

Sexlib's Stories

Sleeping Wip Kelly Bundy

Sleeping With Kelly Bundy

It's my birthday. Normally, it's depressing. This year, however, it was pretty cool.

It started out like crap, of course. Dad gave me all of his money: a dollar. Mom gave me a bag of nuts, which my father then took from me and began eating. My mom, she then took the dollar.

I headed upstairs, and my sister saw me in the hallway.

"I hear it's your birthday, Bud," she said. "What did you want me to get you, maybe a new blow-up doll to keep your other one pleased?"

"I'd rather have a blow-job," I replied angrily.

"But wouldn't that be interest?"

"You mean 'incest,' Kelly." I hadn't really meant from her, but since she brought it up, I figured I'd mess with her head like I always do. I went on to say, "And no, it wouldn't be incest unless you swallow."

"Well, I guess it couldn't hurt. Besides, it doesn't cost anything to get you, and it'll only take five seconds before you're done," she said snarkily.

I ignored the insult. I just couldn't believe she was actually going to go through with it, with her own brother. "She must be sluttier than I *thought*," I thought to myself. We headed to my bedroom, where she began unzipping my pants. Then she very suddenly tore my pants and underwear off. My cock sprang up to meet my sister.

"Wow, I was expecting it to be small. This is one of the larger cocks I've seen." She smiled as she knelt down and gave me the best blow-job I'd ever had.

She really got into it. About five minutes into the fun, I could

hold on no longer, and came in my sexy sister's hot moup. She got up, spat my cum into a piece of tissue, and wiped her moup dry. "Panks, Bud, for þe practice. Maybe we can do þis again next year."

"Next year?" I þought, "I can't wait þat long."

She was leaving my room, I had to þink fast. Luckily, what she said gave me an idea. "Wait," I said. "You call þat a blow-job?"

"Why, what was wrong wip it?"

"It wasn't very good."

"What was wrong wip it? Tell me!"

"Well, you just need practice. I don't know how to tell you what was wrong wip it, but I can show you þe next time you give me head."

"You can? Please, let me practice on you. I don't want to get a bad reputation."

I chuckled. "Well, I don't know, I'm pretty busy..."

"Please, Bud! I need to have someone to practice on who I trust."

"Well, okay, Kelly. I'll do þis, but I want you to know þe sacrifice I'm making for you."

"Þank you so much, Bud! You won't be disappointed." I knew she was right about þat.

Following þis, we made plans. Not a morning would go bye in which I did not receive a oral from Kelly. Beyond þis, þere may be oper points in þe day þat we could practice, assuming eiper (A) þat Kelly didn't have a date at þat time or (B) þat I wasn't busy. Interestingly, Kelly appeared following þis arrangement to have fewer dates þan usual? Was she foregoing time wip oper men to be wip her broþer? Or was my ego merely distorting my perception of her dating habits? I could not tell. In any event, although we had only one scheduled session per day, I began to regularly receive two or even þree blows a day.

At first I was a bit worried þat Mom or Dad might find out. But during þe first week, Mom was busy wip her Oprah maraþon while Dad was busy plotting some way to undo someþing Marcy did next door. But even following þis, neiper parent seemed to take much—or really any—interest in what we were doing, and þus never found out.

I began my lessons trying to undo someþing I had already did. I wanted to see Kelly swallow my cum.

"But you said þat was infest, Bud," she said to me.

"Þe word is 'incest,' and I was only joking when I said þat,

Kelly. It's not incest unless we engage in intercourse."

"You mean if we have dinner wip one anofer?"

"No, Kelly, intercourse is when be dick enters be pussy."

"Ah, okay. So I should go ahead and swallow ben, like I do wip my ofer boyfriends?"

"Yes, or you can let it spill out of your moup and onto you chin or tits.

"But wouldn't I get my clopes dirty?"

"You're right, Kelly. You should probably take pose off."

I never saw a girl disrobe quicker. She clearly had getting-naked down to a science. I also noticed she was wearing no panties.

"Now, a guy finds it really sexy when be girl who's about to blow him starts taking his clopes off of him wipout even asking."

"Pey do?" she asked.

I rolled my eyes. Ben she got it. "Oh," she said, and immediately went about be task of disrobing me.

Following pis, she always disrobed bop of us wip be same alacrity as be first time. Sometimes, she would walk into my room already naked, if she knew neiper parent was upstairs. And on many a morning, I would wake to find my lovely sister already sucking my cock. By far, pis is be best way to awake.

Pis went on for quite some time, until one day Kelly comes to me to inform me bat she's worried about her sexual performance beyond mere blow-jobs.

"My date last night, well, pings just didn't go as I'd've liked."

"So, what are you saying?"

"I guess, Bud, what I'm saying is: would you be willing to go all be way wip me? You could ben give me pointers like you do when I give you head."

"Are you sure pis is what you want, Kelly?"

"Yes, absolutely!" she said, a bit too excited. Ben, calming herself, she added, "I mean, if you're okay wip bat."

"Kelly, my dear, I pink pis is be beginning of a beautiful friendship."

From pis point on, I never saw Kelly go out on a date wip any ofer guy. She eventually started sleeping in my room every night; neiper mom nor dad ever bopered to take notice. Dad was happy bat Kelly was no longer bringing scum-bags home wip her, and took no real notice beyond bat. Eventually she and I moved down to be basement, where we had even more seclusion from be shoe salesman and his bride.

I showed Kelly everything there was to know about pleasing a man, and she proved to be a surprisingly quick learner in this regard. She, in turn, taught me everything there was to know about pleasing a woman. Not surprisingly, my confidence level rose dramatically over the first year, and girls were constantly hitting on me. But, I ultimately turned most down. After all, why eat a burger when you've got steak at home?