

*Apple of  
Sister's Eye*



*2025  
Spring*

# *Content Advisory:*

- \* Ageplay.

- \* Fauxcest (playing as sisters).

- \* Several minor references to past play involving 'older sister' enjoying shame over 'exploiting' her sister.

There's a wholesome vibe to the whole story, with just a hint of scheming from the 'older' sister.

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*—Sapphina Dreamweaver*

Completed Spring (southern-hemisphere) of 2025

# *Apple of Sister's Eye*

"Come on, come on!" Peony called out, bouncing up and down in her favourite yellow dress and sun hat. She stood by the door out onto the sun dappled deck.

"Just give me a moment," Abigail replied to the woman she called sister. She did love to see her lil sis all excited, and she beamed gaily at the little bundle of energy.

"I wanna look at all the flowers and the bees and the birds and smell the blossoms and-" Peony had to stop to take a deep breath.

Abigail held up her hands to stem the eager onslaught. "We will, just let me get these shoes off." She kicked off her fancy leather flats and toed her socks off too. She normally put them away immediately, but with both her young sister and the weather being so enticing, she decided it could wait today.

She shrugged off her jacket and cast it onto the couch. Free of the adornments of her adulthood, Abigail slipped into being Peony's teen sister once again.

Peony for her part was fully embracing her inner young kiddo, face pressed to the full length glass door as she whined impatiently.

Chuckling, Abigail rose from the couch. She adjusted her pleated pink skirt and tucked her grey blouse in properly. "Okay, Okay." Reaching around her kid sis, Abigail pushed open the door and Peony bounded barefoot onto the shaded deck.

The low buzz of myriad flying critters and a chorus of sweet birdsong greeted them as Abigail closed the door behind her. The bright sun overhead made the many blooms throughout their large backyard glow with an inner light.

"Look at the tulips!" Peony exclaimed, already hanging over the wooden railing at the far end to stare down at the bright yellow flowers in full bloom. "Have you ever seen anything so cute?" her voice was almost a squeak of joy.

"Oh, I can think of at least one thing," Abigail teased.

Her sis blushed. "Yeah, but you're gay."

A breeze lifted Peony's hem a little and gave Abigail a peek higher up those adorable legs. Walking over to join Peony, she grabbed her sis in a side hug. "It's their lose for not having having knees."

Peony looked up at her suspiciously. "Are you just saying that because you wanna see me on them?"

"No, cutie." Well, not yet at least. "Should we take a look at the plants now?"

"Yes, Please!" Peony agreed brightly.

Blinking as she stepped down the deck tiers and out from the shade, Abigail sank her feet into the lush grass. She'd missed just standing and wiggling her toes in the stuff. She'd not really done it all that much since she'd actually been a teen. Maybe she didn't need to always wear gumboots while gardening.

She smiled as Peony hopped down and dashed to take a closer look at the tulips before get distracted and scrambling over to peer intently at a patch of buzzing borage in full bloom. Peony exclaimed: "beeees," as she tracked the small critters flitting from flower to flower. There seemed to be a good number of them this year, hopefully they'd be able to score a few bottles of honey from the kindly old lady they knew. Rose really did spoil the two of them completely rotten.

They wondered together along the grassy trail which wound its way through flower patches and a scattering of willows. There were pansies and marigolds and

cornflowers and more. Peony pointed each out as she named them, beaming with pride after managing to recall each one.

"Damn, you're really getting the hang of it, kiddo." Abigail ruffled Peony's long dark-brown hair. She shied away for just a moment, blushing, but then leant back making happy noises as her big sis gave her head scratches.

A bit further down the path, Peony bent to pluck a dandelion with a big fat head of fluff. She took a deep breath, cheeks ballooning to full capacity and then gave a might puff, sending a flurry of seeds bobbing up and away in the breeze. "I love blowing things," she giggled.

Abigail just smiled, glad to see Peony's face lit up with so much simple joy. Despite the lewdness in her brain, Abigail didn't say anything. She knew Peony hadn't meant anything by it, her sis was just being a little kid.

They rounded a big scrubby pittosporum and Abigail's ears were split by Peony's sudden high-pitched shriek of delight: "Ek! They're so pretty!"

Abigail was suddenly alone as a yellow blur took off towards a patch of roses in reds, pinks, and rust orange. Pausing only to hitch up her dress, Peony sank to her bare knees and took a big whiff of the flowers. Their scent was potent enough as it was to drift to Abigail on the wind.

"Gail, come here!" Peony called out, staring intently at one of the deep scarlet flowers. "There's a really cool insect. Some kinda spider."

Squatting and taking a closer look herself, Abigail spotted it too. A striped lil fren peering back at her with shiny black eyes, Some kind of jumping spider by the look of it. "Yeah, it's a spider all right. Though they're arachnids, not insects."

"Oh." Peony scrunched her forehead in thought. "What's the difference?"

Her face the only straight thing about her, Abigail replied: "my lil sis doesn't misspell it as incest."

A moment later, the playful punch landed on Abigail's upper arm. "It was ONE time, you shit," Peony grumbled, crossing her arms. Fuck was she as cute as a button when she did that.

"I know. And it was so adorable," Abigail crooned adoringly. She gave her embarrassed sister a kiss on the forehead.

The effect, though hardly unexpected, was still remarkable. Flushing madly, Peony attempted to refute the accusation but all that tripped out was mangled syllables before giving up and hiding behind her loose hair. A moment later she coughed quietly and her legs shifted, squeezing together. It might be a moment before they moved on.

As always, past the flowers, was The Pond. It was such a cute name Peony had thought up, just the sort of thing a youngster would call it. There was no water in The Pond, it was just what they called the

big swath of blue flowers in all sorts- cornflowers mostly, shot through with bellflowers and iris. Dragonflies flitted about above the petal surface, rippling gently.

They strolled together along the green shore around the dry lake. Peony pressed her hand into Abigail's palm and Abigail took it, walking hand in hand with her little sister. Peony had curled her hand inwards, so it was extra small in Abigail's grasp.

Peony pointed at a clump of pastel blue flowers with tiny petals peeking from the shoreline. "What are they?"

"Hmmm," Abigail murmured as she knelt to examine the tiny meadow with great intent. Her thumb absent-mindedly rubbed the back of Peony's hand. She didn't recall planting anything like them, they must have wild seeded.

They had five sky-blue petals each, coming together into a yellow ring of a centre. She had the niggling notion that she'd seen or heard their name somewhere, but nothing came to mind. Eventually she gave up and shrugged. "I forget."

"Oh," Peony said, clearly unsatisfied with the answer. "It would be great if we had a mum, she'd know. Mums know everything."

Abigail smiled at her sister's display of naivety. She'd originally proposed being Peony's mum, but Peony had made an highly effective argument that a young teen sister who barely understood sex either would be more fun. She'd been unable to find any comeback an hour later as she lay on the bed beside her little sister, both of them drenched in sweat. One thing had lead to another and she'd been gloriously riddled with utter shame as she'd taken advantage of her clueless kid sister to deal with her new, confusing urges.

In mock chastisement, her stern voice wavering as she barely kept the laughter at bay, Abigail admonished Peony: "We did have one, but then someone bratted so hard they turned into a dog."

Cackling and grinning madly, Peony nodded enthusiastically. "Worth it, she was so cute with the ears. Anyway, you didn't complain when they knotted your ass."

The memory was a siren-call of subbiness in Abigail's mind, but she heroically fought it off. Her sister wasn't going to suck her dick without at least a little encouragement. "Yup, and neither did you. Well, actually I guess you did whine a lot."

Peony smiled softly as she rolled her eyes at Abigail's well worn joke.

They rounded the far side of The Pond and started back towards their house, aiming to go via the big apple tree. It was a lot faster on the way back, Peony practically dragging her big sis along in her eagerness to snag an apple.

As the laden limbs -sagging under the ponderous fruit- came into view, Peony gave a woot of joy and slipped from Abigail's hand. She stood beneath the ample shade offered by its limbs, staring up excitedly into the canopy.

Abigail smiled widely as she watched her sis trying and failing to get at the apples high up in the branches. It wasn't actually that tall of a tree, but Peony was making a valiant effort to be too short.

After her fingers barely skimmed the bottom of a big, juicy one, she begged: "Gail, Gail! Can you get us some please."

As Abigail caught up again, she caught sight of the scar on the back of Peony's right knee. It didn't tend to get in the way that often, but it was stopping her extending it fully right now.

"How long have you had that scar, Peony?" Abigail asked. she knew that her girlfriend had it three years ago when they got together, but she'd never actually asked when it had happened exactly.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, that thing. Uh, eleven, maybe twelve years ago was the accident I think?" Peony's voice was a little baffled at first.

"Damn, that long huh?" Abigail nodded a few times as she thought, then couldn't stop a snort as a silly thought came to mind.

"What's so funny?" her little sis demanded.

"It's just, you know... I thought you were eight?" Abigail teased through her giggles.

"Nyeh," went Peony as she stuck out her tongue.

Before Peony retracted it, Abigail brushed her finger tips playfully across her sister's tongue. Peony sucked it back into her mouth, caught off guard and blushing madly, chin dipping in embarrassment. Abigail's eyes darted between her sister's burning cheeks and the vivid red apples hanging from the tree. Perhaps a bit later Peony could be enticed into licking something else. How rosy that irresistibly adorable face would be then.

It was a fun train of thought to have and a growing presence in her knickers certainly enjoyed it too.

Reaching above the dazed lesbian, Abigail plucked a succulent apple free. "Want to eat it here, or back on the deck?"

"Don't you want one?" Peony looked mostly clear headed once again.

"We can share, it's plenty big enough." The apple was about the size of Abigail's fist and then some.

"Oh, it's big is it?" Peony enquired cheekily. She piled on extra innocence: "okay, I trust you."

There wasn't a trace of tartness as Abigail bit into her treat -the apple that was. It was wonderful and refreshing in the heat of day as her mouth filled with its juice. She didn't even mind that it gushed everywhere as she sank her teeth in, falling from her lips onto her blouse.

Wiping the sticky liquid from her chin, Abigail handed it to Peony. She nibbled at it, appearing unable fit as much in her mouth as her big sister. "It's good," Peony mumbled through her full mouth.

"Shame we don't have a peach tree," Abigail said wistfully. Peony squeaked in surprise as Abigail squeezed her ass cheek. "Though you've got a nice one."

"That's my butt, not a peach" Peony said after swallowing. Abigail had hardly been soft before, but seeing Peony's soft throat bob made her fully hard. Glancing away from her sister for a moment, it was easily confirmed that she was in fact tenting her skirt.

Her sister seemed not to have noticed the bulging pleats. "Mhmm, but peach is slang for butt." Abigail's hand drifted between those cute mounds. "Do you reckon you're ready to try inside stuff?"

Peony shook her head, her voice coming out extra childish: "uh uh, too big."

"Awwwe, but you've been getting bigger recently," Abigail whined. It wasn't like she expected her baby sis to let her put it all in, but not even the tip was just cruel. Especially with her in such an innocent kid's dress.

"Yeah, but you've gotten bigger too," Peony retorted, poking Abigail in her dick. She whimpered as the jabbed finger caught in her foreskin and rubbed her tip. She was proven wrong about getting harder, though just a little bit. It was a lot. Maybe a little too much.

"You okay? You look a bit unsteady," Peony asked, her voice and face concerned.

"I um. I. Yeah I think I need a little break." It was hard to think and the unexpected spike of sensation had been kind of overwhelming.

Peony took Abigail's elbow and lead her the short distance to the deck, helping her sit at the edge. "There you are," Abigail's girlfriend said, voice in her adult register.

Being sat down helped her collect herself. As she stared out across the garden and watched birds flitting about in their hunt for tiny bugs, she felt herself begin to calm.

"Do you want to get a peach tree this year?" Peony asked, back to being Abigail's wife for now. "We've still got a decent amount tucked away in the garden budget."

"Maybe not a peach, the fuzz can be sensory hell at times. A nectarine?"

"Sure, I like nectarines."

Abigail sat there for a couple minutes with her eyes closed, listening to the chirping and rustling of foliage and buzz of flying insects. She found herself coming down from the heady heights to a more stable, enjoyable level of bliss as she sat there in the wonderful weather with her amazing partner sat just a little bit away, giving her the space she needed.

Trusting herself a bit more now, Abigail cast a look Peony's way and only felt the normal amount of overwhelming gay affection. "I ever tell you that you're beautiful?" she asked softly as she watched Peony take a bite from the apple.

"Only three times so far this morning. You feeling better now?" Peony replied around the mouthful of fruit.

"Much," Abigail answered dreamily, caressing Peony's cute curves with her gaze.

Once Peony finished chewing, she held out the apple. "Wanna carry on with your little sis?"

"Yeah, though I think I'll just masturbate a bit for now. If she touches me it'll all be over in seconds." She was staring at Peony as she slide her skirt up for access and wasn't really looking between her own legs.

"Why's your panties all damp?" Peony's small voice asked, her gaze transfixed on them.

Looking down herself, Abigail saw the absolutely massive dark spot spreading across her tented knickers. "It -well." How did she explain it to a kid? "It's because you're really pretty." That was true as far as it went at least.

"I am?" Peony blushed, tucking her hair back.

Pulling herself free, Abigail nodded. "Yup, you're such a cute kid, Peony." She was squeezing herself slowly, not quite stroking it as she gazed gaily at her sister. She really was a cutie: Hazel eyes twinkling under soft lashes, plump cheeks, freckled bare shoulders, and such adorable lips. Kissable lips she thought, stroking now.

"Hey, come here a sec," she said, cupping the back of Peony's head and pulling her kid sister's face to hers. Her eyes closed to enjoy it to the fullest, she treasured the delicious skin pressed to hers. She opened her mouth ever so slightly to engulf Peony's perfect, small smile. Her stroking half-forgotten, she luxuriated in joy of it all.

Panting, Peony drew back, her eyes glazed. "Should we do this? It seems a little too grown up for me," her voice was full of uncertainty and Abigail could see she was torn.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I mean... yes," Peony whispered, blushing so deeply she look like a beetroot.

"Well, we're sisters, so it's alright for us to do it. Just so long as you want to."

Peony answered by kissing Abigail back. To Abigail's surprise, she even slipped her tongue in a bit. She'd definitely not learnt that from Abigail. Maybe she'd been reading reading Abigail's romance books in addition to her own. Abigail filed the curiosity away for the future. Now was the time to cradled Peony and love her to the fullest.

When they separated after several delightful minutes, Abigail said invitingly: "my hand's getting awfully lonely, want to play with it for a bit?"

"But I thought you said you didn't want me on my knees," Peony replied, deadpan.

"Well..." her sister had her there. Then she latched onto a technicality: "You're sitting down, not on your knees."

Giggling, Peony ducked her head. "You're silly, sis."

"Pleeease," Abigail begged, rubbing her palms together.

"Well... okay, because it's you," Peony mumbled. It was adorable the way she looked away, hiding a small smile as she groped for her big sister.

Abigail sighed happily as Peony's soft grip wrapped around her cock. She loved her sister's hands, they were so smooth and supple. Hers were a bit more callused from all the gardening she did, so a little girl's touch was always a treat. Peony didn't do anything much rougher than dishes, and filling their taxes -and after this she wasn't going put that off anymore, she'd promised Abigail that.

But right now her gentle squeezing and tugging felt amazing on Abigail's cock. It was a rather half-hearted affair, and under other circumstances it would be have been rather mediocre. But kiddo wouldn't be competent at handjobs, would she. Peony was an evil little shit like that, she knew full well what that sort of treatment did to her poor big sis.

Abigail made the mistake of whimpering at the thought, and Peony grinned victoriously for a moment. Peony curled her finger tips in and suddenly her tiny hand couldn't reach all the way around Abigail's thick shaft.

It felt so gloriously indulgent, Abigail knew she really shouldn't beg her sis for these things, but it was just too good to resist. Her tip was starting make little wet sounds as she leaked under her kid sister's attention.

Peony giggled. "It sounds like kissing."

"Yeah. You want to kiss a bit?"

"Mhmmm, nah," Peony shook her head. She stretched her arms high above her head, depriving Abigail of her wonderful fingers working their magic.

"Okay." Peony's dark hair was warm on Abigail's skin as she ran her fingers through Peony's side falls. She brushed her sister's hair back, tucking it behind a adorably round ear. As her hand reached the back of her young sister's head, she rubbed small circles with her finger tips. A content moan rewarded her efforts.

"What are you doing?" Peony asked, noticing Abigail had been slowly nudging her head down.

Licking her lips, Abigail asked hopefully: "could you, please?" She pushed a bit firmer, seeing if Peony would take the hint.

"Could I what?" Peony asked, her slight grin revealing she was playing dumb.

"Could you suck me a bit please." Her dick twitched all by itself, adding emphasis to her request.

Peony opened her mouth fractionally, evaluating the room inside with a finger. "I don't know if I'm big enough to fit you."

"You can do it, kiddo," Abigail insisted, encouraging the girl's head downward. "Try, please. Even if it's just for a short while, I bet you'll feel amazing!"

"If you think so," Peony's voice was uncertain but she dipped her head, resting a hand on Abigail's thigh for support. She was such a lovely darling. Peony's lips brushed over Abigail's foreskin, sending shivers up her spine to a very happy part of her brain.

Peony slurped Abigail's head in -that part had never been any issue- and prodded it curiously with her tongue.

Abigail moaned. Partly from how good it already felt, but mostly to let her sis know she was doing a good job.

The sounds her sister was making appeared to perk Peony's enthusiasm and she determinedly slid Abigail deeper. She had decided to have a really small mouth today and Abigail bit off a gasp as her baby teeth scrapped her older sister's cock gently.

Abigail beamed down at the girl leant across her lap. Peony was already so eager and Abigail could hardly wait for when her young sister was more grown up and better able to accommodate her. Right now, she was only about a third of the way in and already the ridged roof of Peony's mouth was rubbing her tip. As much as she wanted it all in right now, she just praised Peony for managing more this time. Seeing kiddo's blowjobs improve millimetre by millimetre was half the fun of having a kid sister.

Watching her own cock getting serviced -however sloppily- made Abigail notice that her own mouth had fallen open and was hungrily seeking something of its own to fill it. Her sister's tiny cock currently out of reach, she settled for snatching up the apple and biting

deeply into it. She didn't fully close her jaw at first, just savouring the wetness caressing her taste buds as she wrapped her lips about it.

Needing air, she finished the bite, taking a large chunk from the fabulously fresh fruit. She nearly choked on it, swallowing with some difficulty, as one of Peony's sucks was much harder than the rest.

"Sorry," Peony mumbled after spitting Abigail's cock out. It was hardly a graceful way to do it, but Abigail didn't really expect anything elegant from a kid.

"It was good, really good," Abigail reassured as she caught her breath. "I just shouldn't try and eat during is all."

"Okay! Can I have some more apple, please?"

"Dang, you're turning in a proper little lady, aren't you?" Abigail mussed the top of Peony's hair. She held the apple in her lap for Peony. "Just don't get them mixed up." It was mildly terrifying seeing teeth

shear through something just centimetres from her cock, even if it had been over a year since Peony last bit her during sex.

"Thank you," Peony said with her mouth full. The fruit swallowed, she returned to to swallowing her sister again.

Peony's apple juice lubed lips slid sublimely back into place as she picked up when she'd left off. She closed her eyes, little moans coming from her as she attempted clumsily to move her head up and down.

Truth be told, it wasn't the greatest head ever. Abigail enjoyed it better when Peony just kept in it and suckled. But she wasn't going to tell Peony, her young sis enjoyed it too much for her to ruin it. And whenever an experimental tongue swept across the underside of her cock, she had no complaints at all.

Hell, if Peony kept it up, Abigail would have to put a stop to it. There was no way she could withstand that without cumming sooner or later. In reality, her girlfriend didn't like the taste, but it was

far more interesting to tell herself that while Peony was old enough to mess around with mouth stuff, her lil sis was too young for her to cum inside yet. It would scare the poor thing.

Peony jerked back, her face all scrunched up. "Mleh, got hair in my mouth," Peony complained, clawing the offending hairs away from her face. She scooped her hair back, giving the long bundle a couple of turns to more or less keep it in place. "Oh, shush you," she told Abigail, who evidently wasn't doing a great job hiding her chortles with her hand.

Slipping back into kiddo mode, she said: "you're nicer with apple."

"Sorry, do I taste bad?"

Peony hesitated. "Sometimes... a bit."

"Want me to get something to flavour it?" Abigail thought what she could get. There was always flavoured lube, thought it could be cute to commit to

the bit and use something a teen could realistically get. "Maybe a flavour syrup? I think there was sugar free strawberry last time I was at the shops."

"Ooo, yes! Strawberry is my favourite!" Peony exclaimed, slapping her hands together excitedly. She crawled down a tier on the deck so she was somewhat in front of Abigail, though she still leant over Abigail's legs as she appraised the cock before her. "I wanna try another angle, see if it makes it easier," she explained, sprawling herself over her big sister's leg and licking her lips. She looked nervous, but also rather determined.

The new approach worked wonders and by going slowly, Peony managed to get half-way down Abigail's cock. She stretched her lips to their maximum extent but they weren't getting much further. Her efforts weren't exactly aided by her big sister's cock swelling in her mouth. Abigail couldn't help it, the incisors pressing into her shaft were an amazing cock ring.

"Fuc-" Abigail bit off the expletive. She really shouldn't set a bad example for her sister, but it just felt so fucking good. "You're fantastic! I never would have imagined you could get so much of me in!" she gushed.

Peony fawned under the praise, suckling cheerfully on the treat in her mouth. Her teeth pressed into Abigail with each suck, though not unpleasantly so. She murmured happily as she lay there with her head in her big sister's lap, Abigail running fingers through her supple black hair.

After several minutes of paradise, Peony surrendered Abigail, gazing longingly after the twitching shaft she'd been playing with. She rubbed her face, grumbling. "My jaw is tired," Peony said, hiding a yawn behind her hand. "Sorry."

As much as her half-slobbered dick wished Abigail would make the cutie finish the job whether Peony wanted to or not, she was a better big sister than that. Most of the time, anyway. It was hard to say no to

her girlfriend's pleading to molest Peony after lulling the kid into a false sense of security in big sis's arms. "It's fine, you're still such a young girl. Just do what you can."

Moaning happily, Peony pulled herself back onto the deck proper and nuzzled into Abigail's chest. It seemed that she wasn't going to get a chance to finish herself either. Hope springing eternal, she did rub Peony's bare thigh. "You want something?"

Her girlfriend kissed her dozily on the cheek before resting back on her shoulder. "I know you love spoiling your kid sister, but I am too cosy for handsies right now," Peony mumbled.

It might not have been a little's voice as such, but hearing her baby sister's cute word for handjobs stumbling out of Peony's mouth still did things to her. Controlling her suddenly ragged breathing, she moved her arm up to hug Peony tightly. She'd have to wait till next time give Peony handsies, but Peony was always worth waiting for.

A little while later amongst the serenading of birds, and soft rustling of leaves, Peony added her gentle snores. Abigail smiled at the dappled face resting serenely on her shoulder. She just didn't have the heart to wake her wonderful girlfriend, so she smiled and gazed gaily at their verdant garden. A deep breath presented a rich array of scents to her nose and each was a delight. Most of all the coconut shampoo lingering on Peony's hair fluttering ever so slightly in the breeze.

In short, it was a perfect summer's afternoon.

*FIN*