

The 22-year-old kinky surprise 02

(The second meet. An even more extreme kinky fetish and the baby sister joins)

The continuation of the short story "The 22-year-old kinky surprise – Part 1"

IMPORTANT!

This story is EXTREME in many ways!

And features perverted kinky fetishes – Violence | Unclean | Fetish | Scat | Pee | Anal | Oral
Yes! All seven are included and a part of this story!

And it's the girls who decide and set the rules!

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

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I had rushed home. Of course, I didn't want to leave her...I certainly didn't want to leave her, but I'd walked away...and then rushed home.

The first thing I did when I got inside the door was drink water. A lot of water, I was so thirsty.

I sucked on the tap and swallowed way too much water, then I took the toothbrush to clean my mouth, and planned for a shower right after...

...which I immediately backed from. No teeth would be brushed nor showers taken, not now anyway.

I have more important things to do. Got homework to deal with.

Except being in the bathtub, almost without water in...I had done nothing but bury my face, nose and mouth in the bag I had been given. Alternating with having them pressed in my mouth and against my nose...and despite the stench both panties had, they worked wonders with me.

I'd come twice during the night, gagged many times...and puked once.

And in the morning, I felt I was becoming addicted to smelling them. If I'd been doing something else, I had to quickly put both in the bag and inhale the stench...to yet again bring back all the smells and disgusting odor of my angel.

When the clock finally showed time-for-meeting-again, hope and fingers crossed, I arrived way early, and was very tooth-brushed and freshly showered. Made me so nice for her.

Even though she came around exactly the same time as before, I had sat down against a tree.

Had waited a while like I said, because I was so early.

But as soon as I heard the steps and saw her, I flew up and wanted to hug her.

Right away, she took two steps back...all the time with her eyes locked in mine. Then she inspected me from top to bottom and from bottom back up again.

– You smell good today. Looks nice and smells good. I like that you've made an effort.

She fell silent. Looking distantly at the trees...at nothing...

...then returned again, "Follow me!"

It was the same outfit today. Rubber boots and a shorter white raincoat...seemed to be everything. When I walked behind...looking at her...what a body! What legs, what butt, what hair, and the smell again...the mixed scent and stench she secreted, it hurt to go behind such a perfect human being. A dream wasn't enough to describe her!

She stopped at the entrance to the plot and the back of the nice house.

– Oh right, I stuttered quietly, my name is

– Shut the fuck up!! One more word in that sentence and you'll never see me again!

– You're the old man, the pervert, the slave, the rag....we have a lot of names for you. And we decide them, believe me we do!

– I am the dream, the goddess, the angel, the mistress, the 22-year-old mirage...
Yes, a lot of names there, too. And guess who decides which one to use?

– That's right. Good doggie! Go in through the gate, its open...go down the slope, past the pool and into the house. Walk fast!
And you're going to say hi to the Guard.

I hurried down the slope, and only had time to approach the house as the sliding door opened, and I was let in...by the guard.

He was dark, the size of a house, and as determined in his eyes as the mirage.
But he looked very nice, and I stupidly said hello and extended my hand...
...I don't know why. This was not the time for polite greetings.

– Oh, you dumb man. That could really have caused you pain.
Fortunately, he's set on us having a guest today...that may become recurring.
Aaand it's difficult to have a recurring guest in a wheelchair, or a bed-bound one.
So...now, retract your paw, and go over there to the table.

– The guard there is instead of having cameras in the house tracing all steps. Dad wants the cameras.
But I've said no to that...as you can imagine. Maybe not something a parent should see, what we're going to do.

No, so with the guard here, everyone in the house feels safe...

...and our guests tend to be quick to understand that they should obey, nothing else.

– Do you want to see a picture of a guest who disobeyed, he started beating and abusing me and my little sister pretty bad? I have a couple of pictures of him on the phone here, if you want to see?

I shook my head.

– Mmm, I agree. Nothing to see. I heard the police who found the body felt sick and threw up...so did his colleague.

– But I'm not doing this to threaten, abuse and make guests and us feel bad.
I'm doing it because my sister and I want a man close to us. A sure safe man we can love in all sorts of possible and impossible ways.
Not just for the loss of dad, who's gone for months on end. And constantly switches to a new 'mom'.

And real mom I don't think we'll ever find out who she is.

– Lots and lots of money don't solve those problems. But they can help repair the cracks. Unfortunately, there are a lot of very poor repair products on the market. And I...we...are getting really tired of only finding quantities...never qualities.

– So, my dear who half puked on my used panties. I sincerely hope you stay with us...
...we have a long way to go. And you won't stop breathing if you don't get to the finish line.
If you don't come all the way, we'll just have to start over, and you'll have to go back to your lonely, scheduled...content-less life, you surely had before.
And you don't want that...and we don't want that. For real, *we don't want that*.

When she said the last thing, I saw her eyes tearing up.
And I automatically reached out my hand...

As soon as she saw my gesture, she bowed her head...wiped away the tears...looked up, and switched to her callousness again. Stared in my eyes and said firmly, "Guard...leave us! Hibernate on you. Tell my sister to come here please, because the three of us are going to do anything but rest."

– ...how did it go with the homework, have you started to get familiar with my...fragrances?

I nodded, and wanted to fill in that I liked her scents and wanted to do everything possible to make my dream happy. But couldn't before she continued, "That's good! Take your clothes off fast as hell now. Sit down and get closer with the chair. Take off my rubber boots. I'll let you munch on my sexy toes that have been confined for a long time. And my beautiful feet and soles really need a massage and a proper tongue wash."

I'd taken my clothes off before the guard left, and before she got halfway through the sentence, she sat down closer...and I tugged to get both boots off.

And wow! All her body parts are equally beautiful, sexy, arousing...as they are stinky.
How can they smell like that?

Closed in...rubber...foot sweat...and how can I get so enormously turned on from her stench?!

I licked along her soft warm soles, up to her toes...and sucked in the sweaty treats...one salty toe at a time. Massaged with mixed hard and soft pressures. Smelled, licked fast, licked slowly...sucked...

– Noo, have you started already? Why, I was supposed to be here...

And all of a sudden, there was the baby sister. As wonderful a version as my dream, just as perfect and slightly younger. All she was wearing was sneakers. Nothing else.

– Doggie, old man. This is my little sister. She's three years younger than me, and she keeps up with most of what I do. Most of it, but not everything...and you can call her

– 'W-Sexy', little sister filled in. Because I'm 'Wanna-be', on being as sexy as my older sister.

– Ok, get on the table and take off your shoes you've been wearing far too long...
...jump up there, and doggie can stop licking me and please Sexy instead.

Sexy sat on the big wooden table, took her shoes off and leapt forward...then presented my nose to both shoes.

– Ooo, wow...you smell that old man? My shoes should have a warning label. But from what I heard; you like young girls smelling like I do...so...

She threw her shoes away, moved back a bit and put both her feet in my face. She didn't stink nearly as bad as her sister. Smelled much though, and it was so sexy and I got so horny holding her warm feet, licking them like crazy. Sucked on the toes, licked between them...tasted and kissed the soles...

Shortly after, she removed her feet, slid over the edge of the table, and sat down on my lap. I moved, so my hard on was on her front and lay against her peachy entrance, instead of pushing in...that was the prior result when she just sat down on my lap.

She giggled when she saw what I was doing.

– You're cute. It's feels nice when you have your dick tight to my pussy like you do now.

She kissed me on the mouth. Kissed again. Then tongue-kissed like she was tasting or testing me.

– You're not like the other men who've been here before you. It's something special about you. But wow, you stink of foot sweat! Do you like licking us when we smell like that?

I nodded enthusiastically.

– That's good! Because I like having my feet licked, and my butt, and here...in my pussy. And under my arms. Can't you lick my armpits? I have some stub and lots of sweat since we're not showering right now. And it's such a turn-on to be licked by someone who could be your dad. An old pervert of a man who loves stinky young girls who haven't showered in a long time. Are you one of those, is that you?

I nodded so eagerly that my head was coming off. "Here then.", she said, raising her right arm then pressing her armpit against my mouth.

It was the same here, as with her feet. It smelled quite a bit, yes...but not like the dream. I licked up and down, pressed my tongue in the middle...wanted to get all the salty sweat accumulated in her fine tasty armpit.

After she thought I was done with the right, she took it down. I thought it was left's turn, but she fingered something behind her back with her left hand. Saw that she made a little effort.

After a moan, she got up, grabbed my dick with her hand and aimed it at...
... I looked down, saw the slit and that it wasn't that opening she was aiming for.
I sexy going to buttfu

Had I time to think before she pushed herself down halfway on the dick. A heavy moan and more pressure and I were fully inside her butt. She was sweating and straining, but smiled proudly at me.

– Hey sis, I have him in the butt. His cock is inside my ass...all the way in.

Before I processed the insanely sexy sentence she just said, it started to taste acrid and bitter in my mouth. It was the little angel who put her fingers in my mouth. Her fingers with poop on in my mouth.

And poop isn't my favorite, but licking it from sexy young girls' fingers. It's a clear favorite!
So, I licked and sucked on her fingers, and they quickly got completely clean.
I sucked so she had to pull a little to get them out of the mouth.
My disappointment that her fingers left my mouth was short-lived. Because right after her fingers left, she took her left armpit and put it against my nose and mouth.
And at the same time, I started licking her pit, she started riding my rock-hard boner.

– Aaaahh, ooohhh. It is so good with your cock in my butt. And you lick so well!
The feeling when you almost leave, and then you fill me up. Oh, it's so deep in there it hurts. Put your thumb on my clit and rub me...and don't stop licking the armpit!

So I fingered and rubbed her clit and wet pussy...and licked her armpit energetically, while she bounced up and down, fucking her butt thoroughly on my dick.

– Noooooow. Soooooo goooooood. I'm coooming noooow.

And while I was holding her arm and the tongue in her armpit...still massaging her pussy...I came too.
And I squirted so hard in her I felt guilty.
I came in her sister last night, but this beat that by far.

When we paused a while, just holding each other, I lifted her up onto the table.
Mostly because she wouldn't have me in her butt anymore...
...but what happened then was I got her hot pussy right in front of me.

I just had to taste an unwiped and unwashed 19-year-old pussy, and dived down with my face in her crotch, and put my mouth straight against the smooth hill.
She did not shave, and it suited me perfect. It was such a natural beautiful pussy.
And same here when I licked around the unwashed paradise...tasted young unclean pussy and pee...but not so much at all, I was hoping for more filth. Although of course it was super sexy and turning me on like.....

...with my tongue still inside her sister's pussy, I looked up at my 22-year-old mirage...observing us.
She had obviously been doing that all along. But honestly, she was forgotten for a while.

She got up and walked towards us, and sexy immediately jumped aside a bit to make space.

– Now you've had a good time, old man. Far too nice and good to live the perverts dream and ejaculate loads of semen into a young cramping anal. The dirtier the ass is, the harder the shot gets, right?

– Before we round off the evening with some joint orgasms, I want to come...just me.

– This means that the rag here will lick up all the secreted slime in my cunt, and enjoy the stench he soon will experience very close. Lick, swallow and enjoy...
...and make sure I get to come right in his mouth.
The only thing you're allowed to have a problem with is swallowing my squirt orgasm...nothing else!
Understood?!

– You're raising your hand now, not bad. Yes.

– I understand Mistress, and I will enjoy all your flavors and smells. I want you to come hard in my mouth...and really hope I can give you a lot of pleasure.

But what I was wondering was...if I can finger your dirty backside hole? Increase your pleasure...

– You're definitely permitted to have your fingers in my shitty ass. Two of them are no problem at all. Finger on!

But, now I want your tongue in my beautiful disgusting cunt. Lick me now!

And she was right, her pussy was a work of art, so beautiful and so sexy, and reeked so much.

Just like the panties...and more. Now the stench was fresh.

And slimy threads here and there...it wasn't a pleasant sight.

But I didn't want to back down and walk away, not at all. Even before I got her disgustingly stinking panties, I'd fallen for her. And the night I had with the panties had made me completely reliant on her different smells.

I didn't think it reeked. I gagged on pure reflex...but I wanted to lick her.

I wanted to taste her unwashed pussy, swallow everything she gave me...and don't stop until she pushed me away. Pushed me away decisively.

So like with the little sister, I dived right into the crotch and stuck my tongue deep in.

Deep in, dug and rummaged to get all the slime and all the wonderful stench.

I massaged with my lips all around, on the outer labia, inside her thighs...and on clitoris.

Swallowed, licked and sucked everywhere.

And suddenly, and pretty fast...she came. A smaller, but clear orgasm.

She tensed dissatisfied, and hit me in the face. A hard slap that really hurt. It was ringing in my ears.

– Is that the thanks I get!? *Is that* how you show gratitude? A shitty little orgasm...

My only thought was...think fast as hell now and you must tell her what *she wants to hear*.

– I am sooo sorry, my Mistress. I didn't mean to be ungrateful; it was never my intention my dream...

Think...think....

– My perfect angel...I just thought that you who are so amazingly wonderful...earned yourself multiple orgasms. At least if I could lick you to two.

I'd be honored if your second orgasm is as pleasing and powerful as you wish it to be.

If I also can stimulate your dirty back hole...and swallow more discharge and stench left in your divine vagina...do I get to? Do I get that chance? Please...

– You don't have to talk so much, and so long. And I shouldn't have hit you. It was good to come.

You're making me feel nice and same for my baby sister. We like y...having you here.

And I want you to lick me more; I want you to do everything you had in mind...

...be a good rag now and make sure you get to swallow your mistress squirt orgasm.

– Come baby. Big sister wants to taste her best sister in the whole world. If you rub yourself against my face and pee a little too...you know...then I'll come really nice and hard.

Little sexy didn't say anything...she just stood up and straddled her sister's face.

Just as I started licking, caressing and tasting my dream again...sexy started rubbing herself real porn-like against her sister's mouth.

I massaged the clit and fingered with two pretty messy fingers in her butt, while licking her best I could...

...and it started to pay off. Because my dream started humping my fingers and moaned a lot, and loudly. A lot more thrusts at me and heavy moaning...

Sexy sighed and shivered a few times, then held her sister's head tight and began emptying all the pee inside her into her older sister's mouth.

And before the first pee-filled mouth was swallowed...she came for the second time. And now it wasn't a tiny orgasm. She squirted like a not so small squirt-gun, right in my face and mouth. Almost everything came in the face and hair...nothing in my mouth.

So I put my mouth tight and completely open, to get the rest of her wonderful squirt in there, to taste and swallow. She ejaculated a couple more times, and had let go of her little sister...

...held my head, and hugged hard to the face and my head at the same time.

It felt like she didn't want this to end...

...and neither did I. I wanted this particular moment and feeling to last forever.

– Oooh, wow that was incredible...it was soo good, I came so hard. That, I liked!

Happy with what I heard I kept licking and swallowing until the mirage pushed me away, twice.

She looked down at me and smiled so beautifully, so warm...I was all over the place inside. I wanted to jump up and kiss her! A sensual kiss that never ended...

...but blocked that impulse. And instead, I said,

– My Mistress and dream, I love you! And I love your sister! I love you both and I always want to be with you!

Oh my...oh my...that was *completely* the wrong thing to say!

The 22-year-old dream changed all facial expressions instantly, from smiling warm, to icy cold, and yelled, "Sexy, get out of here! Get up and in your room, FUCKING NOW!!!"

– That's not what I meant. I like you both so much...

...let's jump back. Mistress, I want you to poop...no, I want you to shit in my mouth. Drown me in shit, piss, spit, *anything*...and as much as you want, just let me stay with you.

I'm yours to do whatever you want with Mistress, whatever you want.

Don't throw me out. Forget what I said! Humiliate me however you like, let me do anything for you, but please let me stay with you.

She hesitated for a second...looked down at the table. Then she jumped down on the floor. With mixed expressions on her face, she picked up one of her boots, spun herself...and the boot...and hit me right in the side of my face on my temple.

Before I passed out, I could see the guard rushing towards us. He *did not* look happy.

(The only thing that happened while I was unconscious, was that the girls had gone to their rooms, one crying, and the other angry and sad. I'd had a hosing down in the shower and bandages. After the guard hosed me off, with soap too I felt...he carried me up to the huge bed in the guest room)

I had something white crushed in the mouth...I hope it was a pill for the headache.

When I woke up more properly, I thought this was a really nice room for the subs...the sex toys.

So here I lay freshly showered, patched...pounding headache...and alone. Everything was just like it used to be...except for the bandage and the nice big bed.

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Epilogue

I lay alone and awake in the bed, absolutely could not sleep...
...felt sad, happy, worried...hopeful...I didn't know what to feel...
...and the pounding ache in my head.

My mirage and dream girl were so hard, and I wanted so much to be a part of their lives. I shouldn't of course feel that way right now, this early...I couldn't, but I started to love them. It really hurt me that they weren't here with me now. I wanted to feel their closeness...or be told and reprimanded. Lick dried sweat or pee...something, so I had to be close to them...
...any condescending act. Just not lie alone.

When I had turned and twisted a long time.
Worried about all sorts of things...
...suddenly the door opened. In tip-toed two sexy small feet,
and a little after came two more sexy feet...

W-Sexy crawled into bed quickly and said she wasn't going to sleep alone in her room. Now I was here, and she wanted to sleep with my arm around her. So, I was going to lie so they could lie on either side...she pushed me to the right position and quickly lay down close by.

The dream went up slowly without looking at me, and was like a stiff naked stick on the other side. I wished we were wearing sweaters now. Long sweaters. Not because I felt horny...on the contrary. Would just be good in this moment.

After some time, the dream moved towards me. Put my arm under her...turned her back on me...but lay close.

Then she said quietly, barely so I heard, "We don't sleep with guests. They almost never get to stay over...and certainly not with us. Never happened. Never happened before."

I took my arm from sexy and started playing with the dream's hair. Moved my fingers softly around her neck and hair. For several minutes I stroked and wrote letters as cozy as I could. I kept going until I got pushed in the side because sexy wanted to be snuggled again.

I moved my arm, held sexy tight, and nuzzled myself into the neck and hair of my dream. Puffed and cuddled me into her.

Again, just as quiet...the dream said, "My.....my..... safe..ty....who's made it so good for us today. My name is Vera...Veronica and my sister's name is...Cecilia."

A while after, I felt Veronica relax, and I think she was asleep. Cecilia doused heavily on me.

And floating on clouds...incredible tearful floating clouds...I fell asleep right away.