

Helped a twin on the bus 01
(The twins mother lets me say oral hello to her)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This short story contains oral sex and some Diabetes-talk

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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I was on my way home the other night, probably halfway home when a girl on the bus started to feel sick. I saw the symptoms pretty quick, partly because I secretly looked in her direction during the trip, and partly because I saw the same signs that I have quite frequent. I (and the pretty girl on the bus), both have Type 1 Diabetes, I know now. So Hyperglycemia & Hypoglycemia i.e. high and low blood sugar is one of the common occurrences in my life. And low blood sugar was what the girl now had.

It is important to bring something to eat and drink, as well as Insulin and all the test-things, all the time. But many factors affect how it turns out from day to day. Age, for example...and she didn't look that old, maybe in high school, or just started college.

Anyway, I had Dextro Energy (Dextrose tablets) with me in my pocket, so I got up...walked up to her and offered a couple. A little cautious and suspicious, she took a few. I said she could of course keep the ones that were left. I had another package in my backpack.

I sat down across from her on the aisle seat...looking, poorly hidden, on her legs, shorts, sweater...and young sexy breasts. But mostly at her beautiful face, of course, to see that the color and energy slowly returned.

When her stop came, I asked if I should go with a bit...just in case. I didn't get an answer but got off the bus with her and kept a little behind. Felt uncomfortable walking an unfamiliar young girl home, me just over 50 and her maybe 18-19. And even more so when it was summer heat and we both wear thin sweaters and shorts. And my eyes had a little hard not to look at her young tanned complexion and the just so perfect looking breasts. Really had to think about everything that can be associated with cold showers along the way.

I escorted to the house where they lived, we didn't say anything on the way, just looked quietly at each other a couple of times and once at the nice villa, she opened the door, went in. Said thank you a little quietly and disappeared upstairs. When I turned around shortly after to leave, I heard a voice asking who I was. It was her really good-looking mother who asked the question. I told her what happened and while I was doing it, the girl from the bus reappeared. But it wasn't her, it was her twin sister. So in front of me was a sexy hot mom, and an equally sexy hot young version of the mom...freshly showered with wet hair and a little too small t-shirt. Wow, what a sight!

The mother told her to get up and not stand like that undressed in front of unknown men. The daughter looked at me one more time and then started walking slowly and a little challenging it felt like, up the stairs to the upper floor. I tried as best I could to rip my eyes off her stunning butt, panties and legs...and look the mother in the eye....I was just going to...no, now. Clear focus on the mother. With attention directed to her, she thanked me so much for what I had done.

I told her what position I was in myself, with the same troubled illness and everything that constantly needed attention...every day and every night. So I clearly knew how the daughters, and she, had it.

After I finished the sentence, things went quiet between us. When I stopped looking at my shoes and looked back into her beautiful face and eyes, I don't know if I heard what she just said. So I said, "I'm sorry I didn't get the last part."

"Well, I was just wondering if there were anything else behind the chivalrously thoughtful façade...maybe you were a classic old perverted man, when you walked my daughter home? A gentleman with a dream to fuck a sexy hot and far too young girl, as a thank you for the help?!"

I didn't know what to say or do, thought about running out of there and hope they didn't remember my face. But didn't or couldn't move I just stood still.

In the midst of immobility, she took my hand in hers and said, "It is possible that we can arrange something that will be good for all four. I'll talk with the girls and I'll let you know afterwards."

"But, if you are going to experience the wettest of all male dreams...exploring 19-year old twin vaginas...then I want you to fix something damp and warm tonight."

While she was saying the last thing, she moved my hand and put it directly against her crotch. Given that I was now holding my hand pressed against her fuckpants (we used to call sweatpants for that), it felt like the last hurdle for tonight vanished.

I got down on my knees and pushed my face hard into her crotch to smell it, the horniness and the heat. She quickly took her pants down and her panties went down in the same move...so now I was sitting there on my knees, with an incredibly beautiful, sexy and moist cunt just inches away from me. And this chance I really wasn't going to sedate, so seconds later I put my lips to her outer labia, started kissing and nibbling on them, around the outside area. Really wanted to get to know her smell and taste. After a short while, she laughed and said it was cozy and nice what I did, and she was glad I wanted to get acquainted with her cunt, but now she wanted to come. Really come. Usually she liked it when men licked her, and they could take their time...it was nice. But tonight she felt unsure how long we had, and wanted to come fast. So she told me I was going to be her sex-toy for the next few minutes, and wondered if it was okay? Before I could mumble something with my mouth full of pussy, she grabbed my head on both sides and started pressing her crotch against my mouth and said a little hard, "Get your tongue out!"

This was new to me. New and something I liked. I started to get a real hard on from being a sex toy for a determined and slightly dominant woman, who now used her kitchen to actively ride a stranger's face.

And she could ride. And rub. And moan how good it was...every other time, while the pressure on my face hardened.

"Harder, a little deeper with the tongue. Ooooooh, exactly like that. Hold there. A little more...a little more...yes... yeeees. Now, noooooow, sooo good, I'm coooming!"

If it were deliciously moist before, it was nothing compared to when her flowing love juices came. I had a hard time swallowing everything she pumped into my mouth. Swallowed and licked, licked and swallowed.

She both tasted and smelled so a rousingly sexy, so I could have continued to lick her for a good while longer...but now she pushed me away, and looked gratefully at my glistening soaked face.

With her hands in my hands again, I slowly got up, and before neither she nor I could say anything about what happened or what we're doing now, or anything...we heard from the stairs, "Wow! I want to do that too!"