

Tara's Thanksgiving Weekend Ch. 1

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"Let me help with the clean up," Tara said as she stood up from the Thanksgiving dinner table. "I really don't like football."

Mike grinned and said, "You don't have to ask me twice. I'll see you at half time." With that the light brown haired, six foot two man sauntered out of the dining room and into the den.

Mark, his older brother, glanced over at Tara. "Are you sure you want to do this? You are our guest this weekend."

"No, problem. It will make me feel right at home. In the Schmidt family all the women clean up while the guys doze in front of football on Thanksgiving afternoon," Tara replied while stacking dishes.

As she leaned forward to reach a dish, Mark couldn't resist looking at her backside. Her black skirt clung to both globes and swayed against the backs of her thighs. A movement in the background caught Mark's eye. It was his dad Dave leaning to look, too.

Mark shook himself, stood up and grabbed two dishes. "Well, I'll take these to the kitchen and then watch the game, if you're sure that you don't mind".

"Tara and I were able to get most of the cooking dishes done before dinner, so it shouldn't take us too long," Mark's stepmother Sandy said. Both Mark and Dave were so busy trying to get a glimpse down Tara's shirt as they walked out of the dining room that they didn't notice Sandy watching them.

"Well, let's get to it," Sandy said as she also watched Tara. Sandy had noticed Tara as soon as she arrived with Mark that morning. Tara's breasts were much fuller than Sandy's "B" cups. All through dinner Sandy had watched Tara's breasts sway under her blouse as she ate. Sitting across from her, she had had the best view. Sandy had been wet by the time dinner was finished. When Tara had licked whipped cream from the pumpkin pie off of her lip, Sandy couldn't wait to get rid of the guys and get Tara alone.

Tara followed Sandy to the kitchen. As she and Sandy quickly loaded the dishwasher, she frequently smelled Sandy's cologne. "What scent are you wearing? It is fantastic!"

"Oh, it is a mixture of several of the oils I use in aromatherapy", Sandy said as she picked up her wine glass. "It looks like we're done in here. Let's grab the last of the wine and go relax."

"That sounds great, as long as we don't have to watch football!" Tara laughed as she followed Sandy out to the glassed in porch. There were several loungers and a folded down futon.

"No football for us! Hey, why don't you let me give you a massage?"

"That sounds great, but I couldn't make you work on your day off!"

Sandy thought to herself, "This won't be work, this will be all pleasure," while smiling at Tara and saying, "I really don't mind at all. The guys are always getting me to rub them down. Go get changed into a bathrobe while I get some oils and a lavender mask."

"Okay. I'll be right back."

Sandy quickly walked to her room and grabbed some massage oil and a lavender mask. She put on some more musk and had to stop herself from touching her already swollen clit. She pulled off her clothes and put on a robe.

Meanwhile, Tara stripped off her clothes in the guest room. She debated leaving on her panties, but decided to get comfortable. Ever since she and Mark had driven up from the city to his folks' lake house she had been getting more and more worked up.

Watching Mark drive had gotten her all hot. They had been laughing about a news story on the radio about a couple that had been arrested for oral sex in a rest stop. Tara had put her hand on Mark's thigh and said, "You'd think that they'd be smart enough to not stop the car for that!"

Mark had glanced over at her and said, "Yeah, I guess they would never have gotten caught if they had been rolling down the road."

Tara decided to be a little bolder. "In fact, I think they would have enjoyed it more."

"You do, do you?" Mark had thought to himself, "Is she suggesting what I think she's suggesting?"

Just as Mark had thought it, Tara had traced her fingers over Mark's thigh and up his now swelling erection. "I do. What do we have here?" Tara had gently squeezed Mark through his jeans. She had started kneading Mark's thigh with her other hand.

Mark had checked the rear view mirror and then looked over at Tara. Tara had been staring at his crotch. She had looked like she was waiting for some great present. Her wet lips were parted in anticipation and she was smiling. Mark's cock swelled up at Tara's eagerness.

Tara had looked up at Mark as she had unbuckled his belt and unsnapped his jeans. Her shoulder length blond hair had swung in front of her shoulders as she had leaned forward to unzip him. Mark had taken a deep breath.

"You don't mind do you? You looked a little uncomfortable."

"I don't mind if you don't."

"Oh, I don't mind at all." By this time, Tara had slid her hand into Mark's jockey shorts and was pulling his cock out. She had eagerly stroked him with her left hand while her right hand teased his balls, still inside his shorts.

Mark had moaned as she thumbed a drop of pre-cum around the head of his cock. Tara had leaned sideways into Mark's lap. Mark pulled Tara's hair away from her face so he could see her work his cock.

Tara's green eyes had looked up into Mark's and said, "Don't forget to watch the road."

"What road?" Mark had looked out the windshield.

Meanwhile, Tara had blown her warm breath on Mark. She had then licked the pre-cum off the tip of Mark's cock. She had swirled her tongue around the head as if it were an ice cream cone. Mark had settled back in his seat and enjoyed Tara's touch.

Tara had wrapped her left hand around Mark's shaft and started to lightly pump him as she had taken his head into her mouth and sucked. She had beaten her tongue against the sensitive underside while pumping him and teasing his balls. Mark had gripped Tara's head as he had started to swell even bigger.

Pushing on the steering wheel with his left hand, Mark had tried to hold out against the sweet torment of Tara's hands and mouth. Just when Mark had thought he had himself in control, Tara had reached her left hand up to Mark's chest and started rubbing and pinching his nipple. She had started to bob her head up and down Mark's cock almost to his shorts. She had then turned her head so that she could grip Mark with her throat and the back of her tongue.

This had been too much for Mark. Tara had felt his balls draw up. He had then pushed her head up and down frantically as he had come into her mouth over and over. He had groaned out loud as he had felt her swallow his cum.

Just thinking about it had Tara all wet again. She knew that a massage would just work her up more. Mark's step mom was hot and Tara had noticed Sandy watching her over dinner. Tara chuckled as she remembered the look on Sandy's face when she had licked the whipped cream off her lip.

Tara belted the robe around her and made her way back to the porch.

Sandy glanced into the den on her way back to the porch. The guys were stretched out in recliners and on the couches watching the game. "Dave, I'm going to give Tara a massage. Do you guys need anything?"

Dave looked up at Sandy and smiled broadly. "We'll be okay here. I'll check on you later."

Sandy walked to the porch and found Tara standing in front of the windows looking out at the lake. Sandy put down the towels, oil and mask. She walked over to the stereo. "Do you like jazz?"

"Oh, I listen to just about anything, but jazz sounds good now."

"Well, I'll put on some smooth music to relax you. Do you need anything before we start?" Tara had turned around and Sandy enjoyed watching Tara's heavy breasts sway under her bathrobe. Sandy laid a towel out on the futon and motioned for Tara to lie down.

"I've never had a real massage before. Mark told me that you are a real masseuse. I'm pretty excited to be in the hands of an expert," said Tara as she unbelted her robe and slid it off. She put the robe on a lounge and lay down.

"I'm pretty excited too. Hopefully it'll be more than just my hands on you," Sandy thought.

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<http://web.archive.org/web/20030608201604/www.literotica.com/stories/showstory.php?id=60867>