

One Way Ticket

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When my sister and her husband invited me out to their country house for the weekend, I was pretty sure they were going to tell me our grandparents had died or something. We were always close growing up, as close as a brother and sister can be, but apart from the occasional family get-together, we hardly saw each other since I'd moved to the city. She promised me, however, that I'd have a good time and reminded me how good the "laid-back country life-style" is. And well, I needed a break from the hustle and bustle of city life.

Carly was twenty-six, a year older than me, and John her husband was thirty-nine. They didn't have any kids together but John had two from his previous marriage, a boy and a girl. Justin was nineteen and that made pretty little Holly sixteen, no seventeen, maybe eighteen . . . God, I couldn't remember, I hadn't seen them for a few years.

As I drove out into the country, I began to look more and more towards the nice relaxing weekend. All the things that originally pushed me away from the country were pulling me back. I went up the long driveway, the motley shadows of the trees passing over the windscreen, and I pulled up front of their house. It was the same house we grew up in. She had bought it off our parents since she loved it so much. I got out of the car and stretched sucking in the country air. I had been in the city too long, it was good to get back to my roots.

Holly came skipping down the steps in a teeny tiny pleated skirt. I almost didn't recognize her, she sure had matured a lot since the last time I saw her. She was tall and slender with long blonde hair. She raced up to me wrapping her arms around my neck and gave me a big family hug. My hands slipped quite by accident down to her backside and I was alarmed to find that her tight little ass was naked under her skirt—she was either wearing a g-string or she wasn't wearing any panties!

I decided to play dumb, since Holly wasn't reacting to the touch of my hands on her smooth ass, and I could feel a nice, firm pair of tits against my chest as she squeezed me close. I was more than a little startled when she kissed me hotly on the lips. I was even more mystified when her tongue darted briefly between my lips.

I was worried my cock was beginning to stiffen noticeably and was relieved when she backed off. I wondered where the hell everyone else was, I was uncomfortable alone with this girl.

"It's been a while," I said.

"Four years. I was only fourteen. It was at your Aunt's birthday party remember?"

I nodded. "I remember."

"Do I look different?" She smiled sweetly.

"Yeah," I blurted out. "Quite a bit. I almost didn't recognize you."

"You look different too. You've kind of got a James

Dean look going on.”

I rubbed my smooth face absent-mindedly. I'd been told by girls before that I had a raw, country earthiness about me and that I was incredibly sensitive. I've never had a problem with that, and it's always worked for me. I had always been a simple kind of guy, never liked drama.

She looked past me. “Cool car! Can I take it for a spin, do you mind?”

I slipped the keys away in my jeans and said, “The only girls I let ride in my car are the ones who ride me, sweetheart.”

“Okay.” She held out her hand for the keys.

I was lost how to respond. She seemed like a pretty “anything goes!” kind of girl.

I was saved by my sister. She welcomed me with a huge hug and told me to get inside and have some iced tea that she'd made. Justin was inside playing video games. The boy was as blonde as his sister. I bet they were real cute when they were little—children of the Corn came to mind. He gave a nod of his head to acknowledge me and that was it. Carly poured me a tall glass of iced tea. She told me that John was out and would see me at dinner but I was distracted the entire time by Holly. The way she sat with her legs crossed I could see every inch of her lovely thighs and a little part of her naked bottom. I was still trying to figure out if she was wearing a tiny pair of panties or nothing at all. It consumed my thoughts so much that

I was tilting my head staring without realizing, until she cleared her throat and I looked up. She was already looking at me with a tiny smile on her gorgeous face. I glanced quickly at my sister—fortunately she didn't seem to notice a thing.

"Robbie," said Holly.

"Yeah?" I answered downing the last of my ice tea so that it went straight to my head.

"I want to show you something—up in my room. I've been taking art classes."

"Have you?"

"Come on, I want to show you some."

"Sure." I followed her dumbly up the stairs. She was right in front of me waving that hot piece of ass in front of my face. I tried to keep my attention on my feet, but my eyes kept flicking back to Holly's sexy little ass poking provocatively out from under her rucked up skirt. She was certainly starting to fill out without any hint of the puppy-fat she carried when I last saw her. Where had the little girl gone? I tried to see her as my sister's step-daughter not as pussy but it was hard in more ways than one.

Her bedroom was a disaster, all her clothes were over the floor. She bent over fiddling around in the dresser drawer. She made a horny sight, her nice rounded ass sticking out enticingly. My curiosity was satisfied. She was wearing a powder blue g-string that moulded to her

sweet young crotch like a second skin. I could even see the groove of her plump little pussy outlined all the way to the buttocks crease. While she was occupied I let my eyes feast on the lovely sight. I envisioned pulling aside the g-string and sticking my tongue in there.

She startled me when she suddenly spoke.

“Do you want it?”

“Huh?” I said, looking guilty.

She turned holding a raspberry lollipop. “It’s my last one.”

“You have it.”

“Sure?” She dangled it enticingly.

“I’m good.”

She sucked it and turned away. I opened my mouth silently as though someone had pinched me, and scratched my ear out of frustration. She was so fucking hot.

My face was normal again when she turned back.

“I can’t find the painting I wanted to show you. Sorry for taking so long.”

“Doesn’t bother me.” I wanted to bury my face in her ass.

“Oh well, I’ll find it later.” She closed the drawer. “I want a ride in your car later, too.”

She walked past me provocatively giving me a wicked glance. I followed her out like a slave. For Daddy’s little angel she was a hardcore hottie.

I got settled in my room while the girls prepared dinner. I could only shake my head at how Holly had turned out. That kiss . . . that ass! What was going through her pretty little head? I had to get my shit together before I screwed up big time.

The dinner table was set with a bundle of wholesome country charm. We had fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy and biscuits, corn, and greens. A peach cobbler was cooling on the kitchen bench. My sister always cooked as though she was on a mission to feed your soul, stomach, and heart. John hadn't turned up yet. It was just the two girls and Justin and me. Holly was conveniently sitting next to me. Her leg brushed mine under the table, and without thinking, I put my hand on her knee. My other hand I kept free to folk food into my mouth.

"This is the best chicken, Carly," said her stepson. He tore off huge chunks of fried chicken and downed copious amounts of iced tea. I wondered where the skinny little guy put it all.

We chatted quietly about this and that, but my attention was constantly drawn to Holly's smooth leg under my hand. She didn't react continuing her dinner as if nothing had happened and somehow my hand found its way higher. My sister was chatting away and asking me all sorts of pointless questions which I attempted to an-

swer, all the time my fingers were slowly working their way further and further up between Holly's thighs until my index finger actually slid between her tight, moist cuntlips.

I tried to keep a straight face and keep my breathing regular. Holly secretly put her hand over mine kind of stroking it, encouraging it. I went to move away then, but Holly would have none of that. She squirmed against me, forcing more of my finger into her pussy until she was half swallowing it. Then John arrived. He reached his hand to me before taking a place at the table. He was smiling as he greeted me, but I wondered with more than a little apprehension what his reaction would be if he knew that while my right hand was shaking his, my left hand was deeply-embedded between his daughter's legs.

"I could eat a whole damn horse," he chuckled, as he sat up to his plate.

Holy crap! Here I was, sitting at my sister's table, talking to her and her husband with my middle finger jammed half way up their daughter's tight, juicy little cunt. Not only that, Holly was moving her hips subtly back and forth, grinding herself against my palm, with a glazed, smug look in her dangerous blue eyes.

I couldn't believe she'd let me do that, let alone in front of her parents, and not say anything. I went on chatting to Carly and John as if nothing was wrong. I became bolder, wiggling my finger gently in Holly's tight, clinging young

pussy to see how she would react. Holly responded by hunching her cunt up to meet my delving finger.

Carly asked me something. I couldn't concentrate properly! My cock was beginning to swell intolerably, and Holly was beginning to get decidedly wet. I was afraid she was going to climax. I went to take my hand away, but she clenched it between her thighs. She let out a small sigh, a complaint or something more involuntary, I don't know. My sister looked at us a little oddly. Fuck.

"Sorry, sis? What did you say?" I blurted, trying to act dumb.

"You're a bit out of it this evening. Are you having enough sleep?"

"Not lately." I tore my eyes off Holly's delicious cleavage and stared stupidly at my sister. Had she seen me ogling her step-daughter's tits shamelessly? Worse, had she noticed me fingering her? I was ready for a real beating.

I took my hand away from Holly and she glanced at me languishingly as if she wanted me to put it back. No chance of that. She almost looked angry, angry enough to give me away to her parents just to punish me. I didn't trust her. I gave her a stern look, even though I knew I didn't have a leg to stand on.

"Want some peach cobbler?" Carly asked, standing up to clear the table. "Hand me your plate."

"I'm actually not feeling the best," I lied, hoping Carly

couldn't smell her step-daughter's scented juices on me.

"Go lie down for awhile."

"Yeah, I'll do that."

Before I could stand, Holly slipped her hand on my thigh real close to my crotch and gave it a little goodbye squeeze.

It was becoming clear to me that Holly was a dangerous girl. But God I wanted her.

I stood under the shower and let the hot water spray my face and let it fill my mouth then spat it out. Bending forward, I drenched my whole head and hair and let the warmth stream down my tense back. All the time my mind was on that girl. She had me in a shameful state. I had to get it out. I was fantasizing about her, drawing back the sensitive skin of my cock, exposing the head to the jet of the shower, then I jumped guiltily when someone pounded on the door.

John spoke through it. "What the hell do you find to do in there, boy? Get a move on."

I presumed he had mistaken me for Justin.

"Ah, it's Robbie," I said.

"Oh, sorry Rob. Take your time."

"Yeah, thanks!" I called back cheerfully. Fuck off, I muttered, turning my back to the door and wiping water from my eyes. I tried to finish myself off, but my dick

went limp. I let my forehead drop against the wall and closed my eyes.

After a moment I took the soap and washed down, careful not to linger too long. I shampooed my hair and rinsed. I didn't bother to condition.

The towel was super soft and I enjoy getting all the water off my skin. I felt brand new, except for the persistent nagging at my half erect cock.

The bathroom faced onto the backyard. I could see down into the garden. I remembered playing in there as a kid. I was startled when I saw Holly standing out there. I don't know why but I dropped to the floor.

When I finally got the nerve to stand back up, she was looking up towards the window as if waiting for me to resurface. I waved awkwardly, holding the towel at my waist. She had definitely seen me.

She motioned for me to come down. I shook my head. No way in fucking hell. She put her hands together as in prayer, begging me. I still shook my head.

Then my blood went cold. She started walking toward the house beneath the window. She was going to try and climb up to me. I put my open hand up to tell her stop then motioned that I was coming out. I pulled on my jeans and slipped on a clean shirt.

The others were watching television in the living room. I snuck out the back and went around the house to find Holly. She was gazing up at the night sky. I drew up close

behind her.

“It’s a pretty night,” she said without turning. I lifted my hand to touch her golden hair but let my hand drop again. I stood stupidly behind her wondering what I was doing out here. I wanted my body to touch her body. The sky was pretty, lots of stars.

Her hair smelled so good. I wanted to inhale it and put it in my mouth. I put my face near, and my mouth lightly touched the back of her head. She didn’t react but kept gazing upwards. I continued to smell her hair and thread it through my lips. Her hair was so sweet. I was only smelling the scent but it tricked my senses into thinking I could taste it. While I was doing this, she reach behind and drew my arms around her waist. I could feel my heart beating against her back.

The silence was intimidating.

“Why don’t you do something,” she whispered.

She pushed my hand under her skirt and pressed it firmly between her trim thighs. I gasped when I discovered this time she definitely wasn’t wearing any panties. I stood there not moving, feeling her tight, moist cuntlips.

I began to rub her and she leaned back into me, sighing. She obviously had done this kind of thing before and was not only willingly, but damn well eager for it. My cock was pressed against her from behind. It jumped and jerked with a life of its own.

I began to move my finger more purposefully inside

her tightly gripping cunt, actually fucking my whole finger in and out of her tightness. There was no barrier to my deeply plunging finger at all. No matter how far I pushed my finger didn't come in contact with any hymen. My cute innocent-looking little step-niece was no longer a virgin. I wondered who the lucky bastard was who got her first.

I stood numbly with Holly's curvaceous body snuggled tightly against my chest, her cunt still impaled on my finger. Her head was reclined on my shoulder and I could tell that her breathing was becoming very heavy and laboured. Despite gazing up at the stars, Holly was showing all the signs of growing more and more aroused by my deeply-embedded digit. I kissed her on the cheek and Holly lifted her head, leaning forward and away from me a little.

"Bring me off," she moaned. She complained when I took my hand away but was quickly placated again when I pushed up her skirt. I slipped a hand between her buttocks and dipped a finger into her sopping pussy from behind.

"Ugh, God! Robbie, that feels good," she moaned. "Use another finger!"

I continued my leisurely finger-fucking, adding another finger. She was rocking slightly with my movements trying to bounce herself up and down on my hand. The horny girl was literally fucking herself on my fingers.

Her moaning became a little too loud and I was worried someone would overhear her excited cries. I couldn't believe it. Here I was standing in my sister's backyard with my middle finger jammed completely up Holly's tight little cunthole. She was stimulating her clit with her hand. I could feel her young cunt ripple and spasm tightly around my fingers as she came, whimpering and moaning. I could feel her legs beginning to give and let her go to the ground. I sat next to her, her legs were open wide, exposing her pretty pink flesh glistening with her juices.

"Lick me," she almost whispered. "I need to cum real bad. I can't go to sleep unless I cum."

On impulse, I dropped my face between her legs and plastered my mouth over Holly's lovely, gaping cunt, sucking and licking greedily. She tasted so deliciously bitter-sweet.

I held her skinny hips in my hands, pulling her into my hungry mouth. My cock was as hard as a rock now, and Holly was so hot, the juices from her cunt were gathering around my lips. I took her clit into my mouth and sucked hard, bringing her off again in a tumultuous flurry of smooth legs and ass.

By the time I'd lapped up all her spendings, Holly looked almost asleep. Her eyes drooping shut as she lay back against the cool grass, a completely exhausted, yet totally satisfied, little slut. I gave her sensitive, pussy-slit one last tongue-kiss and then sat back kneeling and gaz-

ing down on her.

Holly opened her eyes lazily and smiled.

"Thank you," she said sleepily.

"Sure, anytime," I said.

My cock had never strained so hard against the crotch of my jeans. Holly noticed it too and reached out between my knees. With soft, sure fingers the dreamy girl rubbed my stiff hot cock and began to stroke her hand up and down the shaft in my jeans.

"You're rock hard," she said, gripping me so tight I thought I was going to cum in my pants. As much as I dearly wanted her to continue, I forced myself to pull her hand off my cock. If I went back to the house with a big wet patch in the crotch of my jeans, it would take a lot of explaining. She was fleetingly disappointed but too satisfied to really care.

"Carry me back inside," she said, with reaching out arms.

"Why can't you walk?"

"I can, I just don't want to."

"It'll look strange if I go in carrying you. Just get up and walk."

"No," she complained. "They won't even notice and if they do you can say I sprained my ankle."

She looked at me with that pouty little look and I caved. "Fine."

After a quick check of her skirt for girl-cum, she sat up

and I gathered her into my arms. I carried her back to the house. She clung tight around my neck, her face tucked into my shoulder. I tried to keep her impossibly short skirt pressed close so that in the event that we bumped into someone she wouldn't flash her sweet naked ass.

We slipped in through the kitchen door and I heard someone coming. I plonked Holly on the bench so abruptly she almost fell off. Carly opened the fridge door.

"Where have you two been hiding?" she asked, not suspecting a thing.

"We went for a walk," answered Holly, perched on the counter. Her thighs looked thicker more luscious, her skirt just covered her naughty bits.

"You're not wearing any shoes."

Holly shrugged. "We stayed on the grass."

Then Carly turned to me and my heart skipped a beat. "I hope she's not pressuring you for anything. I've told her a dozen times I'm not giving her money for that silly pop concert."

"I've got no money anyway," I joked.

As soon as my sister was gone, I lifted Holly off the counter, she went on tippy toes giving me a peck of a kiss.

"You're the best uncle," she said slyly, I swear just to watch me cringe. Then she surprised me again by planting her hot, open mouth over mine. She kissed me a little awkwardly at first, tasting my mouth so hesitantly, so tenderly, that her moist lips kept sticking to mine and made

little pecking sounds. They turned me on a lot, especially when she slipped in her tongue.

I returned her cute tongue-kiss passionately, Frenching my pretty little step-niece in a sudden frenzy of lust. My hands passed up and down her lower body, feeling the curves of her hips and thighs, and all the way around to her backside. It excited me to feel her smooth naked ass cheeks. I kept passing over them and trying to spread them apart. I wanted to lift her onto the counter again and shove my cock so far in it would reach her throat. I brushed the back of my hand over her neat pussy one last time. I wanted to get in there so bad.

I was thoroughly aware how easily someone could walk in on us. So I backed off. I was tempted to get her to jack me off in the bathroom but it was too risky. She walked to the fridge in her unhesitating womanly way and opened the door. Her legs were very nice, slender, smooth.

“Want a drink?” She tossed me a soda.

“Got a beer?” I tossed it back.

“I think my dad’s got some.”

She hunted around in the fridge. That short bloody skirt. I looked away. I was going to have stick my dick in the freezer box just to get the fucker down. She got off on taunting me. She got out a bottle of beer and walked over and put it in my hand, as if she was worried I couldn’t catch for shit when it came to glass bottles.

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