

# Sally is Late Again

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Published on Lush Stories on 25 Dec 2012

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<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/sally-is-late-again.aspx>

Sally Sweetbum was notoriously late for everything. She was late to school. She was late to lunch. About the only thing she was never late for was her dancing class.

Her mother, a very sweet lady of considerable girth, never mentioned it to her daughter. She thought it would sound too much like she was being critical. Her father, a well-respected undertaker with ethical morals thought it was just another facet of his beautiful daughter's persona that made her the apple of his eye.

Her older brother Josh made no secret of the fact that he couldn't give a "bleep".

Sally was not quite certain how she felt about her handsome brother who was a full two years older than her at 18. The girls in her class were always asking her questions about him.

"What kind of girls does he like?"

"Did you ever get a peek at his thing?"

"Does he ever try to feel you up or anything?"

Sally was so tired of answering all the questions that she had fallen into a habit of making up stories about how big his thing was and the awful things he did to her when their parents were not at home.

She was sitting by herself quietly eating her peanut butter and jelly sandwich when the class slut Amanda Johnson came over and sat next to her. Sally was not quite sure why everyone referred to

the very pretty Amanda as a slut but she thought it had something to do with the fact she wore revealing skirts and sometimes lifted them up in the girl's bathroom to show the other girl's her naughty thongs or bikini underpants. Sally thought Amanda's private area and her bottom were very attractive but she was afraid to say anything like that out loud because all the other girls would make fun of her and call her the "L" word.

"I saw you and your brother Josh were late again this morning, Miss Twinkletoes! Anything going on with you and your hunky bro?"

Sally did not want to admit that she forgot to set the alarm again and her brother had to wait for her to get dressed, because they always walked to school together for safety. Sally thought it was being overly-cautious, but her mother insisted on it just for her peace of mind.

"Hi, Amanda, my brother Josh insisted I do him with my hand in the vacant lot on the way to school. He is always begging me to fix him up before school. I guess he is just oversexed or something."

The pretty girl on the other side of the table looked closely into her eyes looking for a sign that she was making it all up. Sally looked innocently back at her and smiled like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Tell me the truth, Sally, is his thing as big as the girls are all saying or is it just some cock and bull story you made up to sound like a big shot?"

Sally noticed that Amanda had her hand hidden from view under the table and surmised the attractive black-haired girl was fiddling her slit out of view.

"It is pretty long, Amanda, but the thing is he is so thick it is hard to get inside my woman place and it is almost impossible in my sit-down."

"You mean he makes you take it in both places? You know brothers and sisters are not supposed to do that kind of stuff, don't you?"

Sally reached under the table and placed her fingers on Amanda's frantically moving hand moving with a steady beat. She could feel just how wet the pretty girl's hand already was. Sally looked around and no one was watching. She pushed Amanda's hand to the side and slid her fingers into her friend's pulsating opening and told her,

"That's nice!"

In a few short moments, Amanda was panting like a runner going up a hill and Sally felt her hand sprayed with the young girl's juices. 16 year old Amanda slammed her knees together just like a bank vault closing up for the day. But it too much like closing the barn door after the horse had bolted.

Sally wiped her wet hand on the paper napkins lining her food tray. The scent of fresh young girl was

tickling her nostrils and she had to admit she was kind of hooked on the way other girls made funny noises and moved their nicely shaped nubile bodies when she took care of them like that. She knew Amanda was more interested in her brother's thing hiding inside his jockey shorts but it was nice to make her feel good like that.

"You can come over to the house if you want, Amanda. My brother likes to watch me play with my friends. He really gets off on it."

"You are not just teasing me, are you Sally? I have wanted to see your brother's thing for a long time. My boyfriend Jimmy has a tiny thing and it almost makes me want to laugh when I am trying to find it."

Sally was late for Algebra later that afternoon and Mr. Zimmerman told her to see him after class.

"Miss Sweetbum, this is the third time this week you have been late for my class. Do you have anything to say?"

"I am so sorry, Mr. Zimmerman, I was drinking a soda at the machine and it spilled and I had to clean it up."

It was a bald-faced lie but it was a pretty good one and Sally felt her teacher might let her off with just a warning. When she saw the middle-aged rotund man pull out the dreaded paddle, she knew it was going to be "one of those days".

"You know the procedure, Miss Sweetbum. Bend over the desk and make it snappy!"

Sally sighed with an air of resignation. It seemed like Mr. Zimmerman was enjoying her little embarrassments a little more each time. The last time he had paddled her bottom, she saw him open his flies and touch his thing. Ever since she entered his class, right after her 16 th birthday, he had made an effort to correct her weakness in being late for almost everything.

"Each time I address your buttocks with Mr. Paddle, I want to sing out nice and clear. "I promise not to be late ever again!"

"Yes, sir, I understand, sir. Must I lower my drawers, sir? It makes me all fluttery in my tummy when I know you are looking at my backside and my female place, Mr. Zimmerman. I get all wet down there and feel like I am being a bad girl."

"Get them down right now, Miss Sweetbum, and no more foolishness!"

The teacher adjusted Sally's hips and pried her legs a little further apart so her delightful lightly fuzzed split hung down like a ripe peach waiting to be eaten. She moaned into her sleeve when the older man tested her slit for wetness. Sally knew her juices were a dead giveaway just how much she enjoyed the paddling sessions. She watched the bespectacled man bring his fingers up to his nostrils

to inhale her heavy scent. It was so depraved that she quickly sucked in some air to cover her arousal.

After 12 good solid smacks, Sally looked up and begged Mr. Zimmerman to discontinue.

He stopped and then she noticed his flies were wide open and his impressive man tool was dancing about in severe agitation. Quickly, she sank to her knees behind the desk and gathered the wayward instrument into her teenaged mouth. This was something she had practiced often with the other female students in the room where anonymous rods were inserted into holes in the wall. It was a good system because the girls never knew who they were sucking off and the guys had no idea which girl was tending to their erection. She suspected that sometimes even the male teachers were utilizing the suck-off clearing room to drain their cum-laden sacs.

In less than a minute, Mr. Zimmerman was sending his creamy cum load to the back of her throat as he repeatedly informed her, "You are a good girl!"

She went with Amanda to her mother's car at the curb and confirmed they would both be studying at her house all evening. Her mother told her she would be dropping off a change of clothing and her tooth brush right after dinner.

When Sally's mom came home, she was more than agreeable to the sleepover and even made her specialty meatloaf for dinner. That made Josh more than happy because it was his favorite dish. Sally saw him looking at Amanda's ass when she bent over to pick up a dish towel that Sally's mom dropped by accident. She had to admit that Amanda's ass looked super inviting in her tight school skirt and only a thong on underneath.

Both her mom and dad left after dinner for a church social and that is when Sally and Amanda made their move on the unsuspecting Josh. He was playing a video game in the basement den and seemed annoyed to be interrupted by the two girls right in the middle of a difficult segment.

However, he lost interest in the video game when he saw Sally playing with Amanda's breast right out in full view.

"Are you girls crazy? Mom and Dad don't go for that kind of stuff in the house."

Sally winked at her brother and told him,

"She needs a strong hand on the other one, Josh. Are you chicken?"

All her brother needed was a dare to get him moving. He pushed Sally out of the way and started to fondle and expose Amanda's breasts in all their expanded nipple glory. Sally flicked one nipple with her tongue and her brother, not to be outdone, started to suck and lick the other nipple like a milk starved baby.

Amanda was in the throes of a pent-up orgasm. She was enjoying the breast play and her pelvic area was jumping like she was being stroked by an unseen lover. Sally removed her skirt and panties and did the same for Amanda. Josh was now confronted with two females naked from the waist down, even if one of them was his baby sister. He flipped Amanda over onto her elbows and knees and wasted no time in shoving his thing deep into her sopping wet slit. Sally could hear the slurping sound of them copulating right in front of her face.

Since she was at a loss for how she would fit in, Sally slid in underneath and looked up at her brother's thick thing buried deep in her best friend's slit. Amanda was whining and sobbing in passion driven pleasure. Her brother was grunting like a guy lifting weights each time he bottomed out in Amanda's pulsating slit.

Sally lifted her head and started to alternately lick and suck her brother's swinging sacs and the base of his thing buried in Amanda's slit. Sometimes she even tongued Amanda's protruding clitoris much to her delight and squirting of juices. When her brother slowed down, she wandered back to his pucker hole and rimmed his quivering anus. This forced Josh to pound Amanda like she had never been pounded before and caused her to spiral down into another multiple orgasm that seemed to last forever.

Josh rolled his tight bottom being pegged by his sister's frenzied tongue and he shouted out some filthy words generally not spoken in the Sweetbum household in ordinary circumstances.

Soon after, he flooded Amanda's clutching channel with his teenaged load of creamy cum and they all watched it backflow out rolling back into her tightly clenched brown eye.

They all looked up in shock at the steps on the basement stairs.

The look on Amanda's mother's face was priceless.

She looked at the guilty fact of the creamy cum on her daughter's teenaged slit and she looked at Sally's heart-shaped ass sticking up high toward the ceiling. But most of all, her attention was drawn to Josh's impressive throbbing stick that retained its aroused state with youthful exuberance.

Before anyone could blurt out an excuse or an apology, Amanda's mother said in a trembling voice,

"Do you guys need a Fourth?"