brother to jump in his chair.

"What's wrong?" she whispered with a grin. "Were you checking out Mom again?"

Vick pressed a finger to his lips and leaned towards his sister. "Shhhhh! What if Mom and Dad heard you?"

"Well?" pursued Sonia with a devious smile.

"Of course not!" replied Vick. He was getting angry at his sister's constant teasing. "Why don't you grow up, Sonia? Start acting like your actually 18!"

"Yeah right," she laughed. "If I want to act like a kid then I will! After all, I am your baby sister." She pouted her lips.

Vickram shook his head and took a sip of his tea.

"You may be my baby sister 'cause you're younger, but that doesn't mean you have to behave like an actual baby."

Sonia smiled in her usual adorable manner. "Yes I do, Big Brother! I'll always be a kid!"

Vick couldn't help it; he laughed out loud. "I can't believe you're only one year younger than me. It's hard to imagine you at 40, Sis. Tell me, will you still act like a baby?"

"Yep," she answered at once, "always: Sonia, the 40 year old baby." She started giggling.

Taking another sip from his steaming mug, Vickram said, "You'll be 19 next year when you start university, the same as me right now. Soon you'll have to mature whether you like it or not."

"Well then I don't like it," Sonia replied with a frown.

Some minutes passed by as the family continued eating without conversation. Then Mala spoke up. "Rishik, when are you going to get the air conditioner fixed? It's getting to be a very hot summer and the kids—"

"The kids can go for a swim if they want to cool down," her husband cut her off.

"But," Mala persisted, "my sister is coming over to stay with Vinod and Rani for the weekend: what will her kids do?"

Mr. Dutt put the newspaper down on the table. "If Mira—and the children, of course—feels like it, she can go for a swim. Maybe I'll go a swim too, since it's so hot today." Rishik's thick face wrapped into a grin, causing his wife to blush and look down at her hands.

Vick couldn't believe his father: he deliberately wasn't fixing the air conditioner just so he could have a chance of seducing his sister-in-law.

That's shrewd, thought Vickram with a shake of his head, almost diabolical. But will Dad really be able to seduce Aunty Mira?

Vick thought about his uncle, Rohit Lall, who had passed away fifteen years ago, and how his Aunt had stayed a widow all those years.

Wouldn't she get lonely? he wondered. She doesn't have anyone to satisfy her sexual desires and she can't date since she's a traditional Indian woman. But how can she handle not having a lover for all those years?

An hour and a half later the family sat in the living room watching television. The house was sweltering. It was one of those humid, airless summer days. The windows were all thrown wide open but the Dutts were lucky if a random breeze would blow through them.

"Damn this heat...." Vickram muttered, wiping his sweaty face off on his shoulder.

Sonia had changed into a bright yellow t-shirt which ended halfway down her chest and left most of her stomach exposed, its rim stretched taut some inches above her bellybutton. The t-shirt hugged so firmly against Sonia's curves that Vick was amazed to see his sister's pert breasts rise and fall with each little breath she took. With the t-shirt Sonia wore a very small pair of tan shorts that left her brown thighs bare from the middle down.

More than once Vickram had attempted to capture secret glances of his baby sister. His eyes kept wandering to the border where Sonia's short-shorts ended midway down her thighs and her naked legs began.

Mom's thighs are broader, he noted, but Sister's are nice and lean.

Vickram shook his head rapidly like a wet dog, realizing the dirty thoughts that had entered his mind.

But his eyes traveled further up his sister's body and stopped at her narrow stomach. The zippered shorts were dangerously low-cut, the top rim circling Sonia's waist just above her pelvic bone.

He stared with lust at the tautness of his sister's abdomen; it was so smooth, firm and flat. Because the t-shirt ended just a few inches below Sonia's breasts, much of her light brown stomach was visible to her brother's sight. Vick's gaze traveled higher to the pert globes pushing against the yellow cotton. Sonia's breasts were small yet perfectly round, made the more delicious since the t-shirt was such a snug fit against her slender body.

Though Sonia was short and not as full-figured as her mother, Vick loved his sister's slim figure. There was something so attractive about her tomboyishness and innocence that made up for her lack of large breasts or overtly sexual curves.

The thudding of feet sounded on the stairs. Vick and Sonia turned to see their older sister Lara come waltzing down. Without so much as a word or a look towards her family, Lara walked past them towards the kitchen.

She was stopped dead in her tracks by her father's exclamation. "Lara!" he said, leaning forward on the cushioned armchair.

Lara huffed in exasperation. Without turning to face her father she replied, "Yeah?"

"Turn around," Rishik ordered.

Lara spun around on her heel: father and daughter locked eyes. Though Vick was often fearful of his father and blamed him for favoritism towards Sonia, he disliked his older sister so much that he wished she would pay for her late-night revels and other selfish behaviour.

Look at her face, Vick said to himself, shaking with rage as he saw the contemptuous glance Lara directed towards her father. The bitch looks like she owns the world.

"Come here," ordered Rishik. Lara rolled her eyes in irritation. "Now!"

She walked into the living room and stood in front of her father. Mala looked at her husband with pleading eyes, hoping that he wouldn't do anything drastic.

Lara was dressed in a flimsy dark red slip, its thin shoulder-straps leaving her upper-back and shoulders bare.

Fuck, thought Vick, the material is almost see-through! He strained to make out his sister's naked body inside her delicate nightwear, but it proved to be a vain endeavor.

Silken waves of black hair with dark-brown highlights tumbled half-way down Lara's back. The hemline of the dark red slip cut off around the middle of her full, supple thighs and provided an alluring contrast to her fair brown skin.

She looks like a total slut, Vickram pondered, his eyes roving over his older sister's body. How can she dress like that in front of her own family? I bet lots of guys have dreamed about getting into her panties, sinking their cocks into her tight pussy, fucking her hard...me included.

It's not fair! he moaned, why does such a stuck-up bitch have to look so damn hot?

From where Vick was sitting he could see the smooth muscles of Lara's uncovered back against the deep crimson of her slip. His eyes traveled down to the mounds of her ass, so firm and round, to her long, foxy legs, which looked so sleek in the morning light streaming in from the windows.

Vickram's concentration was broken by his father's voice.

"Where were you last night?" asked Mr. Dutt in Hindi.

Lara shrugged and answered in English, "What's it to you?"

She had a longish face with a straight nose, bright lips of a natural pink glister, and thin cheeks which inclined into a narrow chin. Her thick waves of black-brown hair flowed down the sides of her head, and though her face was sharp-featured it was very attractive, unless it was set in its usual scowl or sneer.

"You'll show some damn respect!" Mr. Dutt roared, half-lifting himself off the armchair. His face was twisted with fury.

Lara stood with her arms folded. "I was out with my friends. Happy?"

She turned to walk away but her father said, "Stay!" Lara grunted and turned around. "Doing what?"

"Partying," she replied.

"And drinking?"

She stared at the floor.

"And drinking?" repeated Rishik.

"A little," replied his daughter. Though Lara's face was averted from her father's, it appeared that she was more annoyed than scared of him.

"What time did you get home last night?" asked Mr. Dutt.

Vickram glanced at Sonia next to him: both were now sitting up on the couch, legs folded, watching the show with great pleasure. Vick leaned towards his sister and whispered as quietly as he could, "I hope she gets it." Sonia began snickering into her hands.

"I asked you a question," stated Mr. Dutt. "What time did you get home?"

"12:00," answered Lara.

"Liar!" barked Rishik. "You didn't come home till past four. You're lying right to my face!"

For a moment Lara seemed to gather together her confidence and stubbornness. She stared into her father's eyes with a look of deep disdain. "I'm 21 and I can do whatever the fuck I want! If I want to go out and drink and party and come back home at four in the morning then I'll do it. Who the hell are you to tell me what to do!"

"I'm your father, that's who I am!" growled Rishik, shooting to his feet.

He lifted his enormous right hand into the air as Lara stood frozen.

Before Mr. Dutt could bring his hand down on his daughter's face, Mala rushed between them with a scream.

"No, Rishik!" Mrs. Dutt stood in front of her husband, staring up into his livid face with her arms spread out wide.

"Get out of my way," Rishik warned in a hoarse, low voice. Mala stood her ground. "Move!" he roared.

Mrs. Dutt shook her head quickly. "Please don't hurt her," she pleaded with tearful eyes. "Please!"

Vickram jumped to his feet, his heart pained at his mother's sobbing, and went to stand beside her. Sonia, seeing her brother's courage, went and positioned herself at her mother's right. Lara, meanwhile, stood trembling behind them.

Mr. Dutt breathed hard through his nostrils, his large chest puffing in and out as he stared at his wife flanked by two of his children.

"Move...." he mumbled, still holding his hand in the air.

Mala's weeping eyes stared up at her husband, her hands drawn together in a plea for mercy.

"Please, Dad," muttered Vickram, staring up into his father's face. "Don't hurt her...."

Sonia held her father's arm in both her hands, sobbing out loud. "Please Daddy, don't hurt Sister. Please Daddy please...." Her little shoulders were bouncing up and down as she cried.

Mr. Dutt seemed to calm down. He reached out and patted Sonia's head. She looked up into her father's face, embraced him, and began weeping into his chest. Sonia, who was around 5'3, seemed so tiny in the massive arms of her 6'5 father.

"Fine, I won't hurt her for your sake," said Rishik, stroking Sonia's hair. "But," he stated, louder than before, "she's grounded for a month; no going out; no drinking; extra chores. And she better show some respect from now on!"

"G-grounded for a month!" said Lara in surprise. "But—"

Mala spun around and pressed a finger to her lips: Lara stared at her mother's grave face then nodded. "Fine," she said.

Vickram and Sonia were once again sitting on the couch watching television while Lara was in the kitchen helping her mother with the dishes.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang.

"That must be Mira and the kids!" Mrs. Dutt shouted from the kitchen.

Sonia and her brother got off the couch and headed for the front hall. The second Vick opened the door his cousin Rani leapt inside with a joyous shout and hugged Sonia. They began giggling and jumping up and down.

Vickram had always considered Rani to be a very attractive girl. When they were growing up she had been his first crush, but he had always shied away from revealing the truth to her. Like her late father, Rani had dark brown skin, the deep colour of coffee. Her curls of black hair, which came down to just below her shoulders, were highlighted burgundy, complimenting the dark features of the twenty-one year old beauty. Rani's face, often seen to be smiling, showed off her ample cheeks, while her seductive crimson lips and glistening white teeth looked so striking against her tawny skin. Her nails were also painted a bright pink and produced the same stark affect of colour.

Rani was 5'6 with what can be described as "packed features." As in, she had a full, busty figure, with large tits, lean hips, and a nice round ass. Though she didn't have Lara's long legs, they were still strong and smooth.

Well, thought Vick as he watched his sister and cousin jumping up and down, they seem very giddy about something.

He was distracted when his other cousin, Vinod, stepped into the house and playfully slapped Vick on the back of his head.

"What's up, buddy?" asked Vin. "Miss me?"

Rubbing his head, Vick replied, "I hate it when you do that."

The two began laughing. Vinod Lall, though not as tall as his 5'10 cousin, was very muscular. He had inherited his father Rohit's dark brown skin and round, hazel eyes. His buzz-cut gave him a menacing appearance and made him look a few years older than his actual age of 19. With small rounded shoulders and large bulging arms, he looked like the Indian version of the Incredible Hulk.

"Hello, Vickram," said his Aunt Mira stepping into the house. "It's great to see you after so long." She leant forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hello, Aunty," Vick replied in Hindi, taking her bags and placing them against the wall. "It's great to see you too."

At 38, Mrs. Lall was still a very beautiful woman. She stood at 5'6 with chocolate brown skin (quite fairer than her two children's), with braided black hair that fell to her lower-back.

Mira preferred to dress elegantly and without too much skin showing, as professed by the light-blue summer dress she wore. The short-sleeved dress fell to mid-calves and didn't really do much to hide her firm breasts: the material squeezed against her trim waist, helping to show off the curves of her slender hips.

Much like her sister, Mira's face was nicely rounded, with full, robust cheeks, large chestnut brown eyes, and dark red lips. Unlike her sister, however, Mira wasn't as tall or busty.

I'd forgotten how gorgeous Aunty Mira is, mused Vickram. He cast a quick glance at her heart-shaped ass as she bent over to set her purse on the floor; the light-blue dress rode up her body, stretching tight across each scrumptious cheek of her derriere. With a sudden lurch of his cock, Vick observed that the cotton material had become wedged up hard between the deep groove of his aunt's buttocks.

Fuck, he thought, Aunty Mira's got a sweet-looking ass. She's always so innocent and shy and proper, and for some reason that turns me on like crazy.

Damn it, Vick cursed in his head, that's disgusting! Disgusting disgusting disgusting! How can I think that about my own Aunt? I love her like my own mother, and she loves me like I'm her own son. Aunty Mira's always been such a kind woman, so honest, caring, decent....And Vin and Rani are like my own brother and sister. So how can I think of something so nasty?

With a feeling of tremendous guilt, Vick escorted his aunt into the sitting room. Just then his mother walked out of the kitchen; Lara came behind her, now changed into jeans and a plain white t-shirt. The two sisters embraced.

Mira, the older by a year, said in Hindi, "Mala, how are you?"

"I'm well," replied Mala in her usual soft voice.

"Hello, Auntie," said Lara as kindly as she could.

Mrs. Lall kissed her niece's forehead and inquired how she was.

"So what 'chya wanna do?" asked Vin, nudging his cousin in the ribs.

"There's a Canucks game on right now," Vick replied. "Wanna watch?"

"Hell yeah," said Vin. The two sat down and began watching the game just as

Sonia and Rani returned and took seats on the other end of the sofa.

"Where were you two?" asked Vickram.

"In my room," said Sonia. "Rani'll be staying with me and I was just helping her unpack. And we were just talking about some stuff...."

"Like what?" asked Vinod.

"It's a secret!" answered Rani, putting a finger to her lips. The two girls began laughing.

"Yeah; that makes sense," replied Vin. Then he turned to Vickram. "Yo; it's burning in this house. You guys forgot to turn on the AC or something?"

"Sorry, bud," said Vick, slapping his cousin's back. "The AC's broken."

Vinod looked stupefied. "Then what we gonna do?"

"Go for a swim!" Sonia jumped in. She looked at Rani and the two began laughing.

Just then Mr. Dutt came from the backyard into the sitting room where everyone was gathered, walking straight towards his sister-in-law.

"Sister Mira!" Rishik exclaimed.

Vickram's aunt nearly jumped at her name being bellowed so loud. She turned and saw her brother-in-law striding towards her with open arms.

"Hello, Brother," she said warmly as she was enfolded into his huge arms. Mala stepped back and watched in silence, her face expressionless except for her glaring eyes.

It was a powerful hug and almost took the breath right out of Mrs. Lall. The embrace lasted longer than Mira expected, and as she was pressed to her brother-in-law's broad, masculine chest, she felt

something hard poking in to her crotch. But she shrugged it off as just something she imagined.

Dad never hugs anyone, thought Vick, except Sonia of course. He's already making his move.

Soon everyone was sitting down either talking or watching the hockey game.

"Sorry the air conditioner is broken," began Mr. Dutt, smiling at Mira. "I couldn't get it fixed by the time you and the children came over."

Mala's face flickered with worry. She looked from her sister to her husband.

"Oh, don't worry about it," replied Mrs. Lall. "It's not your fault."

"Well," said Rishik, "it is a hot day and perhaps later we can all go for a swim."

Everyone but Vinod was listening to the conversation: he sat leaning forward on the couch watching the hockey game.

"But I don't know how to swim," replied Mira,

"You can stay in the shallow end," said Rishik. "I won't have you inside the entire day. What if you faint from the heat? No. You will go swimming with the rest of us."

There was ten seconds of agonizing silence where Sonia, Rani and Vick looked from their parents to each other. It was only broken when Vinod leapt off the couch and shouted, "GOOOOOOOOOAL!" He began jumping up and down and then turned to Vickram. "We won, buddy!"

"Yeah...." replied his cousin.

"Well!" chirped Sonia, springing off the couch. "Rani and me are gonna go for a swim. Anyone else?"

Her eyes locked on Vickram's. "N-no thanks," he gulped.

"Come on, man!" Vin said, slapping his cousin's back. "It's boiling in here, and I even brought my swim trunks."

"All right," sighed Vickram.

Vickram and Vinod had changed into their swim trunks and were already in the pool when their

sisters walked into the wide backyard.

Rani had changed into a bright pink two-piece bikini; though the swimsuit was racy, it managed to cover all the important areas of her body. A generous portion of her cleavage was visible, her massive breasts squashed together like two ripe melons. It was an amazing sight, seeing the vivid pink garment against her dark skin, the way it contrasted with the coffee-brown of her taut stomach and strong thighs.

Vick got a great view of Rani's ass as she bent over to place her towel on the plastic lounge. It was nice and round, the cleft between the two snug cheeks clearly defined as the skin-tight material bit into her skin.

Damn! he thought. I shouldn't be staring at her ass, especially with her brother right beside me.

Vick turned to see his cousin treading water next to him. Vin's eyes were open wide with an almost dreamy expression in them. He was staring at his own sister bent over, thrusting her ass out towards them.

"Fuck...." he muttered. Vin turned his face to Vickram's; the two looked at each other.

Sonia came skipping to the pool's edge, her short hairs bouncing up and down. She had changed into a black, one-piece swimsuit which squeezed every curve of her slim body. Unlike her full-figured, busty cousin, Sonia's breasts were two pert globes, and her swimsuit failed to show much cleavage. It did, however, do a nice job of showing off her willowy legs.

Vickram's lips were parted as he stared up at his sister. His eyes roamed over her legs, hips, breasts, and innocent face. He turned to Vin next to him; they shared another moment of thoughtful silence.

"Here I come!" giggled Rani, hopping to the pool's edge with her huge tits bouncing up and down.

"Ready?" asked Sonia, holding her cousin's hand. They jumped into the water with a loud scream.

For the next hour the four youths played in the pool, sometimes racing from one end to the other, at other times running off the diving-board and plunging into the cool water, or tossing around a beach ball.

It didn't take long for Vickram to realize that there was something sinister going on than just a fun day in the pool with family. Sonia's teasing and playing became more and more sexual as she made passes at her brother. At one point she pressed her body up against Vickram's, cushioning her

breasts against his wet, sculpted chest, and reached under the water to grab his bulging trunks, rubbing her open palm up and down in slow, sensuous motions. Vick had tried to muffle his groans of pleasure so his cousins wouldn't hear.

Another thrilling moment came when Vick had held Sonia by the top of her head and pushed her under the water for a short second. When she came up to the surface, black hairs sticking to her face and dripping with water, she said playfully, "You'll pay for that!" She chased her brother around the pool before cornering him.

"I give up," said Vick, feigning mercy.

"Too late!" Sonia threw her arms around his neck, wrapped her slim legs firmly around her brother's naked waist, and began humping him. Her crotch butted up against his under the water; Vickram gasped as he felt the ridges of his sister's pussy-lips glide along his thick cock. The sensation was electric: all that separated his hard prick from entering Sonia's virgin pussy was two thin layers of material.

He couldn't help but be excited by the proximity of her face to his: their eager, breathless lips were once again inches apart as they stared into each other's eyes.

My baby sister looks so gorgeous right now, thought Vickram. I just have this urge to kiss her pretty little mouth.

Sonia's face glistened in the bright sun; the dripping water made her neck and shoulders sparkle while her short black hairs were stuck to her forehead and cheeks.

The two drifted apart.

Vick was terrified that his cousins had just witnessed this blatant sexual display between his sister and himself. He looked around to see where Rani and Vin were and was surprised to find Vinod cornered against a wall at the far end of the pool. Rani had her back pressed to him and was grinding her ass into his crotch. Her pink bikini-panties slid up and down his tented shorts as she gasped at feeling her brother's thick member gliding up and down the cleft of her ass. Vin was moaning, his head against the concrete wall, his hands skimming the firm surface of his sister's dark brown abdomen. Sometimes his hands slid higher up her chest and his knuckles would bump into Rani's tits in their pink bikini; at other times they would slide lower to feel up her buxom thighs.

As Rani bounced up and down on her brother's crotch she looked at Vick and winked at him. With her reddish-black hair disarrayed and her face soaking wet, Rani looked some wild Amazonian slut.

It can't be, thought Vick, shocked at this obvious display of eroticism between his cousins. Are they really....? No...not they—it's mostly her.

He realized that Rani was the one in control and Vin was merely a pawn enjoying his sister's machinations.

Rani leapt off her brother's crotch with a giggle and rejoined Sonia in playing catch with the beach ball.

Everything resumed its course: it was as if nothing strange had just occurred.

The two boys locked eyes once more. Both knew what had happened but couldn't bring themselves to speak of it.

"Well, I'm getting out of the pool," said Vick.

"Awwww, Brother!" whined Sonia, stopping with the blue beach ball in hand. "Come on; play with us some more."

"No thanks," Vick replied, pulling himself up over the pool's edge. He kept his back to the others because his erection was pushing against his black swim-trunks.

"Yeah; I think I've had enough water for the day," said Vin, climbing up the stone steps and walking swiftly after Vick in an attempt to hide his raging erection from the girls.

He joined his cousin on a lounge under the shade of an overhanging canopy. For the next few minutes the two boys sat watching Sonia and Rani frolic in the crystal blue water, delighting in their girlish screams and giggles.

Soon the two girls stepped out of the pool. Their nubile bodies were dripping with water, Sonia's creamy flesh and Rani's russet skin glistening in the sunlight. They grabbed a pair of towels from a nearby table and began to dry each other off not more than thirty feet from their brothers.

The two boys sat up on their chairs and stared open-mouthed. Their sisters had flattened their lush bodies up against one another, Sonia's small tits squashed hard against the larger ones of her cousin. As she dabbed at Rani's face with a towel, Sonia started gliding her milky thigh up and down her cousin's dark brown one, repeating the motion over and over, feeling the luxuriant slither of their wet flesh.

Both girls turned to smile at their brothers, licking their lips in a flirtatious and inviting manner.

Sonia then ran her naked foot up and down her cousin's leg, her curled toes brushing sensuously along the dusk-coloured flesh.

"Mmmhhhhh!" moaned Rani, loud enough for the boys could hear. "Your skin feels so soft and perfect!"

Sonia giggled and wrapped her slim leg around her cousin's naked waist, pulling her in close; in response, Rani clasped onto Sonia's tight buttocks and squeezed.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" they mewled as their wet bodies collided.

Vickram and Vin kept staring from each other to the two girls.

"Fuck! Do you see that!" asked Vin, keeping his eyes on Rani and Sonia.

"Yeah," replied Vick. "They're toying with us; you know that, right?"

Nodding and sitting higher up on the lounge, Vin answered, "Yeah." He paused a moment before adding, "I have to say, man, don't get me wrong or anything, but Sonia is one cute babe! She's got a real great bod', especially those nice long legs and tight-looking butt. I mean, there's just something so sweet and innocent about her that's a real turn on."

"I know," Vickram admitted, taking a long gulp of his Molsen Canadian. "And your Rani's pretty fine too. She looks so damn sexy and exotic, with curves in all the right places. Have you checked out her tits? And that ass is so nice and full!"

"Have I?" laughed Vin. "You know how hard it's been trying to keep down a boner with her walking around the house half-naked all day?"

They began laughing.

Rani dropped to her knees and began running the white towel up and down her cousin's willowy leg.

"Oh Sonia!" exclaimed the dark-skinned girl, "I'd kill for your long legs."

"Really?" Sonia asked with a smile.

"You bet!" said Rani, nodding.

"Well," Sonia laughed, "I'd kill for your huge tits!" She stared down at Rani's enormous breasts stuffed into the pink bra, noting a few thin streaks of water snaking down the darkish orbs.

Sonia's slim leg was bent at the knee: its smooth, creamy flesh glistened brightly in the sunlight as drops of water rode down the lean, honey-brown thigh before falling onto the pavement. When Rani stood up, Sonia placed the towel over her cousin's tits and began groping them, her fingers squeezing the large, firm globes.

After a few seconds of ogling Vin spoke up. "R-Rani's been saying and doing some weird things lately...things a sister shouldn't do with her brother."

"Sonia too!" exclaimed Vick, stunned. "Now I know that they're definitely up to something."

Vinod raised his eyebrows in wonder. "What do you think they're up to?"

"I'm not really sure," answered Vick. "But it's not safe to do all these things with our parents around."

Their conversation was interrupted when Sonia and Rani finished drying each other off and ran into the house with girlish squeals.

"Where you going?" asked Vick as he saw his cousin stand up.

"Me?" smiled Vin. "I'm following those two. I'm gonna get as close to them as I can."

Vickram was about to follow suit but he heard the voices of his parents and aunt as they walked out into the backyard. Curiosity held him there.

His father was wearing a red bathrobe tied at the front which left the top of his hairy chest exposed. Mrs. Dutt, her long black hair loose and rippling in the breeze, had changed into a bright blue swimsuit which showed off her ample breasts. At 5'8, the bathing-suit was two sizes too small on Mala's body. The rubbery material, stretched tight over her tall figure, was without a single crease to mar its smoothness. It pushed her large brown tits together, creating a deep, enticing valley of cleavage, and stuck to the lean curves of her waist and hips.

Vick's eyes dropped to his mother's sexy ass swaying in the tight blue swimsuit as she stepped over the hot pavement. He noted how the bathing-suit pinched the skin of her butt and embellished each

succulent cheek of her derriere.

Mom looks gorgeous, he reflected, his dick swelling again. I don't ever get to see this much of her body unless it's summer.

Beside Mala walked her sister Mira in a white tube-top and a pair of beige, knee-length shorts. Her braided hair bounced with every step she took.

Conservative as always, thought Vick. I've never seen Aunt Mira wear anything revealing. In fact, I've never seen her in a bathing-suit.

"What a beautiful day," said Mr. Dutt, shrugging off his bathrobe and placing it on the table. He now stood there in only a pair of black Speedos. The 6'5 brown-skinned behemoth bulged with muscles, his broad, sculpted chest darkened with curls of hair, his enormous thighs and legs built like those of an ancient Grecian wrestler.

There was a sharp intake of breath from Mira Lall as she gazed at her brother-in-law's body. He was standing there practically naked and she hadn't been this close to a practically naked man since her husband passed away. Rishik noted her ravenous eyes and smiled, causing Mira to blush and look away; her gaze landed on her sister's disdainful stare.

It was as if Mala's hazel eyes were saying to Mira, "Stay the hell away from my husband!"

Mrs. Dutt felt a heavy hand drop on her shoulder. She turned to face her husband.

"You're ruining my plans," whispered Rishik into his wife's ear.

"B-but...." Mala protested.

"Get lost!"

Mrs. Dutt quietly stepped off to the pool's edge.

Vick had been watching everything. He felt deep sympathy for his helpless mother as he saw her standing so forlorn and sad.

Dad's such a fucking bastard, he thought with fury. I can't believe Mom has to stand by and watch her husband seduce her own sister. How would that feel? Look at her, all alone by herself...she looks like she's going to cry.

Bitter tears welled up in Vickram's eyes.

"Are you sure you don't want to go for a swim?" Rishik asked Mira in Hindi, standing uncomfortably close to her.

"Y-yes," replied Mrs. Lall with a quiver in her voice as she looked high up into her brother-in-law's face.

"Very well," said Rishik, walking over to his wife by the pool's edge. Vick noted how his Aunt's eyes trailed after his father's body, focusing on his ass.

Mr. and Mrs. Dutt spent the next hour swimming. Even though Mala tried to stay as close to her husband as she could, he would often get out of the pool and jump off the diving-board.

That bastard! Vick growled inside his mind. He's showing off his body to Aunty Mira.

Three sets of eyes were on Rishik every time he climbed out of the pool and up to the diving board: Vick stared with scorn, Mala with fear, and Mira with lust. Each time Rishik emerged from the pool, his muscular brown body dripping with water and gleaming in the sun, his Speedo bulging with his impressive package, Mrs. Lall would sit up on her chair and stare spellbound at him.

Now what's he up to? wondered Vickram.

He watched his father get out of the pool and walk straight towards his aunt. Mr. Dutt padded up to the table on which his towel lay and dried himself off right before his wide-eyed sister-in-law. Picking up the bottle of suntan lotion, he spread some over his face and arms before turning to Mira.

"Here," he began, rubbing the yellowish lotion between his palms, "let me spread some on you."

"N-no thanks," replied Mrs. Lall with a quick shake of her head. She was now sitting up on the edge of her plastic lounge.

"Come on," insisted Rishik in Hindi. Mira's gaze struggled to stay on his face, but her eyes dropped lower and lower till they stopped at her brother-in-law's bulging crotch, which was at level with her lips. "It is not safe to be out in the sun like this."

Mrs. Lall shook her head again as she endeavored to tear her eyes away from her brother-in-law's tented Speedo. She could see the outline of his hard-on pressing against the material. "I-I don't f-feel

"I-like it...." Her voice was dry and barely above a whisper.

Vickram was sitting bolt upright and listening keenly to the conversation between his aunt and father, but a soft splash of water forced his attention towards the pool.

Mrs. Dutt stepped out of the water, her hands sliding along the sleek iron rails which rose onto the pavement.

"Oh fuck!" Vick muttered in awe.

His mother's voluptuous body was dripping with water; thin rivulets ran down her glistening face and dribbled down her chin to fall onto the tiles. Her bright blue bathing suit was damp with water and clung to her full figure. Mala leaned her head back and ran her hands over her face and voluminous hair. As she did so, she thrust her chest forward so the outline of her large tits was made even more distinct to the eyes of her nineteen year old son. Vickram loved how his mother's bronze flesh glistened in the sunlight.

That bathing-suit looks so damn tight on her! he groaned with lust.

Mala began walking towards her husband and sister, her round ass swaying with each step, her long, creamy legs sleek with the sun's rays glinting on them.

"What are you two doing?" she inquired, glancing from Rishik to Mira.

"I was going to rub lotion on Mira," answered Mr. Dutt without looking at his wife.

"But I'm fine," said Mrs. Lall, attempting to sound confident. "Really, I'm fine."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Dutt roared, causing Mira to jump in her seat. With his hand on her shoulder, Rishik coaxed his sister-in-law to lie back on the lounge. He then began applying the lemon-scented suntan lotion over her face, rubbing it gently into her brown skin.

"I'd like some lotion rubbed on me," said Mala.

"You can do it yourself," hissed Mr. Dutt, turning a livid face to his frightened wife.

Mala's eyes began watering. She ran the back of her hand across her face and moved to sit on a lounge parallel from her husband and sister. Determined not to cry or appear bothered, Mala reclined on her chair and began drinking a can of soda. Yet every so often she would turn to stare at Rishik

rubbing lotion on her sister. Jealousy smoldered in Mala's heart and an unbearable desire to cry burned at the insides of her eyes.

The scent of lemon filled Mrs. Lall's nostrils. As Rishik slid his hands down to her throat, the large middle finger of his right hand caressed the edge of Mira's lips and caused her to shudder. He gently began rubbing the lotion on his sister-in-law's gasping throat and then moved on to her naked shoulders; his strong hands massaged the shoulder-blades before spreading the lotion along the arms.

"How does it feel, Sister Mira?" asked Rishik, continuing his massage.

"Mmmhhhhhhh!" Mrs. Lall moaned in answer, feeling the pleasure rise in her stomach.

"Turn over," said Rishik.

"What?" asked Mira. She opened her eyes and was shocked to see Rishik's bulging Speedo an inch from her dark lips.

"Turn over," Rishik stated, straddling her chest. "I want to do your back."

Mira nodded, her eyes focused on the tip of her brother-in-law's cock straining against his Speedo, then turned over on her stomach. Resting her forehead on her folded arms, she could see the gray cement through the slits in the recliner.

Though he was sitting twenty feet away, Vick had a clear view of his aunt's breasts squashed against the plastic chair.

Fuck, he thought, at least I can see why Dad's trying to seduce her. Aunty Mira's got a nice pair of tits. They look so delicious in that tube-top.

"Mmmhhhhhhh," moaned Mrs. Lall as her sister's husband rubbed the lotion into the back of her neck.

Then she felt it—something hard poking into the cheeks of her ass. It was Rishik's cock!

Mira twisted her head to the side but didn't turn over. She could see from the corners of her eyes that Rishik was standing just below her ass and straddling her thighs. As Rishik rubbed the liquid around her shoulders he would lean forward over her body, which would cause his Speedo to press into the cheeks of her derriere.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Mrs. Lall softly moaned every time her brother-in-law's crotch bumped up against her ass.

Mira turned her head back around and rested it on her folded arms. She pressed her eyes shut tight and began gritting her teeth in a desperate attempt to silence her gasps of pleasure.

Yet the nine-inch pillar of her sister's husband crashing into her buttocks was too much to bear. Her pussy was becoming wetter as the hard shaft began to slide up and down the groove of her ass in a regular rhythm. With each pound of Rishik's crotch into her body, Mira's frame would jolt back and forth on the lounge.

It was like he was trying to fuck her while they still wore their clothes.

"Uggghhhhh," Mira groaned harshly in her throat. Her body had become stiff as a board.

"You need to relax," said Rishik in his deep voice. Then, kneeling on the ground, he positioned himself between Mira's ankles.

Mr. Dutt squirted some more of the yellow lotion into his palms and began to rub them together. First he massaged it into the back of Mira's ankles, rubbing his hands up and down her smooth brown flesh.

Rolling Mira's shorts higher up her legs, Rishik now began to lather the liquid over her flattened thighs.

Mira's hot breaths brushed against her forearms as her entire body writhed under her brother-in-law's strokes.

No one's touched me like this for years, she thought. But it's—it's not right. Is he really trying to...?

Mr. Dutt's glazed palms massaged the tops and insides of Mira's chocolate-coloured thighs, his fingers sliding over the soft, slippery flesh which jiggled with his kneading.

His fingers moved higher and higher until—

"Ohhhhhhh!" Mira cried out loud in surprise, throwing her head back.

Vickram and his mother sat bolt-upright on their chairs. Though his mother was closer to the action, Vick could plainly see what was occurring from twenty feet away

His father had pushed Mira's shorts up against her buttocks till the material bit into the cleft between her buns. With his long, thick fingers, he began to squeeze and knead the flesh of his sister-in-law's supple brown ass.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!" Mrs. Lall squealed as Rishik's fingers dug into the yielding flesh of her buttocks.

Rishik continued spreading the lotion over Mira's derriere till the full brown cheeks were glistening in the sun.

"Almost done," he said, still on his knees.

Then in a swift, rapid movement, Rishik snuck two long fingers under his sister-in-law's shorts and stroked her pussy through her panties.

Mira cried out in surprise and quickly turned over on the recliner. Before she could comprehend what had happened, she saw Rishik walk away and disappear into the house. A few seconds passed by and she ventured to look at her sister. Mala was staring at her with disdain: her hazel eyes were narrowed and her forehead was knit.

Mira looked off to the side and whispered, "I-I'm sorr—"

Mala jumped to her feet and marched towards the house.

As she passed by Vickram he stood up and said, "Mom!" Running up to her side, he continued, "Would you like me to rub some lotion on you?"

"No," she said without looking at him. Her face was drawn grim.

"Okay...." replied Vick, watching his mother stride into the house.

He turned to look at his aunt sitting alone on her lounge. From high above the sun's burning rays poured down on Mira Lall. The humid air made her body hot and sticky; long black hairs stuck wetly to her forehead and cheeks, and her face was flushed red, though not from the heat. Sweat mingled with the lotion on her body, causing her brown skin to glow in the sun.

It's not Aunty's fault, thought Vick. She didn't do anything wrong. It's Dad's fault. I'm never going to forgive that bastard for hurting Mom...."

After one last glance at his aunt Vickram headed into the house.

NOTE: Please leave your comments. Comments are the reason I write, and without them I don't see a reason to add a third chapter.