The Contest

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I went running into the living room screaming to my parents that I had won the contest!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/the-contest.aspx

Over the last few weeks, at least one of my friends announced every day what their parents were getting them for their high school graduation present. The gift list included used cars, new cars, trips to Florida, trips to Mexico, and my best friend, Sarah was about to get handed the keys to her Uncle's condo in midtown Manhattan for 18 months. Her Dad set a period of time that long, for her to break onto Broadway or come back home to Minnesota.

If I was lucky, my parents *might* take me out to dinner at Applebees after the graduation ceremony.

My prospects weren't looking so hot now that my high school career was almost over. As I sat at my computer, waiting for it to boot up, I looked in the mirror.

"Abbey," I said to myself, "You had a pretty good run the last three years. Five varsity letters in sports, a 4.0 GPA, and elected Homecoming Queen last fall."

I liked the way I looked, and so did the boys at school. I am 5' 8", 125 pounds, long auburn hair, sparkly emerald green eyes, 34B breasts, and curves exactly where they were supposed to be. But how long will this last? Where to next?

I wondered if I was going to be one of those who peaked in high school and would begin a long slow spiral down to oblivion.

The old computer finally flickered to life and shook me out of my musings. I began to check my e-mail.

“Here is an interesting one,” I thought, “’Have Dinner with a big Hollywood Star and the next President of the United States.” I clicked it open.

“How would you and a guest like to spend an evening with our Presidential candidate at the home of his big-time Hollywood friend for dinner?” the e-mail started. “All you have to do is contribute 15 to the campaign, within 48 hours, to be entered in the contest drawing.”

My eyes, followed down the checklist of suggested donations, to the bottom of the e-mail and this line, “P.S. Don’t worry about the airfare to Los Angles, buying clothes, or paying for a hotel. We will, of course, pick up the entire cost for your V.I.P. dining experience with the candidate and the star.”

“Fifteen dollars? That’s not so much,” I reasoned. I had already decided that I was going to cast my first vote for this guy anyway. I had even stood up at the caucus in February and declared myself for him (my attendance there sealed my ‘A’ in Mr. Harrington’s civics class.)

I entered my credit card number, confirmed I was 18 or older, pushed the 15 contribution button, and promptly reached my credit card limit. Now, if I could only win, *this* would be a graduation present all right - a dinner with Mr. Dreamboat and the next President of the United States in Los Angeles, California.

Six days later and now an official High School Graduate, I received an e-mail with the subject, “Congratulations, You Won!” I was about to delete it as junk mail when I recognized the name. I clicked it open. I stared at it over and over as I read, “You have been chosen to have dinner with the future President of the United States at the home of his Hollywood Star friend.” There was a telephone number to call, immediately, to confirm my acceptance.

I called within the next second and talked to a senior campaign official. He needed my social security number to run a security clearance on me and the name and social security number of my guest.

I gave him my social security number and he said, if I was cleared by the Secret Service, he would send me a complete itinerary and all the particulars I would need for the trip. I was also told I needed to select a guest as soon as possible and get them cleared too. I had 24 hours to select someone.

I went running into the living room screaming to my parents. They couldn’t believe it at first. I had to show them the contest and e-mails on my computer to convince them.

It got a little ugly, for awhile, about who my guest was going to be. You can hear it now can’t you? “As long as you live in my house, as long as I am paying for your college, and the ever popular, you will listen to your father” were among some of the phrases used as my parents crossed my choices

for guest off my list.

It was finally settled, my older sister Kara would be my guest. That was pretty funny, I thought to myself as I went back to my room to call Kara. *She* would be my chaperone? My parents had no clue as to what she had been doing up at college the last two years.

Kara prided herself being Alpha Omicron Pi's number one party girl. As for her keeping me chaste in "the evil Gomorrah of Los Angeles", that was the biggest joke. At 20 years of age, 5' 9", red hair like mine, beautiful deep blue eyes, 135 pounds, and luscious 36C breasts... Well, let's just say she *didn't* fight off the guys.

Over the next few days, with a flurry of e-mails, the trip started to come together. *The Pine City Pioneer*, our local paper, came out and took our pictures and ran a big story - and it *was* a big story in Pine City, Minnesota. All the TV stations from Minneapolis came up to do interviews with me.

The Secret Service told me to only talk in generalities and not to give anyone any specifics in our itinerary. This was really happening!

At last, the day to leave was here. Kara and I were packed early and sat on the front porch, like a couple of lonely puppies waiting for their master to come home, watching for our limousine to arrive.

The stretch town car pulled up and out came two absolutely handsome men in their late twenties, both wearing dark blue suits and sunglasses. Both men, one black and one white, introduced themselves to our father and presented him with their identification. It turned out these weren't Secret Service agents, but former Army Rangers who now worked campaign security. They would deliver us to Los Angeles and to Secret Service agents there.

My father received guarantees that we would be under constant protective services until we were delivered back to him in 72 hours safe and sound.

Kara and I started to pick up our bags, to load in the limo, when the two men grabbed them from us.

"V.I.P.'s do not carry their bags miss," the guard stated. They opened the doors and Kara and I slid our little asses along smooth luxurious leather upholstery.

"Fasten your seat belts ma'am," ordered my guard, the black man, who had introduced himself as Sam.

With clicks of seat belts, we pulled away from the curb for the hour and a half hour drive to the

Minneapolis International Airport. We laughed as the *Pioneer's* photographer tried to shoot pictures of us through the heavily tinted windows.

After we started down the interstate, Kara tapped the partition. It lowered, and Sam said, "Yes ma'am?"

"Any chance a girl could get something to drink?" questioned my big sister.

"Yes ma'am," he said as the partition closed and a panel in front of us raised. A full bar, soft drinks, orange juice, cheese, fruit, fresh crescents, and champagne appeared before us.

Kara picked up the chilled champagne bottle and looked at it. "Hmmm, Krug Grand Cuvee," mused my worldly know-it-all sister, "I hope it's as good as Andre. Let's make mimosas!"

Just past Roseville, with the bottle empty, Kara started feeding me grapes and cheese. "Just like a Roman orgy," she said with her face flushed from the alcohol as she gave me a long deep kiss.

Startled, but remembering my 16th birthday present from her, I relaxed and returned the kiss. I wondered if the guards could see. I hoped they could.

"This is just the beginning little sister," Kara said with a wink.

The kissing, cuddling, sensuous fondling of each others breasts, along with the mimosas made the trip to the airport speed by. We were there.

I tapped on the partition. "What airline are we flying Sam?" I asked.

"Ma'am, V.I.P.s do *not* fly on the airlines," Sam told me, "We have a chartered jet waiting to take us to LAX."

"No TSA security checks?" slurred Kara ever so slightly, "I can keep my shoes on? No pat downs or strip searches?"

"Only if you want one ma'am," Sam said with a very slight grin on his face.

The limo pulled up to a small Cessna 525B Citation six passenger jet. The pilot welcomed us on board as our two men loaded our luggage for the flight to LA.

"Say goodbye to Randall, ladies," Sam said as he shook the man's hand.

“Isn’t ‘notSam’ coming?” Kara whispered to me.

“You don’t need two guards at 35,000 feet ladies,” finished Sam.

“We don’t?” whispered Kara again with a smirk on her lips, “I think we need two or three anyway.”

This plane was absolute luxury. Sam told us the plane was provided by our host for dinner tomorrow night, this was his personal aircraft.

The pilot announced, after takeoff, that the flight would take a little over four hours, and to relax and ask Sam for anything we needed.

When we leveled off at our cruising altitude, Kara whispered, “Do you know we are almost ten miles up? Ever heard of the Mile High Club?”

“Are you a member?” I asked, never surprised from anything Kara said.

“Only the Half Mile Club,” she said regrettably.

“What the heck is that?” I asked.

“Trying to join the club on a full Delta flight to Disney World isn’t easy little sister,” Kara sighed. “A hand job to the guy in the center seat as he fingered me was the best I could do. Especially with some old guy asleep in the aisle seat. At least, I *think* he was asleep.”

“This is absolutely perfect,” we both said together and laughed.

“Sam...,” we said in unison.

“Yes ladies?” he reacted.

“Could you come over here to the sofa?” I asked.

He moved towards us and we grabbed his hand and pulled him down on the sofa between us.

“We’re cold,” we said as we each rubbed a muscular thigh of this handsome guard.

He struggled to get up as we held him back, “I’ll turn up the heat,” he explained.

“No!” in unison we both protested, “You are warming us up right now,” we said.

“Can’t you feel that?” Kara said as she pulled Sam’s hand up her thigh under her dress as I gently massaged his growing crotch.

Sam leaned back on the leather sofa smiling as he said, “Actually Kara, you aren’t cold at all. You feel downright hot here.” He slipped his massive hand over Kara’s mound as he massaged her saying, “In fact, I think it is very hot in here now.”

My hand started to undo his pants and reached into his shorts to release his growing cock.

“My god, it’s true,” I thought. Sam’s black cock *was* huge - at least nine inches and growing larger by the second. This was the biggest cock I had ever seen.

In seconds, our white hands were gently massaging his beautiful chocolate cock. The contrast of our hands on him is something I will always remember.

Sam’s hand slipped under my dress and he began to run his fingers along my swollen panty-covered labia. After a few minutes, his fingers reached under my panties and his fingers entered me. I leaned back in bliss, with my eyes closed, as we pleasured each other with our hands.

I felt my hand pulled away and opened my eyes to see Kara, now naked, kneeling between Sam’s legs taking his cock into her mouth. I stood up and slowly took off my clothes as Sam watched in pure sexual delight.

I pulled Kara up and we quickly ripped Sam’s clothing off, paying very close attention to both of his big guns.

Sam laid down on the soft carpeted floor, his magnificent cock eagerly reaching up for attention. I watched as my naked sister opened her legs as she straddled Sam’s hips. She slowly lowered herself on Sam’s ebony cock while I watched it disappear into my sister’s naked pussy.

I felt Sam pulling me down, moving my knees to either side of his face. My trimmed pussy making contact with his slow moving tongue sent me into ecstasy. I felt Kara’s hands pinching my nipples as I reached out to fondle her breasts. Our lips met and our tongues danced in rapturous delight.

All three of our bodies were engaged in movement and making sounds that were bringing me to the edge or orgasm. I heard Kara cry out as she violently shook with her powerful orgasm.

Sam continued pushing his tongue deep inside me as his thumb gently massaged my clit. All the while his hips continued pounding his cock into my sister. I was about to cum when suddenly I felt Kara pull me up and off Sam's talented tongue.

She swung me around and down, impaling me on the pounding penis. Kara swung down on Sam's face as he greedily licked her orgasmic juices, never losing a beat in the fucking of both of us.

Within minutes, I felt the waves of a powerful orgasm ravaging my body as I heard Sam grunt, feeling his warm cum splashing repeatedly against my cervix. We all collapsed in a naked, sweaty, cum-soaked pile.

Forty-five minutes later, after some make-up and hair repairs, we were dressed and in our seats as the plane landed in Los Angeles.

Departing the plane, Sam introduced us to our new Secret Service detail, Agents Baxter and Holley. Sam wished us well and shook both our hands with a quick wink.

As Agent Baxter helped us into our limousine, I heard Sam whisper to Agent Holley, "You two better remember what happened to your outfit in Cartagena, Columbia last April while you are protecting *those* two."

The whirlwind now began in earnest. We were checked into the Presidential Suite at the Four Seasons Hotel Beverly Willshire, had an incredible dinner at the Wolfgang Puck Bar and Grill, and hours later fell asleep, naked, in one bed.

At 11:00 a.m. we were escorted to the limousine and traveled to Rodeo Drive to get dresses for our V.I.P. dinner with the stars.

Kara selected a beautiful emerald green cocktail gown at the Gianni Versace Boutique and was loaned jewelry to match. I wanted to try Giorgio Armani's Boutique.

We entered the store as Agent Baxter explained the situation to the manager. We picked several dresses and I was shown the way to the fitting area. "Could my sister join me? I value her advice," I asked the prissy manager.

"Of course," he purred, "anything for our V.I.P. clients. The private dressing suite is this way," he motioned with his hand.

The agents stood watch outside the “suite” as I started to try on gowns. Most of the dresses had built-in bras so I was wearing only panties as I tried on my selections as my sister watched and gave her advice. After a few dresses and chit chat, I asked, “Did I see you squirt when you came on Sam yesterday?”

“Yes, I usually do,” she stated as matter-of-fact. “Why?”

“I never have squirted when I have an orgasm Kara. I thought it was a myth until I saw you do it,” I blushed.

I watched as Kara undressed and stood naked in the room. “Well, we need to fix that right now,” she purred as she reached out to embrace me.

Feeling her nipples against mine as Kara pulled down my panties made my pussy start to tingle. We fell into a deep embrace and onto the large velvet sofa in the suite. Our tongues dancing the seductive rhythm of foreplay.

Our hands caressed every inch of our bodies and aroused every pleasure nerve we had. Our bodies writhing in pure ecstasy, I could feel my labia swell open covered with moisture, and I could see Kara’s pussy eagerly awaiting sexual gratification.

Kara’s fingers traced my lips as the palm of her hand cupped and pressed on my mound. I did the same to her as she breathlessly whispered, “I will make you squirt baby sister.”

She pushed two fingers deep inside me. She then curled them to brush the top of the inside of my vagina, pushing against the back of my urethra. I tried to copy this move with her. Our pace quickened and our breaths shortened, as we started moaning loudly.

“Is everything all right in there?” agent Holley demanded.

Together we both yelled out, the best we could, “Ya.” Both of us gasping for air as we laughed.

Kara now moved us into a 69 position and we gently lapped at each other’s wet swollen pussies with our tongues. Then we thrust our tongues into each other as we gently massaged our clits. Our orgasms were building and our tongues were moving faster and deeper into each other as we closed in on a grand climax.

Kara suddenly pushed three fingers deep inside me and curled them, pushing against me. I felt the convolutions of my pussy as I screamed out in pleasure. Then I felt it. I felt contractions and warm

wetness as a small amount of cum, *my cum*, was released.

Kara looked up at me smiling, her face glistening with my liquid. “Now you’ve squirted baby sister!” she boasted.

After a few minutes laying together on the floor, we got up, dressed, and straightened up. I chose the midnight blue metallic cocktail gown and we opened the door to the dressing suite. We were greeted by our two Secret Service agents with flushed faces.

I was loaned some accessories for the dress I selected and we thanked the twitchy little manager. We were taken back to the Four Seasons by our stone-faced agents and readied ourselves for the biggest night of our young lives.

At 6:00 p.m., we motored up to the star’s Malibu estate. We were greeted at the door by the candidate’s campaign official, Mr. Riley, the man I had talked to a week ago after the thrilling e-mail announcement arrived.

“Welcome, my lovely V.I.P. guests. It is my pleasure to greet you on behalf of the candidate and our host for this evening,” the well dressed official roared.

As we entered the mansion, I heard Agent Baxter whisper to Mr. Riley, “Whatever you do sir, don’t leave either one of those two alone with the candidate or the host.” He added, “I am not kidding sir, trust me.”