

Family Get Together, part 5

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Surely I would go to hell, but was on a path I could not alter, now another joins in the fun

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About then Arisol bounded into the room, the smile on her face was the picture of perfection, her manor vibrant and alive with the joy of the day, or so it seemed. I looked up at her well dressed stature, her perfectly quaffed hair, and all but unnoticeable makeup, she was indeed picture perfect. She said "are you ready to go? We have less than an hour to get to the gallery." I replied "yeah, let me get my folio," and stood to go to the bed room to retrieve it. She said "I'll go start the car, meet me in the driveway." I carried the folio of samples and art pieces to the drive and placed it into the back seat of her Tahoe, got in and she sped backwards from the drive. Not being that familiar with Seattle, the drive was almost unnerving, not that she didn't drive well, but she did drive fast and darted in and out of the congested traffic a lot, and I could only sit silently in fear. So much different than in the Midwestern Oklahoma town I live in, I was certainly glad she was driving. We arrived at the gallery with 10 minutes to spare.

The meeting went smoothly; I introduced Arisol by saying that she was my niece and could be my local representative if an immediate answer was needed to a question. The dealer did cryptically raise an eyebrow at the word "Niece", but I let it pass, as did he even though she was certainly of a different ethnic background than I. I received a commission for placing two finished pieces I had brought and a contract for 6 more drawings and sculptures, netting me much more than enough to pay for the trip to Seattle . A satisfactory trip, although I had many misgivings about the family get together, well worth the journey. I was on an emotional high, and asked Arisol if I could take her to lunch. She smiled and replied "Yeah, I know just the place; it's just down the street."

We left the gallery and walked down the street, thankfully a downhill slope, my large folio case, though lighter than an hour before was awkward and laden with many samples still. As we got to the café and entered I noticed the comfortable setting, about thirty tables randomly located in the large room, and small booths along each side. We stood watching for a table or booth to open up, as even in the post lunch rush time, the place was still full. As luck would have it a trio of ladies rose from a booth on the right wall, Arisol quickly moved to it, almost before they had slid out. I followed through the crowd, folio in hand taking note that I wasn't the only artist in the room, several similar folios stood

propped against tables as I went. Arisol slid into the booth gracefully as I propped my art against the room side of the small booth's table, and followed her path. I sat at what I thought an appropriate distance, a foot separating us, but she slid back to be snugly seated, our sides touching. I looked at her sternly, but she wasn't budging, so I just let it be. We started to talk about the rush I was feeling over my recent success at the gallery, but the waitress bounded up to gather the dirty dishes and noticed who was seated there as she said "Hi Arisol, no classes today? Who's your friend?" Arisol introduced me as her Uncle George, the one from Oklahoma, and I found out that the waitress's name was Sally, an Asian friend from the University. She asked what we would like to drink, a sweet tea and coffee, and left, taking the dishes as she did.

I looked around the room as Arisol and I continued to visit about the gallery and what it meant for her to be my local representative, what she had authority to say or do, and what my expectations would be, as well as my offer to her for a commission on sales that she arranged. She seemed truly enthusiastic and excited at the prospect, and laid her hand on my thigh beneath the table, and out of view from the other patrons, thankfully blocked by my folio. I gave her a cautioned look as she did, but she wasn't to be deterred and left it there. Just the touch of her hand was enough to excite me, but I fought frantically to resist the urges she produced. Sally returned with the drinks and gazed at the two of us with a quizzical look and asked "Arisol, is he really your 'uncle'? If so, is he as nice as Daddy Wade?" Arisol chuckled at the question and replied "even nicer." The young girl's expression seemed one of curiosity, but I ignored it, figuring it was an inside joke of some sort. She took our food order and left us to visit quietly in the quickly emptying room, as many people had left to go though whatever business they needed to. Arisol kept inching her hand on and off of my man tool with her left hand as she sipped her sweet tea with the right one, I was at a loss as to how to stop her without causing a scene, so just enjoyed the feeling of her gentle persuasions and drank my coffee.

Arisol leaned toward me and whispered "I want to touch you" with a giggle, leaned back and with a deft single move unzipped my pants. She leaned in closer and again whispered "lean on the table more so no one can see" and lightly kissed my ear as she reached in and pulled my swelling prize from the concealment of my pants. I was in shock, and rather panicked by her bold move, but couldn't help but be excited by the shear touch of her hand as it wrapped around my cock just below the head and the fact that we were in a public place, and related. My God, I am going to jail now, and probably hell for sure, but the journey will be fun, I thought. I looked over at her, she acted so casual about what she was doing, and other than flexing her fingers around my shaft was not moving, hopefully no one could tell what was happening as my erection became fuller and larger by the moment. She seemed to delight in my uneasiness and softly let out a taunting giggle as I sipped on my coffee nervously. Sally appeared abruptly with the food and reached across the table to set our plates in front of us, Arisol made no move to stop her deviant activities, but as luck would have it Sally bumped her foot against my folio and it fell to the floor. I panicked as she knelt to pick it up, I was trying to think what I could do to conceal myself while Arisol, on the other hand, picked up my cock and held it straight up for her friend to be able to see her prize, fully engorged. She even gave it a quick stroke as Sally picked up and set my folio back in place. As Sally stood back up with a smile that was one of

almost a laugh, she looked at me and then at Arisol. She made no reference to what she had seen, but started to chat about her art studies at the University and how she'd like to talk more, but she didn't get off work for another 30 minutes. To my surprise Arisol said "come over to the house after work, you guys can visit, Mom and Dad are going to be in Puyallup for the rest of the afternoon." Sally nodded and said "maybe I can check out your samples George." I noticed a flirtatious sway to her butt as she walked from the table. I took control and forced Arisol's hand from my cock and put my tool back into my pants while giving a look to Arisol that made her understand that she had crossed the line, and not to touch me like that in public again. We ate our stir fry in a subdued mood, I had been firm, but not unfair, after all, why would I want to go to jail in Washington for a public sex act with a blood relative?

As we finished eating our lunch, I had somewhat smoothed over the bitter pill I had delivered her, but had figured out how to bring the point home, and get a good chuckle out of it myself. I saw Sally approaching to get our dishes; we were her last table that needed clearing. As she stepped up to the table I accidentally (on purpose) dropped my napkin on the floor on our side of the table, quickly sliding to the side to lean over and retrieve it, my face just above Arisol's leg. As my head got below table level I thrust my hand between Arisol's legs, under her skirt, and quickly shoved my fingers past the elastic of her panties. I parted her labia with no difficulty and pushed two fingers immediately into her sweetmoist canal. I felt her jump abruptly but she was cool about it and didn't say a word. I pulled my fingers from her and picked up the napkin, kissing her inner thigh as I did. I sat up and gently blotted the corners of my mouth with it, being sure that I could sniff of her pussy on my fingers, and then handed it to Sally with a naughty smile on my face and the satisfaction of a job well done. Arisol's expression was choice, a full mixture of anxiety and giddy pleasure all in one. I left a large tip for Sally, considering what she had had to deal with this table of perverted incestual misfits; we paid on the way out, and headed back to Arisol's Tahoe. The trip back to the house was as fast and furious as the trip down town, but this time I was more prepared and sat quietly in the passenger seat watching the sights of Seattle flash by.

When we arrived back at the house on Queen Anne Hill Arisol pulled up to the garage end of the drive and parked. She said "you may as well bring your case in here; Sally will want to see your stuff when she gets here." As I carried the folio into the garage apartment I wondered just what 'stuff' she would want to see, but didn't say anything.

Arisol decided to change her clothes, so I opted to go in the house and change as well, and left her to take care of what she needed to do. I decided that casual would be best and changed into a pair of athletic shorts, commando as always, even though if I weren't really careful my penis would hang out of the loose fitting legs, and a tee shirt to cover the top half. I slid on a pair of flip flops and went back to the garage; Arisol was still in the bathroom when I got back, so I sat in the arm chair and lit up a cigarette. I guess great minds travel the same paths; she came into the room wearing a pair of silky athletic shorts and a shiny top that showed every curve of her voluptuous body. She walked over to me and leaned both hands on the armrests of the chair and said "I need to tell you something about Sally before she gets here." As luck would have it, too late, there was a knock on the door. Arisol

went and opened it, and as anticipated, Sally stepped into the room, still dressed in her skirt and blouse from work.

Sally threw her arms around Arisol's shoulders and gave her a VERY friendly hug, which Arisol returned, as expected when someone does that. But the next thing rather took me off guard as Sally planted a really hot kiss on my sweet niece's lips and proceeded to run her hands down Arisol's back and caress her finely rounded buttocks.

As their lips parted they both turned to look at me, dumbfounded, still sitting in the chair.

Sally spoke up first saying "don't worry, I like both guys and girls, I'll take care of you too, want to show me your 'samples' now?" I stammered out a jittery "OK" and was getting up to retrieve my case, but hadn't made it yet when Arisol said "I'll get it for you, just sit and relax." The two of them brought the case over and laid it on the floor in front of me, and opened it up. Sally oohed and aaawed in all the right places as they turned the pages and I gave description of the pieces within, but she kept her hands occupied by touching Arisol at every opportunity, and kept looking at the bulge growing in my shorts, well most of it anyway. As we got to the last page, Arisol closed the folio and zipped it closed, I guessed it wasn't time for art, or maybe Sally was in to some other style than my wildlife representations. They moved over to the bed to sit while we continued to visit, but it wasn't long before the two of them were doing some art of their own. Sally turned to me and asked "do you like to watch?" Adding "We'll give you a fun show." Before she let forth a really naughty sounding laugh and turned to Arisol, taking her into her arms and falling onto the bed embracing each other passionately. I had been invited to watch, so I sat back and did so, it had been a long time since I saw two such beautiful women together, and this could prove enjoyable. Sally was certainly the dominant one of the two, as Arisol lay on her back Sally got on her knees straddled to her, moving her hips back and forth, her mound obviously rubbing against Arisol's. Arisol reached up and unbuttoned her blouse and pushed it off of her shoulders, down her arms and tossed it beside the bed to the floor before doing the same with the lace demi bra Sally so amply filled out. For an Asian girl, she had monstrous tits, must have been a D cup for sure with small areolas and pebble sized nipples, already hard and sticking out. As Sally kept gliding back and forth across Arisol's mound she took Sally's breasts with both hands, they seemed so tiny against those melons, but Arisol knew just how to touch them and Sally quickly started panting and moaning her satisfaction. Sally reached behind her hips and unzipped the skirt, and pulled it upward over her shoulders and tossed it to join her other clothing on the floor. Arisol wanted more, and was about to receive it as Sally pushed her top up and leaned in to suck on and caress Arisol's fine bare tits. I was watching Sally's ass as it swayed up and down while she brought Arisol to her first minor tremor, the sight was fabulous, and needless to say, my cock agreed, I had a full fledged hard on, and it forced its way from the leg of my shorts and stood proudly for all to see, not that they were looking. I imagined how nice it would be if I could join them, but didn't want to intrude, though the thought of ramming my meat into Sally's obviously wet hole was hard to resist as I watched Arisol fingering it with two fingers sliding back and forth between the sweet petals of her labia. I dared not even touch my own genitals; I would have exploded for sure as I heard the moans and sighs of sexual pleasures and continued to watch them satisfy each other.

Sally slid her knees backward, now resting below Arisol's knees as she pulled the shorts off of my sweet, but not so innocent niece and began to lick her petals and clit that I had become so familiar with myself. Arisol wrestled the top off of herself and lay back down to enjoy being consumed by her sexy 'girl' partner, and quickly began to have spasms of joy as her body twitched in ecstatic rhythm with the offering. Sally maneuvered around and took off her panties and then resumed eating out her girl toy, making her squirm with each tantalizing lick, suck and squeeze of her tender pussy. Sally's hand came into view between her legs, the angle I had been watching as she gave great oral to Arisol, and then I saw her fingers, at least two, maybe three, disappear into the depths of Arisol's cunt, plunging in and out in fast deep thrusts. The both started moaning deeply and trembling as they came to a mutually joined orgasm, the juices spurting from Arisol covering the bed, and the squirts of nectar from Sally shooting several feet from the bed and splashing on the floor. I could stand no more, my cock needed to be somewhere, and I was ready to put it there. I stood up and walked to the bed, put my hands on Sally's hips and pulled her towards me. As I did, she pulled Arisol towards me as well, truly a pair of nymphs, and I wanted them both. I plunged two fingers into Sally's hot canal beside Arisol's still active probing. Sally let forth a grunt of satisfaction so I knew it was time to do this thing. I pulled my fingers from her and pushed the purple bulbous head into her to join the fingers of my niece. Arisol guided me to the g-spot that would bring her friend to a climax quickly, and I taunted it with the edge of the head, and though it was only in about 3 inches, Sally again squirted out a load of cum around my thick shaft. I could tell she was about spent for a while, but thought that she needed to feel the 'all' of my tool, so I pumped in and out giving her more with each push and ended up with all ten inches working her canal to yet another climax. She slid out from her place between us and gave some room for me to give the same treatment to fair Arisol. I lifted her knees and crept up between her thighs and pushed into the tightness of her sopping wet canal. Her body shook as I pushed more and more into her, and began to stroke harder as I got it all into her joyous hole. She was ready as she wrapped her legs around my torso and pulled me ever harder, returning each push with equal force. Our mounds collided over and over as I pounded her as hard as I could. Her legs loosened their grip as she lost strength and coordination in them, so I put them on the bed and fucked her even harder. I was ready to explode, and when she came again to another orgasm, I pulled my swollen dick from her and shot my wad in spurts across the front of her chest and abs, Sally put her face between and caught the last couple of jolts and then took my cock into her mouth to suck me dry of any remaining cream.

We all collapsed on the bed to recoup from the strenuous activity, each fondling one another as we lay quietly enjoying the aftermath of pure lust and satisfaction. Sally got up shortly and said she had to go, her husband would be expecting her home soon. She asked how long I would be in town, that maybe the three of us could get together before I left, to which I had to say that I would be leaving in the morning. She came over and planted a hot wet kiss on my lips and said "you really are better than Daddy Wade, but don't tell I said so." And she left.

The final evening in Seattle could prove to be difficult, I still felt that incest was wrong, even though I had once again fucked my niece, Wade and Mako would probably want another shot at me as well.

To Be Continued...

I again ask that the readers of my stories leave a vote or preferably a comment. I am trying to refine my writing skills, and that is how I will know what works and what doesn't. Thank You