My Best Friend's Sister: True Story, Part Two

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My best friend’s sister waited patiently on the bed as I made my way up to her. She was all woman, beautiful and nude, and the sight of her perfect pussy, in all its smooth splendor, was enough to make me want to peel those vertical lips apart as I climbed up into the bed with her. I knew, however, if I started there first, she would not get the full effect. I wanted to tease her, to bring her to the edge just as slowly and rhythmically as she had done to me.

As I crawled past her succulent sweetness, I smelled the scent of sexual desire evade her perfect perforation. It was all I could do to keep myself from peeling open her pussy as I made my way to her breasts. I wanted to play with her nipples first. When I first saw them, I knew they were the first part of her that I wanted to give attention. Besides, playing with my girlfriend’s breasts and nipples always got her juices flowing.

To build up sensation in my best friend’s sister, I started running my fingers across her stomach, slowly, letting her feel my fingers trail up to where my hands wanted to be. I could feel her skin move, as if it were crawling under my fingertips. She was getting aroused. Even before my hand reached her firm breasts, the pink middle rose in anticipation of my touch.

She started to moan as I moved closer to her sweet mounds and finally, my hand found her right breast. Slowly, I slid my finger across the soft warm moist skin of her breast, feeling the firmness of its slopes until my fingertip was in line with the pinkish round flesh that formed a perfect circle at its center. Slowly, I ran my finger around it, encircling the erect peak of its middle, feeling the tiny bumps that gave so much sensation. She started to breath harder and moan deeper.

When I touched her erect nipple, she let the moan escape her lips and arched her body deeper into the bed. Her nipple was firm and rigid and longed for a touch, like it was calling out to be tweaked. I flicked it with my thumb and finger and then gently took it between them, feeling the heat in it. She moaned even more. As she did and I massaged her nipple, I watched her left nipple react in the same

way her right one did. She was definitely stimulated and I wondered how much in a certain spot. I had to find out.

Slowly, I let my hand drift down her body, feeling its curves and smoothness along the way. Her skin was moist with desire and soft to the touch. Once I was at her stomach, I circled her belly button and then moved lower. I never looked down to watch what I was doing. I used my sense of touch and listened to her sounds of pleasure to guide my way.

My hand went lower and I felt the smooth area right above her perfect slit. It was hot and plump. I knew there was something else plump hiding inside that precious fold. So, my hand went lower, my finger riding between the hot folds of fleshy desire. As I did, she moaned even deeper and spread her legs slightly. She was more than just damp, she was wet, almost to the point of dripping as I felt my finger slide all the way down and I could feel her hot opening almost suck my finger inside her.

I brought my hand back up, still running my finger through her hot gash, feeling it begin to engorge. I knew the perfect verticalness of it was not so perfect anymore. I could tell, just by sliding my finger through its wet slickness that it was now beginning to open. I wanted to peel her open the rest of the way.

I slid my finger up and down, however, as soon as I felt her hot opening, I let my finger linger there, taunting her hot wetness, moving my finger back and forth as much as I could. She knew what I wanted to do, but she felt the hesitation in my hand. She moaned loudly to let me know she was enjoying it. Then she sighed with a very sexual undertone. I looked up at her face and she smiled while nodding her head, not able to say anything. With that nod, she gave me permission to do what I was physically asking without words.

My finger sunk inside her hot wet cavity. I felt her soft supple walls surround my finger. As I moved my finger slowly around in a circle, I felt the damp elasticity give slightly, letting my finger sink a little deeper. Slowly, I pulled my finger back until it was almost out and then slowly shoved it back inside again. I repeated the movement over a few times and each time, I felt the pink warm walls of her internal cavity grip my finger. Not yet ready to yield to the sensations I was giving her.

I quickened the pace inside her slightly and found a rhythm that pleased her. As I fingered her, she moaned and sighed a very sensual satisfied feeling. I knew she was enjoying it even without her having made a sound by watching her body and feeling inside her with my finger. I felt the hot secretions of arousal flow over my finger as I moved it around inside her pink hole. However, I knew, even as much as she was enjoying it, even with how wet she was getting, she was not going to get off on it. I knew there was something else I had to touch to make her cum.

So, I pulled out of her hot passage, ran my finger along her engorged sexual lips, caressing both sides with my fingertip, and felt her body sink into the bed. I knew I was touching the right spot. There was only one other spot that needed to be touched. That spot would do the trick. That spot was her clit.

As my finger moved to the top of her perfect slit, I felt the tiny round knob hiding under its covering. I felt how hard and stimulated it was. She moaned an even heavier moan as I touched it, massaged it through its hood. I looked at her face and her eyes were closed and she was biting her bottom lip. I looked down, and her smooth slit was glistening with pure desire. Slowly, I took my thumb and index finger and peeled back the thin layer that covered her clit. She moaned even more as I exposed it. So pink and hard, it shined, glimmered, in the light of the room from its own wetness.

I ran my finger down her perforation until I felt her hot wet opening and stuck my finger slightly inside, just enough to get some of her wetness on my finger. Returning back up to her erect clit, I touched it, using her natural wetness as lubricant and slowly, I circled the firm pink button that gave her so much pleasure. I felt her body tense and her clit naturally poke out to its stimulated state. She began to breath heavier and with more rhythm.

I continued in circles with my finger, varying my speed and paying close attention to her sounds and movements. Her clit was very reactive and very hot to my touch. I glanced down to where my finger circled her clit. Her perfect pussy was now stimulated, her labia swollen and glistening with her desire. Her clit, as I circled it, was a deeper pink and I felt her body becoming rigid. I knew she was in the first stages of pure delight.

When I decided to change motions, well, that sent her over the edge. As I started to stroke her clit up and down and then follow the contours of her engorged entry, she began to moan and breathe even quicker and heavier. Her body began to quiver.

“Don’t stop, keep going, I’m gonna cum!” she said.

I did not stop. I listened to her and as her breathing got quicker and her moaning got deeper, the more her body reacted. Suddenly, she spread her legs wider, bending her legs at the knees so that her ankles almost touched her ass where she lied on the bed. I continued my assault on her clit, running my finger over it across, back, and in circles. She then gripped the sheets with her fists and then let out a loud sigh that resonated from deep inside her body. Just about that time, I felt the warm flow of sexual tension empty from her hot canal in quivering pulses. She had cum.

Her body fell limp on the bed. Her legs tossed on the bed like a doll. Her arms beside her now tired body and the sheets at her palms all crinkled as evidence. There was a smile on her face as her eyes

stayed shut.

I had reciprocated her actions, all without even thinking of having sex with her. Because if that would have happened, I would have never been able to face my girlfriend again. What I did was bad enough, but at least there was no penetration. Just two people getting each other off. Sometimes, it does not get any better than that.