

The Grimm Twins II - The Dancer and the Devil

By sprite

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Jacob tells his sister a tale in which magic dust brings life to a pair of unlikely partners.

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"Tell me again why I should let you tie me up like this, Jacob?"

Jacob gazed down at the object of his desire, his lips curving into a wicked grin. There was little doubt about the measure of luck he'd been gifted with. His sister was beautiful, and not just in his eyes. He'd overheard enough talk over a pint or three at the local pub to know she was the subject of much speculation, most of it lust fueled. And who could blame them? His gaze wandered over her body, only a thin white shift hiding her treasures from him. She was slender, but the slenderness of a young woman, rather than a boy. Her breasts although small, were perfectly proportioned upon her, her narrow waist making them look larger than they actually were. She had the body of a dancer, a fitting thought, considering his choice of tale this evening.

"Because you love me and would do anything to please me and this, dear sister, pleases me greatly."

"Fine, but remember, you promised me another bed time story." Jenny said, her lips forming a pout that was both petulant and erotic. Her blue eyes sparkled above her flushed cheeks and her impossibly beautiful face was framed by hair the color of spun gold. She lay stretched out upon his bed, her wrists secured to the upper, rather ornate, wooden bed posts, her ankles spread and similarly secured to the matching lower posts.

"Are you comfortable, my heart?" He asked, adjusting the pillow under her head, taking a moment to stroke her soft hair lovingly.

"I suppose, although I am in danger of growing bored, if I must lay here for any length of time." Her smile was fleeting, though bright, giving lie to her words. He knew from experience that she enjoyed their games as much as he did. Possibly more.

"Spoiled little princess." He laughed, shaking his head as his fingers brushed along the line of her cheek and jaw before coming to a halt beneath her chin. Tilting her head up slightly, he bent down and kissed her lightly on the lips, seducing a soft moan from her, one that spoke volumes.

"Naughty as well." He teased. "You're in heat, admit it. If I hadn't tied you down, you'd be on your knees, your lips wrapped around my shaft. Or, perhaps on your hands and knees, screaming obscenities while I plundered your tight little bung hole. Admit it, sister, you are a dirty little slut."

He was amused to see her eyes flash, knowing that the cause was lust, rather than anger. Satisfied that he had her complete attention, he settled on the bed beside her, his hand resting casually on her thigh, stroking her naked flesh tenderly. "A story, you say. Yes, yes, I know, I promised. Let me think, Jenny... what would amuse you most? Perhaps the tale of the piper of Hamelin? Or the sisters, Snow White and Rose Red. No, I think I'll save those for another night. Tonight, my love, my thoughts are on the Puppet Master Gepetto and his 'daughter'...."

He paused, noting how his captive audience's brows rose in question.

"Daughter? I thought Pinocchio was... "

"Hush, Jenny. Yes, that same Gepetto, and yes, Pinocchio was his most famous creation, but not his finest, nor his first. There were two others that very few know of, a pair whose tale has been lost, or at least well hidden, over the years. Once you hear it, you will understand. Now, recite to me the rules, Jenny."

Jenny's lips parted, her eyes widening as his fingers brushed the length of her inner thigh, her tits rising suddenly as her diaphragm filled, pushing her small tummy outward as well.

"I am not allowed to cum until you're story is done, Jacob, not before you have spent your seed however you see fit."

"Good girl. Hopefully, this time, you will actually be able to obey them as well."

That earned a breathy chuckle from her. "Am I to blame that you drive me mad with desire, brother dear? You must admit, I did my best the last time and truly, I think there is room for me to argue that I achieved your goal, if but by the width of a thread... ouch!"

Jacob shook his head slowly, the mark of his pinch red against her milky white thigh. "Remember, love. You have given yourself unto my tender mercies. Best that you accept that you have room for

improvement, else not only will you not get your story, but I will make you sorry you let me restrain you so, understood?"

This time, she looked properly chastened, simply nodding and whispering her reply softly. "Yes, Jacob. I am sorry. I will do my best to be a good girl."

"That remains to be seen. For now, however, I am pleased enough to begin my tale. How and where it ends, is up to you, Jenny." He continued stroking her thigh, noting how it quivered at his touch, wondering if it would be more entertaining to let her simmer or to bring her to a quick boil this time as he collected his thoughts, the story forming in his head. "Not so long ago, in a land far, far away," he began, his fingers moving beneath the plain white shift that covered the upper half of her thigh. "There lived a puppet maker named Gepetto... why are you giggling, Jenny?"

Jenny blushed, looking dutifully ashamed, her voice soft and girlish. "I had a rather naughty thought, Jacob."

"Oh? And did you intend to share it with me?" He inquired, raking his evenly cut nails over her tender flesh, pleased to see her squirm against the restraints that secured her arms to the corners of the bed.

"It was just that, I recalled that when Pinocchio told a lie, his noes grew and I was imagining what it might be like to sit upon his face while he told all manner of untruths."

Jacob shook his head, a mock sigh issuing forth. "And this, dear sister, is why I am the story teller, and you merely my attentive and delightful audience. Your imagination can be so... vulgar and predictable at times."

His comment was rewarded with a disdainful sniff, accompanied by a small frown, which he ignored as he continued both his tale and the stroking of her bared thigh. "As I said, there was a puppet maker who lived by himself upon the edge of town. He'd once been married, but his wife had passed away long ago. Broken hearted, he'd never sought another woman's hand, and had busied himself in the only great joy left him, his work."

He paused, plucking the hem of her shift and lifting it slowly, uncovering his sister's lovely cunt, admiring the light covering of gold decorating it. Smiling thoughtfully, he ran his fingers through her soft down. "I am curious how you would look, freshly shorn, Jenny. Perhaps I will take a razor to you one evening. Would you like that?"

"Anything you wish, Jacob, as long as you make me cum." She replied, breathlessly, the edges of her

parted folds quivering as the juice of her desire welled slowly between them.

"Anything I desire, love. And I desire so much from you. More than you can imagine." He ran a single finger through the valley of her cunt before pressing it to his lips and licking it clean before resuming the stroking of her thighs, watching as her honey began to drip slowly between her legs, coating her rosebud pucker before dampening the bed sheets.

"And so it was that he spent many years perfecting his craft, learning to carve joints of wood that would allow his puppets to move naturally upon their strings, each one improving upon the last. Rough fingers weren't enough, so he learned to carve finger nails and then knuckles. Roughly hewn faces became handsome in time in the male figures and beautiful in the females, and even life like. And yet, he labored in anonymity, few realizing his true genius. That all changed one day, one very fateful day, and do you know why, Jenny? Hmmm?"

"No." she said, gasping as he ran his finger through her drenched cunt, from bottom to top, then slowly circled her swelling clit, like a hunter his prey.

"Not even a guess?" He teased, taking her nub between thumb and finger and rolling it, his own cock pulsing at her moan, and the sight of her hips lifting from the bed, her toes pointing daintily even as her fingers wrapped around the ropes that bound her wrists.

"Tell me, Jacob, for I have not the faintest idea."

"Good. I was worried you might have heard this one before. One day, he was visited by a strange creature, one that appeared human, at least at first sight. A very beautiful woman, her hair the color of newly fallen snow, her eyes the silver of the moon. She was, in fact, one of the magical fey, and she'd been watching the puppet maker for sometime, curious about his craft, enough so that she'd risked knocking upon his door one breezy spring morning. As you can imagine, Gepetto was quite surprised when he opened his door to see her! Firstly, it was rare that he had visitors beyond the occasional curious child from the township. Secondly, he'd never even imagined such unearthly beauty existed, for the fairy was indeed, beautiful beyond imagining."

"More beautiful than me?" Jenny asked breathlessly, his attentions having an obvious effect upon her.

"No one could outshine you, my willing little captive." Jacob said, he gaze locked upon her flushed face.

"Perhaps her vanity was less, however, for she didn't spend nearly as much time gazing into mirrors

as you do."

"Not fair!" She protested weakly. "I simply want to make sure I look my best for you, dear brother."

"Shush, Jenny. I am teasing. Now, may I continue my story or would you prefer I leave you to wonder what happened between Gepetto and the Blue Fairy?"

"I am sorry." She sighed, after a short pause. "You know how I worry that you will find someone prettier than I to be your plaything."

"I assure you, that will never happen, Jenny, so banish that thought from your head."

He paused, as if to collect his thoughts, noting how her nipples dented the material of her shift, and how her tits heaved with every breath as he continued to tease her swollen nub. Then, very gently, he pushed his index deep into her eager cunt.

"Yes..." she hissed softly, drawing the word out, gasping as he pressed his thumb against her clit, rubbing against it as she once again fought her bonds futilely.

"Now, as I said, Gepetto was quiet surprised to find such a vision at his door. Still, he recovered quickly. *'What may I do for you, young lady?'* he inquired, bowing slightly at the waist and taking her offered hand and pressing his lips to her fingers'. *'I merely wished to look upon your creations, good sir.'* She replied, her voices lilting and musical.

"Gepetto, of course, had already fallen under the spell of her beauty. Ushering her in, he gave her a small tour of his workshop, showing off some of his finest creations. First he introduced her to his circus troop. There was a ring master with a whip and a top hat, a clown in a gaily painted costume, and a strongman, muscular and lean. Next, he introduced her to King Author and his bride, Guinnevere, as well as the knight Lancelot and Merlin, the wizard. She seemed impressed by each, her comments filling his heart with pride as he showed off puppet after puppet until at last, he came upon his latest creation, his pride and joy, his ballerina."

Without missing a beat, nor pausing, he slipped his slick finger from her pussy and pressed the tip of his finger against the ring of her ass, pushing it carefully into her tight pucker, pausing as the knot of his knuckle pushed into her, and then the second. As he went on speaking, he continued pumping his finger into her, enjoying her soft whimpers as she tried to spread her legs even wider for him than he'd already tied them.

"She was modeled, of course, after the White Swan, her costume made of feathers, her hair as white

as snow. In fact, she resembled his guest somewhat. The fairy regarded her silently, obviously impressed. Finally, she turned to the Puppet Master. *'She is so life-like that it seems a crime she should be hanging as she is, bound by string. I wish I could see her dance'...*"

"Gepetto smiled at that, taking her down from the low beam overhead, deftly working her strings so that she did indeed dance, much to the delight of the fairy, performing graceful arabesque, breathtaking entrechat, and finally, a magnificent pirouette that made her clap with delight. She thanked him for his time, then, a clever little plan brewing in her head as she left the lonely toy maker with his puppets and dolls."

Jacob added his middle finger to the one already in her ass and was rewarded with a throaty moan, her muscles tightening around his digits as she pushed back against them, trying to force him out without success.

"My God, Jacob." She let out. It was followed by a groan as he sunk his fingers deep into her as her head rolled back and forth on the pillow, mouth open, eyes tightly shut.

"God has nothing to do with it. Blasphemous thoughts like that will only prolong your frustration. Is that what you want?"

"No, please, Jacob. I want to cum for you."

Do not worry, you will. Long after you wish, perhaps, but you will." He said, pulling his fingers out once more, leaving only the tip of his middle finger pressing against her rosebud.

"That night, Jenny dear, she returned, moving like the wind, slipping silently beneath his door, slipping through the shadows, until she took form like a shower of glittering stars before the life-less ballerina, her face set with a somewhat mischievous smile. 'You are too beautiful a creation to languish so' the fairy decreed, casting a handful of fairy dust upon the wooden puppet. With that, she left as she had come, silent and unseen, pausing only long enough to see the first stirrings of life within Gepetto's ballerina, unaware that the breeze had caught a few grains of her magical dust and carried them elsewhere as well."

Once again, he pushed his fingers slowly into her and was rewarded by a shiver that traveled through her entire being, starting at the junction of hips and thighs and ending in fingers and toes, her entire body going stiff for one brief moment. Then, she began thrashing against her bonds mindlessly until he withdrew his fingers, waiting for her to settle before teasing her clit once more, this time pinching her sharply so that she gasped and renewed her struggle.

"Enjoying yourself, Jenny?" He asked, his voice mocking as he released her, but not before giving her swollen nub a hard twist that left her with tears brightening her beautiful blue eyes.

"How can you be so cruel to me?" She whimpered, pulling against the ropes that secured her.

"Because I know, despite your protests, that you enjoy it." He gave her pussy a slap, and then another, and another, each accompanied by a breathy gasp, until he'd reached a count of ten. When he was done, he let her writhe upon the bed as he attempted to take up his story once more.

"The ballerina came to life slowly, her lashes rising, her heart beating sluggishly at first, and then quickening, pumping blood through her small body, warming her once wooden limbs, her lungs filling with air as she took her first breath, and then another."

"Are you going to fuck me, tonight Jacob?"

Jacob glanced up, smiling wickedly at his sister. She looked so vulnerable tied up like this, her lower lip pressed between her even, white teeth. "I haven't decided yet. Maybe, if you're good, something I am beginning to think you're incapable of. I might just pleasure myself, and make you watch...."

Putting action to word, he slowly undid his trousers, revealing his tented undergarments, the tip of his cock peeking out over the waistband. He tugged them down sharply, and his swollen member sprang free. Shifting on the bed, he arranged himself so that it was pointing at his sister's face, taking satisfaction in the way she ran the tip of her pink tongue hungrily over her lips, her baby blues fastened upon his manhood. He began to stroke it slowly with his right hand, smearing her pussy juices along its length.

"As you can well imagine, she was confused at first. After all, she had no memories, no knowledge or name for anything, no experience upon which to draw upon. She only knew she hungered for something she had no name for. Her first act was to shed the string fastened to her limbs, experiencing her first emotion. Elation! Ah, Jenny, she was as perfect alive as she had been when inanimate, each step, each movement, full of grace. She didn't simply step walk across the countertop, she glided upon dainty feet, only her toes touching the surface. As the fairy had hoped, she danced, each movement perfect. Had anyone seen her, anyone human that is, their heart would have broken at her performance, so beautiful it was. And yet, one did see her, one who wasn't quite human. Can you guess who, my lovely captive? If you can, I promise to reward you. If not, well, I'll be forced to punish you."

Before she had a chance to answer, he bent down and kissed her trembling cunt, first lapping at her slit roughly, then teasing her clit with the tip of this tongue until she shook in her bonds. Minutes went

by before she finally answered.

"The stray dust." Jenny finally managed, her words ending with a lingering moan. "It... landed on another puppet?"

Jacob sat up, his mouth glistening, and resumed stroking his cock.

"Very good. You have been paying attention. I'm quite pleased. You've earned this."

He pushed a trio of fingers into her drenched cunt and begin fucking her with them, pumping them in and out, in rhythm with his other hand, fighting to get his voice under control as his breathing grew shaky.

"Indeed, the dust had settled upon another of Gepetto's creations, a devil, both beautiful and terrible. It had the form of a man, a most handsome man. Broad of chest and muscular, its face chiseled and strong. It had eyes the color of coal, and hair of sable, and a huge..."

His eyes were glued to his sister, her shift clinging to her upper body, her arms and legs taut as she struggled to pay attention to his words, her face flushed as he pushed her closer and closer to the edge, reminding himself not to lose focus too soon. He'd never hear the end of it if he spilled his seed before reaching the end. He slowed down his strokes, simply caressing his thick member, enjoying the pulse of blood coursing through its length.

"Cock. There, the similarities ended. His skin was crimson, his fingers ended in sharp claws. Two pointed horns rose from his forehead, and a pointed tail sprouted from his spine, twisting and curling like a living creature as he drew his first breathe. Flexing, he too found freedom, easily snapping the string that tied up to the beam above. Eyes glowing darkly, he surveyed Gepetto's workroom, his attention quickly drawn by the doll dancing on the far side of the room. He smiled, his lips peeling back to reveal sharpened teeth, his fingers flexing as if he could already feel her in his grip. While he too had awoken without memories, knowledge, or name, he'd also awoken with hunger, a hunger that did have a name. Lust. It stirred his very loins, filling his cock with blood until it pointed obscenely skyward."

"How much longer, Jacob?" Jenny gasped, a wild look in her eyes.

The corners of this mouth lifted. "Still a ways to go, love. Are you going to make it to the end?"

"I'll try. I don't know!" She said, gasping as he pushed deeply into her sopping cunt, curving his fingers inside of her in search of that special place that caused her such immense pleasure. "Not if

you do that!"

"Try, Jenny. That's all I ask. I'll hurry as best I can. You're awfully distracting, you know. Maybe if you weren't so damned sexy. Let's see, his huge cock kept growing and growing, towering like the a church spire as he watched her dance, his thoughts full of dark desires, aching for her. He felt a great need, something beyond mere hunger, and only she could satisfy him. Those were his thoughts. I suppose you can appreciate them, sister dearest. In fact, I believe you are experiencing something similar?"

All he got for his trouble was an anguished moan as his fingers found the place they'd been searching for and began caressing it from within. He began stroking his cock with purpose once more, knowing that she wouldn't be able to last much longer if he kept it up.

"So, as the Ballerina danced while the devil watched and lusted, willing the newly awoken doll to travel the length of the work bench..."

"I can't, I'm going to..." Jenny managed, her back arching suddenly, her hips rising off the bed.

"Don't you dare disobey me! Hold on!" Trying to pull her back from the brink, he pulled his fingers from her grasping cunt. Reaching up he pinched the flesh of her upper arm hard and was rewarded with a sharp cry of pain.

Jenny twisted sideways, away from him, her breathing ragged. She was crying, and his heart softened a little. Shifting on the bed, he framed her face with gently hands, kissing her brow, her cheeks, and then her lips.

"Would you like me continue, or should I stop, my little princess?" he asked tenderly.

"Don't stop." She whispered, meeting his gaze, her eyes slightly out of focus, the ghost of a smile on her lips. "I was trying so hard to be a good girl, but I couldn't help myself..."

"Shush. It's alright." He combed his fingers through her hair, kissing her brow once more. "You're doing fine. I was pushing you too hard. This time, I'll coax you along more slowly. I promise. As long as you pay attention, you'll outlast both my tale and my own desire."

"I love you, Jacob." She mouthed, her lungs filling suddenly with breath as he lay his hand upon her mound, his fingers stroking her soft golden down once more.

"I love you too, my beautiful womb-mate. Now, shall we continue?" He waited for her nod of consent

before picking up the story once more.

"Unaware that she was being watched, the dancer arabesqued and entrechated and pirouetted her way from one end of the room to the other, until finally she spun before the demon. He watched her, his eyes full of craving, still maintaining an illusion of lifelessness. Only the subtle twitch of his cock betrayed him, a detail the ballerina failed to observe."

As he'd promised, he began stroking his cock in earnest, trying to build himself up to climax to coincide with the end of the tale, while slowly fucking his sister, thumb once more teasing her lovely clit.

"Patiently, despite the hunger of his body, he waited until she spun past, so closely that he felt the breeze of her passing upon his magnificent cock. Only then did he reveal himself, reaching out and grasping her arm firmly, and yet with a gentleness that belied his true nature. Even one such as he, the representation of true evil, recognized her great beauty and wished only to slake his lust upon her, rather than despoil or break her. Much like I wish to do with you, Jenny."

"That feels so good. If you just let it build slowly like this, I promise not to cum before you do." Jenny's smile bled into a long, soft moan, her small hands once more grasping the ropes securing her wrists to the bedposts.

"As you can imagine, fear filled her heart at first. She fought, panic overtaking her as she pulled away, but gradually she grew calm, sensing perhaps that he meant her no harm. And truly, she was not wrong with that.

Turning to face him, she met his fierce gaze with shy eyes, neither protesting nor resisting as he pulled her close and began to slowly shred her feathered bodice with his razor sharp claws. Nor did she make a sound as he tore her tutu and tights from her. Finally, he freed her of her slippers and the ribbons that held back her hair, stepping back so that he could admire her with a greedy stare. Although neither of them had awoken with the gift of language, their eyes spoke volumes. Finally, she had a name for the yearning which filled her. Desire!"

"He made love to her then?" Jenny asked, groaning she her brother pulled his drenched fingers from her and gave her pussy several playful slaps.

"Oh, nothing as gentle as that. You see, both their needs were too great for the union to be either gentle or sweet. It was fiery and consuming, passions igniting within newly beating hearts. Their kisses were savage, leaving them both breathless, as they explored each other's mouth. He raked her flesh with the tip of this clawed hands..."

Jenny's body tensed as Jacob trailed his own nails over her flat belly, and along the inside of her thighs, leaving angry red marks in their wake. He was still working his cock, his breath rapid as he grew nearer the end. He gazed upon her face, noting that her lids were, once more, tightly closed.

"Just so, yes... careful not to draw blood, yet leaving her porcelain flesh marked with fiery red lines. She shivered and trembled, both pain and pleasure blossoming at his touch, her desire neither dampened nor diminished, her own hand clutching at his arms, her perfect nails dimpling his crimson colored flesh. For an eternity they kissed, gasping and moaning upon the workshop counter until finally, the devil could stand it no more. He turned her roughly around and pushed her to her hands and knees, kneeling himself, knowing by instinct, perhaps, how best to abate the ache between his legs."

"She cried out as he pushed his huge cock into her virgin cunt, impaling her painfully, but then, something magical took place... the hurt melted into something wonderful. Pleasure filled the crevice between her thighs, Jenny, beyond any she'd ever dreamed up. She felt a flood of liquid gold well up inside of her, coating his swollen cock as he thrust it deep inside of her, pumping in and out of her with abandon. She cried out, this time not with pain, but with immeasurable delight, her back arching forward as he began fucking her harder and harder, plundering her unspoiled cunt."

Jenny jerked, her eyes opening wide with surprise as Jacob climbed on top of her, pushing his throbbing cock into her wide open pussy, sinking it deep inside of her, his hands on either side of her torso as he began to fuck her. His face was so close that she could feel his breath on her cheeks as he fixed her with his piercing gaze.

"How long he fucked her, my beautiful little tart, I can't say, only that he kept her on the edge of climax for a seeming eternity...."

"Harder, Jacob, fuck me harder!"

"What did I tell you about interruptions, Jenny!"

"I'm sorry. I'll not say another word until after, I swear it. Only...." Her words were cut off by a groan as he shoved his cock deep inside of her, his balls slapping up against her ass. As he resumed his tale, he began to fuck her as hard as he could and still be able to talk.

"Good girl, I know it's difficult, but my tale is almost over. Just do your best, that is all I ask of you. Devils, as you well know, are crafty beings, and this one, despite his origins, was no different. While he was fucking the graceful ballerina with his throbbing cock, his tail was caressing the insides of her thighs, thick with the juices flowing from her cunt. Soon, it was coated with her honey, as slick as the

cock inside of her, in fact. It began to move upwards, serpent like, until its tip pressed against her ass."

He paused then, ignoring her wordless protest, and pressed the tip of his cock against her puckered ass, pushing it slowly into her tight hole.

"He guided it in slowly, grinning at her cries, twisting as he pushed it past the ring of her anus, and into her ass, using it like a thick finger to massage along the barrier separating her canals, pushing slowly in as his cock withdrew, then out again as he filled her with his pulsing member."

"I can't take this much longer." Jenny whimpered, her body trembling wildly as he slowly fucked her in the ass, his cock slick with the juices from her pussy.

"Not to worry, dear sister, neither can I. My tale, in fact, is almost at an end."

"Harder!" she cried, twisting under him, doing her best to drive him deeper in her, even as he picked up the tempo.

"Who erupted in orgasm first, no one truly knows. Being a romantic, I like to believe that it was simultaneous, their cries of passion echoing through the small workshop and waking Gepetto. He walked in upon them just as the devil erupted inside of the his lover's convulsing cunt, just as she was driven over the edge herself, her fluids gushing along the length of his cock and covering both their thighs while he continued to fuck her with his devilish tail."

Jacob came hard, thrusting deep in sister's ass, unleashing his load with a guttural cry, even as his twin climaxed, her muscles squeezing around him as he erupted inside her again and again, his seed leaking from her around the plug of his cock and onto the bed sheets. Sated at last, he collapsed upon his securely bound sister, silence enveloping them. The only sounds were that of his ragged breath and her soft sighs of pleasure. Finally, he lifted himself, his softening member slipping from her dripping hole.

"Did I make it, Jacob?" Jenny finally asked, still shaking, her hands flexing even as he felt her tense up again with pleasure as he rubbed himself against her still swollen clit. "I could come again easily, if you desire it."

Jacob chuckled, placing his finger against her lips. "Shush. Not only do I not desire it, Jenny, but I forbid it. Now, let me finish with the story, since I have finished slaking my desire within your sweet little bottom. Before they realized what he intended, the puppet maker had pulled them apart, forcing her into an empty bird cage that had once held a canary. The devil, however, was too quick for him,

hurling himself through a nearby window and escaping into the night..."

"Never to be seen again?"

"Oh, no, my dear sister. He was a clever one, the devil. His heart had already been touched by the ballerina and he spent his days and nights in hiding, plotting how best to rescue her. That, however, is a tale for another night. Now, give me a kiss and tell me how much you love me before I put you to bed."

"I love you beyond words, Jacob. Beyond all reason. You are my sun, my moon, my stars. Now, if you don't mind untying me, I'll give you that kiss."

Jacob chuckled, leaning over his sister and allowing her to kiss him tenderly on the lips while he ran his hands under her shift, fondling her breasts. "There. Now that I've collected my kiss, I've changed my mind. The night is young still, and I think I'd like to take advantage of you one more time while I have your undivided attention. Let's put your pretty little mouth to use for something besides endless interruption."

Ignoring her protests, he straddled his sister and placed the head of his cock against her lips. Reaching down, he took a handful of her golden locks and lifted her head off the pillow, pleased as she opened her mouth and took his sticky cock into her mouth, sucking eagerly until he filled her, once more, with his seed.