**My Petite Fiancée Surprises Me**

by NewGuy2022

**My Petite Fiancée Surprises Me Pt. 07**

*A slip of the tongue.*

Another month has passed, and I admit I've become a little less uptight thanks to my girlfriend and her sister helping me with my issues. I was brought up in a very conservative home that didn't display much affection so I'm trying so hard not to be so old-fashioned and reserved. I'm also awkward around new people. This leads me to the latest series of events.

I'm looking forward to getting "relaxed" this morning with one of my girlfriend's wonderful handy wipes. She doesn't just jerk my gherkin with no dialogue; she has me imagine naughty situations and has a kink for making me cum while she describes her sister in various indecent scenarios. I could fantasize about her sister anytime, but it is way better when you hot naked girlfriend is telling you a detailed story of her little sister as she engages in hand to gland combat with you.

The morning tug eases a great deal of tension for me but now has her little sister linked to having sex in my mind so I'm sporting wood most of the time around her innocent little sister. To make things worse her sweet little sister is a bit of a free spirit and feels so comfortable around me she rarely wears much in the way of clothing and is not shy about joining me in the shower.

My girlfriend got out of bed headed to the bedroom door naked as a jaybird. She's really a sight in the morning, her body is nothing short of perfection; she has soft light skin with just a touch of tan except for where shirt and shorts cover. Her tiny little waste and small tits make her look like a young teenager; she looks so wonderfully wholesome looking. I know she doesn't think anything of being naked as her sister has probably seen her a million times this way. I'm super reserved, I immediately pulled the covers high as I was neked but still in bed.

We've been very lucky, while it is still hot in the day, it has been unseasonably cool at night for a week. I sleep sooo much better when it is cool at night, and I like the way Heather holds me tight when it gets cooler. Much to Heather's frustration, I usually kick off even the top sheet but it had been pleasantly cool again, so it stays up.

When she opened the door, I could smell French toast and sausage wafting in! I guess Tammi got up early on her day off. Oh, speaking of Tammi, she got the job at the blood bank and has taken a class and soon will have a cert after she finishes her internship! I've been down there to donate and there are no shortage of donors waiting for her to take their blood. I laughed so hard at this guy who tricked her into giving him help to a seat as he was on his 4th box of cookies and juice. I know I would do the exact same thing.

There was a quick discussion and some shuffling in the kitchen and the racket of the oven door slamming shut. Heather came back shortly. I don't know why but I thought there might be some food in her hands but no such luck. Instead, she grabbed me by the hand and said, time for a trim. I was in no place psychologically for this. Last time she had her sister not only give me an accidentally sensuous haircut but the next day they manscaped me, a lot!

It was challenging enough to try and locate my boxers but impossibly difficult to convince myself this time I wouldn't have a hard time while Tammi trimmed my hair. Then there was the bigger problem, that meant tomorrow Heather might have Tammi trim my hair below again. I can pretend I'm all stoic now but I'm going to blush like crazy the entire time.

I know what to expect from last time. I'll be standing in the kitchen, naked as the day I was born while her sister kneels in front of me. I'm sure being raised in a bohemian home they think everything is natural but for me it seemed very sexual. I still worry that they'll think I'm a sex fiend if I say anything as this is just good clean grooming to them.

I tried to pause our march towards the hallway. "I'll be right with you -- I just want to put on a pair of undies," I gently removed Heather's hand from mine. It so tiny in mine -- her little features make her so feminine to me. I still get a thrill when she holds my hand (in the car, on the street, in the movies) -- she's choosing me when she could have anyone.

Heather immediately grabbed onto my dangling participle and said, "come on, you won't need your undies, they'll just get hair on them and then anything else in the wash with them." She led me to the kitchen like her trophy from a safari. She plopped my naked butt down on a kitchen stool that had a pillowcase draped over it. Then Heather walked over to her little sister and what happened next made me stand at attention while sitting on the chair.

Tammi was wearing oven mitts, so Heather helped her out of her panties. I'm sure it didn't happen, but I could hear a bow chicka wow wow as loud as can be as if it happened in the real world. Heather slowly lifted Tammi's shirt over head as their breasts touched. bow chicka wow wow! I knew in my heart, what heaven will be like in that very moment. The girls giggled as the oven mitts prevented the shirt from going any further. Heather removed them for Tammi and then took her shirt. "Did you tell him the big news?"

I figure this meant she found an apartment and a roommate. I'd be sad to see her go but I'm sure she's getting tired of us always being in her way. Tammi looked at me and said, "I have a date tomorrow night." Tammi is one of the sexiest little girls to walk this green earth, but she had very bad luck with men. She'd only had one date since living with us and it went terribly -- I wouldn't say he tried to rape her but he sure as hell got handsy without permission.

"That's great news!" I tried to sound positive. I was ready to beat the last punk to a pulp when I found out he treated her that way. I had become very fond of Tammi, but I didn't want to meddle with her life. That being said, I was feeling almost angry for some reason. Maybe she'll find someone who will treasure her as she deserves.

Tammi straddled my lap. Her eye wateringly curvy little muscular thighs perched on my thighs and her exquisite calves dangled unobstructed at my sides. Her bald little pussy was resting against my erect rod, which was getting between the two of us, more often than ever before.

Being the sweet girl she is, Tammi said nothing to embarrass me. She probably would have cut me down if Heather wasn't so close as she loves to joke with me. She's got a biting sense of humor that I appreciate. Tammi examined the hair on my head for a long time -- this caused a little friction between us -- mostly her soft moist pussy sliding along my shaft as she raised herself up and down for the right view. I must have started to dribble as I could feel a hot moisture on my cock.

Tammi said, "I'm a little nervous as it has been over a year since I kissed a guy. I'm worried I'm rusty and he seems like he might be a good kisser. My sister says you are the best kisser, ever. Any tips?" Tammi asked as she cradled my head against her soft, lightly perfumed bosom as she inspected the hair on the back of my head. I'm not sure if it's because I'm so shy but I could feel the hair on he back of my head standing up.

I cleared my throat, "Your sister is really generous, but girls know everything, all the guy has to do is try to follow along. Your sister is really the brains behind our kisses."

"Seriously! I'm nervous. Help me out!" she slapped me lightly on the shoulder.

I have no idea what I was supposed to say -- don't eat too much garlic? I had already given my honest opinion. "I've never met a girl who didn't make me feel like I could take classes from them on how to be a better kisser and Heather is my final professor. You should get tips from your sister," I said. I really didn't want to discuss this further for some reason. I really like my girlfriend's little sister but didn't feel like talking at the moment.

My girlfriend says, "I know where this is leading. You want to see me kiss my sister, don't you? You big perv!"

I was used to being honest around my girlfriend, but I couldn't say in front of her innocent little sister I wanted to watch them kiss. We should just stop talking about her kissing other people. I just sat there silently hoping a discussion about global warming might replace the current one.

Heather walked over to us, "Fine if this is what you wanted to see, I hope this makes your day! But you have to do as I say if I do this!" With that she grabbed Tammi by the sides of her face and planted a big wet one on her. I can't deny it was hot. Then it happened, for a moment, I saw their mouths' part and I was sure the rapture had begun. Unfortunately, it was over in mere seconds, but it brought joy to a wretch like me.

"OK, that should hold you for a while, you sicko," she said in the nicest way possible while smirking at me. "Obviously that's not the guidance she needs. Honey, can't you see she just needs to feel confident. All she needs is for you to give her a little kiss and she'll be good."

I felt extremely awkward now and wasn't enjoying the conversation topic for some reason, so I darted forward and gave Tammi a quick peck on the lips. Heather said, "very funny -- now pretend she isn't your grandma and kiss her like it was your first date."

I just wanted the talking to stop. I couldn't think for some reason, I just knew I was very uncomfortable. Maybe, I felt that kissing Tammi was wrong. Maybe I couldn't stop thinking about her last date getting handsy against her wishes. I realize it was going to be just a pretend kiss and I knew that Heather knew, no matter what, I was going to be faithful to her for the rest of my days. And why the heck, do I want Tammi being confident about kissing a guy I know nothing about?

Heather sensed why I couldn't pull the trigger. She said to Tammi, "I forgot to talk to him about something I should have. Do you mind giving us just a moment?" She gently dismounted me. Fortunately, some swelling had gone down as I didn't want Heather seeing me with a tent pole around her sister! Heather then sat on my lap. She wasn't trying to arouse me but she couldn't help it. I lusted for her always. My captain's mast was going to be in full effect shortly.

She rose up a bit to whisper in my ear but I lifted her by her sides and locked my mouth one of her perfect breasts. I realize she didn't expect that, but I was horny as ever and I hadn't been released yet. Heather gently encouraged me to share the love with her other breast as she breathed deeply. "Honey, I really need you to stop. Unnh, if you keep that up I won't be able to control myself. Mmmm, I like it when you attack me, you're such an animal!"

"That's it, suck it harder, unnhh that feels good. Mmmmm gently bite my nipple... Oh Honey, you have to stop it before Tammi comes back, please?" she said as if considering not stopping. I really didn't want to stop but she's right I don't know if I could stop before her sister returned. Heather slipped her hand over the tip of my cock and slid it up and down slowly.

"If he's a good boy promise to make him feel wonderful, as soon as she's done with you... I know you think you're crossing a line, but I don't want you to feel that way, it's just a kiss with my little sister. You guys take showers together all the time -- this is an innocent kiss between two people who care about each other.

"You do care about my sister don't you?" She paused so I nodded as her soft hand was stimulating my cock. "I'd hate to think that after all the time you spend with us you don't care for my sister enough to give her a nice kiss." I certainly didn't want them to think I'm cold hearted. "Besides, you wouldn't want me to look bad bragging about how good a kisser you are and then no proof!" she said with a smile trying to boost my ego.

Sadly, Tammi returned so Heather had to stop stroking me. Heather nimbly removed herself from my lap, I think when you are light as a feather, things just look so much easier for her to do. I couldn't help but notice the precum oozing out of my bell end. I was trying to figure a way to wipe it off before Tammi saw but I was too late. Tammi grabbed my shaft like the horn on a saddle and mounted my lap. Her pussy pressed so hard against my shaft her lips pushed apart. There was nothing I could do about my cock; it wasn't willing to calm down.

Heather rubbed my back, then said, "it's up to you honey but I bet your kiss would help my baby sister feel more confident." Promises were made and I was going to get my fun time as soon as this hair cut is over, so I didn't delay. I reached up with both hands, I put one behind her head and one on her back and gave her a gentle kiss that while just a few seconds seemed like it was in slow motion. I know it was just a pretend kiss, but it felt like something more significant happened.

Heather seemed concerned, "That was nice Honey, but I think the issue is she needs to kiss you back. The first kiss is quick and easy but the follow up is the part where you have to put the effort in." "Tammi, try kissing him back and see if you can get comfortable doing it with him." I don't remember Heather kissing me being so challenging, I don't even remember getting the nerve up to ask her out, let alone kiss her, it just came effortlessly as if it came naturally, or she did all the work.

Tammi put one hand on my shaft to stabilize herself as her pussy slid along it. She put her other hand on my chin and gave me one heck of a nice kiss. "I see the problem," Heather chimed in, "because she's not used to the height difference and there is no back support, she's having trouble getting any perch. "Here," I felt Heather put my hands on Tammi's buns. "Now pull her in close like you are attracted to her."

I grabbed on tight but that only pushed poor pussy against me further. She kissed and kissed me but couldn't seem to find the right height and I think I might have been chaffing her as I could feel her hips gyrate just a bit, as she was grinding against me, like she was trying to take care of an itch I had created.

I turned a bit but Heather was gone. She moves so quietly she needs a bell collar. She'd look cute in just a collar. She's such a sweet girl, I can't help but smile when I think about her. I couldn't tell what Heather was doing but I heard a sloshing sound from the kitchen counter that seemed oddly familiar.

I'm glad Heather made sure I knew this was OK otherwise I'd feel guilty rubbing my unprotected cock against the pussy of my girlfriend's baby sister as our tongues were darting into each other's mouths. I pulled her closer still, I'm sure I completely had her little butt cheeks as separated as humanly possible. I had to squeeze them hard to keep her close.

Tammi was really putting in a lot of effort to get her confidence back. I don't know why she was so worried; she was an amazing kisser, second only to Heather- mostly different though. I know I shouldn't have been enjoying this as it was practice for Tammi's sake but she's a very sensuous kisser. Whoever was her date was such a lucky guy. I was now trying to help Tammi the best I could as I lifted her little buns up and down as she kissed me to help her find the right approach. I was using as much strength as my arms could muster. I could feel my hips involuntarily also trying to help her as well.

"I'm almost there!" Tammi shouted. She was very excited her confidence was returning.

"That's it Honey, keep kissing her. I'm so close!" Heather shouted. I don't know why she needed to shout that -- while I couldn't see her from the angle of my stool, I knew she was still in the kitchen with us.

"Unnh, Oh God, unnh, she managed to say as her tongue would momentarily slip out of my mouth. "Unnnnhhhh" she moaned directly into my mouth! She then gave up on finding the right height and rested her head on my shoulder. The poor thing was practically panting, perhaps we should have just stood up so she didn't have to try so hard. I should have thought of that fifteen minutes ago.

I heard whimpering coming from where Heather was sitting -- my baby must have stubbed her toe.

"Oh God, that was amazing! I needed that soo badly." Tammi practically shouted. I was thrilled she had her confidence back. Tammi looked down at my cock. I must have precame a lot because it was soaked, and I could see more precum bubbling out. I admit that pretend kiss was very exciting to my partner in crime, he wasn't going away any time soon.

Her innocent pussy was dripping all over her inner thighs, it must have been all the pressure from my shameless cock. We took a moment to relax -- perhaps Tammi sensed I was close to releasing my stock from the hatchery.

Tammi said, to Heather, "You know what his hair down here is a little thick. Maybe we could make it softer. Could you look through my stuff and look for my coconut oil treatment?"

Heather said, "ooh, I like that idea, I'll be right back." Tammi didn't waste a second. To save me dying of humiliation she tried to clean my cock up again. She immediately got on her knees in front of me. She licked my pole from stem to stern but the more she tried to clean it the more precum would eventually escape.

Tammi put the tip of my cock in her mouth again. Somehow, she managed to get a full two inches in this time as her tongue slid over the top doing its best to get me cleaned up. She's such a good girl, she wasn't at all worried about how this would look, she just didn't want me to be embarrassed, dripping in front of her sister.

She was determined to get more as she bobbed her head back and forth working almost three full inches in! Such a wonderful girl. I didn't want her to have to do all the work so I pushed forward a little. I hated the thought of some random creep trying to take advantage of her on their date -- he better be a nice guy and show her respect!

I pushed back the hair covering her forehead so I could look her in the eyes to let her know how much I appreciated what she was doing for me. I could read my cock's mind and it was enjoying this way too much. Against its wishes, I gently pulled back. I heard Tammi heading back, "I couldn't find it!" she shouted from Tammi's bedroom.

Tammi slid my cock out and said nothing as she tried to get her jaws closed. She's so considerate making sure Heather didn't know she was cleaning me up just then. I didn't want Heather to know I had so little control over my precum. Heather came back down the hallway still wonderfully naked. She's my little angel on earth. Tammi then said, "I forgot, I ran out of that a few weeks ago."

The haircut finally resumed. I felt terrible as the French toast had been sitting in the oven for 45 minutes and they hadn't clipped one hair because of the delays I created. Another 45 minutes later we had a late brunch and had a lovely conversation about nothing important but I love listening to the girls laugh.

Heather lead me into the bathroom while Tammi did the dishes. She cleaned up my vital organ and whispered, "I need him!" I was stunned; usually, there is no morning nookie, just hand jobs because she'd be too tender from the night before, but then again it was almost 1:15 PM!

She's been up for me being insider her again, so I didn't say a word, I just bent Heather over the counter in the bathroom and pushed my cock into her pretty little gash. She looked so sexy on her tippy toes. She moaned loudly as I slowly pushed in and pulled back, inch by inch until I nearly was touching her extraordinary buns.

We stared at each other in the mirror. My conservative girlfriend looked so shameless. She looked me directly in the eyes as her jaw just hung open. I couldn't help but give a wicked smile. I loved the eye contact as I fucked her, it was intensely intimate. Using the mirror allowed me to see her sexy faces so much better than normally.

I firmly grabbed her by the chin and tilted her head, so she was facing herself directly in the mirror. "That's it, baby, look into the eyes of my naughty slut! I know you... you want people to think you are so proper, but you love it when I defile you, don't you?"

"Uunnh, yes, honey!" she said before tilting her head down.

I thought I saw a shadow move on the door frame. I don't know why I was so paranoid. I sure hope Tammi didn't see me sully her sister this way but it was probably nothing. There was no point in trying to make this a Hallmark moment.

Maybe I was tired of trying to pretend I never have sex with my girlfriend or maybe it was something else, but I was too desperate to pretend. I lifted Heather's chin back up so she could see herself. "Say it, and you better be clear of I'll stop fucking your sweet pussy right now!"

Heather looked at herself, she saw the lust on her face and then looked up at my face, ready to say something but I think she was worried what I'd think of her. I shoved my cock in my girlfriends sopping wet pussy as far as it would go, smushing her gorgeous buns. Her eyes bulged but then looked at me as if begging, but I wasn't thrusting anymore, and Heather's gyrations weren't enough to finish the job.

"Please? I'll do it!" she begged. I slowly moved in and out, until Heather completed her task. "I'm your little slut." I began to pick up the pace, "OH God, I'm a slut for your cock and I don't care if Tammi sees me like this! I love his giant hard cock!" I was now up to ramming speed. "It feels so good! I need this!" she whimpered.

I leaned down and quietly whispered in her ear. "I want you to see how beautiful you are when you cum for me." She nodded her head. "Can you cum for me?" Her eyes rolled a teeny bit back but she was determined to keep her word. She looked at herself in the mirror as her pussy squirted all over my cock -- and I just had it detailed but a little downpour would bead right off.

Heather looked out of breath but happy. I leaned forward again and kissed the top of her head, "I love you!"

She managed to twirl around and say, "I love you honey; I love you so much!"

"Admit it, that girl in the mirror is ridiculously hot normally but impossibly hot when she cums, isn't she?" I asked. She just tilted her head down and lowered her eyes. I wasn't sure if she was being modest or shy.

I gently closed the bathroom door as if we had just entered it. I have no idea why I felt compelled to do it before I hoisted Heather onto the counter so I could continue to make love to her, I thought it was our private time -- probably because we were just so intimate a moment ago.

I lifted her up and put her cute little buns on the counter. Heather just giggled at me moving her without saying anything. I started to spread her legs, when she held up her hands in front of my stomach and said, "Stop, honey, wait..." I love your enthusiasm, but I barely survived that. I'm raw on the inside. I'm so sorry but you might just kill me!"

I didn't want to cause her pain, but my balls felt like they were a league below sea level and the pressure was going to cause them to rupture. I just lifted her off the counter and gently pushed her down on the bathmat. She kneeled in front of me and grabbed my cock with both hands. "I feel like I'm cheating you of what you deserve so much! I need to do something to make it up to you," she said as she worked my slippery cock up and down in her fingers.

"Would this feel better if my sister helped?" she looked up at me with a sly grin.

I told her the truth; I didn't want lies between us. "She got me very excited in the kitchen. To hide the fact, I had precum from all her attempts to get comfortable, she licked it off me so you wouldn't know I was having naughty thoughts."

"Oh, I would like to have watched. Did she put the tip in her mouth?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. Heather's strokes were just what the doctor ordered.

"You have to promise to let me watch next time, "she said.

I couldn't imagine this situation occurring again, so I just said, "sure."

"Did my honey push his big old cock into her mouth at all?" she asked

I didn't want to like. "I did push it in a little bit."

"Oh, that's such a good boy!" she said praising me. "Would you liked to have pushed it further into her mouth?" She asked. "I know my sister would have liked that."

"I wanted to push it in further."

"OH, honey you really should have. I bet it felt good, didn't it?"

"Yes-s-s, it felt so good. Her mouth is so wet and warm, and her tongue was swirling on the tip." I admitted.

"When you cum for me baby, I want you to picture your great big cock in plunging in and out of her little mouth. That would feel so good, wouldn't it? Tell me you'd like that."

I wasn't going to lie even thought this felt so wrong. "I would love to put my cock in your sister's mouth and push it in as far as I could."

"Oh, that's a good boy," Heather smiled and kissed my cock as if it had done something. "I want you to picture flooding her mouth with so much semen it drips out of her mouth onto her great big tits! I could feel it starting. "Cum for her baby, let her know you care." There was no return. I blasted her neck, I covered her soft little breasts, I splashed her legs. Heather yelped and then said, "My honey is such a pervert! Good boy!"

Rope after rope, the last of it didn't have the momentum to shoot out but oozed out. I wiped the big glob on the tip of my cock onto her cheeks. I had never done that before, but I felt like I was marking my property. Heather looked gloriously slutty covered in my cum.

I lifted her up by the hand and turned her toward the mirror. She looked herself up and down. "And you think this is attractive for some reason?" she said while looking me while in the mirror sounding incredulous.

She looked at her face and surprised me by wiping my cum off her right cheek and putting it in her mouth. She smiled and then remembered I was there. She was mortified. "Sorry, I wasn't thinking, I didn't mean to gross you out!" she pleaded.

"Are you kidding me? That was sexy as all get out! You've never given my cock more than a quick kiss in a year and then you do this? MY woman is so damn sexy!!" I leaned forward and kissed her on the back of her head.

"You'd still marry me?" she asked, genuinely waiting for my answer. "I know you think of me as pure and sweet."

"Honey, I wanted to marry you even when you wouldn't let me make love to you anymore. You are still pure and sweet, no one is kinder to their lover than you. Now I have a wildcat who fulfills my wildest fantasies. Why wouldn't I marry you?"

"I was worried I might repel you or you think I was trash," she confessed, timidly.

I turned her around and kissed her forehead and the tip of her nose. I gave her a peck on the lips. "I love you and it makes me so happy you are my little angel." I then tenderly as possible wiped the cum off her left cheek with my thumb. I then held it up to her lips. She looked me in the eyes as her tongue danced over my thumb with her mouth half open. She made sure I could see my white cum linger on her tongue before softly swallowing. She then guided my hand so she could get all my thumb in her mouth and swirled her tongue around it making sure every drop was removed.

She took a glob of my cum from her chest and rubbed it on her pussy as she smiled at me. I think she was marking my property for me. She did it so deliberately it was like some religious anointment. She looked wonderfully relaxed. I know I was.

We took a nice long shower and were pure once again. Heather and I decided to go for a long walk as the day was starting to cool down and the sun was still high. I felt guilty leaving Tammi behind but I'm sure she needs space just like us at times. We stopped by the pond and just sat on the bench without saying any words, they would have just gotten in the way of this fantastic moment.