# My Twin Korean Babysitters

## by allyn

## Chapter 1

Posted: November 25, 2006 - 09:56:29 am

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My wife and I work different shifts. I own and manage, a very successful nightclub on the upscale side of town. She is a junior executive for a national advertising firm headquartered here in this city. We have been married for five years and have one child, a son, who was born last year.

Our work schedules are such that we don't need full-time day care for, our son. Since I work into the wee hours of the morning, usually getting home around 3 a.m., I find it difficult to get up early everyday to take care of Justin when my wife leaves for work at 7:30. We solved this problem by hiring a woman to watch the baby from the time my wife goes to work until about ten in the morning when I wake up. Then I would watch Justin until my wife came home. I would leave for the club around 7 or 8 p.m.

This arrangement worked fine until Mrs. Dawson informed us that she would be unavailable for six weeks because she was going into the hospital for surgery and would not be physically able to take care of the baby while she was recuperating. At first, Lucy (my wife) and I were worried. Mrs. Dawson had only given us two weeks notice, and we weren't sure we'd be able to find a substitute so quickly. Then it occurred to us that Mrs. Dawson would be entering the hospital at the beginning of summer, and we might be able to find a responsible high school or college student to fill in for Mrs. Dawson. We posted notices on bulletin boards at various places in the neighborhood advertising the job opening. Over the next few days, we received several inquiries.

Lucy and I interviewed several candidates for the job and quickly rejected them: some were too young (11 or 12); and, some were just too immature despite their age. Neither my wife nor I wanted to leave Justin in the hands of someone who was not 100% responsible. We were about to give up hope about finding someone until we found Linda.

Linda was a beautiful, 14-year-old Korean girl whose father owned a grocery store in the shopping village near our home. Linda was strikingly beautiful. She was tiny, just barely 5 feet tall. But she had long, black, silky hair, and dark-brown, almond-shaped eyes. Her slightly tanned skin covered a petite frame that was well-proportioned. Her breasts, while small, were developed enough already to create an curve that was hidden under her pretty, pink cotton blouse. She had a cute, little round bottom in her not-too-tight khaki shorts. God, she was gorgeous. I tried hard not to let my eyes pop out of my head when she first walked in for her interview.

What impressed Lucy and I the most about Linda was her maturity and intelligence. Her answers to our questions pleased us, especially when we asked her what she would do in an emergency situation. It was obvious she had been raised in the finest Asian tradition. She was very polite and respectful, calling us "Mr. Moore" or "Mrs. Moore", or more often, "Sir" or "Ma'am."

We learned from talking to her that her mother had died when she was young, and that her father had raised her and her twin sister since they were 4 years old. (Was it possible there was another girl who was just as beautiful as Linda?) She moved to the United States with her father and sister just a few years ago, and she spoke English very well - so well, in fact, that her refusal to use slang, contractions or incorrect grammar made her English sound funny at times.

We hired her on the spot, and told her she would start on the following Monday. She was very happy with the news and she almost, but not quite, started to bow to us in appreciation. We were relieved and delighted to have found her. Not only was I sure we had found someone capable and trustworthy to take care of Justin, but she sure would be a welcome sight to wake up to early in the morning.

During her first week working for us, she proved to be just as responsible as we knew she would be. She arrived promptly at 7 a.m. every morning to take over the duty of caring for Justin while Lucy finished getting ready for work. Lucy would leave the house at 7:30, and Linda would take care of the baby while I slept. I would set my alarm for 10, take a shower, shave, get dressed, and relieve Linda around 11 o'clock. By the end of the week, my appreciation for Linda grew and grew.

Not only was it obvious that she was dutifully caring for Justin, but she had also begun to put Justin down for a nap around 10:00, then make coffee and prepare breakfast for me which was always ready when I came down from upstairs to the kitchen. She would sit across from me at the dining room table and we'd talk until I was finished eating. While she was somewhat quiet and reserved, she had a way of melting me with those beautiful, dark-almond eyes that never stopped looking at my face. If anyone else had sat across from me looking at me while I ate, it might have been annoying. But Linda was so pretty, I could not help but look right back at her and smile. Sometimes, I would look at her so intensely, she would blush.

The following Monday night, there was a problem at the club that kept me from coming home until 5 in the morning. I was tired, needed sleep, and knew I'd sleep soundly after such a grueling evening I had just put in. Afraid I might sleep through the alarm or hit the snooze button once too often, I left a note for Linda and taped it to the refrigerator. "Linda, if I am not awake by 10:15, please wake me up. Knock loudly. Thanks, Mr. Moore." Then, upstairs I went, undressed, climbed into bed next to Lucy, and fell fast asleep.

The next thing I remember, someone was shaking me and calling my name. "Mr. Moore... Mr. Moore? It is time to wake up, Mr. Moore!" From my deep sleep, I began to realize that I was being jostled by someone and opened my eyes to see Linda standing over me, trying to stir me. "Mr. Moore," she said, "it is almost 10:30. I have been knocking on the door, but you did not answer. You must be very tired. You do not even hear your alarm clock." She was right. I hadn't. The clock-radio was still playing. When I'm tired, I am a deep sleeper. "I brought you a cup of coffee," Linda said, reaching for the mug she had set on the dresser. Handing it to me, she said, "Here is the coffee. I will go now to make you some breakfast. Does this please you, sir?" "Thank you, Linda," I said, as she was leaving the room. "That's very nice of you."

Sitting up to take a sip of coffee, I suddenly realized that beneath the sheet that was covering me was a very hard morning erection. Morning erections, of course, are nothing new to me, especially since my wife and I work different shifts and don't have sex as often as we'd like during the week. We make up for it on the weekends, but quite often during the work week, we go several days without sex, except for the occasional quickie. So, it wasn't unusual to find myself waking up with a usual case of morning wood.

It occurred to me as, I drank the coffee, that with the way I had been lying when Lynda woke me up, that she must surely have seen the pup-tent my cock was making out of the sheet that covered my nude body. How could she have missed it? My cock, when fully erect, is just a bit above average in length, around 7 inches or so, but it does stand straight up, almost perpendicular from my body, when I'm laying down. What must Linda have thought as she spied my raging hard-on pushing up the sheet? At first, I was embarrassed at the thought of Linda seeing my stiff dick poking up the sheet as she stood there trying to wake me. But then, I began to wonder what her reaction was. Was she scared, embarrassed, or was she curious?

I headed for the shower and began to soap my body. When my lathered hands reached my groin, my cock was still as hard as could be. I began to stroke it under the spray of the shower, rubbing it, letting my fingers travel up and down the entire length. In my mind, I pictured Linda walking into the bedroom and seeing my erection standing up under the sheet. I imagined her slightly slanted eyes widen with fascination at the sight of a man's hard dick under the covers. I was curious to know if she was tempted to pull the sheet back to expose me. I wondered what she would have done if I had not been covered by the sheet when she walked in and saw my erection standing at attention. Would she blush with embarrassment or excitement or would she be frightened?

My mental visions of her reactions to viewing my dick made me pump my erect cock even faster until I shot semen all over the shower wall. While my horniness was temporarily satisfied, my curiosity wasn't. I began to wonder what Linda would do if she actually had the chance to see a grown man's cock, stiff and erect, in open view. I was determined to find out.

Though I returned home the usual time the next morning, I again left my wake-up message for Linda on the refrigerator door. Only this time, I set my alarm for 9:45 so I would be awake when she came in to the bedroom to "wake" me up. The clock-radio went off on time, and I could hear Linda moving about downstairs. As usual, my cock was standing up in its morning condition. I laid there stroking my cock ever so slowly, listening to Linda's movements through the floorboards. Shortly after 10 o'clock, I could hear Linda coming upstairs, heading for Justin's room. She must be putting him in his crib for a morning nap. As time passed, I continued sliding my fingers up and down my swollen dick. In a little while, I could hear Linda's footsteps coming down the hall toward the bedroom. Quickly, I covered my erection partially, leaving the head of my cock clearly visible.

There was a knock on the door. Then another. I didn't respond. Then there was another knock, only louder. I laid very still, trying to control my breathing, my eyes shut tight. Then I heard the doorknob begin to turn. Linda was coming in. Slowly, the door began to open. I heard Linda gasp softly. She must have laid her eyes on the head of my dick, exposed from under the sheet. For minutes, there was no movement and no sound. Linda must have stood at the door, looking at the head of my cock peeking out from under the sheet. Probably she had no idea what to do next. Silence filled the room as I laid there, wondering what her face looked like while she stood there gazing at my hard-on from a distance of ten feet or so.

Then I heard her move towards the bed. I assumed she would proceed to cover my exposed glans before she woke me up. I was half-right. She did reach for the sheet. But instead of pulling the sheet up and over my dick, she pulled the sheet down to completely uncover my cock. For a full minute, she must have stood there, holding the sheet up, staring at my stiff, naked penis. Very slowly, I opened one eye just a little bit to peek at her. For just a second, I could see her gawking at my erect cock standing up and away from my body. Then she turned her head as if she were going to look at my face and I shut my partially open eye.

Eventually, she pulled the sheet up and over my dick before starting to "wake" me. She told me that she had coffee and breakfast waiting for me downstairs, then she left. I now knew that she was curious about my cock and I was sure she would become more interested as time went by and she began to feel more comfortable. When I went downstairs after taking a shower and getting dressed, she acted normal just as she had done the day before. There was no indication that she had seen anything "out of the ordinary" only minutes before.

The next morning, I decided to get up on time; concerned that she might become suspicious if the same situation occurred too many mornings in a row. But on Friday morning, I was ready to raise the ante a little bit. And I soon discovered she was about to do the same. On Friday, I didn't leave my usual "Wake Me Up" message on the refrigerator, choosing instead to see if Linda would take it upon herself to wake me up. As usual, I was awake before 10, and started listening to Linda's routine movements around the house. As she usually did, she laid Justin down for a nap shortly after 10, then headed for my room. This time, I was lying on the bed, dick erect, totally uncovered. I had let the covers fall to the floor at the foot of the bed. There I was, totally nude, with my hard cock and my balls exposed, waiting as Linda approached the door.

Then I heard a very soft knock, softer than usual, on the bedroom door. Instead of hearing the usual increasingly louder knocks follow, I heard the doorknob turn. The door opened ever so slowly, and I heard Linda gasp quite audibly this time. Within a few seconds, I became aware that she had backed up, walked out and closed the door. Shit, I thought to myself. Now I had done it. I scared her away. She apparently wasn't prepared to see me lying there totally nude. I started to get up and out of bed, but noticed that the light on the telephone on my nightstand was lit which indicated that someone was on the phone. Curious, I pushed the speakerphone button to listen to the call. I heard the sound of a phone ringing on the line, followed by someone picking up the phone.

"Hello," said a young girl's voice. Then I heard Linda's voice. "Cindy, hurry up and get over to the Moore's house right away." I knew in an instant Linda was talking to her twin sister. "Why? What's wrong?" asked Cindy. "Is there something wrong with the baby?" "I don't have time to explain," replied Linda. "Just get here quick." And with that, Linda hung up. Anticipating what might happen next, but not being too sure, I remained in bed, stroking my hard cock, listening to the sounds coming from downstairs. I determined that Linda was pacing around in the living room, going over to the window occasionally. Then I heard Linda come up the stairs and down the hall very quietly. I let go of my dick and laid there still, pretending to be asleep. Again, I heard the bedroom door open slightly and very quietly, only to hear it close again. Linda went back downstairs.

In a few minutes, I heard the doorbell ring. Linda opened the door and I could hear quiet murmuring coming from downstairs. Cindy had obviously arrived, and Linda must have been telling her what she had "discovered" upstairs. After a few more minutes, I could hear the sound of footsteps approaching my room. Then the sound of the door quietly opening could be heard as I tried very hard to control the excitement of knowing that these two young teen girls were about to look at my erect penis.

I knew the door had opened enough for them to see me when I heard a very soft "Oh my God!" escape from Cindy's mouth. "You are right!" whispered Cindy. "His penis is erect!" "It is as I told you before," Linda replied softly, "his penis is very erect every morning when I wake him." "It is SOOO big!" said Cindy. "Look at how it stands straight up." "Shhh," Linda warned her sister. "Don't wake him up. Come, let us get a closer look at his penis while he is asleep." Their obvious fascination with my cock excited me beyond belief. My heart was pounding, and it was hard work to control my breathing as I listened to them talking in their overly-correct English about my erection. I could hear the twins tiptoe ever so cautiously toward the side of the bed until they were standing right next to where I was lying. For several minutes, I could only hear the sound of their breathing as they stood silently by the bed, looking at my cock. Then Cindy's voice broke the silence.

"His penis looks so big and hard. It must be very stiff and full of firmness," she commented quietly to her sister. "Yes, it is quite large and ample, is it not?" replied Linda. I was flattered that the girls thought I was well-endowed though I knew better. I decided to give them a little show. When the room grew quiet again, I flexed my pubis muscle and made my cock twitch for the girls. For a few seconds, I detected the sound of the girls backing up when they saw my dick jump. Then I heard them both suppressing teenaged giggles. "Did you see that?" asked Cindy. "What caused his penis to move like that?" Linda must have paused for a few seconds to come up with an explanation. Then she spoke. "Perhaps he is having a sex dream. Maybe he dreams of his wife who has a pretty face and very ample bosoms," she offered.

I flexed my cock again which brought more girlish giggles from the young teens. "Will his penis leak its fluid like we learned in our sexual education class at school?" Cindy wanted to know. "I should like to see such a thing." "I do not know," replied her sister, "but you must now leave. You are not supposed to be here, and I do not want him to wake up to find you standing here looking at his organ." "But you stand here looking at his penis," Cindy protested. "I must cover him soon so that I may wake him," Linda said, "you must leave. Come, I will walk you to the door." And then they quietly departed. I could hear the girls walk back downstairs. They talk a little longer though I could not hear what they were saying. Soon, I heard the front door open and close, signaling to me that Cindy had left, and that Linda would soon return to my room to cover me up and then awaken me.

Sure enough, I heard Linda enter the bedroom as I continued pretending to be asleep. I heard her go to the foot of the bed and retrieve the covers I had kicked to the floor. I could tell she was pulling the covers up over me, but right before she set them down on top of me, she paused. A few seconds passed while Linda hesitated placing the covers on me. I had no idea what she was doing. And then it happened. I felt the sensation of her thumb and forefinger squeeze my cock, right below the head. I was so unprepared for that, I nearly groaned when I felt her fingertips touch my dick. She only squeezed my erection for a few seconds, but the electrical pulses that shot through my body for those precious moments were exquisite. She released her hold on my cock as quickly as she had grabbed it, then proceeded to finish covering me before "waking" me up.

In short time, I was in the shower, jerking off. It took less than a minute for me to spray my load all over the wall of the shower. Just thinking about them looking at my cock and discussing it had turned me on tremendously. But the memories of the sensation of Linda's tiny little fingers squeezing my dick took me over the edge to a powerful orgasm. I had to see if I could take this to a higher level. The weekend came and went, and I couldn't wait until Monday. I was anxious to see if I could induce Linda to see or touch my cock again, but this time, I wanted to be "awake" to see her reaction. I concocted a little scheme to give her a reason to take a peek at my dick while my eyes were wide open. I took a little bit of my wife's rouge, and rubbed it into my upper thighs, right at the point at which my legs and crotch met. That morning, I let Linda "wake" me up; this time I made sure I didn't have an erection when I "woke up."

"Good morning," said Linda cheerfully. "Time to wake up. How is Mr. Moore today?" she asked sincerely. "Mr. Moore is going crazy," I replied. "Mr. Moore has a rash that itches and burns." "A rash?" Linda asked. "Yeah, I've got some kind of heat rash or something," I told her. Then I paused, looked at her as though I was embarrassed, and continued. "And it's in a... sort of... private place. You know... down there," I told her, indicating my crotch hidden by the sheet. With that information, Linda perked up. "Oh?" she said, looking in the direction my finger was pointing, right at my crotch.

There were a few seconds of silence as Linda stood there looking, seemingly wondering what to do or say at this news. Then she spoke. "It must be painful in your... private place... to have such a rash." She paused as though she wasn't sure what to say next. "Is this rash large in size?" she finally asked. That was my cue. "Not too large," I told her. "Here. Look" And with that, I pulled the sheet up to show her my upper thigh. I brought the sheet up high enough for her to see my entire leg. The sheet just barely covered my balls as I let her see the deep scarlet "rash" that appeared right at the juncture of my leg and torso.

Though the rash was phony, it did look sore. And Linda reacted with a pained wince on her face. "There must be much pain there," she said. "Your private place must hurt from such a rash." Again, she paused. "Is this rash not also on the other leg?" I readjusted the sheets to show her the other leg, and sure enough, the rash was there, too. Linda looked at the "rash" and gave me a look of sympathy at seeing such a bad place for my "affliction." After a short time, she said, "Might there be anything I can do to help relieve such a rash?" Of course, there is, I thought. "There is some ointment on the dresser that might soothe it," I said, pointing to some of my wife's hand creme. Linda walked over to the dresser to retrieve the container sitting there and brought it back.

She hesitated. "Do you want me to put this ingredient on the rash?" she asked. "Well... uh... okay. That would be good. But first, would you go to the bathroom and getting a hand towel so I can cover myself?" I asked her. "I will do that," she said, getting up to go down the hall to the bathroom to get the towel. When she returned, she handed me the towel. Reaching under the sheet, I placed the towel over my crotch, then I pulled the sheet off of me to reveal my nude body, except for the towel which covered my crotch. Linda blushed as she saw me almost totally naked in front of her. I laid back on the bed, adjusting the hand towel over my crotch so that the pointed corner of the towel draped down over my balls.

"Okay, I'm ready," I told her. "Just put some of that ointment on your fingers and gently rub it on the rash." Linda looked at me, a look of hesitation on her face, as though she wasn't quite sure how to proceed. In order for her to get to the rash, she would have to lift the edge of the towel up off my leg. But doing so would also expose my balls to her, and she knew it. I looked at her and the dilemma she was facing. Then I said, "Linda, you must lift the towel. If you must see... or touch my... private place... that will be okay," I assured her.

She looked at me with a half-smile, took a deep breath, and folded the towel back across the left side of my balls. Now she was able to see the "rash," but she could also see my scrotal sac as it lay up against the top of my inner thigh. I opened my legs wide to giver her access as she poured some of the creme on her fingers. Then she saw and realized that she would need to lift my balls slightly to put the creme on my "rash." She gave me an embarrassed look, and again, I reassured her. "It's okay," I said, "lift... them up gently."

With the fingers of her left hand she gently lifted my scrotum up away from my thigh and began to apply the creme to the crevice with the fingers of her right hand on the spot where I had rubbed the rouge on. As she worked the creme in, I could feel her left fingers weigh my testicles as she rolled them around very gingerly. From time to time, the fingers of her right hand would stray from where the "rash" was and rub against my balls. The sensation of her fingers handling my balls sent shivers up and down my spine, and I could feel the beginnings of a twitch in my limp cock just as she was finish up on the first leg.

"Should I also do likewise on the other side?" she asked. "Yes, please," I told her. But this time, she was going to get some help with the towel. My cock was beginning to rise beneath the towel and as it did, it caused the towel to rise up, exposing my balls, little by little, to her gaze. I laid back and pretended that nothing was out of the ordinary. Soon, my cock was fully erect under the hand towel, and now my balls were completely in view. Again, she lifted my balls so she could apply the creme to the "rash," but the entire time, she couldn't take her eyes off my hidden erection, standing firm under the towel. This time, she was not shy about handling my balls. She cupped them gently in the palm of her hand as she moved them aside to get to the "rash." She slowly applied the creme to the spots that needed them, taking far more time than was probably necessary, letting my balls roll around in her hand as she continued staring at my hard cock hiding under the towel.

When it became obvious that she could do no more, she said, "I must clean my hands of this ingredient. Does your private place feel better now?" Oh, it felt good alright. Not as good as it could feel if she would wrap her fingers around my dick and stroke it until I spewed my cum, but that might yet happen. "Oh, that feels good!" I cooed at her, letting her know how much I appreciated her help. Then she went to the bathroom to wash her hands. I threw on a robe and prepared to take a shower. Once more, I would plaster the shower wall with my jism. Later that morning before she left, Linda asked me a question that I found very encouraging. "Mr. Moore? Might I bring my sister, Cindy, to help care for Justin from time to time? She very much would like to learn the ways of working with babies and such." That might be true, I thought to myself, but I have a feeling Cindy wants to learn more about taking care of grown men, too. "Sure," I told her, "but I can only pay you for watching Justin. I can't pay Cindy, too."

"That is acceptable," Linda replied. "Cindy will gladly help if only to learn what to do." We agreed that Cindy could help from time to time, as long as it didn't distract Linda from taking proper care of the baby. The next day, Cindy was to come over for her first "official" visit. I got up early on this day to meet Cindy. Though I had already heard her voice on the day she came over to get a peek of my erect cock, we had never been introduced before, and I wanted to get to know her first before anything else might happen. So we met. Cindy and Linda are truly identical twins in appearance, but Linda is the more mature of the two.

They have the good sense to dress differently. Cindy tended to wear tighter clothes than Linda, and put on just a bit too much makeup compared to her sister. While Linda seemed to be more quiet and reserved, Cindy was more talkative and outgoing. But they were both gorgeous. I became very curious about where this little game of mine would be heading with both of them playing along, especially since I remember it was Cindy who said that she "should like to see me leak my bodily fluids," as she put it.

I let the rest of the week pass without incident, and I imagine if they had been expecting anything to happen, they were disappointed. But on Monday, I was ready to take it to the next level. That morning, I let the girls "wake" me up, but as I awoke, I groaned in pain. "What is wrong?" asked Linda. "You do not sound to me to be well." "Oh, my back hurts," I told the girls. "I was playing softball this weekend with friends, and I guess I strained a muscle back there. It hurts a lot." The twins looked at me, then at each other. Cindy leaned over to Linda and whispered something in her ear.

Linda nodded back and began to speak. "Mr. Moore? Could we perhaps try to bring comfort to your muscles by applying our fingertips to them?" "Yes, Mr. Moore. Please let us try," said Cindy. "It is very ancient Korean tradition to relieve pain by massage and using centers of energy to heal the body." "Do you really think you can help?" I asked, feigning as much innocence in my voice as I could. "Oh, yes," said Cindy. "Our venerable grandmother taught us such things when we lived in Korea. The medicine men of ancient Korea used such ways to heal our ancestors." "And it helps in relieving the pain in many muscles," added Linda.

"Are there other places that need massage?" There was one place in particular I was thinking of, but they weren't quite ready for that one yet. "Yes, now that I think of it, the muscles in my legs always seem tight and sore. Do you think you could do something for them?" I asked. "Surely," said the girls, in unison. "Should I not get a towel for you with which to cover yourself," asked Linda. "By all means," I replied, returning her politeness with politeness. While Linda went down the hall to get a towel, I rolled over in bed, and told Cindy to pull back the covers. Of course, when she did, I was completely naked, and she was getting a good look at my ass as I laid on my stomach. Though I couldn't see her face, I could tell by the tiny gasp I heard that she was somewhat surprised at seeing my firm ass pop into view. When Linda returned, I could see by the look on her face that she was caught off-guard by the sight of my exposed ass.

"Oh," said Linda. "I see that I must cover you now with the towel." But what Linda brought from the bathroom was a towel about the same size as the hand towel from the other day so when she covered my ass with it, it didn't quite do the job thoroughly. The bottom of my ass as well as both sides were all exposed. "Ready?" I asked. "Yes, we will start," said Linda. "I will massage your legs down here while Cindy applies her fingertips to energy centers on your back. You may relax while we do this. You may even wish to sleep if you desire." I soon discovered that relaxing would be impossible. Linda positioned herself down below by straddling my right leg, and as she massaged the muscles in my upper legs, she would move back and forth, causing her pussy to rub up against the calf of my leg. Even though she was wearing shorts, I was well aware of her virgin pussy rubbing up against my leg. Worse, Cindy had straddled my upper back as she massaged my lower back, and as she stroked my back, her pussy came in contact with the back of my neck as she moved to and fro.

The knowledge that these two young teen girls were consciously or unconsciously masturbating against me was quite a turn-on, and I could feel my cock growing beneath me. Their fingertips were indeed working miracles on my muscles, even though the muscles were not as sore as I pretended. Little by little, I did begin to relax, enjoying both the benefit of their ancient Korean techniques as well as the rubbing of their little pussies against my leg and neck. I was becoming so relaxed that I had not noticed that their fingers had worked their way under the skimpy towel that covered me, and now my ass was the center of their attention. I suddenly became aware of where their fingers had traveled when I felt Linda's finger snake down the crevice between the cheeks of my ass and almost touch my asshole. The sensation of her tiny finger nearly brushing against my anus caused my erection to throb painfully beneath me.

It was at that moment that Linda said, "Sir, we are finished with the muscles in your back. Now if you would roll over, we will release the energy in front to heal the corresponding muscles." Oh, Jesus, I thought. I've got a lot of energy in one muscle in front that needs to be released. And as soon as I rolled over, it would be noticeable. So, keeping the towel in front of me, I managed to roll over with a little help from the girls. Continuing to hide my crotch as best as I could with the skimpy towel, I rested on my back. My erection was pushing the towel way up, leaving very little of the towel to cover much more than my cock, balls and pubic hair.

The girls resumed their previous positions. Linda now straddled my left leg, her pussy rubbing up against my leg, right above my knee. Cindy was straddling my chest, facing away from me. Now, every time she pushed backwards, her pussy - though tucked away in her shorts - was only an inch or two away from my nose. The more she increased her efforts on my chest, the more her pussy would rub against my chin. I could feel the heat emanating from her virgin vagina, and I could smell its sweet fragrance. My senses were filled. I could see Cindy's cute little ass in her tight shorts right before my eyes, I could hear the girls breathing heavily as they worked my muscles, the scent of Cindy's pussy was wafting up my nostrils, and the tips of Linda's fingers were caressing my upper thighs, only an inch or two away from my balls.

I was pinned to the bed by these two tiny teenaged girls, not by their weight - they could not have weighed more than 90 pounds each - but by the sheer force of the sexual energy they were knowingly or unknowingly exuding. Meanwhile, my cock was as hard as it could possibly be. Uncontrollably, it began throbbing and twitching beneath the towel, and surely the twins were very much aware of its movement under the towel. I was going out of my mind. Their hands were roaming closer and closer to my crotch as the continued massaging me and rubbing themselves against me. I felt Cindy's hands move beneath the towel, each hand now on either side of my engorged cock. Meanwhile, Linda's hands had slipped under the towel and were on either side of my cum-filled balls. I wanted them to touch me in the worst way. Whether they were afraid to take the final step or just teasing me, I didn't know. I just knew I was about to scream out, beg for mercy, and implore them to put me out of my misery. I wanted to come - right then and there. My dick was as rigid as steel and it was beginning to ache. My balls had contracted within their sac, and they, too, were starting to hurt.

Suddenly, one of the girls - I don't know which one - yanked the towel off my crotch, exposing my cock and balls. In an instant, I felt two pairs of hands all over my genitals. Not being able to see around Cindy, who was sitting on my chest, I don't know who was doing what to me. There were hands on my dick and hands on my balls. Fingers were stroking me, caressing me, tickling me and fondling me. "Ooooh, sister. Feel how hard his penis is. It is very much stiff in my hand," said Cindy. "I know," said Linda. "His penis is hard and stiff and ready for sex, as we have learned." I could take no more. I felt the cum begin to rise from my balls as both girls continued to handle my cock, rubbing it and stroking it. Then, I felt a tremendous rush of my creamy essence shoot out of my dick with a powerful force. "Oh, Linda. It is his bodily fluid coming from his penis. Look at it!" said Cindy. "It is like the pictures of volcanoes that we have seen. His fluid is on our hands," replied Linda. "Look!" exclaimed Cindy. "Still more of it is shooting out of his penis. It is not stopping. That is a goodly amount leaking out." "Cindy, it is wet and sticky. Can you not feel it?" asked Linda.

All I could feel was pulse after pulse of my cum, shooting from my cock, as the girls continued to stroke my erect cock. Up and down, up and down, their hands moved as my cock sprayed cum all over their hands. Finally, my balls were drained, and so was I. The girls must have sensed that there was no more cum to be had, and they stopped their stroking and began rubbing my jism all over my dick and balls.

"It is messy, is it not?" Linda asked her sister. "My hands are covered with much stickiness from his bodily fluid," replied Cindy. "Come. Let us wash our hands," Linda said, as she and Cindy got off from on top of me, and headed for the bathroom. "We shall return in a few minutes, Mr. Moore. We will clean your bodily fluid off our hands." I just laid there, stunned and exhausted, disbelieving what had just happened. I could not recall a single time before when I felt so completely drained, physically and emotionally from a sex act. The two young teens must have coaxed out every single drop of cum that was in my balls. When the girls returned, they sat down on the bed, each girl on either side of me. "Did we not please you?" asked Cindy. "Are not your muscles much more relaxed?" Linda wanted to know. "That felt... unbelievable!" was all I could mutter for a few moments. The girls giggled.

"We have wanted to do such a thing to you, Mr. Moore, as we very much have wanted to see a man's penis when it leaks it bodily fluids," Cindy said. "And that is not all, sir," Linda continued, "we would very much like for you to teach us about the sex between men and women, and how they perform such an act." I was still too stunned for the meaning of their words to sink in. "What do you mean?" I asked. Linda explained. "We would very much like to be your pupils. We ask that you teach us the ways of sex." "We think you would be a good teacher of sex. You are very..." Cindy paused, struggling to find the words. "... very full of sex," she finished her sentence. I've been told by more than one woman that I was full of shit before, but this was a new one to me. I took what Cindy said as a compliment. "Yes," said Linda. "We are much pleased with your penis to see and touch, and we want to learn more about it and what men and women do." "Could you not teach us the ways of sex?" asked Cindy.

I could not believe what I just heard. Two very cute, 14-year-old, Korean twins had just asked me if I would teach them about sex. Given the fact that they had both just finished giving me the hand job of my life, their meaning was clear. They didn't just want to learn about sex by hearing some textbook explanation; they wanted to learn by doing it. They were asking me to teach them.

"Girls," I said, pausing, "I can think of nothing more I'd rather do than to show you the ways of sex." And that was the truth. These young teenagers were gorgeous. Their round faces with those almond-shaped eyes were beautiful. The silky black hair that cascaded down past their shoulders framed their angelic faces so well. And those cute little petite bodies that just screamed out for attention were driving me crazy. Yet, I knew the dangers. They were jailbait.

"But I'm afraid that I can't help you," I told them, biting my lip, knowing in my heart of hearts that I'd love to fuck both of them. "You see, I am worried about what might happen if anyone ever found out about it. I could get into a lot of trouble. In our country, there are laws..." Linda cut off my sentence. "No one will ever learn of our secret. We will tell not one soul. "That is the truth she speaks, sir," said Cindy. "In our country, it is a sacred tradition to reveal secrets to no one. We would dishonor our ancestors by telling another person a secret that we vow to keep." "And if you teach us the ways of sex as we have requested, you have our solemn vow that we will tell no one, not even our beloved father," Linda added

I was beside myself. On the one hand, this was the opportunity of a lifetime. Here was a chance to introduce, not one, but two pretty young virgins to sex. Two very willing young teenaged virgins were offering themselves to me. The thought of deflowering these little, lovely ladies was exciting. Yet, I also knew that if anyone should discover that I had engaged in sex with two under aged girls, even if it was consensual on their part, no explanation on my part would save me from going to jail.

'"Girls," I told them, "I need to think about this. You do understand, don't you?" The girls looked at each other and grinned. "Yes, we understand," said Linda. "It is nice that you would give thought to our plea." "Yes," added Cindy, " we understand, and we hope that you will become our teacher. We would very much like you to put your ample penis inside our vaginas which have not yet known such an experience." Jesus! Cindy's English may have been too proper and correct, but the message was coming through loud and clear: Please pop our cherries and fuck our pussies!

I wouldn't need to think too long about their invitation. That evening, my wife informed me that she needed to go out of town the following Thursday on a business trip, and that we needed to make arrangements for someone to watch Justin overnight because she wouldn't be back until late Friday." Do you think Linda might be available to spend the night and watch Justin?" she asked. I knew Linda would make herself available. And she wouldn't be lonely. I knew Cindy would be there, too. And I knew that would be the night I would become their teacher; I would become the first man to teach them all about sex. Everything from A to Z.

The next day, I asked Linda and Cindy if they would be able to stay over next Thursday to watch Justin. As soon as I asked, both girls got huge smiles on their faces. "You are asking that we remain here for the entire night?" asked Linda. "You wish for us to sleep here in your home?" Cindy wanted to know. "Yes, you will both need to stay here until I get home at 2 o'clock in the morning. But if your father wants you to come home then, you will have to do as he says," I told them, knowing that they would obey their father's wishes. And I had no intention of pissing their old man off.

"But, Mr. Moore, sir," Cindy said, "it will be the middle of the night when you return, and I do not think Father will want us to walk home in the darkness of that hour." "I could drive you home," I responded, testing whether either of them had any second thought about what was likely to happen if they stayed overnight with me under my roof. "Sir, that would require that you wake your baby son, of whom we are fond, to take him with you if you should drive us to our home," Linda rationalized. "Father would not approve of that. I am sure Father will gladly allow us to stay until the sun rises." The next day, the girls informed me that their father had approved of their plans to spend next Thursday night here to baby-sit. There was no doubt in my mind that all three of us - me and the twins - knew what we would be doing that night.

But waiting for an entire week to go by before Thursday came was pure torture. Until then, I didn't want to start something with the girls that Could not properly finish during the week, so I deliberately avoided any situations that might lead to a repeat of the ancient Korean massage incident. I would awake earlier than usual and be dressed well before the usual time I got up in the mornings. Nevertheless, just being around the girls for the short time they were here in the mornings gave me the opportunity to fantasize. Each time I saw the twins, I would undress them with my eyes. I could picture both of them laying side-by-side on my bed, naked, their yellow-tan skin, so soft, so smooth, waiting for me to touch them.

I imagined how their skin would feel to my touch as my fingers roamed all over their young, teenaged bodies. I could just see me caressing their young, developing breasts, tweaking their nipples, making them stand firm and erect. I envisioned my head dipping down below their tummies until my tongue found the sweet nectar of their young, virgin pussies. Needless to say, I was in a state of arousal the whole week, anticipating Thursday's arrival. But Thursday came, my wife went off to her trip in Atlanta, and I waited for Thursday evening. The twins arrived about 5o'clock in the afternoon.

## Chapter 2

Posted: November 25, 2006 - 09:56:29 am

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They were dressed in a very sexy manner - both of them. Linda, who almost never wore tight clothes, had on the skimpiest and tightest pair of cutoffs I had ever seen her wear. They were so short, I got a beautiful view of the bottom of her cute little ass in the back. She wore a t-shirt that came down to her midriff, exposing her young, slim tummy. I was so attracted to the amount of her teenaged flesh that WAS exposed, it only made me moan silently, thinking about what was left to see.

Cindy had chosen to wear a halter top and a short skirt. The halter top was merely a piece of cloth that covered her small tits in front, and tied in tieback. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra underneath as her little boobies jiggled as she moved. The skirt she wore had a way of rising up as she sat down on the sofa, exposing her upper thighs as she crossed and uncrossed her legs occasionally. Once, I thought I caught a glimpse of her panties - skimpy, black panties - as she started to stand up.

When it was time for me to go to work, I told the girls, "I usually get back about 2 a.m., but if I can, I'll try to leave earlier than usual." As a matter of fact, I fully intended to make it home early, knowing that these two, sweet, young angels would be waiting here for me. "You will wake us when you return?" asked Cindy." We will be asleep, of course, here in the living room," added Linda. I smiled at both of them. "Oh, no, girls. That won't do. It's not at all comfortable sleeping down here on the sofa and love seat. No, I want you to go ahead and sleep up in my bed. It's a king-size bed, so there's plenty of room, and besides, you'll be closer to Justin's room. That way, you'll hear him if he wakes up during the night."

The two girls looked at me, then at each other. "You are asking us to sleep in your bed, Mr. Moore?" asked Linda. "The bed in which you sleep?" asked Cindy, confirming what she heard. "Yes, of course," I replied. The girls looked at each other again before Linda spoke up. "And where will you sleep when you return, sir?" Both girls looked at me with excitement on their faces. I wanted to give them one last chance to back out before I committed to doing what I knew I wanted to do - fuck them both. "Oh, I'll probably sleep down here." The smiles that were on both girls' faces dropped when I told them I'd be sleeping in the living room. Cindy immediately piped up. "But, Mr. Moore. You yourself said that it is not comfortable sleeping down here. We cannot ask you to do such a thing."

Linda added, "Oh, no, sir. We must find a way for you to also sleep in your bed with us." I now knew for sure they were willing to go through with their proposal. And I was more than happy to assist them. "Okay. We'll discuss this when I get home, girls. But right now, I have to go. See you tonight!" And with that, I was out the door.

Waiting in anticipation only made the night drag by slower. But at midnight, I told the assistant manager I was leaving early and headed back home. The house was dark when I arrived, and as I entered the front door, I couldn't hear a sound. I tiptoed upstairs and checked on Justin first. He seemed fine, contented and sleeping. Then I walked down the hall to my bedroom. Quietly opening the door, I peeked in. There, in the pale light of the room, I could make out the bodies of the twins, lying in bed, sound asleep. Now was the time to wake them up and see what fun and games were in store for us.

I turned on the bedroom light next to the bed and began to undress. The light and my movement caused Linda to wake up first. She lifted her head and watched as I proceeded to unbutton my shirt. "Oh, hi, Mr. Moore. You're home already?" "Yeah, I decided to leave a little early tonight," I told her, as I removed my shirt. Then I reached down and slipped off my shoes and socks. "Did everything go well, tonight?" I asked. "Oh, the baby was just fine, sir. There were no problems at all," Linda replied. I began to loosen my belt and unbutton my pants. At this point, Linda made an effort to waken her sleeping sister. "Cindy, wake up. It is Mr. Moore. He is here." Linda was shaking her sister hard, I could tell, trying to wake her up to watch me undress. "Cindy, you will want to wakeup NOW. Mr. Moore is here," she said, with a tone of urgency in her voice. Cindy slowly rolled over. Her eyes widened when she saw me pulling my zipper down and stepping out of my pants. There I stood, clad only in my dark blue briefs, my cock about half-hard as it had been all week and all night long. "Mr. Moore. You are home," said Cindy, as both girls gazed at the bulge in my underwear." Yes, I just got home," I told her, "but it's so hot and humid tonight, Thought I'd take a shower."

With that, I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my shorts, pulled them off and tossed them aside. I now stood there in front of the twins, totally naked. Though they had seen me in the nude before, I think they were surprised or shocked that I so casually undressed right in front of them as though it was something I did all the time. I stood there, non-chalant, as the girls tried hard not to stare at my slowly rising cock."See you after my shower," I told them, as I left the bedroom and walked down the hall to the bathroom. I wasn't even halfway down the hall when I could hear the girls murmuring from the bedroom. I left the bathroom door open as I turned the water on and stepped into the shower. In only a few minutes, I heard Linda's voice from the bathroom doorway. "Mr. Moore?" I peeked my head around the shower curtain. My God! There stood Linda and Cindy, both wearing matching, nearly transparent, short nighties that just barely covered their panty-bottoms in front. I could see through the flimsy material and could see the pinkness of their young nipples poking through their tops.

"Yes?" I asked. Linda smiled at me and took a deep breath. "Sir, Cindy and I wanted to know if you might require any assistance in your shower?" Oh, yeah, I thought. I could use some assistance, for sure. "Why not? That sounds like a good idea," I told her. The girls looked at each other and smiled. Linda made her way over to the bathtub and waited. I opened the curtain a little bit, allowing her to see me from head to toe. Now, my cock was nearly at full-mast, and she suppressed a gasp." How might I help?" asked Linda. I handed her the bar of soap and said, "Why don't you wash my back for me?". I watched the look of excitement on her face as she stood outside the shower, glancing down at my erect cock. Linda took the soap from me as I turned around. I could hear her lathering up her hands with the soap, then felt her fingers begin to roam all over my back. Those same fingers that had worked my legs so wonderfully when the twins gave me that unbelievable massage.

Only this time, she was much more gentle as her soapy hands caressed my back. Up and down my back her hands traveled, then she began to make ever-widening circles on my back as her tiny fingers found their way down towards my ass. I glanced over my shoulder and noticed that Cindy was not there. "Where's your sister?" I asked. Linda turned her head back toward the door and said, "Cindy? Why are you not helping?" Slowly, Cindy came over to join her sister. She was almost timid in her approach. This was unusual for Cindy who tended to be the more aggressive of the two girls. Cindy just stood there and watched her sister lathering up my back." Do you wish to help?" Linda asked. Cindy just shook her head. Linda shrugged and went back to work, not allowing her fingers to work the soap all over my ass.It was very curious that Cindy did not join in and help her sister. I Wondered if she was beginning to have second thoughts about the whole thing and wanted no part of being my sex student. Then I wondered: if she backs out, will Linda decide not to go through with it without her sister?

At the moment, it didn't seem to matter. Linda was busy soaping up my ass, her fingers finding their way between my ass cheeks, working the lather into the crevice. Gently, her fingers brushed against my anus, sending a shiver up my spine. This young teenaged girl's tiny finger was swirling around my asshole, creating strong sensations that only served to make my dick harder. Now, my fully-engorged cock was standing straight up at a sharp angle, only an inch or two away from my belly. Finished with my ass, Linda worked her way down my legs, scrubbing the dirt and sweat off of them.

I glanced over my shoulder again and saw Cindy watching her sister washing me. She was clearly interested in what Linda was doing, yet she made no move to get involved. Strange, I thought. I looked down at Linda who was now washing my feet. Her pajama top was soaked from the spray of the shower." Linda. You're all wet. Wouldn't it be better if you just... take your top off?" I asked. Linda stood straight up and looked down at herself. I immediately got an eyeful. Her top was completely drenched and the material was clinging to the front of her. I could clearly see her pointy nipples, all hard and stiff, exposed through the transparent material. "Oh, my," said Linda, blushing a little, "it is true. My top is wet. It is as though I am not wearing anything at all." She started to lift her top off of herself, but she paused and looked at me. "It is all right that I do this?" she asked." Of course," I said, "after all, you can see all of me. It's only fair that I see part of you, too."

She blushed again, and finished removing the top. As she was lifting the top of her nightie over her head, I turned to face the twins. Immediately, there was the sound of gasps. One of those gasps was mine. There before me stood Linda, half-naked. Her small, but rapidly developing breasts were exposed to me. They were absolutely gorgeous. I wanted to start kissing them right that moment, but chose instead to take my time. But the girls had gasped, too. They both looked down at my cock. It was as stiff as ever, standing nearly straight up as I looked at Linda's nearly nude body. Not only could I now see her naked breasts, but I could see the dark-haired triangle of pubic hair showing through her bottoms. I thought I detected a wet spot on the crotch of the panties. Whether that was from the shower or the flow of her pussy juices, I didn't know, but it sure as hell was sexy. And the way both girls kept staring at my dick was sexy as hell, too. "Mr. Moore!" exclaimed Linda, her mouth wide open, "Your penis is... standing up straight again... like the other day. It seems to have more stiffness!"

That was true. I couldn't remember the last time my cock had stood up at attention with so much enthusiasm as it was now doing. "Yes, Mr. Moore," said Cindy. "Your penis looks very ample... even more than the last time." I could feel the throbbing of my dick as the girls looked at it and talked about it with so much... awe. Linda looked at me very seriously. "Mr. Moore, does this mean you will become our teacher and show us the ways of sex?" I didn't answer her question. I just looked at her and smiled. She smiled back. "Linda, why don't you take off your panties and get in the shower with me?" I asked her. Linda wasted no time. She pulled down her bottoms, stepped out of them, and got right in the shower with me, her naked body only inches away from my throbbing cock. Though she was tiny, her pussy lips were full and pouty, obviously the result of the excitement of the last few minutes. Surprisingly, for such a young girl, she had a full bush of inky black pubic hair. The hairs were thick and fully covered the entire area above her pussy lips. However she appeared to have almost no hair on the full and pouty lips.

The spray from the shower head had run down the front of her, and a few drops were clinging from her pussy hairs. How I wished my mouth was down there, licking those little droplets off of her. Linda turned to her sister and said, "Cindy, come. Take your clothes off and join us in the shower. It is quite enjoyable to stand here naked with Mr. Moore. You will like it." Cindy just shook her head. "What is wrong, sister? Why do you not join us?" Linda asked. "I cannot," said Cindy. I looked at Cindy and saw that tears were forming in the corners of here yes. "What's wrong, Cindy?" I asked. Tears began flowing down the girl's cheek. Slowly, the girl lifted her top just a little bit to expose the matching bottoms. Immediately, I saw her problem. Looking down hoping to see her pubic hair which was hiding beneath her panties, I could clearly see the outline of a pad. "It is that time of the month," said Cindy. "It is the curse which our grandmother spoke of... I am having the curse."

It was all I could do to keep from laughing. Don't misunderstand. I felt sorry for her sad, pitiful face as she stood there, clearly upset at the poor timing of her menstrual period. But I had never heard a woman in this day and age refer to her period as "the curse." I thought that phrase had disappeared after my grandmother's generation. "Now, you will not want to teach me the ways of sex between a man and a woman because my vaginal passage is passing blood," Cindy explained forlornly, her tears flowing freely now. Again, I had to bite my lip hard so I wouldn't burst out laughing at her choice of words. I knew women who told me, "Not tonight, sweetie, I'm on the rag," but Cindy's explanation was so sweet, sad and funny - all at the same time. "Cindy," I told her, "don't be upset, sweetie. There are still things you can do to learn about sex. It's okay." "That is the truth?" she asked. I nodded. "Cindy, why don't you come over here into to the tub and help your sister?"

Shyly, Cindy stepped forward and removed her panties. Again I was staring at a new pussy covered with an inky bush of black hair. Although Linda's pussy hairs were thick and ample, Cindy's pussy hair was even thicker. Cindy entered the tub where Linda was on her knees, washing my legs. Cindy said to me, "Mr. Moore, I am so ashamed to have so much hair on my sex, much more than Cindy," I said that I loved the way her pussy looked, covered with such thick black hair, but that I had a way to cure her embarrassment. I took my Gillette razor from the shower shelf, put shaving cream all over her pussy hairs and, in less than a minute, had before me a pussy completely devoid of even a single hair. Cindy thanked me profusely for curing what she thought was an embarrassment, but which I thought was eminently sexy. Well, Cindy, with her bare pussy, and Linda with her furry pussy were no longer identical twins. I loved it.

"Can I help you, Linda?" "Here, sister, take the soap and wash his other leg while I clean this one, " Linda told her. The girls lathered up and worked their way from my ankles up to my knees and beyond. As their dainty little fingers approached my cock, their eyes widened, and they grinned at each other. "His penis looks so much bigger since when last we saw it, does it not?" asked Linda. "Oh, yes," Cindy replied, "I do not believe such an ample penis can fit inside a vagina, especially a vagina such as mine or yours. Our vaginas are so tiny for a penis to go in." All of their talking about my cock and their pussies was exciting me. Being inexperienced, they did not realize that my cock was not extraordinarily large, just about 7 inches or so. But to them, it must have seemed huge. But the prospect of finding out just how tiny their pussies were was really driving me crazy.

Cindy's period, to her way of thinking, put her out of action for the time being, I imagined what it would be like to drive my hard cock into Linda's virgin hole. Since the twins were both so petite, I could only imagine how tight their little cunts might be. Linda looked up at me as her fingers made their way to my crotch. "Mr. Moore, will you be able to put your penis inside me? I very much fear it will be too large for my vagina." I looked down and smiled at her. "Linda, it might hurt a little the first time, but I'm sure it will fit. Don't worry about it. And, by the way, one of the first lessons you need to learn is what to call this," I said, taking my dick in my hand and shaking it at the girls. The girls giggled as they watched me shake my dick, causing drops of water to splash on them, "If you want to be sexy, young women, you need to use other words to call our body parts. This is a cock," I informed them. The girls giggled again. "Cock? That is a funny name for your penis, Mr.Moore. I thought that was the name given to a rooster," said Cindy. "Well, Cindy. Think about it. What's the main thing a rooster does?"

I asked. The girls looked at each other and laughed. Now the girls were running their fingers all over my cock and my balls. Cindy took a firm grip, placing her little fingers around my cock, running her hands up and down its length. Linda had chosen to lather up my balls, her fingers ever so carefully spreading the soapy lather around and around on my scrotal sac. Gently, she lifted my balls up with her fingertips, feeling the weight of them. "And what do you call these?" Linda wanted to know. "In school, we have learned that these are called testicles, and that is where your bodily fluid is manufactured." "Those are my balls," I explained. And that bodily fluid is semen, but you can call it "cum" if you'd like." "Cum?" asked Linda, tilting her head to one side. "For what reason is it called cum?" "Do you remember when you two gave me that massage?" I asked them. They nodded. "Well, did you see it "cum" out of my cock? "The girls thought for a moment. "Oh. I see," said Linda. "It is what comes out, is that not right, Mr. Moore? "That's right," I said. Personally, I didn't care what they called my sex organs at this point.

The twins' fingers were working miracles on my cock and my balls as Cindy continued stroking the length of my stiff dick while Linda was playing with my balls. But I was not interested in getting another hand job from these tiny Korean twins. I wanted to do more. "I think I've had enough of this shower, girls. Let's rinse off and go back to the bedroom. "Linda and I rinsed off under the showerhead, while Cindy ran her hands under the water. I grabbed some towels, handed one to Linda to dry off her completely naked body, and gave another to Cindy to dry her hands. "Cindy," I said, "Why don't you take your top off so I can see your beautiful tits?" "Tits?" she asked. "Oh, you mean my breasts?" "Uh-huh," I said. "Yes, sister," said Linda. "I stand here naked for Mr. Moore to see all my parts and you have not yet shown him yours. Let him see your... tits... is that what you call them, sir?" Linda asked, looking at me. "Yes, tits," I confirmed. "That is what you must do, Cindy. Show Mr. Moore your tits so that he may look at both of our bodies," said Linda.

Cindy lifted the top of her nightie to show me a duplicate set of those small, gorgeous boobs, just like her sister's. "Hold your tits in your hands, girls. Let me see them. "The girls lifted their tits up in the palms of their hands for my inspection. The girls were definitely twins. Four identical titties in front of me. And all four nipples were hard, begging for kisses. And that's exactly what I did. I leaned over and took one of Cindy's firm nipples in my mouth, kissed it gently, then drew it in a little more and began to suck on it."Ooooh, Mr. Moore. What you are doing to my tit feels very good. Ooooh, it is very pleasant," said Cindy. I repeated the same action on Cindy's other nipple, sucking it and giving it a little nibble in the process. "Oh, yes. That makes me shiver all over, Mr. Moore. I think that I do not want you to stop," Cindy said.

Linda protested. "I should like you to do that to me, Mr. Moore. Cindy has a look on her face that tells me that you are giving her much pleasure on her tits. "I immediately obliged Linda, moving to her, and sucking on her pert nipples as I had just done to Cindy. "Ooooh," Linda moaned, as I sucked on the first nipple. "Is that not a wonderful feeling?" asked Cindy. "Does it not feel good to have Mr. Moore do that to you with his mouth? "I flicked the end of her nipple with my tongue, causing Linda to shiver as her sister had done. "You are right, Cindy," said Linda. "I very much like the feeling of Mr. Moore's mouth on my tit. It is wonderful. "Then I sucked on her other nipple, drawing it in and out of my puckered mouth, licking all around it. Linda hissed gently as I bit softly on her hard little nipple. "Oh, Mr. Moore," said Linda. "I have heard that it is a pleasant thing to have a man do that with his mouth, but I did not know it could feel THAT good."

I lifted my head, standing straight up, and said, "Why don't we go back to the bedroom where we can be more comfortable? And then, Linda, maybe I can show you other places I can use my mouth to make you feel even better?" "Other places?" asked Cindy. "Even better?" asked Linda. "Let's go," I said. And so the three of us wandered down the hall to the bedroom. Linda led the way, totally nude, her cute little ass undulating as she walked. Cindy, also nude, followed her. And I brought up the rear, watching the two girls in front of me, my cock bouncing along in its extra-stiff condition, ready for action. When we got to the bedroom, I laid down in the middle of the bed and invited the girls to join me, one on either side. Linda climbed in immediately to my right, while Cindy went to the other side to lie to the left of me. "You will show us the other places your mouth can go?" asked Linda. "Yes, what other places?" Cindy wanted to know. "Not so fast, girls," I told them. "I think we need to do some things that both of you can do. We don't want to leave Cindy out of the fun, do we?" "Oh, no, Mr. Moore. I want to learn things, too," said Cindy. "Then come here, girls," I said, holding my arms opened-wide, indicating that they should cuddle up close to me on either side.

I soon had my arms around both girls. Then I turned to Linda and said, "I want to kiss you, Linda." And with that, I moved my mouth to hers and kissed her tenderly on the lips. Just a slight touch at first, then I pressed a little harder. Linda responded by kissing me passionately. Slowly, I began to probe her lips with my tongue, trying to gently pry her mouth open. She parted her lips slightly, and my tongue immediately found an opening. I began to dip my tongue into her slightly open mouth, letting it dart in and out, waiting to see how she would respond. For a minute, the French kissing was one-sided. But then I felt her tongue find mine, touching it softly, beginning to play a game of tag. Then Linda got bolder and let her tongue slip into my mouth. Soon, our tongues went back and forth inside each other's mouths, and her breathing grew heavier as she kissed me more passionately. "I should like to be kissed, too, Mr. Moore." It was Cindy. She had been watching her sister and I kiss and she could wait no longer. I turned my head to face her. "You will like it very much," Linda told Cindy, as she slumped back against the pillow. Cindy was not as hesitant about kissing as her sister. Within a few seconds of our lips touching,

Cindy opened her mouth, her tongue seeking mine. In and out, back and forth, our tongues moved in a little dance, and Cindy kissed me harder, hugging me tightly as she did. I knew that Cindy was the more aggressive of the twins, but her passion was strong as she seemed to be the one leading the way in our little tongue dance. After a few minutes, Linda grew impatient. "Is there not something Cindy and I can do together at the same time? Something that will please you? "she asked. I knew just the thing. "Girls, remember how I kissed your nipples back in the bathroom?" I asked. The girls nodded. "Yes, of course we remember," said Cindy. "That felt so very good of you to do. "Why don't the two of you return the favor?" I suggested. "You should like for us to kiss and suck your nipples, Mr. Moore?" asked Linda. "Oh, please. I'd love it," I responded. Each girl found her way to my chest, as I laid back getting comfortable, watching them go at it.

These two young teenaged girls were hot. And so was I. They began to kiss my nipples, gently sucking, as their hands caressed the rest of my chest and lower abdomen. The kissing and sucking felt good on my nipples, but it was not my nipples I really wanted them to be giving so much oral attention towards. Down below, waiting, was my stiff cock, throbbing like mad, as I imagined their busy little mouths and tongues working on my dick instead of my nipples. Now was the time to start dropping hints. "Kiss me lower," I told them. Their lips left my nipples and began kissing my chest. "Play with my cock," I instructed, and soon, both pairs of hands reached down and began caressing my engorged organ. "Kiss me lower," I urged them on, clearly watching them from above as their heads moved closer to my erect dick. "Lower. "Their heads moved downward even more. Their fingers were all over my cock and my balls, as they continued kissing my belly. "Oh, please. Lower." I'm sure that by now, the tone of my voice had more of a pleading quality to it. I wanted their mouths - their tiny little mouths- on my cock.

Soon, their faces were only inches away from my rigid dick. Just as I was about to make the big request, Linda took the lead. "Mr. Moore, sir. Would it be good if my sister and I also kissed your... cock? Is that something that you would mind?" Would I mind? Of course not. "No, not at all. That would feel so good," I told her. Before I knew it, Linda lifted my rock-hard cock straight up and both girls began planting kisses, up and down, all along the length of my dick. While Cindy started kissing at the base of my cock, Linda would begin at the head. They would start moving in opposite directions, passing each other along the way. Then, each girl would begin the trip back to their own starting points." Lick it!" I begged them. I wanted to feel their tongues all over my shaft, and they complied. I watched them as their tongues snaked out, licking every inch of my stiff member, swirling around the head, then up and down, up and down.

While one of the twins was busy flicking her tongue around the head of my cock, the other was licking up and down the length of the shaft, giving it a tongue bath. I desperately wanted to feel my hard-on inside their mouths. I wanted to know the warm, softness that awaited me there. I wanted to stuff my now-aching cock inside and feel their hot mouths suck on it." Put it in your mouth," I cried, waiting for one of them, either of them to open wide and take my organ deep inside. The girls stopped what they were doing and just looked at each other. Neither one seemed to know exactly what to do, and I suppose each one wanted the other to go first. The stalemate ended when Cindy looked at me and said, "Since I am unable to do anything else today because of my period, may I put your penis... I mean, cock... in my mouth, sir?" Yes, Cindy," I said, quite eager for her oral attention, "go for it." Timidly, she parted her lips and opened her mouth.

Slowly, her head dropped down and her mouth enveloped the head of my cock. Then she closed her mouth and gripped the top of the shaft with her lips. "Oh, sweet Jesus!" I moaned when I felt her lips surround my cock, and I experienced the warmth of her mouth. Cindy stopped and looked at me. "You are alright? Have I hurt you, Mr. Moore?" she asked, concerned that she had done something wrong. On the contrary, it had felt fantastic, feeling that small, delicate mouth around the head of my dick. "No, you didn't hurt me," I told her. "That felt really good." And so she went back to work with her mouth. She began to run her tongue all around the ridge of the head of my cock, coating it with her hot saliva as her head moved ever so slowly up and down on the shaft. As Cindy sucked my dick, Linda reached down and played with my balls, gently rolling them around in the fingers of her small hand.

I was in heaven. Together, the twins double-teamed my raging hard-on and my balls with lips and fingers steadily bringing me to a fevered pitch. Just when I thought I could take no more and was about to unload in Cindy's mouth, Linda said, "Might I try this, too? Please?" Sure. Why the hell not, I thought. Cindy passed my cock on over to Linda who picked up where her sister had left off. Wasting no time, Linda began to suck and lick my dick with uncontrollable enthusiasm. Her head moved up and down, bobbing slowly on the shaft of my rigid member as her tongue went around and around on the head. Cindy looked up at me and asked, "Does that feel good, sir?" "Uh-huh," was about all I could get out of my mouth." Is there anything I can do to add to the pleasure Linda is giving you?" Cindy wanted to know." Lick my balls," I told her, wanting to feel her tongue-action again. Cindy adjusted her position, and laid down between my legs, her head up close to my crotch. Then she stuck her tongue out and began to lick my balls, allowing the tip to brush up against the fine hairs on my scrotum. And all I could do was moan.

These two young teenaged twins were making me delirious. Linda bobbed her head a little faster now as she sucked my cock, while her sister's tongue did butterfly flicks all over my balls. I started to tense up, preparing to come right in Linda's pretty little mouth. Thence stopped. "Mr. Moore?" she asked. "If I keep doing this to you, what will happen to your bodily fluid... uh, I mean... your cum?"I couldn't lie to her. I told her the truth. "It will shoot into your mouth." Linda paused. Then she spoke. "I do not think I am ready yet to have such a thing happen. It very much frightens me that it will be too much and I will choke on such a quantity that comes out." Then she looked at Cindy. "Would you let the cum be shot into your mouth, sister?" Cindy looked at me, then my cock, then at Linda and just shook her head." We do not mean to displease you, Mr. Moore. We need more time to get used to such an event," Linda apologized. Actually, I was only partially disappointed. True, part of me wanted to unload into Linda's young, teen mouth. Then again, I wanted to sample her fine, virginal pussy, too." That's okay," I told both of them. "Maybe later." The twins seemed relieved that I didn't make them go through with it." I've got a better idea," I said, "let's change positions." We shifted so that Linda was in the middle between Cindy and me. I began to stroke Linda's breasts and suck on her nipples.

Cindy watch me with obvious envy. While I caressed her, I quietly asked her, "Linda, do you ever touch yourself? Linda blushed as soon as I got the words out. "Mr. Moore, I cannot answer that question. I would be very embarrassed to tell you that," she said. "But you can tell me," I said. "Do you ever play with your pussy?" Linda blushed even more. "I have heard of that word, sir. It is a word that means vagina, is that not correct, sir?" Well, yes. Your vagina and everything around it," I explained. "So? Do you ever play with your pussy?" Linda tried hard to speak, but she was too embarrassed to admit to me that she masturbates." I do, Mr. Moore," said Cindy, openly admitting that she likes to pleasure herself. "Many times, late at night, after we turn the light out to go to sleep, I like to rub my... pussy. It is a very exciting feeling, and I like to imagine things about sex while I do such a thing." Then she hesitated, looking at her sister before continuing. "And Linda also does this thing, as well."Linda shot her a look. "I do not," Linda protested, "Why do you tell him I do such a thing?" Because it is the truth," countered Cindy. "Many times in the light of the early morning, I have woken up when you do not see me, and I look at you in your bed. I can see that your hand is very busy under the covers, and you breathe in a heavy way, the same as I do when I rub myself." Now Linda was totally embarrassed. Her secret was out. "Yes, it is true, Mr. Moore. Sometimes I use my fingers to bring sexy feelings to my girl parts... I mean, my pussy, as you call it." I pressed on. "Where exactly do you touch when you rub your pussy?" I asked her. Linda said or did nothing at first. She was still embarrassed about my learning that she masturbates. The she spoke up. "I will show you."

Her fingers drifted down to her pussy and indicated where she liked to touch herself. "It is here that my fingers bring the most pleasure," she said, touching her clit." Right here?" I asked, letting my fingers graze across her little, teen clit. Linda immediately shuddered with pleasure. "Oh, yes, Mr. Moore. That is the place where it feels the very most best of all!" I moistened the tips of my index and middle fingers and began to slowly rub her clit in a circular motion. "Do you touch yourself like this?" I asked, demonstrating with my fingers. Linda began to breathe deeply now, sighing occasionally. "Sometimes I touch myself in that way, but sometimes I just rub back and forth," she explained."LIke this?" I asked, trying to duplicate whatever her favorite technique was, my fingers now rubbing her clit very slowly as the young teen began to moan with pleasure." Yes, that is the way. I do this thing to myself and it makes me feel so full of tingles and such," Linda told me, as I could feel the heat rising from between her legs. I laid down beside her, and whispered in her ear, "How would you like it if I rubbed your pussy like that for you?" Linda sucked in air at the very suggestion that I would do for her what she always did for herself in private moments. "Yes, this I would very much like, sir. Your fingers are touching my special spot right now, and I do not wish for you to stop." That is how I touch myself, too," said Cindy. "My sister and I are very much alike, are we not?" Yes, you are, " I said.

Then, getting back to my conversation with Linda, Said, "So you like what my fingers are doing to your pussy, don't you, Linda?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Moore. It is a wonderful feeling that you are giving to me," she moaned." And you don't want me to stop, do you?" I asked, in a very teasing tone of voice."Oh, please, sir. Do not stop. You are making my pussy feel extra sexy with your fingers touching that special spot," she said." Linda," I said calmly. "I am going to stop." "Oh, no, "she begged. "Do not stop while your touch is making me feel good.""I'm going to stop rubbing your pussy with my fingers, Linda..." I paused. But I'm going to do something better." Linda looked at me, in eager desperation. "What, sir?" I'm going to lick you there with my tongue," I told her. Giving her no time to protest, I immediately climbed between her legs and buried my head in her furry muff." But, Mr. Moore, it's so... you do not want to do such a thing down there..."but as soon as my tongue found her clit, she relented. "Oh, Mr. Moore... you are licking me... THERE! Oh, God! It feels so good." I went to town on her clit. I knew she was hot and bothered. I could smell her young, teenaged scent, wafting up from the seat of her femininity. I allowed my tongue to slip down into her slit, down into the entrance to her virginal hole, and I tasted the honey of her sweet teen cunny. Then, my tongue returned to her clit and began flicking at it, slowly at first, then more quickly, trying to coax an orgasm out of this beautiful young girl. "Oh, Mr. Moore. Do not stop moving your tongue on my special spot. It feels so good. Yes, you are right there... right where it feels so good." I knew she wouldn't last much longer.

Her skin was flushed, her nipples hard, and her legs began to quiver." Please, Mr. Moore. Do not stop... lick my pussy!" While I licked her clit, I slowly moved my hand up, and let the middle finger enter her moist pussy. The touch of my finger, along with my rapid flicking of her clit with my tongue, took her over the edge." Now! Right now, Mr. Moore. It is here. That is the feeling that comes when I rub myself. Keep doing that, sir," Linda panted frantically. My tongue continued its dutiful attention to her little love button as Linda bucked and gyrated under my head. She was in the throes of a strong orgasm. Her entire body shook from the pleasure that coursed through, her teenaged body. Finally, too tired to go on, she collapsed.Almost forgotten, Cindy looked at her sister lying next to her, all tired and spent. "I have heard of such a thing... of how a man can use his tongueto give a woman such special pleasure. I think my sister has now had such pleasure, sir. Your tongue has done just what I have read about." Then she paused, looking sad. "But it is not to be for me," she said. "You do not want to do the same for me because of my period." I took Cindy's hand gently and said, "Cindy, before the night is over, I will give you your own special pleasure. I promise." But, Mr. Moore. How can..." I put my finger to her mouth to hush her." Wait and see," I said to her. Slowly,

Linda began to gather her wits about her. "Mr. Moore! I have never known such a feeling such as that before. You gave me a very strong pleasure. And now, I would like you to be pleased, too. Will you now place your penis inside me so that I might know what the sex act is like?" What would you like me to do?" I asked her, wanting to hear her say the" right" words." I want you to put your pe-..." she paused. She knew what I wanted her to say. "Please put your cock in my pussy, sir." I will," I told her. Then I looked down at my cock which had withered a little bit in the past few minutes. "But I think I'm going to need a little help getting my cock back up." What can we do to help, sir?" asked Linda." Would you suck my cock again, girls?" I asked. "Oh yes, I would like to do that," volunteered Cindy. "Only this time, I will put your cock in my mouth and suck, while sister licks your balls. Will that not please you and make your cock grow to its bigness again?" "Oh, yeah. I think that will do the trick," I said. Linda crawled between my legs and began to tongue my balls as her sister had done earlier.

Cindy chose to straddle my chest, as she had done the week before when the girls gave me that massage. In straddling my chest, Cindy's yummy ass was pointed right at my face, and when she leaned forward to put my cock in her mouth, I could see her entire, hairless pussy. Linda began to work on my crotch very seriously. They were now taking turns sucking my cock.

First Cindy bobbed her head up and down on my cock as Linda lapped my balls with her tongue. Though I could feel every move their mouths made, I could not see them due to Cindy's positioning on my chest blocking the view. All I could see was Cindy's ass and pussy. I could smell the delicious scent of her hot, teenage pussy as it came closer and closer to me during her movements on top of me. Something powerful overcame me as I looked at her nether regions right before my eyes. I simply could not control myself.

Slowly, I reached up toward Cindy's pussy. I tried not to move too quickly or deliberately. I began to plant kisses on her exposed buttocks as she leaned over me, planting her own kisses on my rising cock. She squirmed a little as I kissed her ass cheeks and her inner thighs. She made no move to stop me. Then, without warning, I quickly lifted her legs up above me and put my tongue as deeply into her pussy as possible. Swiftly, grabbing her ass, I pulled her down on top of me, her bloody puss landing right on top of my face.

"OH MY GOD! Mr. Moore! You must stop. It is my period time. I am not clean down there. You must not do that now," Cindy shouted, fully aware of what I had just done to her. I didn't stop. Period or no period, I wanted to lick this teenaged girl's young pussy. Her virginal hole landed right on top of my mouth, her gaping hairless pussy lips opened for my tongue to lick at her. My tongue stabbed deeply into her pussy, all the way to the thin membrane of her hymen, as she tried so hard to squirm and wiggle her way free. But I had my arms wrapped tightly around her ass, refusing to allow her to free herself. "Oh, please. Mr. Moore. My pussy is dirty from the flow of blood. Do not lick me there," she pleaded. I ignored her pleas. I let my tongue explore all the crevices of her young pussy.

I could taste her natural pussy juices that had been flowing while we three were playing our sex games. This girl was turned on, and her pussy was very moist. I could also detect something of a metallic taste on my tongue. I knew that it was blood. I didn't care. I've eaten steaks that were rare, why not a delicious young pussy. I buried my face deep into her cunt."Oh, Mr. Moore. It cannot smell or taste good. Will you not stop and wait for another time to do this to..." But her protests soon stopped.

My tongue had found her clit, and now she apparently did not want me to stop. I flicked at her clit with the tip of my tongue, giving Cindy's clit the same devoted attention I had given Linda's. No longer trying to break free, Cindy mashed her pussy into my face. "Yes, Mr. Moore. I like that. Please lick me there. Please give me pleasure." As my tongue wagged back and forth against her clit, I slipped my finger into her virginal hole, and began to slowly and steadily finger-fuck her pussy while I continued licking her clit.

"Oh, Mr. Moore... that feels so... please keep licking... yes, lick me... lick me... oh, yes... lick me." I sure as hell did lick her. Her body tensed, and she came. I could feel the orgasm hit her, making her spasm, causing her to press her pussy harder into my face, rubbing against my nose, cheeks and mouth." This time I felt my mouth become exceedingly wet. It was not blood but a fountain of vaginal juice. Cindy was a gusher. Do not stop, Mr. Moore. It is good. Such pleasure. Please do not stop." I waited until I knew she could take no more before I let my tongue slowdown, then stop completely. As she collapsed against me, I kissed her pussy over and over again. Finally, she sat up and climbed off of me.

The moment the three of us all faced each other, the girls gasped. "Mr. Moore!" they cried out. "Your face!" I knew. They didn't have to tell me. One quick look in the mirror that sat atop the bureau confirmed it. My face was all covered with Cindy's menstrual blood and pussy juice. There were streaks of dark, reddish brown dried blood; on my nose, my cheeks, across my forehead. I didn't care. All I wanted at the moment was to fuck the twins: if not Cindy, then at least Linda. I sat up and took Linda in my arms. "I want to make love to you, Linda. Right now. I want to fuck you."

I rolled the teen over on her back and spread her legs wide. "Oh, yes, Mr. Moore. I have waited for this. Please do it to me now. Put your cock in my pussy and... and... fuck me as you say you want to." Carefully, I lined the head of my cock up with the entrance to her pussy. Slowly, I pushed forward, allowing the head of my cock to spread her labia open. Pushing forward even more, my cock came in contact with her hymen." This may hurt a little, Linda. Just relax, okay?" I will try. Be gentle, sir. But please hurry," Linda said. With that bit of encouragement, I pressed down harder, and began to slowly rock back and forth, doing my best to slowly stretch her virginal membrane. Finally, it gave way. Linda dug her fingers into my back as she reacted to the first jolt of pain. I could feel my cock sliding deeper into her pussy, and the trickle of her warm blood from her now-deflowered cherry.I let my cock rest quietly in her pussy for a minute or two to allow the initial pain to subside. Gradually, Linda released her grip on my back.

"It is better now, sir. It does not hurt as much." I began to fuck the young teenager, slowly, teasingly, stopping from time-to-time, then slamming my cock hard into her. God, the twins were right. At least they were right about Linda. Her pussy was so tiny and tight. Her vaginal walls collapsed around my cock, squeezing it like a steel vise." Your pussy feels so good, Linda, " I told her, as I began a steady rocking motion, in and out of her cunt. "Your cock is very hard, Mr. Moore. It is just as stiff as I imagined it would be," Linda told me.

I looked deep into Linda's almond-shaped eyes and saw nothing but pure lust, as she began to move her hips up and down to meet my thrusts. "Oh, that feels very good, sir. I very much enjoy learning about sex from you," Linda admitted, with pride." You are a good pupil," I said, not missing a beat with my dick, now buried deep inside her. Then, Linda look toward Cindy. "Oh, dear," she said, "Cindy is crying. She is upset. Cindy, why do you..."Cindy stopped her sister in mid-sentence. "I am alright, sister. I am very happy that you have learned about sex tonight. You are very lucky. I just wish I could do the same." Linda looked up at me. "Mr. Moore, is there not something we can do to make Cindy happy?

"I thought for a minute. "There might be one thing we can do." I withdrew my cock from Linda's pussy and presented it to Cindy. "Cindy, I want you to suck the head of my cock for a minute and get it all wet with your saliva." But why?" she asked." Just do it. Okay? You'll see." The girl bent down and put the head of my dick in her mouth and began to coat it with her spit. After a minute, I took my cock out of her mouth." Now, climb up on the bed and get on all fours... like a dog," I told her." Like a dog, sir?" she asked." Yes, and spread your legs wide." But...""Yes, stick your butt up in the air," I told her.

Not understanding what I had in mind, the girl complied with my request. Once she was in position, I crawled up behind her. Taking my spit-coated cock, I spread her ass cheeks and began to rub the head of my dick around her anus. "Sir, that's not my... you know... my pussy. That's my..."She didn't get a chance to finish her sentence. Carefully, I slipped the head of my cock into her tight, virginal ass. "Oh, Mr. Moore... your cock... it is in the wrong hole... that's where..."I slid my cock in another inch or so. Cindy moaned. "Oh, God. That is not the right hole, Mr. Moore, but... it feels so good." Slowly I began to move inside her, very slowly. Just an inch in and an inch out. I was giving her her own special pleasure as I had promised her. I was fucking the young teenager's ass.

"Mr. Moore, I... is this part of sex between men and women?" she asked. I grunted." You did not do this to Linda, Mr. Moore," she said." And I didn't fuck your pussy like I did to Linda," I explained. "So you are both getting something different as a special pleasure." "Oh," was all she could say, as I began to slide a little deeper into the recesses of her bottom. Back and forth, a little deeper, a little faster, until I was moving at a fairly quick pace. And Cindy was keeping up with me, meeting each thrust of my cock in her ass with a push backwards. I did not want to hurt her with the type of thrusting needed to come in her ass, so as I felt my orgasm approaching, I pulled out of her ass and began to jerk my cock, aiming at her asshole as I did. Just as I was about to come, Linda bent down and put her mouth on my cock. Just seconds before, my dick had been deep in her twin sister's asshole. And here was Linda, sucking and licking it. That was all it took. I exploded in Linda's mouth. Jet after jet of my hot, white cum was shooting out of my cock into Linda's waiting mouth. Soon I was depleted. All thereof us collapsed on the bed. As I looked around, I knew I had a lot of cleaning up to do before my wife came home from her business trip. But it would be well worth it.