**How Could I Refuse**

by pickticket69

Introduction:

My sister's boyfriend cheated on her. They were supposed to go on a couples retreat. She asked me to go.

My sister had two expensive tickets for a private bus tour through Southern California. It was the romantic kind of tour where couples would be taken from destination to destination on a large bus. And suddenly I was being pressured to go with her.

Plans changed when Christine discovered that her boyfriend had been cheating on her. He begged for forgiveness, saying the secret relationship didn't mean anything, but Christine wasn't the forgiving type (especially when it came to cheating).

Christine refused to take him back, but she didn't want to waste the tickets either. Plus, she was genuinely excited for the trip, which included fun outdoor activities and beautiful scenery.

Our parents overheard Christine asking me to go, and they encouraged me to accept, even though I persistently refused. Our parents felt it would be good sibling bonding time since Christine and I rarely hung out. So, I was offered the other ticket, and I couldn't refuse.

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To get to the location, we took a short train ride, followed by a short cab ride. The meeting location was a small ranch with a lounging area for guests. The ranch itself wasn't part of the retreat. It was merely a gathering place to start the bus tour. It was hot and painfully early in the morning.

When we got out of the cab, I carried my stuff, and my sister pulled her luggage and carried some small bags.

We went inside the small ranch building and saw an elderly lady behind the receptionist desk.

"Good morning," the lady said with a super friendly smile.

We both said hello to the lady and made small talk for a while. She was extremely polite, and I could sense that the trip was going to be a lot of fun.

"You're here for the tour retreat, I'm assuming," the lady said.

Christine grabbed the tickets from her purse. "Yep, I've got the tickets right here. We're very excited about it."

"Are those things coming too?" the lady asked, looking at our pile of stuff.

"Of course, why?"

The lady had a confused look. "Well, I'm not sure why you'd be needing all that. Do you know what kind of tour this is?"

"A couples retreat, right?" my sister replied.

"Yes, but this is obviously your first time traveling with us. This is a nudist retreat, dear."

My sister squinted her eyes. "Excuse me?"

The lady repeated, "This is a nudist retreat."

Christine looked at the tickets, then she looked at the old lady, then she looked at the tickets again, before turning her attention back to the old lady.

"That's not mentioned anywhere on the tickets, or the brochures we looked at. Are we in the right location?"

"We’re not allowed to advertise the nudity for legal reasons," the lady replied. "Only fellow nudists would know about a tour like this."

"But, but, we've come all this way. The tickets are already paid for. Is there any way my bro...I mean...my boyfriend and I, can keep our clothes on?"

The lady gave a deeply sympathetic expression. "I'm so sorry dear. But this is purely a nudist retreat. And we don't make exceptions, otherwise it would ruin the atmosphere."

"Oh gosh," Christine sighed.

The old lady reached across the desk and put her hands on Christine's hands.

"It's okay, dear. You’re obviously shocked. Believe me, you're not the first couple who's made this mistake."

"What happened with the other couple’s?"

"They talked about it. Eventually, they decided to give things a try. Before long, they were hooked on the lifestyle."

"That won't be happening with us," Christine said, shaking her head.

"I know it can be tough at first. But why not think it over? The tour bus won't leave for another two hours. That'll be plenty of time for you and your boyfriend to discuss things."

The lady genuinely wanted us to experience the nudist trip. And by the look on my sister's face, I could tell she was kind of interested.

Christina and I left the small office area and went outside.

"What are we supposed to do now?" I said when we reached the parking lot. "How come you didn't know?"

We carried out stuff with us, and it was getting heavier by the minute. No one was around, so we were able to freely complain.

"Hey, you read the same tickets and brochure. None of this was listed. So don't act like this is all my fault."

"But still, this was your trip."

"My ex-boyfriend's trip," she clarified. "He was the one that bought these tickets, not me."

I calmed down for a second. Christine was right. There was no way she could have known, especially since the nudist thing wasn't listed on the ticket or brochure.

"You're right," I acknowledged. "I mean, it's not like you've done this sort of thing before."

Just then, Christine gave a shy little smile and a half shrug. It sort of implied that she had some level of experience with this stuff.

"You've done this before?" I asked.

"Sort of," she reluctantly admitted. "Last year."

"And you never mentioned this earlier?"

"Like I said, the nudity thing wasn't listed on the tickets or brochure."

I gave a soft sigh. "So now what?"

Christine thought for a moment. The look on her face wasn't very serious. She wasn't upset about the dilemma that we were in, at least not as much as I was. She seemed a lot more carefree about it.

"Well, we're already here," she said. "We made the trip this far. The tickets are already paid for. And we're not expected back home for a few more days."

There was an expression on her face which showed that she was up for anything. As always, when Christine made up her mind, there was no changing it. She was always a very stubborn person. She was someone who always got her way.

"So you actually want to go through with this?"

"Yeah, why not?" she shrugged.

"It's a nudist trip. Remember? They won't make an exception for us."

Christine gave me a condescending look. "Have you ever seen a naked woman before? Have you?"

"Sure, I have."

"More than one?"

"Yeah."

"Sex?" she asked with an eyebrow raised.

It was getting uncomfortable, but I could see where she was headed with her questions.

"That's usually part of it."

"I thought so," she replied. "And these women you've fucked, were they college aged, athletic, and pretty- like me?"

"Damn right," I proudly replied.

"Then it's settled. You have no problems with female nudity. So the question then becomes, do you have a problem with male nudity?"

"I've seen plenty of that in the gym."

"It looks like you're all out of excuses," she said in a conclusory manner.

"Yeah, but you're my sister."

"You've never wanted to see me naked?"

Her question caught me totally off-guard. I felt like a huge pervert and I couldn't admit that I wanted to. But by the look on her face, she already knew the answer.

"That's not important."

"Of course it's important," she replied. "Think about it like this: You finally get to see me naked. Plus, you get to see a bunch of other women naked. Plus, we get to do a whole bunch of fun outdoor activities. Best of all, everything is already paid for by my asshole ex-boyfriend."

She had a point. As impulsive as Christine could be, it was hard to argue with her on this. While I was thinking, she added one more thing to make my decision easier:

"No one will ever know," she said. "It's better that way. Not our friends. Especially not our parents. No one, except us."

That was it. The deal was too good to pass. I agreed, and Christine flashed a big smile and gave me a suffocating hug.

Next came the hard part. Christine and I were allowed inside the ranch area, towards a small locker room where the guests could get naked and store their clothes.

On the way to the room, we saw the other nudists from a short distance away. It was a surreal sight for me. Although I don't think my sister seemed to mind. The other nudists were simply hanging out, enjoying some drinks, having conversations, and getting to know each other. They were absolutely unabashed with their naked body parts. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world for them. And in many ways, I kind of admired that freedom.

They waved at us when we passed by. And we waved back. They seemed like really friendly people. What made things a bit awkward (more than it already was) was that they were mostly older than us. Mainly in their 40’s and 50’s. Christine and I were both in our mid 20's. By decades, we were the youngest of the group.

The casualness of everything helped to ease my fear that I might accidentally have an erection, which was the worst case scenario for me.

However, when we went to the locker room, we encountered another problem. The lockers were too small to store our luggage. Obviously, lockers are meant to be small, but my sister and I hadn't considered where we would put our stuff.

"Great, now what?" I asked.

"We'll just have to take our stuff with us on the tour bus."

Unfortunately, we couldn't leave our big luggage at the ranch because they didn't want to assume responsibility for it. At least that's what the lady at the front desk had told us.

"Okay, now onto the next obvious problem," I said, addressing the big thing that was lingering over us.

"My tits are a problem?" she playfully replied to lighten the mood.

"Not necessarily. I'm sure they're great."

She shrugged jokingly. "I like them."

"Would you be bothered seeing my cock? This is really weird."

"It's all mental. Trust me, I'm sure that every cock I've seen looks exactly like yours. And every chick you've slept with has a body like mine."

"So you think it's going to be that casual?"

"It's that easy," she replied nonchalantly.

"Okay. If it's that easy, then you go first."

"Such a wimp. It's all about being confident in yourself. I know I look good. I work hard on my appearance. And frankly, you're not so bad yourself. So, I'll show you how a confident woman does it."

Christine wrapped her fingers underneath her top. She prepared to remove her top, and I braced myself to finally see her tits. But she froze. Her fingers froze. Suddenly, the confidence in her face was gone.

"Well?" I asked.

"Holy shit, you're right. This is super weird."

"Glad you finally figured that out, genius."

"Hey, you could have stopped me, but you didn't."

"Should we just go back home?" I suggested. "It'll save us the unforgettable humiliation of being naked around each other for days."

"And miss out on this fantastic vacation? You saw the brochure several times. Don't tell me you aren't interested in those activities."

"Yeah, sure I was interested- when I thought clothes were involved. I didn't know that it was for nudists."

"Don't be such a closed minded person. The human body is the most natural thing in the world."

"Okay, then show me," I said, almost in a dare.

She froze for a second. "I can't."

"And why not? You just said that nudity was so natural."

"It's different. We're related."

"Earlier you said it wasn't a big deal. That it'll just be between us, and no one will ever know about it."

Deep down, I enjoyed throwing Christine's words back at her. It was always fun giving her a hard time, because she always enjoyed doing that to me.

"Enough bullshit already," she said defiantly. "Let's get undressed. We'll do it at the same time, so it's fair."

This time, I was the one who froze.

"Wait, you're serious?"

"Does it look like I'm joking?"

With that, she pulled her top off and stood in her bra. Her body was nicely toned, perfectly tanned, with nice small boobs. It caught me completely off guard, and my jaw nearly dropped.

"You weren't kidding."

"Look, I know this is super awkward," she said calmly. "How about we turn around and undress. Then when we're done, we both turn and face each other- the exact same time. That way, it'll be less awkward."

"Sounds like the most reasonable plan under the circumstance."

"Let's get started."

Christine turned around, and so did I. The sound of my sister undressing was surreal, because it soon meant that I would finally see her naked. But of course, I had to live up to my end of the bargain. I undressed, which was fairly easy because I only wore a simple outfit. I stood naked. My nerves were building. Finally, I heard my sister stop undressing, which meant that she was done.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yeah."

I was getting even more nervous. I was completely naked, and I was about to show her my body. And I was about to see her nude.

"Okay," she said. "On the count of 3. 1...2...3...

I turned around, naked, and I saw my sister holding a towel over her naked breast and vagina. Her eyes bulged. She looked at my bare cock and I quickly covered it with my hand.

"What the hell?!" I fumed. "You're covered!"

"Pretty nice cock you have."

"Should I get dressed or what?"

"I'm only teasing," she replied. "I wasn't sure if you were actually going to be naked or not. I didn't think you would actually do it."

"Well, I did it."

"I see that now. Fair is fair."

Christine dropped the towel and stood completely nude before me. I finally saw her tits. And they were glorious. They were nice and perky, and they curved upwards at just the right angle. Her small pink nipples protruded proudly. Her crotch was trimmed beautifully. She had a strong bikini tan line, which I was sure would be gone after this nudist trip.

"Damn," I managed to speak.

"Like what you see?" she replied, playfully raising her arms to pose.

I snapped out of it and got back to reality. And the reality was, she was my sister, and it was incredibly inappropriate for me to gawk at her beautiful bare body.

"Let's put our clothes in the locker," I said. "The tour bus should be leaving soon, and I don't want us to be late."

We gathered our clothes and put them in the locker. When I stood next to my sister, I couldn't help but notice how sexy her body looked. It became abundantly clear that the awkwardness between us was only beginning.

Being naked around the older nudists wasn't so bad. It wasn't bad at all. They were all so friendly and inviting. Several of them made small talk with us. The hardest part was the initial appearance. Stepping out of the locker room nude was the most unusual thing I had ever done in my life (alongside getting naked in front of my sister). But in a strange exhibitionist way, it was also kind of exciting and liberating. I quickly understood the appeal of nudism and its glory.

My sister engaged in casual conversations with several of the other ladies. It seemed like they adored her, and they told her a few times that she was very pretty. In the back of my mind, I definitely agreed. At 11 am sharp, all of us prepared to board the large tour bus. Christine and I were the only people who carried large luggage. Unfortunately, there was no room in the storage area. Our luggage wouldn't fit.

I gave Christine a look which said, 'Why would you bring so much stuff? Why? Was it really necessary?'

She simply smiled at me and turned away.

As the nudists boarded the tour bus, our problem was quickly solved by the bus driver. The last two pairs of seats in the back of the bus were empty. That meant, we could place our stuff on the two extra seats, and we could sit together in the remaining two seats. Problem solved- or so I thought.

It was tough loading everything by myself. The bus was cramped and I had to struggle carrying the stuff inside to the backseat. After two quick trips to load our stuff, I was done. And I was exhausted.

I sat by the window in the back of the bus. It was strange feeling my naked body on the seat. I was used to feeling clothes against my skin, but I had to get used to being naked. I immediately tried to relax, while Christine adjusted the luggage which consumed the pair of seats right next to us. When she finished, she smiled at me and looked down at the extra seat.

"It's gonna be a long ride," she joked.

"You've got that right."

My naked sister sat next to me. I couldn't help but glance at her naked body up close again. At that point, I was sure my sister didn't mind. She likely enjoyed having me admire her nude body. There was a slight smile on her lips every time she knew that I looked at her tits.

Just before the bus left, another situation arose.

The nice old lady from the ranch wanted to give everyone extra supplies for the trip. She told the driver to wait, because since it was such a hot day, she wanted us to have extra boxes of water and juice.

So, the bus driver carried the extra boxes to the back of the bus. He asked if we minded, and we, of course, said no.

The bus driver piled more boxes to the back of the bus, and before we knew it, my sister was pushed closely to me. We were literally forced to sit with our naked bodies touching each other. There was no other way.

"Both of you look so comfortable together," the bus driver noted with a sincere smile. "It's always nice to see a young couple so in love."

I wanted to say, 'But she's my sister,' but obviously I couldn't, or else we might have been thrown off the bus for being incestuous perverts.

When the bus driver started the engine and drove, my sister turned to me, and our faces were mere inches apart.

"Looks like this trip is going to be even longer than we expected," she said playfully.

She wiggled her bottom as our bare legs were touching. There was no room to move away.

The long road trip had started. The large bus was much louder than I had expected. It was difficult to carry a conversation from the noise of the powerful engine, so most people remained silent, except for the occasional small talk.

As the trip went on, most of the older nudists began to doze off and sleep. There wasn't anything better to do, plus everyone had woken up early that morning.

I eventually got used to feeling my sister's body pressed tightly against mine. Our arms and legs were pressed together in a weird way. The brightside was, I got to take occasional up-close glances at her nipples, crotch, and sexy legs. Once again, she didn't seem to mind.

My sister stood and reached over the boxes to get her phone, which was in her bag. By doing so, I got a terrific look at her shapely ass, and even a quick glimpse of her asshole. I wasn't sure if she did it on purpose or not, but she sat back down and began typing on her phone. With nothing better to do, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. It was a long morning, and I was already tired.

Before I could doze off, my sister tapped my shoulder and showed me the screen of her phone:

[i]Is this vibrating bus making you horny[?

When I looked at her face, her eyebrow was raised, and I couldn't tell if she was joking or not.

"This isn't funny," I whispered in her direction.

"I wasn't trying to be funny. It's a serious question."

Even though my sister spoke in her normal tone, I was sure that no one could hear us talk because the bus engine was so loud.

Before I could reply, Christine, my naked sister, sat up and lightly jumped on my lap. Her naked ass was pressed on me. Her bare back was pressed against my chest. She wiggled her body in an attempt to get comfortable in her new seat- which was me!

"That's more like it," she breathed in a sigh of relief as she faced forward. "This is a lot more relaxing than sitting on that seat."

At first, I was at a total loss for words. Things were already weird enough being naked around her, then sitting so close to her, but Christine on my lap? Naked? It was all too much.

"What the hell?" I whispered.

She adjusted her body again. "Oh relax. Stop being a wimp. The rest stop is less than an hour away. What's the big deal?"

"You're naked on my lap," I whispered in her ear. "That's the big deal. It's a pretty big fucking deal if you ask me."

"Well, no one is asking you then. Now act like a grown-up and let me sit on your lap, okay?"

She stopped talking and focused on her phone. She was texting her friend or something.

Christine wiggled her bottom again in an attempt to get cozier. In the process, her soft naked ass rubbed against my cock. She leaned back and I felt her soft skin on my chest. It was so wrong, yet so arousing. The softness of her naked body was the most arousing thing I had felt in a very long time.

The feeling of her bare ass against my cock had finally reached its limit. I tried to think of college final exams to get rid of my imminent erection, but it was impossible. My sister's sexy body overcame everything, and her soft bare skin had won.

She turned her body and neck to face me. We were mere inches apart, looking each other directly in the eyes. There was a grin on her face.

"What's that?" she whispered.

"What's what?" I replied, playing dumb.

She wiggled her hips. "That. What is it?"

"It's nothing."

She reached down and briefly touched the middle of my erection.

"Doesn't feel like nothing," she whispered. "Feels like something to me."

"What the hell did you expect?" I whispered even more softly. "You're fucking naked on my lap."

She put her lips to my ear. "I never told you to get hard."

"That's not how it works, Christine."

"I know," she winked. "I was just teasing you. I think it's hot that I'm able to give you an erection. Odd, but true."

With that, she turned away. She sat facing forward again, still naked on my lap. She continued typing some stuff on her phone, while my erection remained, pressed against her ass.

Suddenly, she turned around again and showed me her phone. She had typed a message for me:

I had been horny since this trip began. naked bodies everywhere. then the vibrating bus! now this! :)

Things were getting bizarre. I grabbed the phone from her hand, and I typed a message in return, right behind her back. Then I showed her the message I had typed:

stop being a tease. no one likes a tease.

The message made her laugh. She grabbed the phone back and quickly typed. Her fingers were proficient with phones and she showed me another message:

NO ONE is being a tease. if you get me off. i'll return the favor. deal?

When she showed me the message, there was a sly look on her face. Her eyebrow was arched, and her lips showed signs of a faint smile. She meant business, but I wasn't exactly sure which kind.

"What are you talking about?" I whispered.

She grabbed my hand and pulled it to her crotch. I was apprehensive. I tried to pull back (honestly, I did) but she was too persistent. I relented, and my hand was on her furry little crotch, touching her pussy.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about," she whispered. "No one can hear us. No one can see us either. No one has bothered to look back here. Everyone is asleep. Come on, I know you want to."

She had a point, and my erection wasn't going away. It throbbed even more with each passing second. It craved attention. At that point, I was unbelievably horny, just like my sister.

"You're going to get me in so much trouble," I whispered.

My finger rubbed her labia. It was soft. My hand touched her crotch. The tip of my finger touched her clit, which made her twitch a little.

"If anyone gets in trouble for this, it'll be us. Together. Now get to it."

She faced forward and expected me to make her orgasm. With my hand already on her pussy, it didn't seem like such a big deal anymore. Especially since we were both really horny.

My fingers continued touching her. With every touch, her body reacted. I felt her hips moving and grinding on my lap. My eyes remained forward to ensure that no one was watching us. It was nerve wracking having a sexual experience in a bus full of people. But I guess that's what made it so fun.

Without a doubt, my sister loved the whole secret touching. In all our years together, she had never mentioned anything to me regarding sex. Never. I never thought she would, and I never expected her to. Even more incredulous, she wanted me to pleasure her. It defied all logic.

Yet there I was, rubbing her pussy in circular motions. Something about the nudist trip had made her so aroused. Or maybe it was the vibrating bus, as she had told me earlier. Or maybe she liked teasing her brother. Maybe it was all of the above?

Whatever the case, I was incredibly aroused touching her pussy, and rubbing her clitoris. She gave the occasional moan. Soft moans. It was clear that she was trying her best to suppress the noises from her mouth. She didn't want to get caught any more than I did.

Two of my fingers went inside of her pussy, and that did it for her. Her body twitched and she sunk down, pressing her back harder against my chest.

"Almost there," she whispered in my direction.

"How close?"

Christine reached down and touched her pussy. Then she lifted her fingers to show me how wet her fingers were. It was laced with her clear vaginal fluids. She turned her head to look at the expression on my face. Christine had a mischievous look, as if she enjoyed taunting me.

"Does that answer your question?" she said.

She put her finger in her mouth and sucked her pussy juice. That sent me over the edge. I became rock hard after seeing her taste herself. And she knew it. She felt my cock throb against her ass, and she saw the look on my face. She winked at me, and she faced forward again.

My fingers worked harder and faster on her pussy. I felt her heat and wetness. She was getting wetter by the moment. I knew she was close. I felt it.

She grabbed my other wrist and brought it to her breast. It was a pleasure being able to grab her pert little breast. Her body reacted to my touch. I pinched her little pink nipple and I rubbed her clitoris in circles. Her body squirmed and occasionally flinched. I knew I was doing something right.

"A little faster," she softly groaned. "Pinch my nipple a little harder. Rub me faster. Put your fingers back inside."

I happily obliged my sister's request. I pinched and rubbed her nipples a little harder. In my experience, some women (not all) have super sensitive nipples, and as it turned out, Christine was one of them. I briefly rubbed her clitoris in fast circular motions. Then I put my two fingers back inside of her wet little hole and finger fucked her.

Suddenly, her butt cheeks clenched tightly on my lap. And I mean tight. Her ass cheeks clenched like she was doing a hard workout. Only she wasn't working out. She was having a powerful orgasm. Right on my lap. In the back of a tour bus full of sleeping nudist.

She made little soft panting noises with her mouth, which was an incredible turn on. No one (besides me) was able to hear it because of the loud bus. It was probably the sexiest noise I had ever heard in my life. As she came, her butt remained clenched, her back arched, and her body shook.

In a moment, it was all over, and she became heavily relaxed.

Christine turned to look at me. There was a blissful expression on her face; the kind you get after a satisfying orgasm.

"Holy shit," she whispered. "I mean, holy shit."

She leaned forward and gave me a kiss on the lips. Definitely not the sibling kind. But the kind that two people give each other after an intense fuck session. Her soft lips pressed hard against mine, and she slipped her tongue inside. Whatever she felt, it must have been good.

"Ready for your turn?" she asked after breaking the kiss.

As painfully horny as I was, doubts kept creeping in. I knew it wasn't a good idea, mostly because we were on a crowded bus. The last thing I wanted was for us to get caught.

"I don't think it's a good idea. Maybe, you know, later?"

She winked. "Nonsense."

With that, she slowly and gently climbed off my lap. She was well aware that silence was the highest priority. And she was silent and cautious with every move she made. Then she slowly got down on her knees. Her body was flexible and agile. Squeezing down between the seats wasn't a problem for her.

And there it was. My sister was on her knees. Naked. Looking me straight in the eyes. She held my hard cock with both hands. It was then that I finally appreciated how soft and delicate her fingers were. They felt heavenly.

But that was only the beginning. She bent forward and took the head of my cock in her mouth. With her lips wrapped around me, she used her tongue to expertly swirl against the tip of my throbbing erection, which was a sensation I had never felt before. And it came from my sister of all people.

Our eyes were locked together. That was when she lowered her head and took most of my shaft in her mouth. One thing was for sure- she knew exactly what she was a doing. My sister was a pro at sucking cock, and I found out through firsthand experience. Her head bobbed in a calculated motion. Her hands were in sync with its stroking. Her tongue was in the same alignment. She sucked my cock with so much enthusiasm and vigor that she had to use her fingers to tuck her hair behind her ears. The feeling in my cock was near the point of agony. I had never been so stiff in my entire life. But luckily, my sister's skilled mouth was up to the task.

At one point, her phone made a beeping noise. Without missing a beat, Christine picked up her phone, with my cock still in her mouth, and she began to text. It was almost comical (and super arousing) that my sister would text while sucking cock. It seemed like something she would do. I wondered who she texted, and what it was about.

While her mouth kept on sucking, I wondered if she was texting with a friend about upcoming plans. Maybe the latest gossip? Or maybe she was texting with mom? Maybe she had been texting mom the entire time. Christine had recently taught our mom about texting, and they had been texting buddies for the past two weeks. I keenly remembered mom saying that she wanted to know how things were going in the morning. It had to have been mom.

I imagined my sister texting mom about how our trip was so much fun, and that we were having a blast. All the while, my throbbing hard cock was in Christine's mouth while she sucked expertly. Not to mention I had just given Christine a powerful orgasm with my fingers.

The thought of it was too much. Between those nasty taboo thoughts and my sister's mouth, I was ready to explode. My hips bucked. Christine knew. She sensed my weakness, put the phone down, and winked at me- letting me know that it was okay to cum in her mouth. That's when I did it. I shot several loads of cum, deep into my sister's mouth, down her throat, and into her stomach. She stroked proficiently with both hands. Her lips remained tight. She swallowed everything that I shot in her mouth, and it felt glorious. And there was no doubt that she thoroughly enjoyed swallowing every drop of my cum.

When it was over, she made her way up and sat down on the seat. She continued texting as if nothing was wrong.

“Thanks for the little ‘snack’. You taste really good. Let's hope your cock dries before the rest stop, or else people will know that we've been very naughty back here."

She continued texting as if nothing was out of the ordinary. I saw her lick her lips, tasting the remainder of my cum. It was a surreal moment. And incredibly erotic too.

"By the way, who are you texting?"

Christine smiled, "Mom, who else? She won't stop asking about our trip."

Just when I thought our backseat fun was over, I found myself becoming aroused again. Suddenly, I was in need of more sisterly relief. And judging by the look on Christine's face, she needed more also.