

The Flight of the Ugly Swan -- Chapter 6

By 1ball

Published on Lush Stories on 15 May 2012

I reveal myself to Charles...in the dark.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/the-flight-of-the-ugly-swan-chapter-6.aspx>

"Ummmm, your turn?" I couldn't believe that I was asking my sister if she would like me to lick her pussy, but the best guess I have is that the events of the day triggered something in me. For maybe the first time in my life, I felt completely accepted for who I was and for that I was grateful. But my offer wasn't strictly from gratitude. Other than myself, I had never seen naked women except in movies. Their bodies always affected me much the same as male bodies did. They aroused me. I think that's because the typical woman has a body that is as different from mine as a man's. The top half of my body, albeit thin, could be mistaken for a teen boy's. The bottom half is feminine, but I never really identified with either gender. I admire the adult female form as much as the adult male's. My sexual fantasies had usually been about men, but not exclusively. I sometimes fantasized about the few women that I had physical contact with. That was mostly hair stylists and nurses and doctors. And my sister's mature naked body so turned me on that I had crossed the line and initiated sex with her by fondling her breast. "Oh, Geri, I really appreciate the offer, but I'm going to have to turn it down for now. You might not be ready for that anyway, but it's time to get back to Charles for my inspection. Coming? I'm sure he'll want you there." I actually felt relieved that I would not be reciprocating. I wanted to, but I was concerned that I was moving too fast and taking risks that could get me emotionally hurt. I pulled my panties and shorts back on and we went to the home office where Charles was reading some document for his job. Janice held a finger to her lips to let me know that I should remain quiet. We waited for him to finish reading and when he put the document down and looked over at us, Sis stepped in front of him, spread her feet wide apart and placed her hands on the back of her head. "Slave Janice reporting for inspection, Sir." Charles leaned forward and slid his hand up her inner thigh from her knee to her crotch, rubbing her intimately, presumably to feel for stubble. His other hand then rubbed her other thigh. He pretty much rubbed everywhere we had shaved and it was clear that Sis was soaking up the attention like a leaf soaks up sunshine. "Very nice. Very smooth. Good job, Slave." "Thank you, Sir." His mouth then sucked in one of her nipples. He licked it thoroughly before repeating his attention on the other. Then he stood and removed her collar, handing it back to her. "I love you Janice." "I love you, Charles." They kissed then, passionately. His tongue roamed over her lips and he seemed surprised. Then he began to bathe her whole face with it and I realized he was tasting the pussy juice that was coating it. My pussy juice. He

now new that his wife had licked my pussy. He whispered something that sounded like, "Good girl." in her ear and a smile spread across her face. I probably should have guessed this earlier, but I now suspected they were working together to introduce me to the pleasures I'd been missing out on. I didn't know why and my suspicious nature didn't let me believe it was entirely for my benefit, but if this was what it's like to be taken advantage of, I couldn't find one thing to complain about. "Thank you for witnessing 'Collar Night', Geri. It meant a lot to my bride to have you there." "My pleasure, Sir!" I said with a sloppy salute and a joking smile. "It's a little freaky to see something like that, but Sis has been trying to educate me and I'm glad you both found something that works for you." We went to bed in our separate rooms then and I slept very well that night. Their lifestyle didn't seem so bizarre as it did earlier and I felt secure in the belief that it was not only harmless but beneficial to both of them. When I woke the next morning, Charles was already gone and I was eager to see what interest MicroBoobs69 had stirred up. We logged into the website and I was surprised to learn that all of the friend requests were accepted and several men and women had requested friendship with me. I'm not sure how they even knew about me yet, since I hadn't posted any stories or participated in any forums or chats. Janice advised me to thank the people who accepted my friend requests and then she talked me into posting before and after pics of my pussy shave so that only my friends could see them. Then we looked at the profiles of the people who had requested friendship and she advised me on who to accept, which was all of them, because they all looked pretty cool. We went to a mall and bought me some more slutwear and Janice asked me some probing questions about what experiences I wanted to put on my sexual bucket list. I had never thought about anything beyond losing my cherry, but she and Charles had really opened my eyes and already checked off a few of the things I would have added. I hadn't tried fellatio yet and that was something that I thought might help me get and keep a guy's interest. "I can help you with that," Janice said. "I'll give you a little coaching and you can sneak in and practice on Charles tonight." I had to ask again, "Why would you do this for me?" "I have a number of reasons, but mostly I want to make up for how much of a bitch I was when we were younger. I wasn't as cruel to you as our brothers, but I was a princess and I treated you like dirt. I want to make amends and maybe help you find a way to a happier life. You might not find a Mr. Right or Ms. Right who will be there for the rest of your life, but you can still find friends and lovers who will add some happy chapters to your memoirs. So how about it?" I had to agree that it sounded like a good idea to gain a little experience. I had begun to suspect that Charles knew he had taken my cherry and that he would know who was in bed with him when I snuck in, but I still wanted the cover of darkness while I made whatever mistakes I would make. So I accepted her offer. When we got home, she put a DVD in the player. It was a video of her giving Charles a blowjob. As I watched it she told me the dos and don'ts, but she finished it up with "Some of this you just have to learn on your own, because each guy is different, but don't let it bother you if they coach you. You want to learn what pleases them, so let them guide you there." That night, after a good meal, a dip in the hot tub (where Charles saw me in a swimsuit for the first time) and a couple of Kahlua and cream drinks, Charles went to bed while Sis and I talked. About an hour later, she gave me a few last minute tips and I went into their bedroom while Sis logged onto the computer in their home office. I stripped

off my nightshirt and crawled into the bed naked. The moon must have been full that night because, after my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I could clearly see much detail in the room. I realized that this would mean Charles could probably see me as well, but I decided not to deny myself this experience. I slowly and carefully pulled back the sheet. Charles was laying on his back and the moonlight revealed a surprise to me. His cock was tiny! Much smaller than I had ever seen it. The shaft was so short that his cock was upright and it looked like the head was just nestled in his pubic hair. It was too short to stroke, so I licked my fingertip and just petted the tip. It started to grow and then toppled over, continuing to get longer and thicker as I kept petting toward his feet. Eventually it got stiff enough that it swung around and pointed toward his head, so I petted the underside with two fingers from his balls to the tip. It stopped growing when it got to about six inches long, so I picked it up, careful not to grip and tug any pubic hair, and began to stroke it. I leaned over his hip and put my lips over the head and tasted it. Soon, I was licking and sucking and stroking it like Sis did in the video. His breathing changed and his legs spread far apart so I crawled over the near leg and knelt in the space between them so that I was now facing his front. This was taking longer than I expected and I wondered whether having sex for three nights in a row was too much for him. My neck and hand and thighs began to tire, but his breathing got very much louder and he suddenly said "faster". I stroked him faster and gripped his shaft a little tighter and closed my teeth ever so slightly on the head and he started moaning and shuddering. I felt something hot and creamy squirt into my mouth and it tasted pretty good, so I swallowed it and kept my mouth on the head while I slowed my stroking and milked every last drop from it. When his cock started to shrink and soften, I released it and crawled back over his leg, stretching out beside him where Janice normally slept. My muscles were sore, but I felt like I had accomplished something of great importance and I smiled as I waited for him to fall back asleep. It was clear that he was awake now, but instead of just rolling over, he suddenly got up onto his hands and knees and pulled my leg over so that he could crawl between my knees. "Your turn". I got a sudden attack of shyness, but I didn't know what to do. I pulled my hands back to cover my eyes and let him kiss his way up my inner thighs. Inch by cruel inch he alternated from left to right, building both desire and dread in me as I knew he would freak when he found my enormous clit. When he got to my smooth pussy, he kissed directly on top of my clit and then kept kissing up my belly until he was kissing, licking and sucking my nipples. I knew then that he had to know who I was. There was no way his mouth could not tell the difference between B-cups and no cups. He was completely unfazed. He must have known all along that it was me and he was treating my boobs like objects of worship. I could barely contain joyous laughter as I thought of myself, the ugly swan with the pear shaped body and clownish face as a sex goddess. He must have sensed that the dread was gone because his mouth left my happy tits and went back down my belly. He slipped one hand under a leg and hoisted that leg up over his shoulder as his mouth found my clit again. That hand now found a nipple while his other hand slipped up beneath his face. I felt his thumb enter my pussy and become thoroughly coated with my juices. Then it slid lower and pushed firmly against my asshole as his tongue and lips wrestled with my clit. Clearly, Janice had been telling secrets. I let it slip in and enjoyed the added stimulation. I won't say that he did not lick my pussy as well as my sister did. That

would be like comparing a truck to a luxury car. His lips and tongue were larger and more powerful than hers. Janice finessed an amazing orgasm out of me. Charles was storming the castle, slaying the dragon and capturing whatever virtue the damsel still possessed. Okay, so that was a bit excessive, but it was inspired by some damn fine pussy licking. I've had a few lovers since then and Janice and Charles are still the best. The combination of his fingers on my nipple, his thumb buried in my ass and his mouth on my pussy was almost too much, but I brought my own hand over to my other nipple and tried to match his intensity. Janice told me that Charles loved to hear the noises he inspired from women, so when the urge hit me I started to vocalize the pleasure he was giving me. This seemed to inspire him and he moved in ways that soon brought me to the tipping point. I now understand why the French call orgasm "La petite mort", the little death. I went somewhere else, somewhere heavenly, and then returned. "Thank you, Charles. That was... incredible." "Thank you, Geri. I'm glad you enjoyed it. My cock thanks you, too." When I left the room I was just carrying my nightshirt. There didn't seem to be any point to putting it on. Janice was waiting for me and asked whether I had fun. "He licked my pussy," I squealed. "I heard you clear at the other end of the house. He's good isn't he?" "Oh yeah" I replied. "Obviously he knows it was you. How'd that happen?" "Come on, Sis. Between my microboobs and my macroclit, how could he think it was you? I'll bet he knew on the first night. I'm pretty sure you both have been tag-teaming me." She looked at me with a sheepish grin and said, "We both want you to be happy." "I know and I appreciate it. I feel like I'm in good hands, being groped." I said it with a smile and then I made a fateful leap by asking, "Will you tell me about your collar?"