

Loving Sisters

Emily Sinclair

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Rose pulled into the long, hedge-lined driveway and stared at the large house ahead with envy. After more than three years of too much work and not enough money, she was finally paying her sister Lilly a surprise visit – a visit Lilly had offered to pay for several times but been refused out of pride. After parking, she got out of the car, walked up on the front porch and knocked. After several long seconds without answer she knocked again. When there was no reply the third time, she tried to peek through the window to see if anyone was home, but the heavy drapes blocked out everything.

Walking around to the back of the house, Rose saw the stables and figured her sister was in there either grooming the horses or preparing for a ride – something they both loved to do growing up on their aunt's farm. As quiet as a mouse, she snuck up to the stables and peeked through a window. Her eyes went wide, jaw dropped and a gasp escaped her lips at the sight within. *NO FUCKING WAY!* She shouted the thought, once again peeking through the window to make sure she really saw what she thought she saw.

There was her sister Lilly down on all fours on the stable floor grunting and moaning like a woman possessed as Bandit – her three year old Saint Bernard rapidly pounded his cock in and out of her pussy. “Uhn...t-that it boy!” she moaned. “Knot me! Ram your fucking dick in me! Uhn...uhn...uuhhnnngggg! Oh god yes!” She said reaching back to grab hold of one of his legs to prevent him from yanking the nearly softball-sized knot from her overstretched pussy. Lowering her head to the floor, her entire body quivered as it was seized by one orgasm after another until he finally pulled free nearly five minutes later.

Having no idea she had company peeking through the window, Lilly got to her feet and rubbed the big dog between the ears. “Thanks for that buddy,” she purred. “You really know how to lay it to me don't you? Roscoe! Come on boy,” she called to the other Saint Bernard lying in the corner patiently waiting his turn.

Frozen, unable to tear her eyes from the scene within, Rose stared through the window as her sister got back down on her hands and knees as the brown, black and white dog approached. Torn between running away in disgust and staying to watch out of some morbid sense of curiosity, she paced back and forth for several second before returning to the window and seeing Lilly's head bobbing up and down on the strangest cock she had ever seen. Long and thin, pointed at the tip and tapering wider and then narrower as it reached a growing bulge near the base which Lilly held her hand just behind.

Rose's trance was suddenly broken by a strong arm around her waist and a hand clasp tight over her mouth. “Don't struggle and don't try to scream,” the man holding her whispered in her ear. “Is Lilly in there?” Rose nodded her head. “Is she getting fucked?” Rose nodded her head. “Does she know you're peeping in on her? Rose shook her head no. “I didn't think so. My name is Rick and I'm one of the hand around here and this is how this is going to go down. You're going to keep staring through that window at Lilly doing the nasty with her dogs and I'm going to lower your pants and fuck you from behind. If you scream or attempt to run away you'll find yourself going to jail. Understood?”

Rose thought about the situation for a very long moment and weighed her options. On the one hand she did not want this strange man fucking her, but on the other she did not want to go to jail either. So, taking the lesser of two evils, she nodded in agreement. Bracing her hands against the rough stable wall, she continued to peep in on her sister as Rick let go and began pulling her pants down. She did not struggle or move from that spot even as his powerful hands gripped her hips and she felt the bulbous head of his cock pushing its way in.

“Fuck you're tight! What's your name?”