

Clarissa Bangs 'Em All Part 2

(By: Unknown)

Chapter 2

Clarissa awoke to a darkened room. She strained to see the clock. 7:45. She couldn't believe she had slept for so long. She looked around and noticed Sam was gone.

"Oh God," she thought, "What have I done?" Her mind raced to the events of hours past. She was filled with half guilt and half with a tingle of pleasure. She crawled out of bed and walked gingerly into the bathroom. She was still a little sore from her first fuck. Sam's cum had dried onto her belly and now crusty and flaky. She giggled as she thought about the look on Sam's face as he shot his wad.

She was thankful her parents were out of town, though, what if mom had walked in? Clarissa cringed at the thought. Or worse yet, what about Ferguson? Aaaarrgghh!!

Clarissa turned the water on for her shower. She looked at her near perfect body in the mirror. She noticed her face was a little flushed (glowing?). She stepped into the shower and grabbed the fresh bar of Caress soap. She started scrubbing her pubic area and slowly ran the bar of soap over her clit. The sensation got her aroused. She took her free hand and started massaging around her pussy while soaping her clit. The combination was turning her on.

She parted her pussy lips with two fingers and started to shove the soap bar into her wet pussy.

It was almost too big but she was getting hot. She got part of the corner in and began making circular motions with it. She kept rubbing her pussy lips, clit and her whole pubic area as she shoved the soap bar a little further in. She felt that tingling sensation coming on. In a matter of minutes she had a crashing orgasm as she inserted her soapy finger into her rectum. She then proceeded to wash the rest of her body and rinse off.

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She dressed in a pink button up shirt, light blue shorts and her favorite red leggings. She headed downstairs to get a bite to eat. On her way, she passed Ferguson's room. She thought she heard moans coming from his room.

"He's probably jacking off," she giggled to herself. Then she moved closer to the door to hear better. Then, she realized, it sounded more like crying. She knocked on the door, "Fergwad, what's wrong, are you okay?"

She heard what she thought were muffled screams. She threw open the door, now panicked. She couldn't believe what she saw. Ferguson was tied to his bed by ropes attached to both wrists and ankles. He was naked except for a blue towel around his waist, a blindfold covering his eyes and a bra shoved in his mouth as a gag.

"My God what happened?" she asked removing the bra from Ferguson's mouth.

"W-well y-y-y-ou know that b-bitch Laura Fishington?" he stifled the tears, "Th-the ch-cheerleader? She t-t-ricked m-me."

As Clarissa leaned over to untie one of the ropes, Ferguson noticed she wasn't wearing a bra and could see down her shirt. He fought the urge to stare. After all, this was his sister. Being male, Ferguson couldn't help but to stare. Her boobs swayed side to side as she struggled to untie the rope. Her perfect nipples and perfectly tanned breasts were amazing to him. He felt the towel twitch as his cock started to harden. He couldn't believe his arousal. He had noticed over the last few years her development but had never known it was so spectacular. Clarissa looked at his face and noticed he was staring. She stood up straight and pulled the top of her shirt to her body.

"Fuckin' perv. What the hell are you lookin' at?"

"Sorry sis, but they look so nice I couldn't help it. I'm sorry."

Clarissa felt a little uneasy but also a little complimented. Now, she noticed the growing bulge under the towel on around his waist. It continued to grow. Suddenly, Clarissa felt a little mischievous, then realized, "God this is my brother..." But she was overcome with lust and started not to care anymore. She had to admit she was curious about her brother who was maturing in his own right.

"Hey Fergface," she teased "what's under the towel?"

"Uh, nothin' sis. Now get me untied, this isn't funny anymore."

"No, you looked at my tits, I'm gonna see what you got." She removed the towel. She gasped in amazement at the sight. How could Laura have missed this? Ferguson's cock must've been about eight inches long and was still growing. She couldn't figure how Sam who was three years older than Ferguson was about two inches smaller. Ferguson's cock was skinny but long. He had a little tuft of red pubic hair above his hard cock and a little covering his wrinkled ball sack.

She wanted that cock and didn't care if it belonged to her brother. "Sorry about this Ferg, but I'm so hot I can't help myself," she said as she grabbed his cock. Ferg was both excited and confused. He threw back his head as Clarissa stroked his dick. Her fingers were loose around it, and she would squeeze ever so gently as she stroked. Then she stopped. Ferguson opened his eyes and looked at her in shock.

"I can't do this, Ferguson, as much as I like it, it just wouldn't be right."

"But, you started it, you gotta finish it. I mean I respect you sis and love you dearly even though I tease you, but sis, c'mon. At least jerk me off. Anyways, if it feels so good, how could it possibly be wrong?" He couldn't believe he was trying to get his sister to do something even his girlfriend wouldn't do (Or Laura Fishington).

"Uh, you didn't let me finish," Clarissa lied, "I was going to say it wouldn't be right for you to be naked and me to be dressed." She started unbuttoning her blouse. She teased Ferguson by flashing a little tit then covering herself and undoing another button. Finally, she took the blouse off and Ferguson's eyes got wide. he couldn't get over her great tits. His eyes went from her shapely neck to her stiffening nipples then down to her flat, tanned stomach and to her inny belly button.

Clarissa turned her back to him and slowly started to lower her shorts. She flashed her ass crack then pulled them back up. Then yanked them down to below her anal cleft. She bent over as she slid them the rest of the way down her slender legs, leaving on her red leggings. He could see her dimples clearly as she kicked her shorts off. Then she turned around and covered her bush with her hands.

Ferguson looked a little confused.

"Beg me, Fergie, or you can't see it."

Ferguson couldn't believe it, his sister had just put on a little strip show for him and now wanted him to beg for a look. "Okay, sis. Can I please see it?"

"Say the word or no way."

"Okay, can I please see your p-p-," he struggled to say it but this wasn't the way he talked. "... pussy."

"Why of course," Clarissa said, "thank you for asking." She removed her hands to reveal her bush. The silky brownish-blond hair covering her lips was incredibly arousing to Ferguson. He had seen it in magazines but never in real life, only mere feet from his face. He could smell the fresh smell of soap.

Clarissa threw her hands in the air. "Tada, what d'ya think, bro?"

"G-great."

She walked over to the bed. She again took his penis into her hands. It was warm and she liked the feel of the veins and the solidness. She slowly began to stroke it and blew hot air onto it. A shiver went up Ferguson's spine. She darted her tongue out and licked the tip, tasting a little pre-cum that she hadn't noticed on Sam. She sat down on the edge of the bed facing his feet. She swung her hips up around to his face and straddled his face. She moved her ass back and pushed her pussy into Ferguson's face. He could smell the fresh soapy smell. His nose brushed her asshole. Instinctively, he jabbed his tongue into her cunt. He licked like a little boy licking an ice cream cone. He was a little sloppy but Clarissa wasn't going to complain. She stared intently at his hard on and started licking the head of his cock. Then shoved his cock into her mouth and started masturbating him with her right hand.

She kept her head steady and just pulled and jerked his cock into her mouth. On the other end of the brother-sister sixty nine Ferguson had inserted a finger into Clarissa's asshole and was trying to improve his licking technique.

Clarissa moved forward to take his shaft deep into her mouth. As he tried to lean forward the ropes attached to his wrists began cutting into his flesh. The pain was excruciating but also somewhat exciting.

"Please," he managed to say with his face buried in cuntjuice, "untie me."

She looked back at him, "No way, not yet." Then went back to work on her oral copulation. Ferguson felt his balls tighten. He tried to tell Clarissa he was going to come, but couldn't get the words out in time. He shot his wad and filled her mouth, but to his surprise she kept sliding her mouth up and down his cock. It was starting to tickle now. The strain of the ropes was now burning as he lurched forward to try to stop her. His dick finally slowed to a dribble. A little spilled out of the corners of her mouth as she raised her head. Undaunted, she licked the rest off his now sagging pole.

"Now make me come, or you're not getting up for awhile." With that, Clarissa swung around and sat on his chest facing him. She smiled as she saw the sweat brimming on his forehead. She gently wiped off the sweat. She moved up and plopped her pussy on top of his face, catching him off guard. She pried her pussy open with both hands and lowered herself further onto his face.

He could smell her pussy juice which was quickly covering up the odor of the soap. Ferguson could hardly breathe, as her pussy covered both nose and mouth. He adjusted a little to get his nose free so he could breathe. He started licking ferociously. The harder he licked, the harder Clarissa slammed her cunt into his face, coating with her sweet nectar. Ferguson feasted on her snatch like a baby nursing on a bottle of juice. Ah, but this juice was better. Clarissa felt the buildup in her loins and knew the moment was near. She ground into Ferguson's face so hard he thought she might break his nose. As she neared the moment of truth, she pulled his face up to her and leaned back a little. A rush of cool air hit her pussy causing goose bumps. The strain caused the ropes to dig further into Ferguson's wrists causing welts. He didn't care... he knew his mission.

Clarissa let out a howl as she creamed Ferguson's face. The force caused her whole body to shake. She collapsed off to the side. She moved her body down so she was laying on top of him. Their hot bodies meshed. He could feel her heart beating in her chest. She leaned forward and kissed Ferguson hard on the lips and stuck her tongue in his mouth.

"Now, it's your turn to take over and make me your slave Fergface." She finished untying him and went down the hall to get a glass of water. When she returned Ferguson was standing beside the bed. She gulped some water and stepped toward him.

"Well what do you want?" she queried, actually a little worried now. Even though she had just gave him a blow job, her mind raced to all the mean things she had done. The evil grin on his face scared her a little, but figured she had to keep her word.

"Well sis, first come and sit on the bed." She did as instructed. She sat on the edge of the bed. She noticed Ferguson's long, skinny dick stiffening back to life. Ferguson walked over to her and grabbed her right tit in his hot hand. He gently caressed and kneaded it, then the same with the other. He leaned down and kissed her hard on the mouth. His dick was now at full strength. He reached down and grabbed his dick and guided it between her tits. Due to his shortness he didn't even have to lean much to get it there. He grabbed both breasts and surrounded his cock with them. He slid it up and down.

"Now, you hold them, Clarissa." Clarissa grabbed her breasts and squeezed his dick with them. She rubbed them up and down his shaft as he pumped his cock in between. The softness and warmth of her tits caused his balls to stiffen. He pulled back, he wasn't ready to come yet.

"Now, roll over and lay on your stomach on the bed." Upon Clarissa rolling over, Ferguson quickly tied her right ankle to the bedpost. Then, he maneuvered around to tie her other ankle. He cinched it tight to cause her legs to pull further apart. She reached back to say something but he snapped "Look forward" and landed a firm right hand on her ass, leaving a red handprint. She quickly obliged. The stinging on her spanked ass actually was a bit stimulating.

Ferguson quickly moved to the head of the bed to tie her wrists. Now she was completely helpless. Ferguson walked around the bed admiring her ass. God it looked so good. He leaned over and placed a small kiss on her right asscheek. He then straddled her back and began massaging her shoulders.

"Don't worry sis, this won't hurt much..." He quickly slid down her body so his dick was wedged between her buttcheeks. He kissed the back of her neck. Then reached down, grabbed his dick and perched it against her clit.

"I'm new at this, so bear with me." He slid his cock slowly into her pussy. Soon it was in about 3/4 of the way. The warmth of his sister's cunt was heaven to his cock. He could feel the smoothness of her pussy walls. He slid his cock the rest of the way in and started slowly pumping. Clarissa clinched her asscheeks closed then open then closed and started a little rhythm.

The sensation was incredible. Ferguson pulled his dick out because he wasn't ready to come just yet.

Clarissa buried her face into the pillow. Then her head was lifted and a blindfold was placed over her eyes and tied behind her head. She was excited and a little scared at the same time. She felt something wet on her ass and it felt like...oh God! Ferguson was lubricating her asshole. This must've been what he had been talking about. Then she felt something she didn't understand. It felt like... another set of hands massaging her ass as Ferguson slicked up her bunghole. She thought she felt...long fingernails?

She then heard a stifled giggle that sounded very feminine. Could it be? Then she heard the voice, "Hiya Clarissa, nice ass." It was Laura Fishington.

Ferguson then giggled, "Gotcha sis."

Clarissa was intrigued rather than shocked. She had seen Laura at a football game at the high school. Laura was the head cheerleader. She had long, brown hair that flowed to the small of her back. She sported a pair of 40 DD's. Her eyes were almond shape and dark brown in color. Her features were delicate and her complexion was that of an Indian princess. Almost Pocahontas-like.

She felt a tongue running up her spine. Ferguson or Laura? Clarissa wasn't sure but the surge in her loins made her not really care. "This is a dream come true" came the whisper. It was Laura. Clarissa wasn't ready for what happened next... Ferguson shoved his cock in her ass. The combination of shock, pain and ecstasy was enough to send Clarissa over the edge with an earthshattering orgasm. Ferguson slowed his pace. He pumped in and out, in and out. His dick was being pinched by his sister's tight asshole but he loved it. It wasn't as smooth an interior as her other tunnel of love.

Laura spoke, "Clarissa, I'm going to untie your right hand so you can turn a little, but I'm keeping the blindfold on."

"Okay" Clarissa squeaked out.

Her wrist was untied and she turned to the right. She felt a firm hand on the back of her head and felt the weight of Laura's body on the bed. Laura swung a leg over Clarissa's head and shoved her shaved pussy in Clarissa's face.

Clarissa stuck out her tongue and was surprised that Laura's bald pussy was hot. Clarissa shoved her tongue into the hot opening of Laura's glory hole. She noted a slightly sweaty/salty taste. She instantly liked it. She Licked blindly, tonguing Laura's clit, inside her pussy and the surrounding area. Her sloppy technique quickly turned into a rhythm. Laura threw her head back as Clarissa hit all the right spots. She grabbed Clarissa's head and began to grind it into her face splattering it with juice.

Ferguson felt his balls tighten as he picked up the pace. His balls slapped against Clarissa's clit.

Clarissa felt her body go numb in passion. The beauty she was tonguing let loose with an orgasm.

Clarissa kept slurping up every drop of her first lesbian induced cum.

Ferguson shot his wad deep into Clarissa asshole causing her to shudder and buck. Her quivering body continued to shake even after the crashing orgasm.

Ferguson collapsed to the side of Clarissa and kissed her on the neck. Laura moved down and started licking Clarissa's asscheeks and legs. She quickly darted down and shoved her tongue deep into Clarissa cunt. She then smacked Clarissa on the ass. The instant pain sent a sensation to her cunt. Then came another spanking.

Her ass was now the same color as her now-soaked leggings. Clarissa screamed "God, I don't think I can take another orgasm, I'll never be able to wake up from the deep sleep I'll fall into."

Laura stopped and laid on the other side of Clarissa and kissed her hard on the mouth. Clarissa kissed back and could taste her own pussy on Laura's tongue as she frenched her.

"Thank you" Laura murmured.

Ferguson got up and untied his sister then laid back down beside her. Laura removed the blindfold.

Ferguson and Laura kissed Clarissa on each cheek, then everyone fell asleep. All three arm in arm.