

CRAZY 1881

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Chapter 1881 A Preacher's Daughter: 6

"Maybe I could do modeling," Sheri suggested.

"You could, definitely," Charles agreed. "They don't come any cuter than you and you've got a good body."

"But I'd still need a portfolio, wouldn't I?" Sheri asked.

"Yes," Charles agreed.

"Ah, there you are," Amy said as she breezed in the door with Reginald in tow. "We only had two couples for counseling, so we finished early. Would you like to join us for dinner? We're going to Pedro's," she said, naming their favorite Mexican restaurant.

"That sounds great," Charles replied, seeing the disappointment on Sheri's face before she hid it behind a smile as she agreed.

Charles was laying back on his bed, stuffed from dinner, slowly jacking his rock-hard cock, when there was a quiet knock on his door and then it opened, giving him barely enough time to pull the sheet over himself as Sheri slipped in wearing her old-man t-shirt, quietly closing the door behind her.

"Mom and dad are asleep," she announced, moving forward to sit on the edge of the bed.

"I was getting there myself," Charles said.

"If I want a portfolio, would you do it?" Sheri asked.

"What kind of a portfolio?" Charles asked.

"Like the one you showed me," Sheri replied softly, her face flushing.

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Chapter 1882 A Preacher's Daughter: 7

"Where have you been?" Sheri asked when her brother came into the house later the next afternoon.

"I had some things to take care of," Charles replied, wiping the sheen of sweat from his forehead.

"Last night," Sheri began.

"Look, it's okay," Charles said. "We can just forget it. It never happened."

"I can't stop thinking about it," Sheri said.

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Chapter 1883 A Preacher's Daughter: 8

"Charles, are you awake?" Sheri asked as she slipped into his room.

"I am now," Charles replied, yawning as his eyes adjusted and he saw his sister standing next to his bed in her old-man t-shirt, her naked pussy with its long pussy lips clearly visible as he looked up at her.

"Mom and dad are asleep," she informed him.

"Okay," Charles said, aware

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Chapter 1884 A Preacher's Daughter: 9

"Oh, yes, yes," Sheri gasped when she felt her brother crawl up her body, stopping to suck and chew on her hard nipples, her pussy immediately flooding with yet more juices until he stopped, looking at her face, her blonde curls plastered to her sweaty forehead as she gasped like a fish out of water, her blue eyes glazed.

"You want more?" Charles asked, looking into her eyes.

"More?" Sheri asked, her eyes getting wider. "More?"

"I'm going to fuck you," Charles said, feeling her momentarily stiffen beneath him, then relax. "And I'm going to cum in you."

"Do it," Sheri agreed. "Do it!" she said, lifting her hips and her legs, trying to impale herself on the cock that she had felt brushing her pussy lips.

"Do what?" Charles asked, reaching down between them to rub his cock up and down between her spread pussy lips, feeling the wet slickness of her juices as he coated the head of his cock.

"Fuck me," Sheri panted. "Fuck me. Oh, god, god, yes," she gasped as Charles sank his cock into her, feeling her pussy grip him, squeeze him as she reacted to having her pussy filled with cock. "Fuck me!" she gasped, gripping him wildly, thrusting her hips up against him. "Fuck me!"

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Chapter 1885 A Preacher's Daughter: 10

"Do you have any music or anything?" Sheri asked. "This is sort of sterile. You need to make some aesthetic changes so that you can create a mood."

"Maybe you'd like to help me do that," Charles replied, going to the computer to put some music on from YouTube.

"That's better," Sheri said when she heard the music. "I wouldn't mind helping," she said

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Chapter 1886 A Preacher's Daughter: 11

Charles had an ear-to-ear smile on his face as he copied all of the session's files to his computer, then to his private server in the cloud, then finally burned onto a DVD which he carefully labeled and put into the storage cabinet next to his desk after first unlocking the three locks that secured it, adding the DVD to the growing collection fill

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Chapter 1887 A Preacher's Daughter: 12

"I love it when you watch me undress," Sheri said as she lay on the bed pulling her shorts off, having avoided the obvious wet spot, spreading her legs for her brother to see as he stood over her with a camera to his eye.

Charles moved around his sister taking pictures while she played with herself, his cock achingly hard in his shorts.

"Can I suck

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Chapter 1888 A Preacher's Daughter: 13

"God, I have just been on pins and needles waiting for this," Sheri said when she burst into the studio the next day.

"Then let's get started," Charles said, gesturing into the studio.

"What are we going to do today?" Sheri asked. "More of the same?"

"Maybe we'll change it up a bit," Charles replied.

"Like how?" Sheri asked. "Can I suck your cock t

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Chapter 1889 A Preacher's Daughter: 14

It was just over an hour, at a quarter to three, that Sheri saw the door to the studio open and Deacon Brown and his wife exited, Deacon Brown turning and shaking Charles' hand, while Mrs. Brown leaned forward to be kissed on both cheeks.

Sheri was trembling with excitement when she 'arrived' at the studio promptly at 3:00, her eyes seeking out and now easily finding the two wet spots on the bed.

"What are we going to do today?" she asked as she sat on the bed with her brother drinking a beer.

"Whatever it is, I want every session to start with me sucking your cock. Nothing gets me in the mood better than a cock in my mouth, followed by a mouthful of cum."

"I do love your attitude, Sheri," Charles laughed. "You also seem a bit calmer. I like this you."

"Huh! And here I thought it was just for the sex," Sheri huffed, then laughed.

"I was thinking that I haven't fucked you in the ass yet," Charles said, watching her face.

"In the ass!" Sheri gasped. "With that...that thing of yours?! You'll tear me in half."

"Have you ever done it before?" Charles asked.

"Twice," Sheri finally admitted, her face flaming.

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Chapter 1890 A Preacher's Daughter: 15

Sheri was at her table, her pussy getting wet as she read about how Fanny let someone fuck her and then cum in her pussy. She almost missed it when she glanced up and saw someone disappearing into the studio, only long black hair swaying visibly as the door closed.

That was Mrs. Adkins! Holy Shit! Mrs. Adkins! MRS. ADKINS!!

Shit! she thought. If I hadn't been reading my book...But had she been by herself? I'll just have to wait.