

Family Fuck Doll: The Taste of my Sister's Pussy

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The story of how I became my family's slutty little fuck toy

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/family-fuck-doll-the-taste-of-my.aspx>

“Tell me about last night, Ruby.”

I take a deep breath, and shake my head, hoping that this once, she'll take 'no' for an answer.

“Tell me.” she repeats. This time, there's an edge to her voice. What was once a request becomes a command, and I am powerless to disobey. I feel her eyes upon me, and I feel a thrill as I wonder if her cherry red lips are curved upwards in a smile or turned down in a frown. I resist the urge look up, knowing that she will make me regret it if I do.

“Answer the question, Ruby.”

This time, there is steel in her voice and I find myself breathing heavily, my pulse racing, my heart pumping a heady mixture of euphoria and fear through my veins.

“Last night...”

I close my eyes and take a deep, deep breath, trying to concentrate, ignoring everyone's presence but hers, telling myself that I can leave anytime I wish, that I am here because I *want* to be here. I'm fooling myself, though. Not that I don't want to gather up my clothes and run home to my boring little apartment, immerse myself in my normal, quiet life and pretend that none of this had ever happened. It's just that I can't leave. I've committed myself to this, and I am held prisoner by my own needs, my cravings, my desires.

“Go on, Ruby.” She cajoles, this time her voice gentle. It's just enough to calm me, to let me push aside the fear and concentrate on the desire, to live in the moment as I gather my thoughts, the

memory of last night slowly awakening, overcoming the memory of the last half hour.

“Take your time, Ruby. Just not too long. We’re all waiting.”

I take another deep breath, her reminder keeping me in the moment, making me aware of my surroundings. I am nearly naked. I suppose, for all intents and purposes I am. Before I had been allowed to enter the room, I’d been told to strip before being fitted with a collar and two matching sets of cuffs. Thick leather from which stainless steel rings dangled. She’d taken great care in fastening them about my neck, my wrists, and my ankles, afterwards locking them. The keys currently hang on a chain around her neck.

Then, and only then, was I allowed to enter on my hands and knees like an animal or perhaps a pet. I am still unsure of my status and haven’t had the courage to ask her.

“Last night I... ate... pussy for the first time.” I whisper, barely able to get the word out, my face burning with shame even as I feel a trickle of warm honey easing from my pussy and rolling down the inside of my bare thigh.

“How did that make you feel, Ruby?”

“Like a slut...”

“That’s because you *are* a slut.”

Unable to form words, I simply nod, opening my eyes, following the thin chain attached to the ring in my lower lip to its other end, a sturdy hoop piercing her hood. Not for the first time, I imagine what it must feel like. Painful, perhaps and, if I were to jerk my head back... I shudder at the thought. After all, I had a similar ring piercing mine, a constant reminder that I no longer own my body. My nipples, navel, nose, and tongue had been pierced as well. I hadn’t any say in the matter. I’d given up any choice the first time I’d been in this room.

“Would you like to eat my pussy, Ruby?”

I swallow, not daring to move, my gaze locked on her exposed genitalia. I envy her, standing with her legs spread, confident in her nakedness, despite a roomful of men who, I am sure, want nothing better to do than fuck her. Unless, of course, they want to fuck me instead.

“Go ahead. Do it. You can tell us all about it while you’re eating my cunt. And afterwards, if you make me cum, I might put you in the cage again.

I feel like I might hyperventilate at the word. The *cage*. I feel a surge of despair warring with desire wash through me at the memories associated with the steel prison. It has become an obsession, one I dream about every night, awaking disquieted, my pussy soaking the sheets. It is what draws me, not her. She knows it too. Knows it and doesn't care. As long as I keep showing up at her door.

Steeling myself, I pad slowly towards her on my hands and knees until I find myself kneeling before her, her fragrant pussy mere inches from my face, displayed like a work of lewd art, the chain connecting us dangling limply between her legs, swaying gently.

She is already wet with anticipation, her folds open and glistening, her clit resembling a pink pearl encircled by a thick gold ring. Carefully, I extend my tongue and run it between her lips, keeping the tip pointed as I lick her juices, thinking how different they tasted. Sweeter, less bitter than mine, which I'd tasted for her on numerous occasions. Nor did they taste like Iris's...

"Now tell us, Ruby. I want to hear every detail."

I pause, closing my eyes, my nose pressing softly against her smoothly shaved mound, my mouth brushing her pussy, the stirrings of euphoria tingling deep inside of me as I kiss her clit, my mouth fitting perfectly around it as I give it a gentle flick with the tip of my tongue. I am rewarded with a delightful shiver that tickles my lip at which I feel a moment of pride and smile nervously as she places her hand on my head and pushes me away.

"You're stalling."

I blush, noting the amusement in her voice. Taking a deep breath, the scent of her pussy teasing my nostrils, I close my eyes and recall the previous evening, the events still crystal clear.

"I called Iris, just like you told me to..."

"And tell us, Ruby. Who is Iris?"

"My... little sister."

"Tell us about her, Ruby. What does she look like?"

I feel my heart stutter with humiliation at her question.

"She's..."

I swallow, glancing around me, wishing I could refuse to answer her, not wanting to share what had happened the previous night in front of an audience. I am the focal point of a small group of men, all masked, all nameless. This wasn't the first time that I had been put on display like this, not knowing if I was being watched by strangers or friends or even family as I let myself be humiliated. In the past I'd stripped for them, masturbated for them, let myself be photographed by them. Last time, it had gone even further. I'd been made to kneel as, one by one, they'd undone their pants. Some of them had simply jerked off and blown their loads on my tits and face. A few had pushed their cocks into my mouth and made me suck them off. I'd been told not to swallow. By the time they'd all had their turn my mouth was full of so much cum that it ran like a small river down my chin.

"Am I going to have to punish you, Ruby?"

I shake my head quickly, remembering the last time, giving her my full attention, the stirrings of fear wending their way into my belly.

"She looks like me. Dark hair, falling in curls over her shoulders. She's slender, but her tits are bigger."

How old is she, Ruby?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she a virgin?"

I shrug, and move my head slowly from side to side, remembering some of our conversations over the last year or so. My beautiful little sister had a wild streak. Since she'd turned sixteen, she'd had three times as many sexual partners, both boys and girls, than I'd had at twenty-three.

"No. She likes sex. A lot."

"What did you tell her, Ruby?"

"I told I had something to show her, just like you instructed me."

"And how were you dressed when she arrived?"

"I was naked..." I whisper, still on my hands and knees before her, my lips coated with the juice of her cunt, my own juices dripping from my opened folds and rolling slowly down my thighs.

“What did she think of all the additions we’ve added?”

“She... was surprised.”

I close my eyes, trembling as I recall the way Iris had looked at me, hunger in her eyes at the sight of me as I opened the door and shuffled back, praying that she’d either turn and leave, or step inside and shut the door behind her. Instead, she’d simply stood there in silence, a mischievous grin turning the corners of her mouth up, her dark, almond shaped eyes sparkling with what looked like delight.

“Expecting someone else, sis?” she’d asked, her hands on her hips, her eyes roving up and down my body, pausing at the glint of gold in my navel, secreted away above my cunt, decorating my nipples, my lip, and my nose.

“Only you.” I’d whispered, all too aware of the open door and the hallway behind her, not realizing that I’d been holding my breath until I let it out as she finally closing my apartment door behind her, circling me like prey as I stood helpless to do or say anything, a shiver running down my spine as she ran her finger tips over my hip, and then my ass, pausing directly behind me, so close that I could feel her breath against the nape of my neck.

“I would never have guessed, Ruby. What else have you been keeping from me?”

“Ruby!”

I blink, drawn back to the present by her sharp voice. Once again, my eyes are drawn to her face, her expression bordering on displeasure as she regards me.

“Sorry. I...” I find myself focusing on the chain hanging between her thighs, suddenly aware of the moisture that clings to it, following it with my eyes as far as I can as I run my tongue over the ring in my lip where it ends.

“She told me she’d been wanting to seduce me, but *knew* I’d never say yes...”

“And here you are, practically gift wrapped. Do you want to be my plaything, Ruby? Is that what you’re offering?”

“I don’t know. I... was told to. It wasn’t my choice.”

“You were told to, Ruby?”

I catch sight of one of the faceless voyeurs rubbing the crotch of his jeans, his erection obvious. I can imagine what he's thinking as he listens to me recounting my sordid tale. He's thinking about fucking me, knowing it's not a matter of if, but of when. I know this for a fact. When she told me to come, she'd told me that, before I was allowed to leave, I was going to be fucked. Before the night was over my cunt and my ass and my mouth would all be full of cum.

"She kissed me. I let her *kiss* me. And I... I kissed her back..."

"Have you ever kissed another girl before?"

I shook my head, unable to speak, the memory of her kiss making my lips tingle, my heart beating crazily in my chest.

"So, I'm the first, sis?"

"Yes." I whispered, feeling unsteady on my feet, meeting her gaze, frozen in place.

"Then I guess you've never licked another girl's pussy."

"Never."

"Lick mine, Ruby. Get on your knees and lick my cunt."

"I can't." I told her with a whimper, my eyes tearing up.

"You invite me over, you greet me at the door naked, all those piercings..."

She stepped in close, and ran her hands over my nipples, hooking her nails into the gold hoops and giving them a playful little tug as she leaned in and kissed me aggressively, forcing her tongue between my lips. I felt myself responding, kissing her back, pressing myself against her as she slipped her arms around me. I felt her hands on my shoulder blades and shivered as she drew them down my back, raking her nails gently along my spine. I felt myself growing wet... wetter. I'd been wet ever since I'd she'd told me over the phone that she'd be right over.

"My sister, the dirty little slut." She grinned, breaking our kiss, her hands resting on the cheeks of my ass, squeezing it playfully. "And all this time, no one knew. I wonder what other secrets you've been hiding from me, Ruby..."

“How did it feel, Ruby?”

“The kiss? It felt... dirty, and yet... wonderful. At first I wanted her to stop. I mean, she’s my *sister!* And then...”

I snap my mouth shut as the sound of a zipper being drawn draws my attention, reminding me that I am on display and that I am to be defiled before the evening is over, probably right after detailing my incestuous liaison with my nubile little sister...

“And then?”

“And then, I didn’t want it to end...” I admit, not resisting when she cups the back of my head and draws me closer, forcing my face against her dripping wet pussy. Knowing what she expects, I do my best not to disappoint, extending my tongue and drawing it between her puffy lips, sampling her arousal, unable to stop myself from comparing it to Iris’s...

“Down. On. Your. Knees.”

This time, I didn’t hesitate. I knelt, her fingers in clenched in my hair, holding my head as I reached beneath her mini-skirt and slowly rolled her lace thong down her thighs, suddenly eager to taste my first pussy, the fact that it was my sister’s only fueling my desire.

“Make me cum, Ruby. Make me cum and I’ll make sure you do too. Otherwise, I’ll have to spank your naughty little bottom.”

“Oh, god.” I moaned, picturing myself bent over her lap, my bare ass up in the air as she smacked me over and over with the palm of her hand, the fingers of her other hand impaling my dripping hole.

“Good girl. Oh, god, your tongue’s pierced too? That’s it, lick my clit, you nasty little slut.”

“You made her cum, then?”

“Yes.” I whimper, hoping she will give me permission to reach between my legs and plunge my fingers into my pussy and fuck myself until I cum with a scream, not caring that I am being watched.

“More than once.” I add, unable to keep a faint smile from crossing my face.

“You like being a dirty girl, don’t you, Ruby?”

I shrugged, my face burning as she licked her own cream from my lips and chin, savoring it, chuckling softly.

“Not really. I just... I don’t know.”

“Shush. It doesn’t matter. I’m going to show you how to be even nastier, sis. Have you ever rimmed someone?”

“Wh-what?” I stuttered, brushing my damp hair from my face.

“Have you ever eaten out someone’s asshole, Ruby? It’s a simple enough question. Have you ever stuck your nasty little tongue inside another girl’s ass?”

“Of course not!”

“Good. Then I’ll be your first.”

“I tongue fucked her ass...”

“You are full of surprises, Ruby. How did that make you feel?”

“I... nasty. I felt so dirty. She’s my sister, for God’s sake.”

She laughs, reaching down, her fingers beneath my chin, forcing my head back until I meet her gaze.

“That’s because you are dirty, Ruby. You think good girls stick their tongues in their sister’s ass? You think good girls give blow jobs to strangers? You think good girls beg to be locked into a cage so that their mommy can treat them like a whore?”

I feel the tears sliding down my cheek, knowing she’s right. I’d been fooling myself all these years, thinking that because I’d denied my wicked impulses and unnatural cravings, I was the good sister. I’d been wrong, but it had taken my own mother to show me the truth.

I whimper, kissing her clit, curling my tongue and scooping her thick cream from her pussy just as my sister had taught me.

“No, mommy.” I tell her, surrendering to the inevitable.

I abandon myself to pleasing her, abandoning myself to the illusion that I have no choice, just as I

fooled myself into thinking that Iris gave me no choice. I'd been told, by my mother, to offer myself to her, and I had. At the time, I thought she'd laugh at me or worse, look at me with disgust in her eyes when she found me waiting naked for her. Instead, she'd closed the door behind her and made me eat her pussy until she climaxed, rubbing her dripping pussy all over my face as if to mark me. After that, she'd ordered me to rim her, squealing with delight as I drove her over the edge with my tongue buried deep in her ass, my fingers clenching her cheeks, pulling them apart. And then...

"This was all your idea, Ruby?"

I turned my head away from her, unable to meet her dark, almond shaped eyes, praying that she'd drop the subject. To my dismay, she'd cupped my face in her hands and forced me to meet her gaze.

"I asked you a question, sister. Was this your idea?"

"No."

"Then whose?"

"Mother's." I mouthed, unsure if the word even came out as a whisper, mortified at her imagined response.

"But you went along with it. Why?"

I stared at her, uncomprehending, curious at her reaction, my own apparently amusing her. Instead of being shocked, she threw her head back and laughed with delight.

"You expect me to be surprised? I know all about mother's plan. Who do you think suggested it?"

"You said you made her cum three times, Ruby. Tell me about the third time."

I open my mouth, unsure of what I'm going to say, how I'm going to explain to her about how her youngest daughter had made me get down on my hands and knees, just as I was now, pulled a harness and a large ebony dildo from her bag, and strapped it to her hips. A thrill of desire burns its way up and down my spine and through my pussy at the memory of her standing in front of me, her legs slightly parted, just like my mother has hers, telling me, no, *ordering* me to suck 'her big black cock.'

Even as I search for the words, I feel a presence behind me and then, rough hands gripping my thin waist, thighs pressing against mine as what I know is the head of a flesh and blood cock presses at

the opening of my seeping cunt.

“She’d brought a strap one. First she told me to get it nice and wet for her, and then, she fucked me with it...”

“And that’s when she came again, Ruby?”

I gasp, the memory of Iris thrusting in and out of me, her hips bouncing against my ass as she pounded her rubber cock into my tight cunt, of her comments on how wet I was, of how my juices were dripping from it, leaking all over the carpet, of how easy it would be to shove up my other hole...

“Have you ever been fucked up the ass, sis?” she’d hissed, slamming the strapped on cock into my cunt so hard that I had to push my hands forward to keep from being driven to the ground.

“No,” I’d whimpered, crying softly at her assault. “Please, don’t.”

She’d ignored my pleas, giggling almost playfully. “A dirty little pervert like you deserves to get ass fucked, Ruby. You’d better get used to it, too. It won’t be the last time it happens...”

“She fucked me up the ass. That’s when she came again. And after... she...”

The worst part of it was that I was still unsatisfied. While she was fucking me, she began spanking me with the flat of her hand, leaving my ass on fire, warning me that if I came, she’d make sure I regretted it. I’m not sure how I held out, my fingernails biting into my palms so hard that I’m surprised they didn’t draw blood, but I did, even as she cried out wordlessly, her body shimmering, burying her ‘cock’ into my ass with one final thrust, somehow, I held on.

Afterwards, she collapsed on top of me, both our bodies slick with perspiration, her teeth sinking into the meat of my shoulder as she forced me to the floor.

“We’re not done yet, big sister.” She whispered into my ear, rolling me over on my back and straddling me, her fingers tangled in my damp hair, forcing my head up until the tip of the dildo was pressed against my lips.

“Open wide, slut. Since you enjoy the taste of my ass so much, I thought you might enjoy yours as well...”

“She made me suck it cl...”

I breathe in deeply, my confession interrupted by a very real, very large cock being forced into my pussy from behind, strong fingers gripping my hips as a stranger forces himself into my drenched fuck hole and pushes my face against my mother's bald pussy. I feel her fingers tighten painfully in my hair as she begins rolling her hips against my outstretched tongue, the metal stud of my piercing massaging her swollen clit, catching on the gold ring that attaches us.

"Good girl, don't stop." She growls, giving my hair a sharp tug. "And don't you dare cum."

Whimpering, I start frantically rocking back and forth on the thick pole that impales me from behind, doing my best to drive her over the edge, lapping at her pussy like a starving bitch until finally, I am rewarded both by her cries of ultimate pleasure and the lusty groan of the man at my rear as he releases a flood of his hot cum into my tight Asian cunt.

After that, I am used over and over. My mother frees herself from me, the thin gold chain cast aside in the heat of the moment, and seats herself, watching as I service a room full of strangers, taking them two or three at a time. I wrap my lips around a meaty cock, swallowing as much of it as I can as my ass is pumped full of cum. Someone else pulls me down on top of him, plunging his rock hard erection into my cunt, fluids leaking all over his legs as someone else fills me from behind. I cry out passionately, ecstasy crashing through me in waves, until I am silenced, yet another masked man filling my mouth with his meat, shooting his sperm down my throat before moments later he's replaced by yet another. This one lasts longer, gagging me with his member as someone explodes inside my ass.

It's relentless, and I lose myself in it, a fuck-doll for their pleasure, taking my own as well, yet never reaching that final relief, her warning enough to keep me from cresting no matter how close I am driven...

Finally, it ends and I am left lying on the carpet, cum leaking out of all of my orifices, my face and body covered in it, my whimpering pleas ignored as they all pull up their trousers and jeans and, one by one, file out. I count them as they go, a distant part of me curious as to how many enjoyed me tonight...

Thirteen leave, two remain, a total of fifteen. If I could think straight, I might be puzzled at the two who stay behind. Instead I roll over, my body sticky with fluids slowly drying, shivering as I lay in a pool of cum, my hair sticking to my face, my lips coated with it, the taste and smell of it overwhelming my senses..

I must have fallen asleep or, more likely, simply passed out. When I wake, I find myself being held in strong arms, the cadence of footsteps bouncing me gently as I am carried. It takes me a moment to

realize that I am blindfolded, thick leather pads shutting out all light, a leather strap buckled behind my head.

“Where are we going?” I ask, my voice barely registering to my own ears.

“I promised you, Ruby.” She says, her voice solemn.

The cage, then. I tremble with anticipation, silently willing my bearer to move faster, feeling the shift as he reaches the steps down leading down into the basement. I begin to cry hot tears of joy, knowing that finally, I will be allowed to cum...

No one speaks. I can't help but wonder about the identity of the man who carries me. One of the two who stayed behind. I feel his flesh against mine. He is topless, perhaps even naked. With my eyes covered, it's impossible to tell.

“Secure her.” I recognize her voice, my mother's voice. My heart pounds wildly in my chest, almost painfully as I listen for the tell-tale sound of steel, my body betraying my need when I finally do.

I am maneuvered into the small cage with surprising care considering how roughly I was treated earlier. Not that I care. I am far beyond that point, my thoughts focusing only on what is to come as my arms are raised above my head, my legs spread until I am balanced on the balls of my feet before my ankles are attached similarly.

I picture the cage, fighting for breath, hot with anticipation for that moment when the door is closed and I am locked inside and left alone.

“Open wide.” I open my mouth, eager for the gag, my teeth closing around the rubber ball as it is buckled behind my neck, making it impossible to do more than whimper. My pussy is also filled. A stainless steel cock is pushed between my folds, sliding easily into my well lubricated hole, kept in by a harness that is buckled around my hips. A hard bump presses against my ass, just enough to feel the pressure, not enough to fill me. Another presses against my engorged clit. I writhe and squirm, whimpering in my helplessness, unable to stand the waiting, my thoughts focusing on one thing, and one thing only; pleasure. I know I'll be made to cum. Eventually. Maybe only once, maybe several times. It's all I can think about. Nothing else matters.

I hear the soft jingle of chain and wince, knowing what's coming next, groaning into the ball gag as a clamp is attached to my right nipple, and then another to the left, leaving them throbbing with pain, the blood trapped within my swollen nubs.

“Enjoying yourself, Ruby?”

Unable to speak, I simply nod, my senses on fire as I listen for the sound of well oiled hinges, shivering uncontrollably as I hear the door swing slowly shut, pressing against me, forcing my back into the bars behind, pressing against my caged pussy, my stomach, chest, and face. Gentle hands guide my tits so that they poke out between the bars, a breath of cool air chilling my aching nipples.

“I think we’re down with this...”

I sense her reach inside and unbuckle my blindfold. Suddenly, I can see inside the dimly lit room, and the scene before me is crueler than I could have imagined. My mother stands before me, a wicked grin on her face, the padded blind dangling on one hand. She is still naked, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders, her plump pink tipped breasts cupped from behind by my father, who is smiling over her shoulder. I can’t help but wonder how he used me earlier, which of my fuck holes he stuck his cock into this time. Did he cum in my mouth? My ass? My pussy? My fists clench as I pull at my bonds, the cold steel sending a chill through my hot flesh, my gaze glued to his face, watching the lust in his eyes multiply.

“You look so fucking hot, baby-girl.” He says with a grin, licking his lips as he runs his thumb over my mother’s erect nipples until she’s moaning with need, her head falling back against his shoulder. A sudden surge of jealousy surges through me.

“I can’t wait to fuck you again. Would you like that?”

Helplessly, I nod, shaking with need. It was beyond nasty, beyond dirty, but so help me I wanted that more than anything I jerk at my bonds as he covers his face once more with his mask, reminding me that I wouldn’t know whose cock I was sucking or who I was fucking the next time. And yes, there would be a next time. I knew it was too late to stop this, as long as she dangled the promise of the cage in front of me like some erotic carrot.

They leave me like that, my arms stretched above my head, my legs spread, my cunt filled with a steel cock, another one pressing against my ass, clamps dangling from my overripe nipples, trapped inside the narrow cage like an animal. I begin to thrash as their footsteps recede, screaming into my gag at the realization that they are going to leave me like this. Every other time, the cock inside of me had been turned on, its sensitivity and durations randomly set, giving me hours of sexual bliss as it teased me, sometimes making me cum, sometimes leaving me frustrated. This time, she’d purposefully forgotten, leaving the remote dangling on the wall across from me, mocking me by its existence. I begin to cry, the pain in my nipples building, my cunt stretched by the lifeless steel plug inside of me, the key to my orgasmic release tantalizingly out of reach.

To be continued in 'Family Fuck Doll II'