

The sun is bright, the sky clear, and all of your attention is focused on the stunning redhead pushing herself up out of the shallow end of the pool. Despite her age, Dr. Ann Possible had the kind of body more often associated with movie stars and trophy wives than with brain surgeons, and when she turns to look at you, your breath catches. She's wearing the absolute hell out of a skimpy green bathing suit, the thin band of its top clearly straining to hold back her full breasts. Your eyes flick to those breasts, tracing the lines of cleavage. Her smile as she follows the line of your gaze proves she knows exactly how good she looks. Perched on the lip of the pool, she reaches up, hooks a thumb in the band of her top, and pulls. The elastic holds for a moment, catching on the underside of tits just long enough to give them a little bounce when it finally pulls free. Two gloriously round breasts lay exposed before you as Ann purrs. "Happy birthday, Phil. Why don't you come over here and get your present."



This has to be a dream, but a dream you have no intention of missing out on. Doing your best not to just break into a run you move to join her at the side of the pool. She pats a spot next to her and you sit, feet dangling in the water. Not totally sure where to put your hands you place them in your lap. Apparently Ann has other ideas for them. Reaching out she takes your hands in hers and guides you up to her tits. They're soft, skin flawlessly smooth beneath your fingers. You can't help yourself, you squeeze, eliciting a soft moan from the stunning redhead. Eyes sparkling she lets you play with tits for a moment before leaning over and giving you a slow, passionate kiss. You freeze. Even after everything, you weren't expecting that. Her lips are a soft, warm pressure against yours, and she clearly doesn't mind your hesitation. One of her hands cups your cheek tenderly as her lips part. Her tongue glides over your mouth, inviting, and belatedly you open your own mouth. For a few moments that kiss is everything that exists in the world. Then her other hand lands on your crotch.

Swim trunks are designed to dry quickly, not to hide raging erections, and if you'd stopped to think about it, you'd have realized the effects of her 'gift' would be plainly obvious. You'd been a bit distracted though, and the first thought you give it is when her fingers wrap around your hardness through the thin fabric. Your heart rate explodes into overdrive, pounding so hard you're sure it can be heard miles away. She squeezes and you almost choke. Her voice is husky as she breaks the kiss. "I know it's your birthday, but it looks like you've got quite the gift for me."

She releases your cock and undoes the ties holding your shorts up so she can pull the concealing fabric away. Her hand doesn't return to your dick though. Instead she leans down and it's her mouth that first touches your naked cock in a tender kiss directly on your head.

Heat, soft and insistent spreads from that kiss, and you let out a low groan. She kisses you again, this time parting her mouth to swirl her tongue around the head, sending shivers rippling through you. The ripples descend down your shaft as she sinks lower, taking you deeper into her mouth. She goes slowly, smoothly, and it paradoxically takes forever and no time at all before her lips kiss your pelvis, having swallowed the entirety of your cock. You feel her throat twitch in minor protest. For a frozen moment she ignores the protestations of her body, staying down on you in a display of skill you'd never have expected from her. Then, slowly, she reverses direction, coming up off your cock as smoothly and deliberately as she went down it. You come free with a theatrical little *pop* and she smiles with lips made glossy by spit.

Then she rolls away from you entirely, slipping back into the pool with a subdued splash. For a moment your heart sinks thinking that exquisite moment was all you were gonna get. Ann isn't that mean. She isn't abandoning you, simply getting into a more advantageous position. Pulling your legs a little wider apart she slips up to the edge of the pool so she can wrap her fantastic tits around your cock. They're big enough that they almost cover your entire length, leaving just the head poking free from the enticing curve of her cleavage. That head glistens with spit from her slow blow job, and you belatedly realize it was part of her plan all along. Then she's moving and any such detailed thoughts vanish as warmth and pressure envelopes your cock.

She's just as skilled at this as she was with your dick in her throat. The smooth skin of her boobs glide along your cock, gently squeezing it between them, stroking you with soft, insistent pressure. Each lap builds on the last, the sensation laying layers of tingling pleasure atop of each other. Just as you start to go dry she ducks her head, kissing and then sucking your head hard for a good two seconds. The added sensation is sharper, more direct than the gentle pressure of her breasts, adding a note of contrast to the experience that leaves you gasping for more. And more she gives you. The stroking resumes, but now she sucks your head every time it comes into range, interspersing hard, intense moments of suction with wet, intentionally sloppy kisses and slurps that leave both your cock and her tits glistening with spit.

Your breaths are coming faster now, your heart racing. You've had this dream, almost beat for beat in fact, but real life is putting your fantasies to shame. Your entire body quivers in time with her bouncing chest, each stroke or kiss sending pleasure shooting through you. Pressure is building behind your head, swelling until it feels like you're about to explode with the slightest provocation. Ann can sense it somehow. Without taking you from between her breasts she leans her head up, brilliant blue eyes smouldering with a raw sensuality that scores you all the way to your soul. "Cum for me." She purrs.

That's all it takes. With a groan, your restraint bursts and all that pent up pressure explodes from you in an ivory stream that fountains high into the sky before arching back down to splatter on Ann's upturned face. She opens her mouth, catching some of the falling cum. More of it lands on her cheek, her nose, her chin, but the largest percentage splashes across her neck, painting that strong line of it in shimmering icing. It mingles with drops of water from the pool,

thinning and running down to pool around the head of your cock still caught between her breasts. The climax leaves you a little unsteady, and body tingling in anticipation of whatever comes next. Ann opens her mouth to say something-

And the back gate clangs open. Kim Possible stands in the opening, a bikini even skimpier than her mother's suit showing off a body more toned than Ann's but somewhat lacking in her mother's curves. She clutches a trio of rolls towels under one arm, and her eyes flick over both of you, taking everything in in a moment. Her expression shifts from surprise to indignant outrage in a moment. "Mom!" Throwing the towels onto a chair she starts stalking towards you both. "I can't believe you started without me!"

To be continued?