The Ball Is In Your Court Part 3

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The rest of the morning went smoothly, although Cameron was still nervous about meeting my family. She wanted to get along with my parents as well as I did with hers. Fortunately, I had met her family before we had started dating. They had come up to see her at school, taken her and a few friends out to dinner. We had really hit it off, and I could tell that Cameron wanted the same for her and my family. She was quiet during the drive, but I could feel the anticipation building. She was almost shaking as we stepped out of my car and into my driveway. I turned to her, “Listen to me. They’ll love you just as much as I do. Relax.” I kissed her softly on the forehead and slotted my key. I was home.

I turned the key and opened the door. It wasn’t the first time back from school, so I wasn’t expecting a lot of fanfare, or a banner or anything like that. Fortunately, my parents didn’t do any of that. I entered my house through the side door, as I always do, leading into my kitchen. My mother was sitting at the kitchen table, pretending to thumb through a magazine as if she didn’t hear the lock turn. My father was on the other side of the table, buttering a bagel. He looked up at me and moved to stand up. My sisters, Anna and Eva were coming bounding down the stairs after hearing the door turn.

My mother looked up at me and suddenly I was back, my sisters smiling at me, my dad nodding his head at me, and my mother looking at me appreciatively. I walked into the house and hugged my dad, then my mom kissing her cheek. I went over to my sisters and gave them each a hug then gestured at Cameron. “Mom, Dad, Anna, Eva, this is Cameron, my girlfriend. Cameron, this is my mom, my dad and my sisters Anna and Eva.” Cameron walked into the house, nerves clearly showing and time slowed down for me. My family was important to me, the most important thing in my life. I won’t pretend that we were the perfect American family (white picket fence and blah blah blah) but I loved them. And I wanted them to love Cameron.

My sisters were the first to act. Anna and Eva are only a year apart, Anna being the elder. Anna is a senior in high school and Eva is a junior. Together, they make up the best female doubles tennis team the state has ever seen. And no, I’m not being biased. This past year (as a sophomore and a junior) they went to states and wiped the floor with their competition, dropping only four games in the entire tournament. My sisters can be pretty intimidating to look at. Both of them were starting to get that confidence that they had on the court outside of it as well. It also didn’t hurt that they were both

pretty. Again, I’m not being biased. I played the protective big brother game for a while when I lived at home. They were almost able to pass for twins, and reminded me of a specific pro tennis superstar who dominated the courts with regularity.

Anyway, they instantly came up to my girlfriend and each wrapped her up in a hug. Anna, as she tends to do spoke for the two of them, being the older and more upfront one of the two. “We’re really happy to meet you Cameron.” She jerked her thumb in my direction. “This one has been talking about you for over a year. It’s nice to finally put a face to the name. ”

Eva stood beside her and nodded, smiling. “We just want you to feel at home here.”

Cameron stood there, beaming at being accepted by my sisters. My father was next, offering a handshake and quick word that none of us were able to hear, but made Cameron laugh. With a wink, my father moved away and let my mother introduce herself. “Welcome to our house, Cameron. Please, if there’s anything you need, just call on me or my husband. And none of that Mr. and Mrs. stuff. I’m Melanie, my husband is Mark.”

“Thank you so much. Honestly, I was worried you guys wouldn’t like me, or be concerned that I was some horrible person stealing Sketch – uh…Nick – away from you or something horrible like that. I’m just happy you're making me feel so at home and I’m rambling so I’m just going to shut up now.”

My parents chuckled, my sisters eyed me approvingly. “Of course not honey. We’re happy to meet you.”

We adjourned to the living room where my mother had outdone herself with hors d’oeuvres. My dad and I each had a beer, my mom had a glass of wine, Cameron politely declined a glass, but eventually accepted once she realized we wouldn’t think of her as an alcoholic. My sisters each had water. They didn’t complain. They knew the rule (in our house anyway) was college first, then alcohol.

The wine did wonders for Cameron. Though it was only a glass, it loosened her up significantly. She started talking with my parents and sisters freely. Naturally, we avoided any serious topics (i.e. religion, politics, etc.) and kept the conversation light. Mostly it revolved around what Cameron was going to do in school, how she enjoyed club tennis, if she had a major yet, etc. Of course, I had to fill in everyone with what was going on in school for me, most of which my sisters already knew due to Facebook and Skyping. My parents are technologically illiterate, so they stay away from those “newfangled machines,” and were subsequently, more in the dark about what was going on at school.

We were just finishing dinner together when Cameron told a story about one of my matches when she called me Sketch again, rather than Nick.

Eva looked at her questioningly. “So why do you call him Sketch?”

“I just slipped out. I haven’t actually called him Nick in, well, I guess about a year. It’s a nickname I gave him because, well, it’s like when JLo decides to sing a polka song while wearing a prom dress.” Of course I drifted off to imagine it and didn’t hear the next part of the conversation. After about a minute I shook my head in time to clear the image and hear Cameron laughing with my family.

“I really wish you wouldn’t do that.”

“I thought it was hilarious. I like her Nick, don’t do anything stupid to let her get away.”

“I don’t plan on it, Anna.” I wrapped my arm around Cameron, pulling her close to me. I kissed her forehead lightly.

“How was the concert?”

“JLo is not a good polka singer, and the prom dress did not work for her. The crowd did not receive it well at all.”

Again, after more laughter, the conversation returned to normal. We parted ways after dinner. My parents had to go to an early Christmas party. My sisters hung around with us for a little while longer. Anna was poking at our relationship trying to get into the dirtier details just to mess with us when Eva asked how we actually got together. Well, actually, she was making fun of me asking, “Why are you with this guy? How could someone like our brother being going out with a girl like you?”

I shot her a mean look, without any actual heat behind it. “Well if you must know…” I told the whole story from the first time I asked her out, (leaving out the wild and raunchy sex with Tammy, just including what she said at the end of it) ending with Cameron and I spending the entire day together.

After the story, my sisters apparently realized that Cameron and I wanted some alone time together, politely excusing us as we exited to go upstairs. Lying back on my bed Cameron looked at me. “I don’t care what Eva says, I’m happy you’re with me. And I love that story every time we tell it. But you didn’t get to the best part.”

I propped myself up on my side and looked at her. “Oh really? And what, prey tell, is the best part?”

She pressed her body against mine, her lips finding my neck, her hand running down towards my hardening cock. “When we finally, after over a year of dancing around with each other, had

passionate sex in your bed at school. When you finally came inside me for the first time. When, together, we finally…" she stopped talking as she kissed towards my ear, then whispered to me, "fucked."

She got up off the bed and stripped for me. Although there was no music playing, she performed a tease to some unknown tune in her head. As she danced and stripped for me, I proceeded to remove my clothing as well, though not nearly as gracefully as she did. The end result, however, was that I was naked on my bed, my head propped up on my pillow as Cameron crawled towards me on my bed, putting a little extra sway into her ass. Slowly, she made her way between my legs, separating them with her hands.

With a look of pure lust in her eyes she extended her tongue then ran then it up the entire length of my rock hard cock. "Mmmm, Sketch, you don't know how long I've wanted to be with you in your own bed. To take your hard, stiff cock deep into my throat…" she started to slowly descend on my cock until she was swallowing against me. "But even more, I wanted to take this wonderful cock of the man I love," she climbed up my body, and kissed me deeply and passionately, "fully inside my hot, tight, wet," she sunk down on my cock with a low grunt as I bottomed out inside her, "pussy." Knowing that only my sisters were in the house, and that they had already pried most of the dirty stuff out of our relationship, Cameron was not holding back.

She started slow, gently rising and falling on top of me, her hands on my chest to maintain her balance. Her chest rose and fell with each breath that escaped her lips. Her eyes closed, she was a picture of concentration, riding me slowly to attain that first orgasm. With a small shiver only a few minutes after she mounted me, she came. Not explosively, but there was no mistaking her orgasm. Her eyes opened and she looked at me as if for the first time. Lust overcame her look of concentration as if her first orgasm was just a tune up.

Staring deep into my eyes, she started to move on me again. Only this time, it wasn't the calculated motions she used previously. This was to enjoy fucking me. This was so sate her lust. Again she started slow, but more fluid and graceful. Her nails dug in a little against my pecs as she started to move faster and faster. Up and down, bouncing on me, grinding in a full circle when I was fully inside her.

She let out her moans rather than bottle them up, almost as if showing off for my sisters, who could obviously hear her. There was little doubt as to what was going on in my room. As if to erase the last shred of uncertainty from whoever might be listening, Cameron leaned back, and moaned loudly to the heavens as she chanted my name. "Sketch, Sketch, Sketch, Sketch! Fuck me baby, make me cum again on your fucking cock. Yes, I'm close. Fuck fuck fuck! I'm cumming!"

This was no ordinary orgasm. Cameron detonated. Her juices washed over my cock as she came on me. Her moans escalated in volume as her nails dug deeper into me. She came down and collapsed on my chest, momentarily wiped from her orgasm. I flexed my cock inside her, telling her that I wasn't done yet. She looked at me and with a saucy voice said, "Still hard baby? What if I do this?"

She sunk down my body, gripped my cock softly, stroking it gently, then taking the full length into her mouth in one movement. She began to suck me, flinging her head up and down my shaft, laving the head with her tongue, then burying me in her throat again. Her saliva joined her pussy juice on my shaft, lubricating it as she continued to try to draw my cum out of me.

She looked up at me, her eyes looking in mine, almost pleading for my cum. Taking the head just out of her mouth she whispered softly, "Cum for me, Sketch. Let me taste you. Fill my mouth, let me drink down your cum." She took just the head in her mouth, swiping her tongue all over and around it as she stroked the shaft with one hand and played with my balls with the other. Unable to hold back anymore, I fired off. She tried to take it all, but there was just too much. Shot after shot launched into her mouth. Some of it dribbled down the corners of her mouth and onto her chest. The rest she swallowed.

After a joint shower (just a shower) the two of us went back downstairs. Still relatively early in the evening we sat down next to my sisters, all of us clad in pajamas, just to chat and watch some TV. Being doubles partners and only a year apart, my sisters were very close to each other. I had always had a good relationship with them, but they were clearly closer to each other than with me. Anna and Eva were curled up on the couch cuddling under a blanket, trying to beat out the cold weather. I walked down the stairs to see them and smiled. After kissing them each on the forehead and gesturing to a spot next to them for Cameron, I offered to make hot chocolate for all.

Returning with a tray of four steaming cups of hot chocolate, I saw Cameron join them, cuddling along with the my two sisters on the couch. I smiled. Not only because it was insanely cute, but because my sisters had apparently accepted her into the family and because Cameron was so comfortable with them. I set the tray down and got a blanket of my own wrapping it around me and pulling my girlfriend over to have her join me.

Together we sat, sipping on the hot chocolate, chatting amiably when Anna and Eva started to have a hushed conversation. Soon enough Eva was persuaded into getting up. Only a minute later, she came back from the kitchen empty handed. "They must have moved it or finished it."

I reached behind me and pulled out a bottle of Bailey's. "I'm assuming this is what you were looking for? Tsk tsk, my little sisters trying to drink while Mom and Dad are gone."

Eva and Cameron couldn't help but crack a smile. Anna held onto her angry face a little longer. "Just shut up and pour the shots into the hot chocolate."

I looked at Cameron, who smiled back at me. "When a girl says to do something, you do it, Sketch."

Without missing a beat, and as I as pouring the shots, Anna turned to Cameron and said, "Oh, honey, I don't think he has a problem following directions from a certain girl…if what I heard a few minutes ago is any indication."

Cameron smiled, but, to her credit, also blushed a deep crimson. "You just have to know how to ask." My mind went back to her 'instructions' and how she asked them. Namely with my cock buried inside her as she rode me, or right before she took me down her throat. Luckily, the blanket blocked my rising hard on from view. Unfortunately, it was also quite easy to tell what I was thinking of. My eyes had that glassed over look until I shook my head clear.

"What were you thinking about, Nick?"

"I'll tell you when you're older, Eva. It was too…well…shall we say graphic?"

"Yea…too graphic. After what I heard earlier, I think I'm gonna be scarred for life."

The alcohol began to loosen our tongues and Cameron and I flipped the tables on my sisters. We began to question them about their current love lives. Ours had been the discussion for too long already. With Cameron nestled comfortably under my arm, she led the discussion, prodding both girls to tell about crushes, boyfriends, flirtations and the typical high school dating scene. As expected, both girls had their fair share of offers, and had taken up a few, but there was no one serious as of now, much to my happiness.

"Eva and I have spoken about it. I mean, we share everything with each other. We just don't see the need to complicate our lives right now with boys."

Eva nodded along, seemingly agreeing with everything her older sister was saying. "That's not to say that if the right one came along, I wouldn't take the opportunity."

"Not me, I'm just not interested. The boys we know are just immature. It's much easier to be with my girlfriends."

I nodded along silently as they were speaking, pleasantly surprised at how mature my sisters had become over the last few months. "Well Eva, I certainly think it's a good move to wait until the right

guy comes along. I had horrible dating experiences until your brother. And Anna, that's a viewpoint that is very…unique. But respectable and not one that you should be embarrassed about." She smirked at my sister, her eyes saying something completely different than her words.

I looked at Cameron questioningly. I didn't really understand what was going on, but it seemed as though my girlfriend was discussion something that was not on the surface with my sister. I tend to be more straightforward. Subtext and double speak doesn't always work for me. I looked over to my sisters. Eva was looking at Anna with a smirk on her face, but was characteristically quiet. Anna was looking at my girlfriend with a mixture of admiration and shock on her face. I decided not to even try to figure out what was going on.

The three of them continued to talk, likely meaning something entirely different than the words that they were saying. I zoned out, as I am apt to do, letting my mind wander. A loud car horn interrupted my daydreaming. I looked around, noticing that the horn was my parent's car indicating that it was locked. Swiftly, I moved to put the Bailey's away and settled back with Cameron and my sisters. My parents didn't need to know that my sisters were drinking, however lightly.

The door opened, and it turned out that I didn't even have to worry. My mom stumbled in, clearly drunk. My father had all of his energy focused on keeping my mom upright. Despite my mother's best efforts to stay and chat, my father steered her up the stairs to their bedroom, giving us kids a quick nod and a hello. As soon as my parents were upstairs, my sisters and I started laughing, soon joined by Cameron.

"Is this a common occurrence?"

"No, babe. I wouldn't call it common."

"Yea," Eva chimed in. "Not common, but not unprecedented either." She looked to her sister to finish for her.

"Mom is in control of everything around here. We all know it. Every now and again, she just wants to let loose, lose control, and let Dad take care of it. Everyone needs an outlet. Mom's happens to be wine."

Cameron snuggled closer to me as she listened to my sister. Blocked by the blanket, her hand started to rub my crotch slowly. Back and forth she moved her hand, slowly and gently teasing me to hardness. Soon enough my sisters looked away and Cameron leaned into me. "She's right you know. Everyone needs an outlet when they want to lose control." She slipped her hand under my pants and boxers, gripping my cock and giving it a few teasing strokes. "But mine isn't wine." As if nothing

happened, Cameron stood up, gave me a somewhat chaste kiss and walked upstairs, swaying her hips slightly, whistling a tune.

I stayed down for a minute or two. My sisters looked at me incredulously. “Go, dummy. You’re getting laid tonight.”

I smiled and nodded. Getting out of my seat, not really caring that my erection was tenting my pants. I walked up the stairs and to my bedroom, figuring that Cameron would be in there. I was right.

On top of my bed was my angelic girlfriend, dressed only in white, transparent lingerie. She lay on her back, her panty-less pussy open to my view. But what was even more arousing was that she was restrained. She had tied frilly scarves to her ankles and then to the bedposts. Her hands were locked together with a pair of fuzzy handcuffs. She wasn’t tightly tied down. If she really wanted to, she could easily break her restraints. She lifted her head as she heard me coming into the room. “I told you my outlet wasn’t wine. When I need to lose control, I want you to gain control. My body is yours, Sketch. Take me.”

Turned on doesn’t even begin to describe what I was feeling. Within seconds, my clothes were discarded. Slowly, but trembling with desire, I approached my restrained angel. I climbed into bed next to her and turned her face towards mine. With all the love I could muster, I kissed her. Starting slowly, but building in passion, I put all of my desire for my wonderful girlfriend into that kiss. Neither of us were really into bondage (hence the very light restraints), but the fact that she trusted me and loved me enough to lose control, to surrender control to me spoke volumes. I wanted to show her that I felt the same way about her.

I ran my hands down her body, feeling the silky smooth material of her lingerie and her perfect skin underneath. I pushed the material of her top over her breasts, freeing them to my gaze and my roving fingers. I slowly traced around each breast, then up both of them, spiraling around until my fingers barely grazed against her nipples, teasing them into hardness. Cameron began to pant with desire, recognizing that I was going to tease her.

After a gentle pinch to each hardened nub, I abandoned her breasts, eliciting a moan of disappointment. “Easy Cameron, you’ll get all the pleasure you can handle baby. Be patient.” I leaned into her and kissed her again, barely putting any pressure on her lips, leaving her wanting more.

My fingers ran down her bare stomach, tracing lines and patterns as my fingertips danced over her skin. Lower and lower my hands traveled, until I reached the waistline of her lingerie bottoms. I slide a finger underneath, but did not move any further, simply stroking the skin above her sex. I flipped the lingerie up over her waist, and ran my fingers down onto her bare thighs and over her protruding

pussy lips. “No panties? You bad girl.”

“Then punish me, take me, fuck me already.”

“Patience, Cameron.”

With her clothing no longer a factor, I backed up, looking at her. A picture of arousal and innocence merged together. I pressed a finger inside her, sinking inside her boiling sex as I leaned close to her. Nibbling on her ear I whispered to her. “Cameron, I love you.” Before she could respond, I kissed her deeply, showing her the depths of my feelings. I pulled my finger out of her and climbed on top, slowly entering her, filling her up as she so desperately wanted.

She let out a low moan into my mouth as I kissed her, arching her back towards me, trying to get me deeper. In and out I thrust, never breaking the kiss. Already aroused from restraining herself for me, and my gentle teasing, she was close to the point of no return. My slow love making only heightened her arousal, building her orgasm, but not pushing her over just yet.

I broke the kiss and looked into her eyes. She looked back at me pleadingly. Pleasure clouding her stare, the need to cum obvious on her face. I reached down and began to strum her clit as I stroked longer and deeper inside her. “Cum for me, Cameron.” I pinched a nipple and gave her one swift, hard thrust. Her eyes rolled back, her back arched, her chest flushed and her mouth opened in a silent scream. Her pussy convulsed on my cock, milking it as she came explosively. I held my cock deep inside her as she came for me, easing her down from her orgasm. She looked at me with love and undisguised lust.

“I’ve never cum that hard before baby.”

“We’re not done just yet, gorgeous.”

“No? What’s next?” I didn’t answer, I just smiled as I looked into her eyes. I pulled my cock back out of her and then slammed it into her body, accelerating from zero to sixty in no time flat. Unprepared for my change in pace, my girlfriend let out a loud moan. “Yes, fuck me Sketch!”

“Am I going to have to silence you?”

Her eyes lit up as I covered her mouth with my hand, while I continued to drive into her willing body. Despite the restraints, she met me thrust for thrust, wanting me deeper, harder, faster inside her. Happily I complied, unable to get enough of her steaming pussy. I stared down at her the entire time I fucked her, her eyes never leaving my own. I removed my hand, and quickly placed my mouth over

hers, kissing my girlfriend fiercely as I drove into her relentlessly.

She continuously moaned into my mouth, intensifying the kiss as we both rode higher and higher, nearing our orgasms. Unable to grip me and pull me down closer to her body, she flung her body up towards mine, seeking the closeness to me and trying to get my cock as deep as possible inside her. Unable to hold in her moans, she broke the kiss, softly spelling out her pleasure to me, panting, breathing deeply as we fucked. “So close, Sketch, more, fuck me baby, make me cum. Yes! Right there, yesyesyesyesyesyesyesYES! Fuck I’m cumming! Cum with me!”

Unable to hold back, I slammed into her once more, reveling in the feeling of her cumming pussy, and let out a huge load inside her. Rope after rope shot into her pussy, filling it as I pressed my body against hers.

As we came down, I untied her, removing the fuzzy handcuffs and the light scarves. I watched as her chest rose as fell as she breathed deeply, still trying to catch her breath. “Sketch, that was the best sex of my life.” Now free, she climbed on top of me and hugged her body close to mine. With a soft kiss on my lips, she rolled off of me, and gestured for me to spoon close behind her. I kissed the back of her neck and held a breast in my hand as we easily fell asleep together, both of us whispering “I love you” before we drifted off.

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At the end of my last story I asked for ideas from you guys and got NONE. I want some of your input. This story is for you guys, so please tell me what you want in it. I am open to a lot of things, and I promise I will respond to you whether I use the idea or not. I only request that you MESSAGE me any ideas. Other than that, please vote and comment. Tell me if you want a part 4, message me if you want anything specific in it.