

# Pregnant Sister

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*Heavily pregnant Shirley is sexually frustrated, but her sister is eager to help.*

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"Being pregnant is a pain in the ass!" sighed Shirley, patting the seventh month swelling beneath her shirt.

Geraldine cast her younger sister a sympathetic look. Up until now, Shirley had borne her first pregnancy with pride, taking even the early stage morning sickness in her stride. But Geraldine could understand why she was suffering from this sudden onset of the blues. In the past few weeks, the slim and body-proud twenty-four year old had ballooned into the fullness of expectant motherhood. It was only natural that she should scarcely recognize the bloated figure she now saw in the mirror. Geraldine had been appalled by the dramatic transformation of her own body in the latter stage of her three pregnancies.

"I know what you're going through," she said. "But you're not going to be the blob forever. Look at me. I've had three kids and got back to my slim size ten each time. Damn it girl, you're still as pretty as ever."

"Try telling that to Ray," Shirley replied, bitterly. "He hasn't made love to me for almost a month. He keeps making excuses, like we might harm the baby or he doesn't want to risk hurting me, but I know what's really going on. He just can't get a hard-on for a whale."

"John was the same each time I got pregnant," Geraldine told her. "He did his best to pretend he still found me attractive, but screwing me became a real chore for him."

"At least he still tried," her sister pouted. "Ray doesn't give a shit that I still get as horny as hell. Says it's just my hormones going crazy. He just can't get his head around the notion that a woman who's seven and a half months pregnant could still want to have sex. He's so fucking ignorant!"

Geraldine smiled. "I won't argue with that. But meanwhile, you're getting so frustrated, it's driving you crazy. Right?"

"Damn right," said Shirley. "It's so unfair. This is his baby inside me. Nobody warned me that enforced celibacy was part of the package."

Her sister wrapped a comforting arm around her shoulder. "Can I let you in on a secret?"

"Sure."

"When I was going through the very same crap, I actually considered divorcing John. That was how sexually frustrated I became. Lucky for him, my friend, Jayne Gracey, came to the rescue."

Shirley frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Jayne provided what John no longer wanted to," Geraldine answered. "She wasn't repulsed by my huge belly and swollen tits. Quite the opposite, in fact. Jayne made me feel like the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world. I never had to resort to my vibrator again."

"You... and Jayne" Shirley exclaimed. "But she's not a lesbian! And you.....!"

"I'm not a lesbian either," her sister finished. "Just a very lucky lady, with a very understanding friend. What Jayne and I did together - still do together occasionally - doesn't change the way we feel about our husbands or kids. It's just a little secret something that only another woman could understand."

"I'm not sure I understand," said Shirley. "I just can't imagine you with another woman."

"Do you find the thought disgusting?"

"Well..., no..., I mean...!" Shirley stammered.

Her sister smiled. "What you need is a girlfriend of your own."

She laughed. "Yeah, right! I'll just call up a few of my friends and see if one of them is open to a little lesbian loving."

"Maybe I could help," Geraldine tentatively suggested.

"You? How?"

Instead of answering, her older sister tilted her chin upwards and kissed her softly on the lips. Shirley drew back almost instantly.

"What are you doing?" she cried, with a horrified expression.

"Remember some of the games we used to play together when we were younger?" asked Geraldine.

"We're not kids anymore," Shirley retorted. "Look, sis, I love you dearly...."

"Then let me take care of you," Geraldine pleaded. "If your only sister can't be there for you in your time of need, who can?"

"This is one need you can't take care of," the younger woman insisted.

"Oh, but that's where you're so wrong," said Geraldine. "Let me prove it to you. Please!"

"Geraldine, you're my sister!"

"And sisters should have their secrets. Tell me, Shirley, when did you last have an orgasm?"

"It's been so long I can't remember. But...."

Geraldine pressed a finger to her lips. "No buts. If your husband can't satisfy your needs, then I can. You just relax and let me make you feel soooooooo good."

Shirley's head was spinning as she allowed her sister to gently push her onto her back. This just had to be a crazy dream!

When the heavily pregnant woman was laid out on the couch, her sister knelt beside her, leaned over and kissed her again. She tried to resist, but Geraldine's mouth would not allow her to escape. As she crushed her lips to hers, she slipped a hand down the front of her shirt and cupped her heavy breasts. Her touch was electrifying. Despite her reluctance, Shirley felt herself beginning to respond. It had been so long since her husband had touched her intimately and masturbation was a poor substitute. If she hadn't been filled with so much pent-up desire, she would never have allowed this to happen with another woman, least of all her own sister.

Her mouth opened and Geraldine's tongue crept inside. In their teens, before either had discovered

boys, the two sisters had practiced French kissing each other. But then, it had been just an innocent game. There was no innocence in the way they were now kissing.

Shirley's resistance gradually melted and she stopped trying to push her sister away. Geraldine undid the buttons of her shirt, then roamed her hand gently over her baby-bloated belly. When she reached for her breasts again, the young woman shuddered in ecstasy.

"Feels good, huh?" Geraldine whispered, finally breaking their passionate kiss.

"Ohhhhhh, yes!" Shirley gasped. "But..."

"Shush - just enjoy," her sister told her.

At that point, Shirley was beyond offering even a token resistance. For now, she could shut her eyes and pretend it was anybody but her sister that was so expertly and treacherously turning her on.

She allowed Geraldine to remove her bra, then abandoned herself to the most intense and exquisite pleasure she had ever experienced as her sister caressed and kissed her breasts and nibbled and sucked like an infant on the rich brown, rock hard nipples. She progressed slowly downwards, her tongue gliding like wet, warm silk over her distended belly.

What Ray found so off-putting, Geraldine found supremely erotic. The most intense passion she had ever enjoyed had been with her friend Jackie, when they had both been heavily pregnant. But her young sister was even more sinfully delicious.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Shirley sighed, her hands finding their way to her own breasts.

"Want me to stop?" asked Geraldine.

"Don't talk," she replied. "Just keep doing what you're doing."

She raised her ass as her sister tugged the waistband of her sweat pants down over her hips. The dark shadow of her pussy was visible through her snug fitting white lace panties and the crotch was already damp. Geraldine breathed deeply, inhaling her sister's sweet musk. She adored the scent of excited pussy, but the smell of a pregnant woman was especially intoxicating.

Her hands were trembling as she peeled off Shirley's panties. The younger woman's eyes were shut and she was moaning softly, feverishly kneading her breasts with both hands. There was no turning back now, even if she might regret it afterwards.

She moved her thighs further apart as her sister lowered her mouth to the wet, crinkled labial folds that pouted through her thick thatch of pubic curls. Geraldine kissed her lower lips, sending an erotic electric shock through her entire body. On the few occasions her husband had been persuaded to go down on her, his amateur efforts at cunninggulus had left much to be desired. The sensation of her sister's tongue running over her slit, then slipping between the wet folds, was like nothing she had ever experienced. Geraldine had obviously learned a lot from her best friend.

The fingers of her right hand stroked Shirley's pussy as she deep fucked her hot, slick hole with her tongue. With her free hand, she reached beneath her own skirt, pushed aside the crotch of her panties and plunged two fingers into her own fevered slash. She wished it were her sister's tongue inside her, but did not think Shirley was ready to go that far just yet.

The naked pregnant woman writhed on the couch as Geraldine's probing tongue transported her to new heights of ecstasy. She climaxed within three minutes, but her sister continued to play sweet music on her clitoris, until a second breathtaking orgasm washed over her in waves.

When Geraldine finally raised her head from the hot feast, her face was sticky with her sister's love honey. Licking her lips, she rose unsteadily to her feet, her left hand moving inside her pink lace panties.

As the orgasmic euphoria receded, Shirley was hit by the full realization of what they had just done. She started to speak, but then her sister was cradling her face with hot, damp hands and kissing her fully on the mouth. The taste of her own juices on her tongue was her first ever taste of a woman. If only it wasn't so damned sweet!

She sucked her sister's tongue until she was almost breathless. She could already feel a fresh surge of desire in her loins and wished she could stop Geraldine. She wished she could stop herself!

"My god, sis, that was hot!" Geraldine panted. "You taste even better than Jayne. What time is Ray due home?"

"Not for hours," Shirley answered.

"Then why don't you and I go upstairs? I want to give you the most incredible sexual experience of your life."

"I thought you just had."

"That was just a warm-up, sis. I learned a lot from Jayne and now I want to teach you. You and I are going to make love for hours."

"I'm not sure I want to," Shirley halfheartedly protested.

Geraldine took her hand and smiled. "I'm sure, honey. Trust me. I'm your sister."

The End