

Erotic Stories
Book 11

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Erotic Stories

Jane and Dick

Since I am new to this Board, I thought I ought to make a contribution. In addition, I would hope that there are some people out there who would enjoy playing these kinds of games with a 50'ish man. I've changed her name to protect us all, but "Jane" was really someone special!

Several years ago, I ran an ad that started "Voyeur's delight. I'll please your lady as you would like to see her..." I made several contacts that way, but the best, by far, was Jane. She wrote to me first, and I responded by giving her my phone number. At that time, I could go to my apartment for lunch so she would call and we would talk. I would tell her what I would like to do to and with her. It really helped me to picture what I wanted to do with her when she sent me two photos which had been specially posed for me. The thought that her husband had taken the photos specifically for me only added to my pleasure. Finally, after several weeks of getting acquainted, we set up a meeting.

I always get butterflies in the stomach when I am to meet a new partner, so I had lots of them as I drove up 101. Got to their house and was invited in. We had planned to go to dinner after we had had a couple of drinks. My lustful thoughts were uncontrollable when I saw that she was wearing a blouse with no bra under it and that the skirt was a split, wrap-around which ended about 2 inches above her knees.

After a couple of sips on my drink, I asked her to come to where I was sitting. She stood before me, and I looked into her eyes for a very long minute. Then, she reached to the edges of the skirt and opened it back. There was nothing to interfere with the sight of her pussy peeking from the bush that surrounded it. I leaned forward with my hands on the insides of her thighs, and put the tip of my tongue at the top of that luscious slit. There wasn't really enough room to get any further so I dropped my hand to behind her right knee. I lifted until she was forced to balance for a moment on one leg as I set her foot beside me on the chair. Then the eating began in earnest. I could feel her trembling as she began to get close to her climax, and finally she was forced to put her hands on my head and steady herself to keep from falling as she came.

As she began to come down, I once again became aware that her husband had been watching, approvingly. By that time, any interest we might have had in drinks was gone.

We got into their car with all three of us squeezed into the front seat. We talked about all sorts of things besides sex, but my hand was on her thigh through the slit in the skirt the whole time. Every time that we turned a corner, I could feel her warmth pressed against me. The softness of her breasts pressed against my chest raised more than my spirits.

The restaurant, where we went, was configured like the old Victoria Stations with high backed booths, so there was a sense of intimacy yet the feeling of being in a public room. Even before the waiter had come to take our order, I had pulled her blouse open wide enough to bring one of her nipples to my lips and had sucked on it enough to make it hard. I wanted to be able to see them poking through the fabric as we ate...

Once I had gotten Jane's nipples hard, I put her tits back into her blouse just far enough that the tips of her nipples were covered. The dark circles that surrounded her nipples showed in the V that her partly buttoned blouse made. Even while the waiter was taking our order, I had my hand inside her skirt playing with her pussy.

Once he had left, I had her slide down in her seat. Before I beginning to really play with her clit, I gave her a napkin to muffle her sounds. Her husband sat across the table from us enjoying the scene as I made her cum.

At just about the same time as the food began to arrive, I let her stop to catch her breath back again.

As we sat finishing dinner, we could see that the wind had come up outside. As we walked across the parking lot, the wind would catch her skirt and blow it back leaving her entire front exposed. The wind had turned her into an unwitting, although willing, flasher.

We had walked only about 30 feet when two couples came around the end of a row of cars. Once again the wind caught her skirt, but she walked on talking to the two of us as if she were totally unaware of the fact that she was completely exposed.

Once we got to the car, Jane and I crawled into the back seat while her husband got behind the wheel. I had often read about this kind of scene happening, but it was my first experience putting on a show in the back seat of a car for a husband. I was enjoying myself, and it didn't take long before I had all her buttons undone and her whole body open to my tongue, fingers and cock. Our route took us down a freeway, but I was only vaguely aware that we were driving rather slowly and that cars and trucks were passing us. But I did realize that it wouldn't be hard for any of them to look over and see what was happening in that back seat. Before we pulled into their driveway, my cock was buried deeply in her luscious cunt.

When we stopped in front of their house, I buttoned one skirt button so that it wouldn't fall off, and we walked through the dusk into the house. She lead me directly into the bedroom with her husband following. Although he also got undressed, he contented himself with playing with himself as he sat on the foot of the bed.

Jane and I resumed where we had left off. First, I discovered that she had a gigantic vibrating dildo in a drawer beside the bed. I was almost intimidated that she could take it so big, but I figured what better way to open her enough that she could easily take me. It was interesting to be inside her and feel her pussy gradually shrinking to fit my size. We ended the evening with me and a somewhat smaller sized vibrator sharing her pussy at the same time. It had me cumming until I was completely drained, and until she was totally limp from her repeated orgasms.

My last sight of her was Jane lying spread on the bed three- quarters asleep with my white moisture drying on her hair as I placed a final kiss on her lips and a final caress on her pussy.

The evening left me with one of those beautiful memories that I can enjoy reliving again and again.

Vacation doesn't Count

Chapter One - The Cottage

Last year, I was recruited by a large international company based in London. The package that they offered me was too good to turn down, and one of the most pleasant perquisites was a working tour of the resorts it owned and managed. My wife, Sondra, was thrilled at the prospect and we lined up her parents to watch the kids for the five week trip.

Sondra and I have been married for fourteen years, and have three kids, Jessica (12), Todd (9), and Mike (6). We are both 34 and fight the battle against aging, with Sondra winning in spectacular fashion. At 5'4" Sondra carries a hard, firm body with beautiful legs, a tight ass, slim waist and absolutely marvelous, large, high, round breasts on a perfect 108 pound frame. Always the perfect "lady," bordering on "prim and proper," I was looking forward to seeing her in the tiny bikinis and revealing one-piece bathing suits she had purchased for our trip. I had especially enjoyed closely examining the results of her major "bikini-wax" treatment, that left only a short, narrow "Mohawk" of auburn hair around her pink pussylips.

The first leg of our tour took us to the Caribbean for stops on several islands. Our first accommodation was in a beautiful beach cottage, with all the luxuries one could ask for. My duties were light, consisting of being introduced to the management staff and attending a few business meetings, and Sondra spent her free time sunning and shopping.

On the third day, I returned to the cottage to find Sondra putting on quite an erotic show for four college guys, 18 or 19 years old, who were on Spring Break and staying at the cottage next to ours. I had entered the house from the front (which was the second story in the back) and, as I walked out on to the deck, the sight before me froze me in my tracks. To my utter surprise and disbelief, my normally prudish wife was lying on the chaise lounge, sunbathing in the nude. Even more erotic, was the fact that from my high vantage point, I could see four boys avidly staring through the separating fence at my wife's lush charms. What I didn't know, but soon found out, was that Sondra was aware of her audience. I faded back out of obvious sight to watch.

Soon, Sondra sat up in the chaise, facing the boys, and began to smooth suntan lotion on her naked body. She glistened in the sun from the oil, and I watched her slowly rub the stuff all over her large breasts and hard nipples, down over her flat stomach and on to and between her thighs. Over the next hour, Sondra turned several times, making sure her audience saw all of her, and once more rubbed her chest with the lucky oil.

My cock had been rock hard for the hour, and now I started to lightly caress it. I think it was only peer pressure keeping the boys from doing the same. Finally, Sondra stood and stretched, and then turned her back to the boys and bent at the waist to pick up her towel, giving them the perfect shot of her pussy and anus. She walked over to the outside shower and began the most sensuous shower imaginable, lathering up her magnificent body and caressing her nipples and cunt. As she dried herself, I zipped up in time to meet her as she entered the cottage. She was surprised to see me home and immediately looked guilty. I took her into my arms and told her I had enjoyed her performance on the patio. She blushed and looked down. The lump was obvious in my pants.

"Justin, will you please fuck me? Right now?" We fucked there, on the floor, with Sondra getting lost in her intense orgasm, and me blowing the biggest wad of cum I had ever shot into her hot, wet cunt.

Afterwards, both of us soaking in the hottub, Sondra apologized for exposing herself to the boys and told me how ashamed she was. I asked her if she was really ashamed, or just embarrassed because I had caught her. She coyly admitted that the latter was true and went on to admit that, other than actually making love with me, she had never been more sexually excited in her life. I told her the sight of her naked and fondling herself in front of other men had made me as hot as I had ever been, and I enjoyed watching her finally beginning to let go of her strong inhibitions. And then I said the crucial words that changed our marriage, "Besides, Dear, we're on vacation, and what happens on vacation doesn't count when you get back to the real world."

That night, after dinner, Sondra and I were cruising the main shopping and nightclub strip and went into a beer joint advertising a wet T-shirt contest to draw in all the college guys on break. The place was packed and too loud to talk, and the emcee was working the crowd, trying to get the girls up on stage and into t-shirts. When he spotted Sondra, all cleavage in her halter-top, he brought the spotlight on her and began coercing her to join in the festivities and "show the boys what a real woman looked like." The crowd was behind him one hundred percent, and it was obvious he wasn't going to take "no" for an answer. Sondra looked across the table at me and I could see the excitement sparkling in her beautiful green eyes and I nodded.

Sondra and nine college coeds disappeared into the back and reappeared wearing thin, white, cotton t-shirts. Their nipples were easily visible through the thin material. They paraded across the tiny stage and Sondra looked spectacular in the t-shirt, short denim skirt and high heels, holding her own against the younger girls.

Finally, to the roaring approval of the crowd, the wetting began and the women might as well have been naked from the waist up. There were good bodies, and then there were great bodies, and the contest was obviously between Sondra and two other girls. I watched the mother of my children strutting up and down the bar, jiggling her breasts at the crowd, showing them off in the now-transparent shirt.

To my surprise, one and then more of the girls stripped off their wet shirts and bounced their naked tits in the faces of their appreciative audience. Not to be outdone, Sondra ripped the wet cotton off her chest and proudly displayed her wonderful breasts to the young crowd.

Unfortunately, Sondra lost out to a coed with even bigger tits and a better tan. As the winner was being crowned, the guys helped the women down from the bar and there were a lot of free feels going on. The band started up again, and I watched in amazement as my wife joined a few of the other girls and danced topless among the throng of horny guys! Being the "old lady" of the crowd certainly didn't affect her popularity as I watched the men jostle each other to get next to her.

She disappeared into the gyrating crowd and after about an hour, reappeared at my table. She was still naked from the waist up, out of breath, and the finger marks on her breasts were obvious. She was smiling a huge grin. "Justin, you have to get me out of here, Now! Because I want to fuck and pretty soon, it won't matter to me with whom!"

I took off my outer shirt and she casually put her arms in it, but didn't button it. We then headed out the door and back to our cottage. We had gone only a few feet down the street when Sondra stopped and looked into my eyes. "I'll never make it back home. Follow me!"

We stepped into a dark alley between two buildings. Sondra bent over to lean on a trashcan and hiked her tight skirt up over her hips. Her white panties looked like they were glowing in the dark. I opened my zipper and pulled out my hard cock. I was more than ready to fuck this hot piece of ass before me. "Now, Justin! Fuck me! Either rip my panties off or fuck me right through them! I need a cock inside me, now!"

Turned on by the spontaneity and raw sexuality of the moment, I roughly clawed my fingers into the soft material and ripped them open for my attack. Sondra moaned, and then moaned again, as I buried my prick up to my balls into her hot cunt on the first stroke. The act was no more than rutting - two hot creatures throwing themselves at and into each other because they couldn't take another breath until their mating was done.

When I came, it was an explosion. I could feel my cum squirt out of my cock in long, powerful spurts. My knees weakened, my breathing was ragged, my fingers and toes were cramping into tight curls.

Sondra stood up and looked at me. She ripped off the remaining strands of her panties and wiped my cock clean. She smiled as she reached her hand under her skirt and brought her wet fingers to her mouth. She tasted our juices. "That wasn't bad, stranger. Are you in town long?"

The next morning, after I returned from my meeting, Sondra told me to go up into the loft because she was going to test me to see if I meant what I said about vacations the day before.

She then called the boys in the nextdoor cottage and asked if one of them could bring over the room service menu, as she had lost ours. When the doorbell rang, she slipped on her short, white satin robe, through which her hard nipples were clearly visible.

To Sondra's obvious surprise, three boys stood at the door when she opened it. She invited the three clean-cut, handsome boys in and thanked them for the menu. One of the boys remarked about it being a great idea to have a hottub in the livingroom, and that their cottage didn't have one at all.

Sondra smiled and invited the boys to use the Jacuzzi with her. The boys thanked her and said that they would be right back in their trunks, but Sondra opened the sash of her robe and let it fall to the floor, saying that the hottub was made to be enjoyed naked.

The boys quickly fumbled out of their clothes, keeping their eyes locked on Sondra's naked body as she slipped into the swirling water. When all four were in the water, Sondra asked if any of them would like their back rubbed. In brash reply, the most brazen of the three boys reached over and filled his hands with my wife's round tits. Sondra immediately filled her hand with the nearest hard cock, and the guy with his hands all over her tits stood up, with his erection only inches from Sondra's lips. My normally inhibited wife sucked the young guy's cock into her mouth, until her nose nestled in his wet pubic hair.

As she sucked, she jerked on one of the kids' cocks, and the third had his mouth attached to one of her tits. The kid in her mouth started humping her face and Sondra ignored the other two as she coaxed his hot spunk out of his cock with her mouth and hands, swallowing every drop. One after the other, I watched my wife suck off all three of the boys, until she had drained each of them of their cum, without spilling a drop, and then she stood and announced that it was her turn.

All four of them splashed out of the tub and laid on the cushions. One of the boys buried his face between Sondra's invitingly spread legs and she moaned with pleasure as his tongue began its exploration of her clit and cunt. Each of the other two kids began fondling and sucking her breasts and nipples, loudly slurping my wife's wet flesh into their hungry mouths. All too soon, Sondra began her long-awaited orgasm in almost violent fashion. Her body humped and writhed but the boys held on to her with their mouths and Sondra went crashing from one orgasm to another. Finally, when she could catch her breath and speak, she thanked the boys for the fun and warned them to leave, "before my husband comes home!"

As soon as the front door closed, I was downstairs and standing over my wife with my raging erection in my hand. Sondra begged me to fuck her, to fill her aching pussy with my cock, and I was only too happy to comply.

I rammed into her with all my strength and we fucked with animal ferocity until our bodies, slick with sweat, shuddered and clasped together in orgasm. We fucked again before falling asleep for the afternoon.

Chapter Two - The Hotel

The next day, we caught a short island-hopping flight to our next port-of-call. It was the opposite of our little cottage. This time, we were staying at a very posh, high-rise resort hotel.

After checking out the view from our room, which overlooked the huge pool, Sondra unpacked, stripped and donned only her bikini bottoms and went out onto the balcony. She stretched, letting the sun warm her skin, and I'm sure more than a few people at the pool had an opportunity to observe that she has a magnificent set of tits. I stepped out on to the balcony with her, just as the man from the next suite did. He introduced himself to us and offered us a beer. His name was Brian and when he returned he couldn't take his eyes off Sondra's chest as we talked. After a few minutes, Brian's wife, Janet, joined us on the balcony.

She was wearing a conservative one-piece bathing suit and her mouth literally fell open when she saw Sondra. She regained her composure and emphatically informed us that, as far as she knew, it wasn't a topless resort.

Each couple sat at their own table on the balcony, separated only by a low, thin railing, and continued talking. As Brian and Janet watched, Sondra began to apply her suntan lotion. She squeezed it onto her hands and rubbed it on her arms, legs, stomach, and finally on her breasts. She was watching the expressions on the faces of our new neighbors, as she

applied it to her bare tits and ran her oily fingers over her nipples until they were hard and sticking straight out. Janet pulled Brian out of his chair and said they had to get ready for lunch. We waved good-bye and Brian smiled and said he hoped he'd see us again, soon; but we didn't see him or Janet again. We think they either left or had their room changed.

Coming in from the balcony, Sondra asked me if the scene had excited me. I answered her by pulling her down onto the bed and making love.

Both at the pool and on the beach, no one was topless, so over the next few days, Sondra learned how to wear her suits to her best advantage.

She would tie it very loosely so in the surf or when she dove into the pool it would occasionally, "accidentally" fall off. When she was sunning herself, she would take it off completely as she laid on her stomach, but would often prop herself up on her elbows. Sondra went to the pool area alone while I enjoyed watching from the balcony. She became quite popular and every time she arrived on the scene, she drew a crowd of lookers.

Finally, on the morning of our last full day on that island, as she lay topless on a towel not far from the balcony, a man sat down next to her, hoping for a better view. Sondra started trying to put some oil on her back when the guy asked if he could help her. Sondra raised herself up on her elbows, letting the sides of her breast become exposed, and then handed him her oil. He started on her back and legs and then proceeded to her shoulders and sides. I could see his hands brushing the sides of my wife's hanging tits, and she didn't flinch. Instead, Sondra raised up even more and leaned on her left side, placing her right hand behind her. In that pose, she was giving him (and me) a perfect, up-close view of her naked breasts.

Sondra smiled up at the stranger, "I think you missed a spot or two." She stayed in that position as he blatantly stared and continued to oil her shoulder. She looked down at her chest and asked him to put some oil in his hand. He did, and Sondra cupped his hand on her breast, smearing the oil into her skin.

He then took her nipple between his finger and thumb and squeezed it. I could hear Sondra gasp, and then she smiled at him and rolled over onto her back, exposing both breasts. In a second, the guy was feeling her slippery tits with both hands. I could tell Sondra was getting really excited, but other people began arriving in the area and Sondra turned back onto her stomach.

I decided to join them. Sondra introduced me to Bill. He was about 45, still well-built, graying and ruggedly handsome, a corporate bigwig and on vacation with his wife, who was on a shopping excursion for the day.

All three of us sat around talking the morning away as Sondra repeatedly, teasingly exposed herself. Around noon, I invited Bill to join us in our suite for lunch. Sondra was all for the idea, and off we went. Once in the suite, Sondra said she wanted to shower off some of the suntan lotion while I made drinks and ordered roomservice. After the food arrived, Sondra rejoined us, combing her wet hair and wearing only a short towel wrapped around her waist. Both Bill and I commented on how lovely she looked and on the nice, even tan she was getting. Bill didn't act embarrassed or surprised at seeing Sondra topless, so who was I to make a fuss over it?

During lunch, neither Bill nor I could take our eyes of my wife's luscious tits. Once, when I stood to make us more drinks, I could not resist bending down in front of Sondra and sucking one of her delicious nipples into my mouth, right in front of our new friend! Bill laughed and said that must be dessert. Sondra just smiled a big grin and said, "Maybe."

We were out of ice, so I told the two of them that I would be right back. I left the door slightly ajar, so I could sneak a look before reentering.

When I returned with the ice, I peeked in to see Bill bent over Sondra and sucking on a nipple, exactly as I had done a few minutes before. Sondra was feeling his cock beneath his swimtrunks with her right hand as her left hand cupped her breast for his hungry mouth. Bill reached down and dropped his trunks, exposing his large erection. He held it in front of him, eye-level with Sondra. Sondra grabbed it with her left hand and stroked it, and then lightly touched it with her tongue.

She wet her lips and then slid the head of his cock into her mouth. She kept stroking the length of it with her hand, guiding as much of it as she could into her slurping mouth, while at

the same time, playing with his balls with her other hand. Bill put his hands on each side of her head and pulled her back and forth on his prick, fucking her mouth.

Sondra started to speed up and I could tell Bill was getting ready to shoot his load. Sondra grabbed his cock in both of her hands and squeezed as he erupted into her mouth. She continued sucking as his flood of cum dripped down her chin and on to her tits. He let her continue until his cock was limp, and then he pulled his trunks up and kissed her on the mouth.

I then made some noise as I re-entered the room, telling them I had to go up three floors to find the ice. Bill stepped over to the bar to make a drink, and as he did, I bent down to kiss Sondra and lifted a drop of Bill's cum from her tit on my finger. Sondra smiled and sucked my sticky finger into her mouth.

The afternoon progressed and the drinking continued and the flirting became more obvious. I dug out the camera and said I wanted to get a picture of Sondra and Bill. Sondra immediately sat on Bill's lap, letting her towel fall to the floor as she did. After a couple of poses, things started to really loosen up and I continued taking pictures as Bill's hands covered Sondra's breasts, and Sondra cupped her tits up to Bill's mouth, until, finally, Sondra said she wanted everyone naked for some "porno" shots.

As Sondra was sucking my cock for one picture, I couldn't hold back any longer, and Bill snapped off a couple as I filled my wife's mouth with my hot cum. Right after that, Bill mounted Sondra doggie-style and I snapped away as he plowed away in my wife's pussy. The three of us took pictures in every imaginable position until we were out of film and the suite was strewn with the polaroids.

Bill called his wife, telling her he found an all-night poker game, and by the time we had finished roomservice dinner, we were exhausted and fell asleep. I woke up at 1:00 a.m. to the sounds of moaning and groaning, and found Bill and Sondra fucking their brains out next to me in the bed.

I waited until they were through and then took my turn for sloppy seconds in my wife's cunt. Sondra and I were still in bed the next morning while Bill showered and dressed to leave. When he was ready, Sondra called him over to the bed for a good-bye kiss, and then had him stand at the side of the bed as she leaned over me and gave him a good-bye blow-job, too!

As I showered, I thought about the amazing events of the last few days. Sondra had been a virgin when we had married, and though one spouse can never know all there is to know about the other, I would swear that Sondra had never been unfaithful to me. Now, after just a few days away, I had shared her with the college boys, a whole bar full of kids and, finally, another man. I did feel little pangs of jealousy - at the other men, but even more at Sondra's totally wanton and uninhibited behavior - but, even stronger were my feelings of excitement and arousal. I had never felt more alive and sexually stimulated than the last few days, and I was anxious to see what else could happen over the next two weeks.

I emerged from the shower with an iron-hard erection. I walked into the bedroom and, as if on cue, Sondra bent over the luggage as she packed them and wiggled her ass at me in a most lascivious manner. Another pair of panties was ripped and torn open in my assault.

Chapter Three - The Driver

We stepped off the plane in Jamaica and the company rep was waiting with our car. Because of work and social obligations with the large company staff in Jamaica, Sondra and I had little time to misbehave.

Finally, we were finished, and at our host's suggestion, we asked the chauffeur, Samuel, to come up to our room to arrange an island tour the next day (our last full day on the island).

Samuel was a good-looking man, older than us, very black, with a trace of gray at his temples, and that wonderful island accent. Sondra and I had been drinking since lunch, and I offered Samuel one, which he accepted.

After talking about the different island sights and routes we could take, Samuel asked to use the bathroom. Sondra smiled at me and said, "Did you see the huge lump in Samuel's pants?" I smiled back, "And I guess you plan to investigate further?" Just then, Samuel returned and sat down. We talked a little more, and then I said I was tired and would see

Samuel in the morning. Sondra and Samuel talked smalltalk for a while, as I laid in bed and listened through the partially open door.

Finally, I heard Sondra ask, "Do many women come to the island for more than a vacation?"

"Like what, Missus?" "You know, like for excitement. Maybe something they couldn't get or do at home." "Well, I'll be very frank, Missus. An awful lot of white women come down here to get laid by the natives." Sondra laughed. "Why, Samuel? Is the myth about size true?"

"I can't talk for all, Missus, but for me, it is no myth." By this time, I was out of the bed, peering into the room from behind the door. "Can I see for myself, Samuel?" Sondra asked. Samuel stood and dropped his slacks. He wasn't wearing anything under them and a large, black dick hung between his legs.

"You want to touch it, Missus?" Sondra nodded and reached out with both hands. Both Sondra and I watched as Samuel's cock grew and hardened in her hands. Sondra leaned forward and sucked the head into her mouth. "Oh, you good, Missus. Maybe you want to feel it inside your pussy?" Sondra looked up at Samuel, "I think it's too big! I don't think I can." "You can Missus. Let me try. I won't hurt you. You'll like it, you'll see."

Sondra stood and stripped off her clothes and laid back on the sofa, placing one foot over the back, and the other far out on the floor. Both Samuel and I had a perfect view of her pink, wet pussy. Then Samuel positioned himself at her cunt and began pushing his erection into my wife. "My god! You're so big! I can feel your thickness already, Samuel." I watched as she took him inside her pussy a little at a time. When it was all the way in, Samuel looked down at her, "You got it all, now, Lady. I told you." "Oh, it feels so good! Now fuck me with that thing! Fuck me hard, Samuel!"

Sondra rolled her head side to side as Samuel began to really fuck her, shoving it in all the way and pulling it almost all the way out. She was moaning and groaning in pleasure, and I wondered if she was actually going to pass out. She wrapped her legs and arms around him as they fucked themselves into a frenzy. I could hear his balls slap against my wife on every stroke, and the contrast of her white skin against his black made me shoot a load of cum against the door, without touching myself.

Samuel let out a groan and began to come. He shoved his cock in as deeply as it would go. Sondra closed her eyes and told him to fill her cunt with his hot cum. Samuel came for a long time, and when he did pull his cock out of my wife's pussy, I could see his cum leaking out of it, dripping onto the sofa. "That was wonderful, Samuel."

"Yes, Missus, for me, too. But, I best go, now. I will be here tomorrow morning for your tour. I thank you very much for this, Missus." Sondra stayed on the sofa as Samuel dressed and let himself out. I ripped open the door and stood over her. "Hi, Darling. I'm all pooped out, but if you want some, help yourself."

It was all the invitation I needed. I knelt between Sondra's legs, seeing Samuel's gooey cum covering her red pussylips, dripping down the crack of her ass and spotting the sofa. I buried my cock up to my balls in one sudden, swift thrust. Sondra grunted from my force, but she laid still as I pounded into her, adding my cum to the sticky mess already between her spread legs. When I was done, we kissed and helped each other into bed, not hearing another thing until the alarm went off the next morning.

The next morning, Sondra wore a white strapless sundress with nothing on under it. Samuel acted as though nothing had happened as he helped us into the car and began the tour. As we took in the sights, I noticed Sondra and Samuel playing eye games in the mirror. I could see Sondra's hard nipples through her dress, and I was sure she was ready for a repeat performance of last night.

After lunch, I pretended to fall asleep in the back seat of the car. At one stop, Sondra got back into the car in the front seat with Samuel, and I could tell her hands immediately went to work on his tool. Soon, her head disappeared below the seat and I could hear her moaning and slurping. Then, the car stopped and the doors opened and closed. Chancing a look, I saw Samuel spreading a blanket in a small grassy area. He then laid down on his back and his already hard cock stood straight up. It really was a size!

Sondra lifted her dress and straddled Samuel's hips and slowly lowered her cunt down on to his prick, moaning and grunting the whole time. Samuel pulled her dress down off her tits

and began pulling on her nipples as she humped his cock. She was soon screaming in one orgasm after another and collapsed on Samuel.

Sondra soon regained her composure and continued fucking Samuel until he came, pumping his cum until I could see it running out of my wife's cunt and down his dick.

After a few minutes, they reassembled themselves, Sondra got back into the back seat and we returned to the hotel. I tipped Samuel lavishly when he dropped us off at the airport the next morning.

Continued in Chapter Four, "The Island Slut"

The Sexual Awakening of David

"Happy Birthday son". I woke up bleary eyed trying to get my bearings, focusing on my mom bending over me with a long box gift wrapped. I gave her a kiss and thanked her, wondering what it could be. I opened the box and found it was a telescope. She also had bought me a tripod and a copy of the solar system. She said "I saw you looking in the hobby shop and realized that you've been talking about the stars a lot." I gave her a hug and started to assemble the telescope. "Don't look at the sun, it will damage your eyes," she said, going down stairs. I read the instructions and then started to look at the horizon.

Living on the edge of town was an advantage. Clear views of the downs, sheep, horses, even rabbits looked as close as the houses opposite. I saw a car coming down the street and I zoomed in and saw it was Penny sitting in the front seat next to her dad. Penny lives nearly opposite our house and she had her thirteenth birthday two days ago. She makes a point of telling me that she older than me even though its only two days. She was the same height as me with blue eyes and golden brown hair. Her figure was accentuated by the very short skirts and skimpy jean shorts that she carried above the sexiest pair of legs in our class. Her breasts were small but very pointed. She never wore a bra even during P. E.

I always noticed they bounced whenever she started to run and with in a short time her nipples formed tiny peaks clearly visible through her T-shirt. I followed the car as it turned into their drive and it stopped by their garage. They got out and went into the garden, which was surrounded by a large wall. The two great danes that were their pets rambled out to greet them. Penny threw a ball and the dogs raced to retrieve it. Penny then sat on a low bench and picked up a book and started to read. This is great I thought. I had seen Penny playing in her garden before, but never this close. I zoomed the telescope to its maximum and I could see her eyelashes and hair as close as if I was standing next to her. It gave me a chance to have a close look at her, something I've wanted to do for a long time but didn't want her to see me.

Lowering the telescope I took in the cheeky smile, the long sensuous neck leading to those delicious tips of her breasts. She moved when the dogs brought the ball to her and she tried to get it away from them. They pranced as if to tell her to chase them. She fell to the grass and the dogs rolled over on the grass next to her. She laughed and started to roll over with them. As she did I noticed her short skirt ridding up her thighs showing a glimpse of her panties. Going to full zoom I noticed I could see a few wisps of hair poking out of the side of her pants. I could feel my dick going hard. Twisting around with the dogs had pulled the panties between the lips of her fanny. Just as I started to enjoy the view she looked at the house, her mom was calling.

I spent about half an hour looking around but all was quite, so I went down to have a bite to eat. My mind went back to the scenes I had witnessed my hard on was still there and I knew that I was going to go back to my room and read a book.

I reached my room and locked the door, necessary since my mom almost caught me wanking one day. Lifting the carpet from under my bed I took a magazine from the pile and leafed through the pages looking for a good story. I eventually found one and pulling my shorts off arranged myself so that I could see myself in the mirror. Holding my dick I started to read. As the story progressed my hand flashed faster and faster. Looking at my hand in the mirror I could see the veins swelling up just under the head. I'm cumming, I thought as my dick swelled in my hand, and then "whoosh" once, twice, three times the spurts grew weaker. My dick started to go limp. I lay there getting my breath back.

Half an hour later my friend called and we went out swimming in the local swimming pool. Several of our friends from school were there. We sunbathed on the grass looking at the local girls parading in their skimpy bikinis. Brian, the friend who called for me noticed two girls looking our way. He waved saying "That's Bev and Joyce they've just moved into our street." The girls made their way over to us and we were all introduced. Bev was 13 and Joyce was 14. I noticed Bev was getting it on with Brian so I looked at Joyce and asked her if she wanted a coke. "Yes please", she smiled, so we went to the cafe and she told me all about herself. As she was talking it gave me a chance to give her the once over.

Nice tits, good body and very friendly. During the afternoon we went around together leaving Brian and Bev to themselves. We noticed they had got very close to each other as the afternoon slipped by. They ended up kissing and cuddling on the grass. Joyce started to blush as she witnessed what they were doing. "That looks like fun" I said, to see her reactions. She blushed and said, "Last one in the water is a fool", pushing me back onto the grass as she raced to the water and jumped in. I ran into the water and in a few strokes was along side her. She had stopped blushing and looked straight in my eyes. "It looks like fun to me too," she said. 'Was that a hint!!' I thought to myself.

Pulling her close to me I placed a gentle kiss on her lips. She didn't pull away, so I kept kissing her and she put her arms around my back and kissed me back. After a short time we separated we both felt elated that the first kiss was out of the way. She put her back to the wall of the pool and I moved in close. Taking her hand I pulled her close again and we kissed. Tongue interlaced, arms around each other, I could feel her breast pressing into my chest and I felt myself getting hard. Joyce broke off the kiss with a gasp "Your tjing's gone hard," she said, not believing what she was feeling. I said, "That's your fault for turning me on with just one kiss."

With that I pulled her close again and she moulded herself to me hip to hip. Moving her hips side to side she was getting worked up as much as me, she lowered her hand under the water and grazed my bulge with her fingers. Feeling bolder she grasped my prick in a tight hold and squashed her mouth to mine as she moved her hand up and down.

This was the first time a girl had touched me. She pulled it up so that the tip was sticking out of the top of my trunks and teased the tip still kissing me. I put my hand on her hips and pulled her as close as I could and was surprised when she opened her legs to allow my dick to lodge between her legs. We were both getting very hot.

Brian was standing above us giggling with the sight of us both wrapped around each other. "We are going in five minutes, Bev has to go out with her parents." We pulled apart blushing because Brian saw Joyce playing with my dick. I told Joyce to go and get changed. I would be along shortly, I had a raging hardon to lose. I swam a couple of lengths and by that time I had returned to normal. We all met outside the changing rooms and agreed to meet tomorrow at Bev's house.

As I held back with Joyce I said: "It's a pity you have to go too. Cant you stay at my house until later"? Joyce agreed to ring her parents up and ask. We stopped off at the corner of the street and Joyce asked her mom. Her mom said until 10pm was alright. We held hands as we walked along. Occasional stopping to kiss. Brian and Bev raced on to get Bev home on time. When we got home Joyce met mom. I left them talking while I went to my room to get a shower when I got back they were laughing and joking like old friends.

Mom asked Joyce if she wanted a shower to get rid of the chlorine from the pool. She did. I showed her the shower, grabbed a quick kiss and went down stairs. Mom explained she had been called to work as one of the girls had rung in sick. She had made us a salad for tea and then left. Joyce called down for another towel as the other one was soaking wet after falling in the shower stall.

I went to the cupboard and got one, knocked on the door and a hand came through a small gap. I grabbed the hand and showered it with kisses. She laughed, "Can I scrub your back for you"? I asked. "What will mommy say if she could hear you now"? She teased. "She's not in." I eased the door open.

She hesitated, wrapping the towel around herself just as I got the door fully open. She looked great. Hair dripping, her shoulders glisten with water drops. The towel didn't cover everything. The rise of her breasts were clearly visible, she looked into my eyes with a certain uneasiness and backed away saying: "I don't think we should be here together."

I silenced her with a kiss. She responded. Slowly I moved her back against the wall until she was trapped. I put my hands around her waist and pulled her to me. Her tongue slipped into my mouth and swirled it around. I felt myself getting hard and pressed it into her belly.

She gasped. Feeling bolder I placed my hands on the rise of her breasts. She stopped for a second and then carrying on kissing me. I felt I had been given the green light. I slowly moved my hands in circles squeezing gently. She moaned. I took the edges of the towel and tried to pull it down but she held on with her elbows. "Please just the top," I begged.

I bent my head and kissed the swelling of her breasts. She held my head in position enjoying the wonderful feeling it gave her. I tried again slowly, she released her grip and allowed me to lower the towel to uncover her tits. They were great. I gently placed my hand on one and felt her shudder.

Bending my head, I kissed the nipple feeling it grow under my lips. I took the nipple in my lips and sucked. She gasped with pleasure and threw her hands to the back of my head and held it in position on her nipple. This action meant the towel slipped down to a heap on the floor. She was naked. Realizing this I stood up and looked at her body. Her legs were slightly open and as I looked down I saw a small patch of hair with a pair of lips peeping through. She looked at me, blushing, but not making a move to pull away or to cover up. I stood back, my eyes still on her and removed my T-shirt. She moved in close and rubbed her hands on my chest. I got bolder and removed my shorts and pants. She gasped as she saw my dick swing in the air pointing at her belly.

We both moved together at the same time. Wrapping our arms around each other and kissing deeply. My dick pressed against her belly. She put her hand out and gripped it gently, it jerked as she started to rub it gently. I placed my hands at the joint of her thighs and felt the soft hair that covered part of her lips. She stopped playing with me for a second and as I rubbed my fingers through the moist lips she carried on. Moving her hips towards me enjoying the new sensations that were flooding through her body.

We stayed like that for five minutes and then broke off both overwhelmed by these new feelings. I took her hands and led her into my bedroom. Joyce started to feel embarrassed as she walked into the room. Placing a hand on her crotch and the other arm over her breasts. She didn't know what to do next. I pulled her hand from her breasts and led her to the bed and we sat down. I kissed her once more but she was very nervous. I lifted the bedclothes and she jumped into bed glad for the cover. She pulled the covers under her chin and looked at me still with a hard on. She averted her eyes realizing what she had done in the shower room with me.

I pulled back the covers and joined her in bed keeping a gap between us and we started to talk about what happened. Joyce turned to me and said, "What must you think of me letting you do this the first time we met!" I looked into her eyes and saw a tear forming in the corner. I pulled her to me and cuddled her tightly saying: "You're not to blame, it took us both by surprise. But I must say you have a fantastic body and it feels so good to touch you. You're the first girl I've done this with and I'm glad we did."

"Yours was the first prick I've seen hard and it felt so silky smooth when I rubbed it. I was shocked by the size it grows to. But I did enjoy it." We lay side by side holding each other. I could just feel her nipple resting on my arm. I slowly moved my arm up and down and felt the nipple respond growing in size and hardness. Joyce realized what I was doing and smiled at me. I think she was more relaxed now because she reached over and kissed me. Doing this exposed her breasts which I quickly covered with my hand feeling the growing nipple between my fingers. She lay back in the bed and let me reach over and suck the nipple into my mouth. "Mmm that feels really nice," she murmured.

I felt my manhood growing again and soon it touched her thigh. Her hand crept down and grasped it. She had lost the feelings of doubt as she played with my balls. I rolled over on top of her and sank down to take both of her tits in my hands. She had parted her legs and I could feel the tip of my prick nestle between her moist lips. She moaned and pushed her hips up to keep the tip in contact with her lips. She placed her hand on my dick and rubbed it between her lips letting it go the full length of her secret area. I could feel the tip of my dick being tickled by the soft down of her fanny hairs and then whoosh I was coming spunk.

Spewed out of me like never before all over her pussy and belly. She pulled away when she felt the wetness of the spunk. Startled by the suddenness of me coming I pulled her down and smothered her with kisses, saying I was sorry repeatedly. Joyce simply kissed me hard on the lips to silence my apology and took my hand and rubbed her belly that was covered with my spunk. Saying "This is the sexiest thing I have ever done and it makes me tingle all over". I thought at first I had gone to far. But when I heard her say that I felt elated.

My fingers carried on down to her pussy feeling my spunk between her lips. I was getting hard again. She laid on her back and stretched her legs wide open. She was breathing

heavily. My finger found her clit standing proud from her moist lips. I flicked it gently and she gasped and thrust her hips up and down in time with my manipulations. Her lips started to pout showing me the pink flesh of her innermost being. My finger dipped into the moist honeypot. And was awash with her juices I could feel the ribbing inside her vagina entrance and I thrust two fingers deep inside at a fast pace her breathing was getting very fast and her body was jerking out of control. "Oh my god " she said in gasps. "Harder. Harder." I thrust my fingers in as hard as I could.

She lifted her hips to meet my pounding fingers probing deeper and deeper into her pussy. She screamed at the top of her voice as she finally came. Her body going into spasms. Her cheeks flushed red her legs thrashing on the bed. I slowed up and went to her clit and she grabbed my hand and held it still, unable to take any more stimulus on the blood enlarged digit. We lay like that for a few minutes as she got her breath back. She took hold of my rampant dick and held it between her soaking lips gently moving back and forward. I could feel the sap rising again and thrust it hard against her belly and letting rip with another dose of spunk which sprayed up to her tits and one lump landed on her chin. We both lay sated. After laying like that for a while in silence we went to the shower and washed each other of all the spunk and juices that had been spent in our first attempt of sex.

We looked at the time it was 8.15 pm. I helped Joyce get dressed and she looked out of the window as I got dressed. I went over to her and wrapped my arms around her waist and rested my chin on her shoulder. I kissed her neck and she turned in my arms and planted a sexy kiss on my lips. "Thank you" she said, "I feel wonderful. But we are going to have to be careful. I don't want to stop doing this but I don't want to get pregnant. Like my friend. She was 15 and her boyfriend said it was safe and she trusted him. He got her so worked up one night and they went all the way. She said it felt wonderful feeling him cum in her, but when she missed her period she started to worry when she missed her second she told her mom. They went to the doctors and did a test and she was pregnant. She lives with an aunt now until the baby has been born. "You've got to promise me never to go all the way."

I promised I would never do what he had done. She said that she had better go home now and maybe because she was early, her mom might let her out tomorrow. We had a last kiss and I walked her home. Leaving her at the gate I watched as she went in and closed the door. As I walked home I went over the events that had happened that day. With my brain in the clouds I reached my street and as I walked up to the gate a flashing light caught my eye. It was Penny's house. I saw a figure walk across the room. It was Penny. I dashed to my room and got my telescope set up. My room was dark so I thought I was safe from being seen. Focusing on the lit window I saw Penny putting some clothes into a wardrobe and generally tidying up. I watched her for about fifteen minutes then she disappeared. About ten minutes later she came back in, dressed in a robe. She had a turban on her head which she took off and started to dry her hair. Her mom came in and took over when it was dry she took a hairbrush and started to brush her daughters hair. Turning her around to do the front and when she was satisfied laid the brush down and kissed her daughter full on the lips.

I could not believe my eyes as Penny kissed her back throwing her arms around her neck. Her mother undid the robe and let it fall to the ground. Taking her daughters breasts in her hand and bending her head, kissed them all over. Running her hands down the waist and placing her hands between her thighs.

My breathing was coming in gasps. As I peered down the telescope watching Penny's mom playing with her daughters pussy. She led Penny to the bed and laid her down. "Damm" it was out of sight. I stepped back in frustration. My mind whirling with the sights I had just witnessed. The loft I thought has got a sky light. I dashed to the loft ladder and opened the hatch. Looking at the sky light, I dragged a table over to it and standing on it looked out. "I can see everything" I said out loud. Jumping off the table I ran for the telescope. Propping it up at the window my hands shaking as I focused into the room I could see penny and her mom both nude. Her mom had taken Penny's hand and placed it on her pussy while she pushed a vibrator into Penny's pussy. My prick was hurting being confined in my pants and I undid the zip and it sprang out into fresh air.

Meanwhile Penny's mom had moved between Penny's legs and had her mouth on her pussy. Her tongue darted in between the lips. This was too much for Penny and she wriggled

on the bed. Her mom pushed the vibrator at the ass of her daughter. Twisting and turning until it slowly went in. Her legs were splayed wide open now. Her moms finger pumped into penny's fanny.

"I'm home!" My God it was mom. She was climbing the stairs. I'm in the loft mom, looking at the stars. Don't come in the light will affect my eyes." My heart was racing. Her footsteps stopped and she said "Come on that's enough for tonight. Its bed time." Zipping myself up I called out "OK". Looking over to Penny's I saw they were still at it.

Climbing down to my room and putting the telescope away I vowed to look again tomorrow. Mom made a drink and we went to bed. The lights were out at Penny's. Laying in bed I thought of Joyce and wanked before going to sleep, thinking of some games we could play tomorrow. "David will you go to the shops we need bread and milk". Mom called out from the shower. "OK" pulling on my trainers I grab a bag and said "see you soon". Going out the gate I heard my name being called. Looking up I saw it was Penny. By the look of it she was going shopping too. She smiled as she caught up with me. She was looking sexy in a halter top that left nothing to the imagination and a mini skirt. She saw me stare at her tits and laughed saying. "David I do believe your blushing." I was lost for words and stammered something incoherent. We walked slowly up the street. I kept looking at her tits thinking 'I saw your mom playing with them last night wishing it was me'. "Was that a new girlfriend I saw you with last night?" I panicked. Had she seen anything from my bedroom window? "I saw you walking her home last night," she continued. "Yes I met her at the swimming pool yesterday."

"Do you look at her tits too? It looked if she had a nice pair." I was surprised at her frank talking but it seemed so natural to her. I thought to myself be honest. "She has. I think they're about the same size as yours," looking into her eyes as I spoke. She looked straight into mine and said, "Maybe we will have to check that out soon." She smiled. "Oh there's my bus, see you," and she ran to the bus stop, stopped and waved to me and got on the bus. Wow. What 's going on I thought to myself. She seems very hot stuff. I have not spoken to her much and she's so up front. I continued to muse over our conversation as I did the shopping. Wondering what she meant by checking it out soon.

Walking home I saw her mom weeding the front garden. "Hi David, how are you?" she called out. I crossed the street and stopped by the gate to her house. "Fine Mrs. Daley." I noticed she wore a clinging pair of shorts and as she stood up, you could see the groove of her sex. Nice body I mused to myself. "We are having a barbecue on Saturday. You're welcome to come if you like" she smiled as she filled the wheelbarrow with the weeds and started to move away. "Thanks maybe I will. Bye for now."

I crossed over to my house. Mom was in her cooking mood so I went in and watched the telly. The phone rang. It was Joyce. "Sorry David, I cant come over till late, my dad's got some friends coming for dinner. I'll see you about six. Got to go. See you." I was disappointed. I was looking forward to seeing her again. I went up to my room and looked around with my telescope nothing much going on. Looked over at Penny's house. Her mom was still gardening. I looked at her body. It looked good. Her husband came out and talked to her. As he left he patted her ass and she laughed. Her blouse was opened and as she bent down I could see down to her bra holding a nice pair of tits.

Penny walked down the path and pecked her mom's cheek. They stopped and talked. They both looked over to my house. And Penny's mom nodded. Penny went in, I saw her in her bedroom getting changed. As she took her bra off she walked to the window and waved to me. I ducked inside my room, my heart pounding.

I've been seen. I peeked through the side of my curtain. She was stood there playing with her tits looking straight into my room. She moved away inside the room. The phone rang. My mom called to me, "David it's for you." I took the phone. "Enjoy the view?" Penny laughed, "I saw the flash of light from your window and realized you must be spying on me." I was flabbergasted. She didn't mind! In fact she sounded as if she enjoyed it. I didn't know what to say. "I want you to come over right now," she said in a serious voice. "All right," I mumbled.

Dazed I put down the phone and told my mom I was going to Penny's. She was stood by the gate, waiting for me. Her mom had moved into the back garden. She took me through the

gate and called to her mom that we were going to her room to listen to some music. Her mom waved and carried on in the garden. She took my hand and led me up the stairs. Pushing the door to her bedroom open she sat me on the bed. "How long have you been spying on me?" she said. "Just yesterday and today," I mumbled. I looked at her standing over me. "Did you enjoy the view?" What could I say - I saw you and your mom making love? I said, "I just wanted to see your tits," trying to cover myself. Was she going to tell her mom and dad? "You mean these?" pulling up her halter top. Her breasts were free of any bra and they stood out in all their glory. I gasped as she came closer. "Touch them" she commanded.

Taking my hand she placed it on her tits and rubbed it all over. I got bolder and took the other one and massaged them. She laid on the bed next to me and pulled my head down and placed a nipple in my mouth. In the meantime my dick was rock hard. Licking the nipple and sucking it made her moan with pleasure. She reached over and squeezed the outline of my dick it seemed to grow even more. She pulled down my shorts and grasped it hard. Rubbing it very fast, she lowered her head and took it in her mouth. Just the tip at first. Then all of it was plunged into her throat. Back and forward she went, faster and faster. Suddenly she scrapped the head with her teeth. That was too much. My hips buckled. I could feel the sap rising. It came glob after glob. She licked as fast as she could until every drop was consumed.

My hand had gone down to her pussy and was finger fucking her. She grabbed my head and plunged it between her thighs. "Lick me. Lick me," she pleaded. "You mean like your mom did?" There I've said it. "Yes" she said "please do it." I placed my mouth close and put my tongue out. It didn't taste bad. I licked through her lips and found her clit sucking it out from its shelter. Flicking it with my tongue I could feel her juices flooding over my chin - she was coming. My dick was rock hard now and I seized the chance.

Raising myself up I placed my dick at the entrance to her still quivering pussy. And I pushed. It went in to the hilt. It felt so warm and tight. So goddam tight I thought as I fucked my first girl. She was responding with counter thrusts. Her quim was awash with her cum making it silky smooth. Ramming it into her as hard as I could I could feel her vagina spasm inside gripping my dick so hard pumping back and forth. "Ahhh I'm coming" I yelled. Not caring who heard. Thrust after thrust brought a new wave of spunk shooting inside her quivering pussy. I slumped on her with my prick still in her although now limp.

Breathing heavily we lay silent. Penny broke the silence by asking "So you saw me and my mom, did you?" I told her everything. She explained that they had been lovers for 2 years and her dad didn't know. "I've also done some friends at school in the showers. How about you?" I explained she was my first fuck. But I had played with Joyce the evening before but stopped short of going the whole hog in case she got pregnant. "What about me?" she said. I realized what she meant. "It's alright my mom put me on the pill two years ago." I felt relieved. "Joyce has a nice body." She said, "Does she like girls too?" She smiled, "I quite fancy her." I said I could find out. "Come on," she said, "My mom will be in shortly."

I rushed to get dressed and as I was leaving her room she squeezed my cock and said, "Do cum again," and kissed me. As soon as I got home I dived into the shower. Soaping my cock to remove the juices of our lovemaking it became hard again. Pump, pump went my hand. "David, Joyce is here," mom shouted. I called to Joyce to go in my room and put some music on. I dried myself and changed quickly. Still with a hardon I entered the room. She looked stunning. She had a jacket on. As I took her jacket I noticed her blouse was see through. No bra and those glorious nipples sticking out. I kissed her long and deep. She moulded herself to me feeling my hardon. She said, "You are pleased to see me," and gave it a gentle rub. We lay on the bed talking and kissing. It was getting dark outside and I went to the window. As I thought. Penny was in her room. Calling Joyce to the window I pointed to Penny's room and said watch. As if on cue Penny started to slowly undress. I was holding Joyce around the waist in front of me, resting my chin on her shoulder.

I whispered in her ear, "She's got a lovely body just like you." Joyce agreed. Her eyes fixed to Penny's window, taking in the sight of another girl undressing was turning her on. I pressed my dick into her ass and played with her tits. The nipples were rock hard before I touched them. Her breathing increased as Penny started to stand in the window and rubbed

her tits in a slow sexual way. Now's my chance. "Would you like to be in that room right now and watch her undressing, playing with herself?"

"Oh yes," she whispered, rubbing against my hard dick with her ass and rubbing her own pussy. "I dreamed of doing it with a girl many times," she admitted, "having her touch me in a way only women know how to." She was getting turned on. The light went out in Penny's room and I turned Joyce around and kneeled in front of her. She was still rubbing her pussy. I took her hand away from her pussy and lifted her skirt. She had a flimsy pair of panties on soaked with her cum. Pulling them down slowly I smelt the musk of her sex. She let me pry her legs apart and I placed my tongue on her lips. She jerked, but opened her legs further and I lapped between her lips. Her legs started to give way so I laid her on the edge of the bed and licked really deep.

Her pussy was red hot soaking in juices. She grabbed my hand and pushed it onto her hot box placing two fingers at the entrance I pushed up. She winced but I carried on. Putting my middle finger in deep I felt her hymen. "She's still a virgin." Wow, this turned me on more. My fingers pumped in and out. "Wait," she said, reaching for her purse. She retrieved a small thin package. It was a durex. "Put this on," she pleaded, "I want to feel you inside me." I fumbled with the package and eventually put it on. She rubbed it to her lips and took the head in her mouth. Christ she's hot. I thought. I moved into position and gently placed the tip against her soaked pussy. I started to enter her. She winced again as the thickness of my prick stretch her open. Going slowly I put more into her. Feeling her hymen I withdrew a little and plunged it deep feeling it pop on the way in. She grimaces but thrust up to me speeding up with every thrust. We kissed deeply. She wraps her legs around me and said, "Harder - let me feel it right up inside me. Fuck me!" she says in my ear.

I pounded her pussy as fast as I could. She was coming like mad. Juices running down my prick her pussy started to clamp on my prick. The sensation was too much. I spurted all of my jism into the durex. I slumped on her heaving body, kissing her nipples and along her neck. She wrapped her arms around me and said "Thank you, I wanted you to be the first." She rose of the bed and crept into the bathroom and washed all signs of sex from her body. I had taken the durex off my now limp prick and wrapping it in tissue washed it down the toilet. We sat on the bed and she said I had discovered her secret dream about sex with a girl. She explained she watched the girls at school in the showers and it always gets her hot. I promised not to tell her friend Bev or Brian as she left saying she wanted to walk home by herself to cool down. We kissed at the front door and she waved goodbye. I watched as she walked down the street. She stopped outside Penny's house for a second looking up to Penny's window. It was in darkness. She walked on.

The next day I rang Penny and asked to come over. As she walked over the street she was smiling. "Hi" she said "how's things." We went into the garden and sat on the bench. "How was the show" she laughed. "Great" I said and explained how it turned Joyce on. I also told her we had fucked and how I busted her cherry. We planned a way to get them together that night. I was feeling randy again but Penny said she wanted to save it for Joyce. Mom was working that night so I called Joyce up and told her to wear something sexy and come about 7 pm. She wanted to know what was planned, but I wouldn't let on. "It's a surprise," I said.

Penny and I went to my room to rearrange it for the big happening. Joyce arrived dead on time, Mom had already left for work. We went straight to my room. The bed had been moved into the center of the room and the floor around was clear, with the exception of a tripod. "What's going on?" Joyce said, looking around. The room was blacked out. Nothing that happened that night would be seen by anyone. I sat on her on the bed kissing her and rubbing my hands over her sexy body. "I hope you got some sexy underwear on", she smiled and said "I've pinched some of my sisters, its a real turn on." I placed my hand under her skirt and felt her pussy. It was covered by a very silky pair of panties. Probing her pussy I found bare flesh. "It's a crotchless pair," she said opening her legs to show me. Her pussy lips were showing through. "And I've borrowed a platform bra. It makes me feel sexy because my nipples are not covered." All was going to plan so far. I laid her down and started to kiss her. She responded with passion. Breaking off I asked her if she enjoyed our first time. She hugged me and said she had been on a high ever since. I asked her if she

remembered talking about Penny. She smiled and said, "I sure do, you're the only one that has found out."

"If you could be in the same room as her what would you do?" I asked. "I don't know," she said, "I would like to watch her get undressed and then undress me slowly". Her eyes were half shut as she spoke. She was rubbing her thighs together as she visualized her dream. "Lay me on the bed and kiss me all over, she continued. "Would you really like that?" a female voice came out of the wardrobe. Joyce sat up startled. Penny opened the door of the wardrobe and walked towards Joyce. Joyce sat there dumfounded. Penny reached out her hand to Joyce and pulled her off the bed. Standing in the centre of the room she realized she had been set up by both of us.

Penny drew Joyce towards her. Taking her head in her hands pulled Joyce towards her lips. Joyce was spellbound, she felt Penny's lips on hers and parted her lips as they kissed. She felt a surge go through herself as Penny's tongue snaked into hers. Letting herself go she responded to Penny's kisses. She was getting turned on big time. Penny let her hands wander over Joyce's body feeling the young breasts respond to her manipulations. Joyce's breathing was becoming harsh as she let herself be touched. Penny broke off the kiss and they stood there looking into each others eyes. I had placed a video camera on the tripod and was filming all that was going on. Joyce looked at me and said, "Wow, I don't know what to say." I said, "This is the night your biggest dreams will come true."

She broke away from Penny and gave me a kiss. It was hard and passionate. I broke off and turned her towards Penny saying "This is your lover for the night,... enjoy." Joyce looked at Penny who was starting to get undressed. Grasping her top she slowly pulled it over her head. Her breasts sprang into view. Joyce gasped as the most perfect pair of tits were uncovered, not very big but perfectly formed. The nipples were stiff from sexual stimulus. Penny carried on undressing, releasing the clasp on her skirt and slowly lowering the zip. Joyce held her breath waiting for the object of her desire to be uncovered. Letting the skirt fall to the floor Penny stepped over it. Keeping her eyes on Joyce she put her thumbs in the elastic waistband of her panties and lowered them to the ground. Joyce was trembling now with sexual excitement. Her gaze was fixed to the fuzz that barely covered Penny's sex. She could see the pearly lips of her pussy rising between her thighs. Penny walked towards Joyce. She was looking forward to undressing the object of her desire. Reaching out she undid the buttons of Joyce's blouse. Taking the blouse off she saw a beautiful pair of breasts sitting on a platform bra. The nipples were sticking out as Joyce had said. She rubbed them with her thumbs. They rose like small buttons. Reaching behind she unclasped the bra and bent her head to take a nipple in her mouth.

Joyce gasped, her head was reeling with the feeling that were becoming part of her. Penny knelt down and rubbed her fingers under Joyce's sex. She felt the moisture oozing out of the lips. Joyce collapsed on the bed overcome with desire. Penny removed the panties and joined her on the bed. Taking her in her arms she said, "I am going to show you something you will never forget." Leaning over her, she lowered her lips to Joyce's throat and traced a line of kisses to her eyes. Overcome with the emotions of the moment Joyce allowed Penny to do what she wanted. Feeling the trail of kisses descending she held Penny's head as she lowered it to her breasts. Her tongue snaked out and flicked the nipple. It rose in all its glory, reaching under the pillow of the bed she withdrew a long slim shiny object. It was her best friend. Twisting the base a whirling sound broke the silence of the moment. Placing the vibrator on the nipple, Joyce jerked at the sudden stimulation. The vibrations made her breast alive. She could feel her body responding. Snaking the tip of the vibrator over the top half of Joyce, Penny noticed her own body was tingling with lust. She was going to make love to Joyce just as her own mother had to her two years ago.

Penny stretched the full length of her body on top of Joyce. Breast to breast, thigh to thigh, moving slowly, she parted Joyce's legs so that her sex was in direct contact with hers. Joyce clung to Penny as she felt the moist dew from Penny's sex transferred to her own. Penny slowly slid down the willing body and flicked her tongue into the tiny belly button. She noticed the faint trace of down which was the start of Joyce's pubic hair. Slowly her eyes followed the trail of hair. It ended at the glistening portals of her lover's sex. Her tongue followed the same trail, stopping when it reached the swollen lips. The pungent smell

engulfed her. Her tongue traced the outline of the lips. Joyce 's body responded with a gush of fluid that streamed from her sex. Her body was shaking, her mind taken over by love. She had never felt so alive. Making love to David had been fantastic but this...

Her thoughts were interrupted as her body shook again. She was coming. Oh my god was she coming!! Penny had slid her tongue into Joyce. Parting the pouting lips she discovered the tip of Joyce's clit. Taking it between her lips she sucked it into her mouth. Releasing it and plunging her tongue deep into the now gaping pussy, she pulled the lips apart with trembling fingers and placed the whirling vibrator onto the jutting clit. She was almost thrown of the bed as Joyce reacted to the stimulus. It was mind blowing. Her body was floating in a sea of lust. Penny rubbed the vibrator into the depths of Joyce, the vibrations echoed in her most secret place taking her on to a higher plateau. She screamed as orgasm after orgasm raked her body. Penny was coming hard. She had pushed her fingers deep into her own pussy and thrashed her hand around. Putting her mouth down she drank freely all the juice's flowing from Joyce's pussy. Following the trail to the glistening rosebud of Joyce's ass, she lapped her tongue all around letting none get away. Probing her tongue into the tight little hole she tasted the acrid flavor the muscles relaxed and she was able to insert her tongue deeper.

Replacing it with the vibrator she slowly sank the first inch easily. Joyce was coming again as a new sensation washed over her now sex crazed body. Her juices flowed into the crack of her ass lubricating the pulsating shaft enabling it to go deep into her bowels. Penny drank from the flowing pussy again as she continued to thrust the vibrator deep in Joyce. She raised herself into a sitting position and placed her pussy on top of Joyce's. Grinding her sex hard against the flooding honeypot she felt the vibrations inside her own pussy. Never had sex been so good, even with her mother. The young girl under her had stolen her heart. She was in love. Both girls were totally out of it, as orgasm after orgasm flowed from them both. She withdrew the vibrator and placed her mouth on the blood-engorged lips of her lover. Screwing round she placed her own streaming pussy over Joyce's head. Joyce grabbed Penny's hips and plunged her tongue into Penny's pussy tasting for the first time the love juices of another woman and bringing her lover to another earth shattering orgasm. Both girls flopped onto the bed drained of all their lust.

David who had been filming the whole scene was flabbergasted. His own prick had come twice without any help from his hand. He looked at the two young girls holding tight to each other scared in case one broke the spell. The girls looked at David and held out their arms for him to join them on the bed. He was already naked and sporting a massive hard on. They pulled him into the middle of them. Both covered him with their sweat-covered legs. Kissing him, Joyce broke of the kiss and said, "How can I ever thank you for helping me find Penny?" I smiled and said, "After a show like that I should be thanking you."

I smiled at them both. Penny reached for my prick and taking it in her mouth sucked at the tip. Joyce kissed me deeply. I was in heaven. Penny sat on my rampant prick and lowered me into her tight pussy. I could feel the heat as I entered. I pulled Joyce onto my face and I licked the juices that were still flowing from her orgasm racked pussy.

We spent many a good time together the three of us making love to each other. When we left school Penny and Joyce moved in together as a couple. We still make love occasionally. The girls decided that their life would be complete if they could have a baby.

Joyce came off the pill and after several good sessions she became pregnant. We had a baby girl. We decided that she would be the most loved baby in the world. And she was.

Sexi Sis-in-Law

Shortly after my wife and I married, her sister came to stay with us for a few weeks before she started college. I went alone to the airport to pick her up because my wife worked days and I worked nights. Shock registered on my face when she got off the plane because I hadn't seen her for two years. She had changed from a lanky teenager into an incredibly attractive young woman, a younger version of my wife. It was a unnerving but definitely fascinating to see a younger Sally as Kelly bounded off the plane. I had met Sally when she was twenty-two, and now here was Kelly, eighteen and almost a carbon copy of Sally. She was wearing a short red miniskirt and a thin white blouse that showed off a lacy bra underneath.

Kelly ran up to me and threw her arms around me more like a lover than a relative. "A guy's been hitting on me for the entire plane ride-pretend you're my boyfriend," I gladly followed her directions. Taking her in my arms I gave her a long kiss and held her tightly against me. I was alarmed when my cock immediately started getting hard, so I pulled away. "Don't move away, he's still here." she whispered. I was tempted to slide my hand down to her ass and let it rest there, but I didn't dare. Not only were we in a very public place, but she was my sister-in-law.

"I don't blame anyone for trying to pick you up- you're beautiful"; I said as I pulled away from her. "Let's go get your luggage so I can take you home." She still had short brown hair like she did two years earlier, but I didn't remember her bright green eyes - or her knockout figure. We got her bags with very delay and started the drive home. Kelly slid over until she was sitting almost next to me on the seat. "I could feel your cock, you know. I could feel it get hard against me when we hugged. I guess Sally was right"

"Right about what?" I asked about the fine art of cocksucking, she had me so hot that I came in a matter of minutes. She couldn't swallow all of my cum, but she made a valiant effort. The truck driver blew his horn and his buddy waved as they pulled away. I decided to tease her. "Your sister can suck the entire rod with no trouble and she never lets any cum out of her mouth."

"Maybe so, but you weren't the first guy she sucked. She had a lot of practice before you came along, but I've never sucked a cock before. You've just had a virgin mouth." I was shocked at this. It had never occurred to me that she was so inexperienced. We were almost home so I had to get my pants back together and take her luggage inside, but I was very interested in what she had to say. I was also wondering if she were a virgin elsewhere. We had over three hours before Sally got home from work. It looked like a promising afternoon. "Why did you pick me to be the first in your mouth?" I asked - as we carried in her luggage. "You must have had lots of offers."

"I don't like young guys. They act like such jerks most of the time. I decided I wanted an older man to be my first lover."

"Your first lover. Are you saying that you're still a virgin?"

"Just because my sisters started screwing when they were young doesn't mean that I did. I've been saving myself for you for a long time!"

"For me? What do you mean, saving yourself for me?"

"I liked you the first time I saw you. I may have acted like a jerk, but that was only because I didn't know what I was feeling. A couple of years later, I knew I wanted you but you were so far away. Now I have my chance!" She unbuttoned the thin blouse and tossed it aside. My eyes were riveted to her bra. She has to be a 36C, just slightly smaller than Sally. "You unhook the bra" she said. "Right here in the front!" My hands were actually trembling when they touched the flesh in her cleavage, but I managed to unsnap it. My eyes were again riveted to her chest. She was beautiful. The nipples on her high, firm tits were pointing directly at me. The cock in my pants was desperately trying to point directly at her. I stood staring at her for a minute until the phone rang. It was Sally. "Oh, you're home already. I was afraid you would have an accident when Kelly was sucking your cock in the car!"

"What?" I said. "We planned this all out. She's been hot for you for years but I told her she couldn't have you until she was of age. Well, she's twenty-one now. Don't make a liar out of

me. Plow that bitch like you do me. Make her whimper. I already told your boss you won't be in to work tonight!"

"You know what Kelly's doing?" I know this wasn't very intelligent. She had just told me she knew, but my brain had an excuse for not working. Kelly had dropped to her knee and was fishing my cock out of my pants. "Tell Sally you're every bit as big as she said!" Kelly said, "Tell her what I'm doing!"

"I heard that," Sally said. "What's she doing? Stripping in front of you?"

"She already started when you called. Now she's taking my cock out and sucking it again!"

"Don't let her tire you out too much because when I get home, I'm going to join you both. Oh, I almost forgot. Don't fuck her ass. You're much too big to be the first one there. I'll bring my boss home for that. That is, I will if he ever gets his nose out of my cunt!" She hung up. It looked like the night was going to be very interesting.

I reached down and guided Kelly to her feet. My cock needed no more attention to be hard enough for her virgin cunt. "Take off your skirt," I told her. She reached behind her and unzipped it, letting it fall to her feet. She was wearing white garter belt to hold up her pale stockings. Her lace panties were more than a G-string, but not much more. She turned around so I could admire the view. It was a view worth admiration. The panties covered a perfect ass and her legs looked like they led to heaven. I kicked my pants and briefs aside, picked her up and set her on the dining room table. It was her turn for some pleasure.

I knelt in front of her and slid the tiny panties down her legs. They were soaked with anticipation. Pulling her to the edge of the table, I placed her legs over my shoulders and attacked her slit with my tongue. The taste of her pussy was delicious. It wasn't better than Sally, only different. My tongue licked all over the outside, teasing her before it entered her beautiful lips searching for her clit. Like Sally, it was easy to find the center of her pleasure. A quick flick from my tongue brought a quick gasp from her. "That's so good" she moaned. "No wonder Sally married you!"

Her legs opened wider, so wide they fell off my shoulders. I kept licking and she continued moaning. I realized she was close to orgasm, so I used my tongue like her sister had taught me. In her cunt it went and then back to the clit to suck it and then back into her slot. Over and over I switched until I felt her begin to shake. It was time to make her cum. I took her clit between my lips and flicked the end with my tongue as fast as I could. When her legs suddenly tightened around my head, trapping it, I knew she was there. I felt her hand on the back of my head, pulling it tight against her cunt. A totally uninhibited shriek was proof that I had accomplished my mission. Her orgasm was so much like Sally's that it was unnerving. Her pussy actually quivered from my touch when I kissed it. It was far too sensitive to fuck right then.

I stood up to kiss her face and let her calm down. She might have been too sensitive to be fucked, but I was more than ready. I ran my hands along her sides, carefully avoiding her breasts. This always seems to calm Sally down and it did the same for Kelly. Her breathing shortly returned to normal and her eyes were open. The smile she gave me would have melted a statue. "I never felt anything like that in my life" she said. "No one ever ate you before?" I asked. "No. A few guys played with my cunt, but they wouldn't dream of doing that. If they did I wouldn't have remained a virgin. Are you going to take me right here on the table?"

"Absolutely" I answered. "I've had a lot of meals on this table, but I've never had a virgin pussy." I took my shirt off so we were both nude. "Guide it into you" I said as I put her small hand on my swollen cock. "Feel its size so you can be prepared for its entry"

"The size scares me, but I want to take it. Just go easy with me."

I did as she asked. She guided the head of my cock to her cunt's tiny opening. I pushed but it wouldn't go in. I had never had a virgin before. This was going to be harder than I thought. I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it up and down her slit for a few minutes to get her wet again. That seemed to work. Her hand took control and aimed it at its target. "Now push" she said. I did and it went in. She must have felt a pain because she winced but when I started to pull out, she stopped me. "Push again" she said. I pushed and about four inches were in the tightest cunt my cock had ever felt. I was glad I had cum in her mouth already. If

I hadn't I surely would have cum right then. I pulled back and then pushed in another three inches. Only three more to go and she would have the entire ten inches in her.

I remembered back to the night I met Sally. She was the entertainment at a friend's bachelor party. There were eight of us there and I was the last to fuck her. Nothing slowed my entrance as I sank in her to the balls. She let out a sigh and said, "That's what I've been waiting for, one that's long and thick." I thought she meant for just that night, but she meant she had been looking for it all her life. We'd been together ever since. It was her idea to wait so long to get married. I guess she didn't believe I could love her so much after meeting her at a party like that, but she was also exactly what I was looking for. Kelly's legs wrapping themselves around my waist brought me back to the task at hand. Again I pulled back, this time almost all the way out, then I pushed forward. It went in farther, but not all the way. There was still a couple of inches to go. I was well past the location of her maidenhead, which she had assured me was broken by her vibrator. Again and again I pumped her cunt without gaining the final two inches when suddenly I felt my orgasm coming. I held still and felt my balls empty into her pussy.

"I wanted you to be the First one in my mouth... and my pussy"; my sweet coed sis-in-law said.

Her cunt was so tight that I could still feel her all along the shaft of my cock. This was all the stimulation I needed to stay hard and complete the job. I pulled back just and then moved forward. Then I did it again, each time pulling back a farther and going a more on the downstroke. Finally I sank to the hilt in her. I held still for a minute just to savor the feeling of my first virgin cunt before I began to give her what she wanted. "Now I'm going to fuck you" I said. "I thought I was being fucked" she said. "No, you've just been entered. Now you're going to get the fucking you came here to get."

For the next half hour my cock positioned her pussy like a machine. She had three more orgasms, before I gave her another dose of hot cum. This time I pulled all the way out after I came and sat on a chair. I was soaked from the effort I had put into her. It's not often I fuck a woman for over a half hour, and this had been incredibly strenuous I glanced over at her. She was still lying on the table, but now she had a beautifully satisfied look on her face. I went over and kissed her face and sat back down. "Come on, let's go to the bedroom. I want to fuck you again before that slutty sister of mine gets home" she said. She looked around in confusion. "Which way is the bedroom?"

I pointed in the general direction. Kelly was all energy but she had to pull me off the chair. Once I was standing up again I began to feel more alive. Watching the slightly swaying motion of her naked ass as she led the way brought back more life. I was trying to remember Sally's phone call. She had said I was too big to be the first one there, but she hadn't said that I couldn't have it. My cock was hard by the time we reached the bedroom just thinking of taking that beautiful ass. She turned to me and said, "This time you get on the bottom I want to try it on top." I had no problem following these instructions.

She sat on top of me, took my cock in her hand and eased it inside of her. It went in to the balls in one steady push. Once again I felt the velvet walls of her tight cunt all along my shaft. It was a completely different feeling from the loose folds of Sally's well-plowed cunt. Kelly hadn't learned to massage a cock with her cunt like her sister did, but she was so tight didn't matter. Her cunt gripped me like a vice as she slowly rode up and down on my pole. Taking full advantage of the situation, I just lay there and let her fuck me. I didn't realize how long Kelly had been on me until I heard voices from the living room. "I hope that slut doesn't think she's going to throw her clothes around like this every day she stays here. We'll have to teach her a lesson, won't we, Franky." By then they had reached the bedroom and saw us on the bed. Sally smiled when she looked at us. "Hold her tight, so Frank can take that tight ass right now!" she said. I pulled Kelly down close to me so that her ass was sticking up at an inviting angle for Frank.

His clothes were off before Sally had finished talking. "Pull out of her just a minute, so I can get my cock wet in her cunt" he said. I pulled her forward and felt myself slip out of her. Frank went in as soon as my cock cleared the way. "I can't believe how tight this cunt is," he said. I've never had anything like this."

"You mean Sally's not tight?" I said. We both laughed at this, but Sally didn't laugh at all.

"Get out of her cunt and into her ass, Frank, or you'll spend the rest of the month screwing your wife!" Frank dutifully pulled out and Kelly settled back on my cock. This time it went in easily. I held her tight so she couldn't move as Frank worked his cock against her ass. I knew the minute he started in. Her face showed the pain as he gained the advantage. "Are you okay?" I whispered in her ear. She nodded. "It would help if you were less tense," I told her. I lightly massaged her back and she did seem to relax. I could feel his cock as it struggled to get in deeper. The membrane separating the two passageways is very thin, so each of us could easily feel the other's cock. Finally he was in the entire distance. We now began to move with a rhythm that drove Kelly crazy. He would pull most all the way out as I shoved in, then I would pull back while he pushed in. We only kept this up for a few minutes before we all had orgasms, Frank first, then Kelly and finally me.

Frank pulled out and went to wash his cock so Sally could suck him to hardness again. Kelly rolled off me in total and well deserved exhaustion. Sally leaned over and kissed her. "Hi Sis, it's good to see you" she said. "It looks like you're going to be a member in good standing of our family!" The rest of the night was a series of changing partners and stuffing every opening the women had. I got hard enough to work my cock in Kelly's tight ass after watching Frank fuck Sally while she was in a 69 position above her sister. Watching Kelly's tongue lick his balls when he was completely in my wife was the stimulation I needed to take Kelly's ass. I took her on her hands and knees on the edge of the bed while I stood beside it. She didn't cry out in pain at all when I sank deep inside her on the first stroke. She just let out a moan that continued until we both came for the final time that night.

Thankfully, she's staying for almost two months. By the time she leaves, she'll be well broken in for all the studs at college.

Jim Makes Out

It had been about a year since my wife passed away. A rough year. Being a single parent is no picnic, but we managed. I have a 15 year old daughter and a son who is 13 and they have been very helpful. One thing they haven't been able to help me with, is meeting my sexual needs. When you've been married for 17 years like I was, you come to take some things for granted. Like the availability of a willing and able partner to share the joy of making love. Like I said, it had been a rough year. Until last week when things got better... and worse.

I had stayed home from work to do some things around the house that needed taking care of. Actually, it was sort of a "mental health" day rather than a vacation or legal holiday. The kids were in school, so I had the house to myself. About 9:00, I was surprised to hear the front doorbell ringing. Putting down my coffee cup, I went to answer it.

"Hi Jim. Can I come in?" It was Cindy, who had been my wife's best friend. I couldn't imagine why she had decided to pay me a visit, but I also couldn't think of a good reason not to let her in. "Sure, come on in Cindy. Want a cup of coffee?"

"That'd be great, thanks." I got her a cup of coffee and we went to the living room and sat down. I sat on the couch, she sat in my easy chair. It was a warm, late Spring day and she had on a pair of shorts and a halter top which did little to conceal the tight curves of her cute little body. Cindy is 40, but you'd never know it. She has the body of a 20 year old and she knows how to show it off. It used to bug Lana (my wife) sometimes when she'd come over in one of her special outfits, but Lana didn't have anything to worry about in the looks department herself, so it was never a real problem. Cindy has dark brown hair and brown eyes, stands about 5-5 and weighs about 115 lbs. Like I said, she has tight curves.

She seemed nervous as she opened the conversation. "I suppose you're wondering why I came over this morning."

"Well, yes, I guess you could say that."

"I need your help with a problem."

"Oh?" I was thinking to myself that she should be having this conversation with her husband Bob, but she anticipated that. "Bob can't help me with this problem. In fact, he's the problem, or at least part of it."

"Sounds to me like you need a marriage counsellor."

"Bob would never go. And besides, we can't afford it right now."

"So, how do you think I can help?"

"Well, " she paused, seemingly to work herself up to the point of making some startling statement, "I want you to help Bob perform better sexually."

The temperature in the room seemed to rise about ten degrees. It was so quiet that the fly buzzing in the window across the room seemed very loud. I looked at Cindy, but she was looking at her hands which were folded at her knees. "In what way?"

"Bob doesn't believe a man should perform oral sex on a woman, though he doesn't mind asking me to perform it on him."

"You're kidding." I'd heard of guys like that, but I never would have suspected that Bob was one of them. Bob and I had always gotten along well, though I wouldn't say that our relationship had been as close as Cindy and Lana's had been. To buy some time, I went to get more coffee. I was feeling a little light headed. What a bombshell. Bob wouldn't give her head. I supposed that she just wanted me to talk to him about it, try to convince him of the error of his ways.

I returned to my seat on the couch and flinched inwardly as Cindy moved to join me. She pulled her long, shapely legs up under her and twisted to face me. "Does he satisfy you in other ways?"

"Sort of. He does OK in the stamina department and I have orgasms most of the time. But it's very frustrating to hear about other women whose husbands and boyfriends give head when mine won't. We argue about it more and more now. We haven't had sex for about a month."

"Why come to me about this? Bob must have closer friends." "Jim, Lana was my best friend. We shared everything with each other. She knew about Bob's reluctance and she wanted to tell you about it, but I wouldn't let her. She also told me what a wonderful lover you were and how she had multiple climaxes every time you two got it on. She especially used to tell me how much she enjoyed it when you gave her head. Did you really used to do it for an hour at a time... until she begged you to stop because she couldn't stand the pleasure any more?"

"I didn't put a stopwatch to it Cindy," I chuckled, a little embarrassed at Cindy's knowledge of what I had thought to be private matters, "but I know she liked that, and I used to really enjoy giving her pleasure in that way. Damn, I miss that woman."

I looked down at the carpet and thought about all the great times Lana and I had enjoyed in the sack. We both liked to fuck and we did it as often as possible. I knew of some marriages where after the kids came along, the wife would lose interest in sex. Not Lana. In fact, the day she was killed, she was on her way home to meet me for a little "afternoon delight." Unfortunately, a drunk driver put an end to my beautiful wife and our wonderful marriage. Still, whenever I thought of Lana and the good times we had, my prick would spring to life and I would get a powerful urge to go and jack off just to relieve the pressure. Usually, I resisted.

I was startled from my reverie when Cindy moved to me and put her arms around my neck, pulling my head to her chest. "I miss her too, Jim. Can you help me?"

I looked up into those huge eyes of hers and whispered yes. I still can't explain what happened next, but suddenly our lips met, my arms went around her, and we were kissing. Not the way friends kiss, but like lovers. Soon our tongues got into the act and we each began a slow, passionate exploration of the other's mouth. Almost on cue, we both broke the kiss.

"I need you to do more than talk to Bob," Cindy whispered breathlessly. "I'm as hot blooded as Lana was, Jim. A month without any sex has me just about headed for the loony bin. Please Jim, go down on me." By this time, my cock was about ready to rip through the fabric of the shorts I was wearing and my balls had taken over my brain. Not having had sex for a year, I nearly ripped her clothes off right there and fucked her brains out. I did have the self-discipline remaining to escort her to my bedroom, however, and we were soon naked on my large, lonely, king size waterbed, where we resumed kissing and each began a gentle anatomy survey. "What a cock you have, Jim. It's even bigger than Bob's."

"I thought it was my tongue you were after, not my cock."

"I'm hoping to get some of each."

"All in good time, Cindy, all in good time. First, let's have a look at you," I smiled as I pulled away from her to examine her nude form. She smiled back and seemed to enjoy my visual inspection as she moved this way and that to show her body to its best advantage. I just loved the way her tits rode high on her chest, refusing to flatten out even though she was laying on her back. Her nipples were large and hard, sticking straight up from the base of her comparatively small and very dark areolas. Her narrow waist and flat tummy lead down to a set of perfectly shaped hips and long, handsomely formed legs. I did see one small problem however. "I think that I can see one reason why Bob is a little reluctant to go down on you," I said, pointing to the thick, heavy thatch of pubic hair at the junction of Cindy's thighs. "One of the secrets of good male to female oral sex, in my humble opinion, is a trim pubic patch, or better yet, no pubic patch at all. Don't go away, I'll be right back."

I quickly dashed into the master bath and returned with my barbering tools, remembering activities which had become almost a ritual for Lana and me. "Didn't Lana tell you that I used to keep her nice and neat down there?" I asked as I arranged everything to my satisfaction.

"Yes she did, but I never really believed her. Are you planning to shave off all of my pussy hair?"

"No. Just the hair that gets in the way of good oral sex. Actually, it's not that much more than many women do in order to wear those string bikinis."

She was very cooperative as I arranged a towel under her ass and used a scissors to clip away her thick, dark bush until only a short stubble remained on the area I intended to shave. The other area, at the very top of her pubic mound, I trimmed only slightly for the sake of

neatness. Then, after using a warm, wet washcloth to moisten the area to be shaved, I applied a thick coating of a special shaving jell for sensitive skin and went to work with my razor. When I was finished, she had a tiny patch of pubic hair left on the top of her mound, but the rest was as bare and smooth as a baby's butt.

I placed a mirror in front of her pussy and let her have a look at my handwork. I also got rid of the towel and my tools while she conducted her inspection. "Wow," she exclaimed, "This is the first time I've ever really taken a look at myself down there." She worked the folds of her pussy open with her fingers to examine herself more closely. Her inner lips were swollen with excitement and protruded beyond the thick outer lips. I began to massage the area with a special, soothing, oil. Cindy laid back on the bed and moved her hands out of my way, giving me complete access. Finishing the massage with some gentle strokes to both sets of pussy lips, I removed the towel and got ready for the job at hand, or should I say mouth.

I spread her legs as far as they would go, pushing her knees back a little, and placed myself between them. She had a beautiful cunt, and she was hot for a good fucking. Leaning forward, I planted a light kiss right at the top of her pubic mound, then, moving down, I bypassed the seat of her pleasure and began to lightly kiss and lick the insides of her thighs, switching from one side to the other, bathing my senses in the silken feel of her skin, the taste of her light perfume, the odor of sexual excitement pouring from her frothy cunt.

Placing my hands under her ass, I gently lifted her bottom off the bed and began to kiss those firm globes, occasionally nipping them lightly with my teeth. She was trembling with excitement and, I believe, a little frustration. She wanted my mouth on her box. I wanted her to wait for it so as to enjoy it more later and so I continued to tease her. "C'mon, Jim," she moaned, "don't tease me like that."

"Like what?"

"You know what I want... please."

"Tell me what you want. Be specific. I want to hear you say it." She was breathing hard and her hips were undulating slightly as she sought to press her pussy into my face. She did not want to say the words, but I was determined to make her say them. I continued to kiss and nip the area all around her now superheated sex flesh with out contacting it directly.

"Lick me," she moaned. I licked the inside of her thigh. "Nooo... lick my... lick... lick my..."

"Lick your what Cindy?"

"Lick my... pussy," she gasped. I immediately moved my mouth over her gash, which was now leaking a steady trickle of thick feminine lubricant which crawled slowly down her ass crack from the base of her pussy, leaving a shiny trail across her tightly puckered back door. The strong, musky flavor of her sex was like a narcotic for me, and one which I had gone too long without. I began to slowly, but very firmly, massage her major labia with my tongue, working first one side and then the other. Cindy liked this very much, which she indicated by pushing her hips up off the bed to increase the pressure. I continued the tongue massage for a few minutes and then switched tactics, taking as much of one of her thick outer pussy lips into my mouth as possible and then sucking on it. The thick flesh, so recently devoid of pubic hair, was newly responsive, and taking it between my lips also caused me to come into contact with the super sensitive inner surface of her major labial folds with my lips and tongue which I worked vigorously back and forth as I sucked.

Cindy began to make an almost pitiful mewling sound from deep in the back of her throat. I thought she was going to come right there and I hadn't even gotten to her clit yet. The scene reminded me so much of the many times I had done this to Lana that I almost began to weep.

Cindy's eyes were shut tight and she had grabbed two handfuls of bedspread. Her hips were in almost constant motion now, making it a real challenge for me to stay with her. Her breathing was ragged between clenched teeth as her first orally induced orgasm approached.

I was still working her outer lips one at a time, sucking them into my mouth, pulling them away from her crotch, causing her to lift her hips off the bed to stay with me, working them with my tongue. Meanwhile, I was also using the index finger of my right hand to very gently caress the outer edges of her inner labia, very carefully avoiding her clit. Her own juices and my saliva had combined to make a real swamp out of her pussy. A small puddle was

forming on the bed beneath her ass. I was wallowing in the taste and smell of feminine flesh, and her moans became a symphony of sexual thirst.

She was squealing her pleasure now, her head moving from side to side on the pillow. In between squeals she was mumbling about how good it felt and how close she was to coming.

Replacing my finger action with my tongue, I switched tactics and began to run my tongue quickly and lightly all around her inner pussy lips, brushing her clitoral ridge, without touching the hypersensitive tip, on each pass. Occasionally, I would use the flat of my tongue to lick the slick flesh between those inner lips and the thicker outer lips, using my fingers to expose the area I was attacking with my mouth. She began to come, her whole body tensing into something like the rictus of death, then relaxing, then tensing again as wave after wave of pleasure overtook her. As soon as I felt her start to come, I immediately began to flick the head of her very erect, very large clitoris with quick strokes of the tip of my tongue. Cindy screamed as her pleasure sensors overloaded. I was glad the windows were closed or else the whole neighborhood would have been able to hear her.

My experience as a pussy lick told me when to back off a little and let her come down, still maintaining contact with my tongue and lips, but avoiding direct contact with her clit for the moment, noting that it had retracted back into its folds of skin, though the flesh was still firm and erect underneath its protective covering. Her body was still undulating, though not with the force of a few moments ago. Her hands were caressing my head, her fingers running through my hair. She apparently thought I was done. Boy was she ever wrong.

I looked up at her and discovered that she was looking down at me from between her high, proud, breasts, a dreamy smile of sexual satisfaction on her face. "Wow, Jim. That was the most incredible thing I've ever experienced."

"Well, I'm a little out of practice, but thank you anyway. Now lay back and relax. I'm not done eating yet."

"Not done? I must have come six times already. You mean there's more?"

"Lana wasn't kidding when she told you these sessions lasted a long time. I am a man who really enjoys going down on a woman, particularly a woman who tastes as good as you."

Without waiting for a response, I began once again to massage her outer pussy lips with my mouth, but this time, I added something new. Using the index and middle fingers of my right hand, I probed the depths of her vagina, pressing upward, searching for what I knew would be there, and finally finding it; the little knot of flesh buried beneath her vaginal roof, better known as the Grafenberg Spot. I was sure that she had never been given a g-spot orgasm before, and I meant to show her what that experience was like. I was also hoping that she shared a trait with my late wife, who had been a prolific female ejaculator.

Finding her g-spot, I began palpating it with my fingertips, pressing firmly into the hard knot of flesh. Meanwhile, I was using my tongue to firmly, yet gently, caress the area along either side of her clitoral ridge, thus stimulating her in two powerful ways at once. "Oh, Jim... that's good. What are you doing... I've never felt anything like this... Oh yeah... finger fuck me... lick my clit... make me come..." Cindy began moaning and mumbling snatches of words and phrases like these as I once again pushed her up the ladder towards orgasm.

Continuing the finger action inside, I began to lick as much of her pussy as I could reach outside, pausing to spend a little time at her clit and a little time probing the opening of her little piss hole right at the top of her vaginal opening. Within moments, it seemed, though it must have been about four minutes or so, she was at the edge of a mind shattering g-spot orgasm. I suddenly felt the inside of her pussy clamp down hard on my fingers just as her piss hole began to push itself inside out, opening wide and spurting a jet of womanly fluid into my waiting mouth. I clamped my mouth over the opening and continued to work her g-spot, milking her of her come, not a drop of which escaped me. Spurt after spurt of the thick, opaque fluid streamed past my lips. This was a taste I had missed, and once again I nearly wept at the memories it brought back. I drank greedily, like a hungry newborn at its mother's breast. Working her pussy until I had drained her dry, I slowly removed my fingers from her still weakly clenching vagina and licked off the thick coating of her lubricant which had accumulated on them. Giving her pussy a last, lingering, sucking, kiss, I moved from

between her legs to lay beside her panting form on the bed. I placed my hand over her pubic mound and gently massaged the entire area.

"I take it that you have never had your g-spot probed?" Still catching her breath, she managed both a smile and a comment, "You can say that again. Jim, I've read about the g-spot, but reading and experiencing are two different things. For just a moment I thought I was pissing into your mouth, but I was too far gone to care. I didn't piss on you, did I?"

I laughed. "No, you didn't piss on me. You came. You ejaculated, to use the clinical term. Not every woman can do that. Lana could, and I didn't know if you could or not. You can have a g-spot orgasm without shooting your come, but I was hoping you would be a shooter. I just can't get enough of that stuff."

She rolled onto her side facing me and began to lick the excess pussy juices from my face, finishing with a long, deep kiss. "Now it's your turn," she said, smiling mischievously.

"You don't have to do this you know," I said, not wanting to make her feel like I had gone down on her with quid pro quo in mind. "I'd be perfectly happy just to fuck that beautiful pussy of yours."

But she was already arranging herself on the bed, positioning her head over my crotch, her eyes taking in the size of my throbbing erection. She turned her head to look up at me and she smiled. "I want to. I never said I didn't enjoy giving Bob head, I just said I wanted him to give me some too. You're not forcing me to do anything, and believe me, if I didn't want to, nothing could make me suck this monster of yours," she laughed.

Turning back to my cock, she planted a warm, wet, kiss right on the head, letting her tongue run around the smooth surface and collecting the shiny dab of pre-come which had collected at the tip. She let the head of my cock slide between her lips and worked her tongue into the pisshole. She grasped and stroked my shaft with one hand while her other softly caressed my balls.

Lifting her mouth off my cockhead for a moment, she adjusted her position so that she was kneeling between my legs. Then, grasping the base of my cock just below my balls firmly in her right hand, she pointed the shaft straight up at her mouth and began one of the most fantastic blowjobs I have ever received.

I groaned as I felt her warm, wet, mouth slide back over the head of my cock. She stopped there for a moment, scrubbing the smooth surface with her tongue, allowing saliva to accumulate until it was escaping her lips and running down the length of my shaft. Using her spit as a lubricant, she began to take more and more of my cock in her mouth, working it in with short but slow strokes.

I watched in fascination as more and more of my manhood disappeared. Soon, I felt the head of my ten inch dick touch the soft flesh at the back of her mouth and I saw her change the angle of her head and neck slightly. I guessed what was coming next, but it still didn't prepare me for the sensation I was about to experience for the first time. Lana had never taken my entire shaft in her mouth. She just hadn't been able to do it, no matter how she tried. I hadn't minded, of course, because the other things we did to each other were so pleasurable. Still, I had always wondered how it would feel to have a woman swallow my cock to the root. I was swiftly finding out.

She didn't pause once she began the final descent over my cock. I felt the head of my shaft pass the back of her mouth and slide, seemingly without effort, into her throat. I could just make out the outline of my cock as its head entered her neck. Soon, her face was pressed against my pubic bone and she held it there, her tongue, lips, and throat muscles working together to cause shockwaves of pleasure to race through my nervous system.

Needing to come up for air, she slowly slid back up the shaft until the head popped out of her mouth, a thick string of saliva connecting it to her glistening lips. She looked up at me with a shit-eating grin on her face. "Did you like that?"

Not waiting for any reply, she confidently returned the head of my cock to her mouth swallowed my entire length in one, long, smooth, stroke. She was in no hurry about it, her strokes were each exactly alike. Long smooth descent, pause at the bottom while her throat muscles worked the head and shaft of my cock, long, slow ride back to the top until only the head of my throbbing member remained in her hot oral cavity. I don't know how I stood it for as long as I did, but it seemed that the pleasure went on for some time before I felt the

pressure in my balls building up to the exploding point. She sensed this too, because she suddenly pulled her mouth off my cock and sat up on the bed, her hands still holding and stroking my shaft, shiny with her spit.

"I want you to come in my throat and in my mouth, Jim. I want you to fuck my face."

Once again she did not wait for my response, but quickly moved to the edge of the bed and sat up, her feet dangling over the side. It took a moment for the import of her actions to get through the lust fogging my brain, but eventually I figured it out and got off the bed, moving to stand with my cock suspended like a thick, fleshy sword in front her face. She grasped my shaft with both hands and pulled it to her mouth, which opened wide to accommodate the massive head of my cock. She was leaning forward slightly, thus creating a straight tube out of her mouth and throat. Cindy reached her arms around my hips and pulled me in all the way without hesitation; my balls resting lightly against her chin as I penetrated her to the base of my cock. Her face was buried in my crotch and she pressed her lips hard against my pubic bone, her throat and tongue working me over all the while. She moved her head from side to side like a dog playing with a slipper. Wet, sloppy sounds were coming from the junction of our bodies.

I didn't know how she was able to stay down so long without coming up for air. It seemed like an eternity before she began to pull back, revealing the shiny, spit coated shaft of my cock as it emerged little by little from her oral cavity. She grasped it by the base as she removed it completely, once again remaining connected by a thick strand of saliva. She looked up at me with a smile, once more.

"Now, Jim. When I take you in this time, I want you to stroke your cock in and out of my throat just like you would if you were fucking my pussy. I'm going to be playing with my clit and if I'm lucky, we'll both come at about the same time. Bob and I do this all the time and I usually reach orgasm right about the time he shoots his load. Don't worry about how I'm doing, just concentrate on your own feelings, o.k.?"

Without waiting for a response from me, she pulled my now nearly aching member back into her waiting, willing, mouth and swallowed it once more. True to her word, I noted that one of her hands had buried itself in her crotch, her fingers working her pussy in time to the gentle stroking I was giving her mouth.

I took her head in my hands and started a slow, in and out fucking motion, not wanting to start to fast, enjoying the sensation of having my entire 10 inches engulfed on each pass in and out of her sexy mouth. Pretty soon, though, my lust took over and I began to stroke faster, which caused her to speed up her clit stroking as well. Now she was groaning, as was I, and her groans caused vibrations to move up and down my cock, adding to my pleasure. Saliva was running from both corners of her mouth and dripping down onto her tits, leaving a shiny trail between them.

I felt my balls start to tighten and I knew that my orgasm was close at hand. It had been a month or more since I had jerked off last, so I knew that this was going to be a real blast when it came. She sensed my closeness to climax as well and she provided one final trick to bring me over the edge. Using the ample lubricant provided by the saliva leaking from her tightly stretched lips, she thoroughly coated the index finger of her right hand and proceeded to push that finger past the portal of my anal sphincter, gradually working it deep inside my rectum until she found what she was seeking.

My pleasure had increased as I felt her slide that wet finger into my ass, but I stayed in control until she found the pleasure button buried deep inside that forbidden passage. At the first pressure of her finger on my prostate, I slammed my cock deep into her throat and began to come; great spurts of hot, thick sperm gushing down her throat. I could see her throat muscles working to swallow the load. I pulled back to give her a taste as her mouth continued to work me over. She was coming too, her left hand a blur as she stroked her clit. She had pulled her finger from my ass and was using her right hand to stroke more sperm from my cock as her mouth continued to receive blast after blast of my frothy produce. As our orgasms began to subside, I slid my still erect cock into her throat one last time, letting her swallowing action milk the last drops of semen from my rapidly emptying balls.

"That was incredible, Cindy," was all I could manage as my now softening cock plopped from her mouth. I flopped back on the bed, temporarily spent by my powerful climax. "Thank

you." "You're welcome," she said as she licked a few stray drops of come from her lips and crawled up to join me on the bed. "Still want to fuck me, or did I wear you out?" I recognized the playful, teasing tone in her voice and responded in kind.

"Just give me a minute and I'll give you all the pussy pounding you can stand. Remember, you're talking to a guy who's cock hasn't seen the inside of a pussy for over a year."

I got up from the bed and went to the kitchen to get us each something to drink. As I was getting a couple of cold ones from the fridge I reflected on what had just transpired. Reflected in some disbelief. I had just exchanged oral orgasms with the wife of a friend. Not a good friend, but a friend none the less. Guilt? I was feeling some.

The next moment I was feeling something else. A warm, definitely female, body pressed against my back and two arms reaching around my front to take possession of my cock and balls with gentle hands. My cock was almost instantly erect. Rational thought quickly fled as Cindy's nimble fingers swiftly stroked me to throbbing fullness.

"I got lonely and thought I'd see what you were up to," Cindy giggled, continuing to caress my cock and balls. "Mmmm, I'm glad. I like what you're doing, but I've got a better idea," I replied, setting the soda cans on the counter and momentarily disengaging myself from her pleasurable embrace.

I turned to face her, planting a long kiss on her upturned mouth. "Let's do it right here, right now," I said breaking the kiss. She responded by moving to the counter and leaning over it, presenting me with a great view of her ass and the pouting pussy my cock was so eager to enter.

And, applying a little spit to the head of my sex sword, I notched it between those slick, newly shaven pussy lips and inserted the whole thing in one long stroke. Cindy groaned with pleasure as she felt the last inch push home. She ground her hips against my belly in a slow, sensuous circle. Man... that pussy felt great as she gripped my cock, using her interior vaginal muscles to work my more sensitive surfaces. Having gone without for so long, you might expect that I came close to shooting right on the spot. Amazingly enough, though it felt great, I knew that I was going to last a long time, probably thanks to the terrific blow job I'd just enjoyed. I settled down to a nice, easy stroke and prepared to go the distance. Cindy had other ideas.

"C'mon Jim, fuck me harder. My pussy's like a firecracker and its gonna blow any second!"

Grabbing her hips, I increased my pace and began slamming my cock to the depths of her soaking wet cunt as hard as I could. She helped, pushing back as hard as she could as I stroked her velvety tunnel. We were both breathing in grunts and squishing, slapping noises filled the kitchen. I lubbed her asshole with some butter from the kitchen counter and started finger fucking her back door, eventually working two fingers all the way to the last knuckle. With my fingers buried in her ass, I could feel my cock sliding in and out of her tight, hot, pussy. It felt good to stroke myself while I was stuffed in her to the balls. She was loving every minute of it. She had one hand between her legs stroking her clit for all she was worth, occasionally reaching back to stroke my slick, wet, cock as I continued to plumb her depths. We were blind to everything around us, concentrated on our individual and combined pleasure, fucking for all we were worth. Cindy was coming continuously, her contractions rippling up and down the length of my pistoning hardness.

What a sight I was being treated to. Cindy's beautifully formed ass, her newly shaved pussy split by my glistening cock, my butter coted fingers sliding back and forth through her widely stretched back door. Even though I had come once already, I felt the beginnings of a second orgasm as a tingling sensation in my balls.

The kitchen was filled with the sounds of sex, our bodies slapping together in a rhythm as old as human existence, the moaning of our mutual pleasure, the gasping for breath as we labored to bring each other to higher and higher peaks of ecstasy. Each moment that our lovemaking lasted made me realize how much I missed the joy of sharing physical pleasure with another human being.

Sensing that her orgasms had slowed for the moment, I slowed my pace somewhat as did Cindy, allowing us to both catch our breath for a bit. "Jim, your cock is doing fantastic things to my pussy, but I'm getting a little uncomfortable here. How about if we go back to the bedroom and finish this."

"Great idea Cindy. You've really got a fantastic cunt, by the way. I can't believe how tight you are, particularly after having four kids," I said, pulling my still raging hardon out of her claspng passage. Cindy turned to me and we embraced, exchanging a long, probing kiss, my cuntjuice covered cock sliding around on her sweaty abdomen.

"Let's get to the bedroom Jim. Bring the butter too." I could only hope that she meant what I thought she did by that last comment. She didn't wait to see what I would do, but headed straight back to the bedroom. Grabbing the butter dish, I followed, lured by the sight of that luscious ass and what I knew was hidden between those tight cheeks. The area between her thighs was covered with a shiny coating of her juices, as was her ass where the butter had smeared from my digital-anal attack. I couldn't wait to find out what would happen next, and it wasn't even lunch time yet.

Reaching the bedroom ahead of me, Cindy crawled up on to it on all fours, pointing her incredible ass directly at me as I entered the room carrying the butter dish and an enormous erection. Her pussy lips, coated thickly with the evidence of her lust, were red and swollen - mute testimony to her excitement. Without saying a word, she lowered her head and shoulders to the bed, and, reaching back with both hands, spread her ass cheeks as far apart as she could which gave me a clear view of not only her very delicious looking cunt, but the puckered rosebud of her anus as well, glistening with a coating of butter from its recent finger reaming.

Stepping up to the bed, I took a large quantity of soft, creamy butter and began to further lubricate Cindy's backdoor. She moaned with pleasure as my fingers rimmed the edge of her anal opening and then gently slid inside carrying a good portion of lubricant with them. One, two, then three fingers disappeared into Cindy's clenching rear entrance as she groaned her approval of the invasion. I began to slowly stroke my fingers in and out of the tight opening as she moved her hips back and forth pushing herself onto my probing digits. She moaned in protest when I finally removed my buttery fingers from her now relaxed asshole.

"Don't worry Cindy, I'm going to put something much more interesting than my fingers there in just a moment," I said as I scooped up more butter and began to thoroughly coat my throbbing cock. "Are you ready for my cock?"

"Are you kidding? If you don't get that cock in my ass pretty soon, I may go crazy just thinking about it."

Not wishing to prolong her agony, and definitely wanting to feel myself enveloped by her backside, I moved closer to Cindy, placing the very tip of my butter coated cock at the entrance to her anal portal. For a moment or two I enjoyed the site of my cock poised to invade Cindy's most secret passage and I gave her a little rim job with the head... just a tease for what was to come. Feeling my cock at her entrance, Cindy began to push back, seeking to be impaled upon my manhood.

Grasping the slippery shaft firmly in one hand, I began to slowly push forward into the tight ring of muscle which formed her anal opening, watching carefully as it began to stretch to accomodate me.

Even though I had liberally greased her entrance, and my cock was also coated with a large quantity of slippery stuff, and, having just probed her back channel with three fingers, there was still quite a lot of resistance to this new invasion. I heard Cindy's breathing increase as I attempted to push past her initial barrier. I saw the opening continue to stretch, the wrinkles smoothing out as she began to accept the huge cock pushing into her. Suddenly, and to the relief of both of us, her anal mouth slipped over the ridge at the head of my cock, leaving only the smooth shaft to come behind.

I paused for a moment, giving us both a chance to adjust to the new situation. I could feel the heat of her insides and the fluttering, clenching, massaging action of her rectal muscles on the head of my cock. I nearly came on the spot, which would have ruined the experience for both of us, but somehow summoned the willpower to hold back. I didn't push forward again until I felt her push back with her hips as she signaled her desire for more penetration. Neither of us spoke, but the sound of our breathing, and the moans of mutual satisfaction said volumes.

Slowly, slowly, just portions of an inch at a time, my steely shaft dissappeared into her asshole, which was pushed in by the pressure of the penetration. It seemed hot in the room

now and I could see beads of sweat forming on Cindy's back and feel it forming all over my body.

Cindy let go of her ass cheeks for a moment, and reaching back between her legs, used her hands to tell her how much cock was left outside her ass. It was about three inches. Putting her hands and arms back on the bed for leverage, she suddenly pushed back firmly, and gasped loudly as she impaled herself on the last few inches of my cock. My balls were now resting against the slick skin of her naked pussy, my thighs pressing tightly against hers, my cock completely engulfed. Holding my position deep inside her, I began to use my p.c. muscles to make my cock twitch, which brought an immediate reaction from Cindy. She responded by rhythmically clenching her rectal tissues around my cock, massaging its entire length with her warmth.

What incredible sensations we were both experiencing, and I hadn't even started to stroke yet. "Oh, God, Jim, your cock feels so good in my ass. I never knew it could be this way." With a thrill, I realized that I was taking her anal cherry. "You mean this is your first ass fuck?"

"Yes, Jim, you're the first to have me back there. Bill has asked about it before, but until today, I never realized that it could be anything but painful. Now, let's quit talking and get down to some serious butt banging." Wasting no time, I began to pull back, unsheathing my cock, watching as the flesh which had been pushed in on my insertion began to move in the other direction, exposing some of the pink interior of her back door. I pulled back slowly until only the head of my cock was contained, and then began to slowly, but not as slowly as at first, push the entire length back inside. Again and again I repeated the procedure, establishing a rhythm and picking up speed gradually until I was poling her with my entire length with a speed and force that pleased both of us.

Cindy began to use her hands to play with her pussy, stroking her clit and plunging several fingers in her empty cunt hole, increasing the pressure on my cock. I gripped her hips in both hands and began to increase the force and speed of my thrusts, watching as though hypnotized as my long, greasy, prick easily slipped in and out of that tight opening.

Cindy began to cum first, her fingers a blur as she stroked her clit. My first clue was the sudden clamping down by her anal ring around the base of my cock as the first wave of her orgasm struck. Clench, unclench. Clench, unclench. Her insides alternately grabbed and released me as her climax rolled through her body. I doubled my efforts, seeking my own release, and soon I was slamming into her ass, glad for the abundance of lubricant which enabled me to fuck Cindy's butt with abandon. She became even more wild, and I began to have trouble staying in the saddle. Feeling the beginnings of my own climax, I shortened my strokes and tightened my grip on her hips, driving toward what I felt was going to be the most powerful orgasm I had yet experienced.

Then, it was upon me. My balls twitched and I buried my entire length into her clenching, gripping asshole and held it there as my sperm began to spew. She came again, feeling the heat of my injection, and her muscle action was all that was required to milk my balls. After the first several spurts, I began to fuck again, my slimy produce adding to the slipperiness of her back channel, and my cock continued to jerk - pouring forth more and more come. There was so much that it could not be contained by her asshole and it began to leak out, running down over her pussy and dripping to the bed. I couldn't stop cumming. Even after my balls were drained dry, my cock stayed hard and I could feel the contractions of muscles which were trying to ejaculate semen which just wasn't there. My vision blurred, and for a moment I felt like I was going to black out. Then the moment passed and I was aware that Cindy had been powerfully moved as well, her ass still clasping the remains of my erection firmly within her liquid depths.

Cindy fell forward and I fell with her, and we lay on the bed together, my cock still embedded in her ass. We rolled on our sides and my gradually softening member began to withdraw until finally, the action of her rectal tissues forced it out completely and it plopped wetly against her thigh. I held Cindy close in my arms, nuzzling and kissing the back of her neck and her shoulders, my hand reaching around her body to gently stroke her belly and breasts. Our breathing was still somewhat labored from our exertions, and I could feel Cindy's body still shaking and quivering in the aftermath of her powerful orgasms.

Looking over her shoulder, I noted what appeared to be a tear crawling down her cheek. A stab of fear penetrated my guts at the thought that I might have hurt this beautiful woman who had given me such intense pleasure. "Cindy. Cindy. Are you all right," I asked turning her to at least partially face me. "Yes, Jim. I'm OK. I'm crying because I've never felt as much pleasure as you've given me today. I'm crying because we may have started something that will be hard for us to control or stop. I'm crying because I have to go home to Bill now, and I know that he'll be able to tell that something is different. I don't know what's going to happen then. Just hold me, Jim, please."

Her words cut through me like a knife. By losing control of myself, had I caused heartache to another? Had I let my own needs and the sorrow of my own loss spoil the future for Bill and Cindy? One part of me hated Bill for not meeting the needs of this beautiful woman I was holding in my arms so tenderly, just moments after having pounded her nearly senseless with my manhood. Another part hated was disappointed with me for letting things go so far. The optimist within me said that things would all work out, somehow. And it wasn't even lunchtime yet.

Cindy extracted herself from my embrace, standing next to the bed, looking beautiful, a 'just fucked' expression on her flawless face. She was smiling, in spite of her tears, as she looked down at me. "You're a mess, Jim, and so am I. Can I use your shower?"

"Of course you can. Lots of clean towels and washcloths in the linen closet." "Aren't you coming with me?" My stomach did a flip. "Do you think that's a good idea?"

"Why not? Jim, we can't deny what's happened between us. We've always been attracted to one another. Don't try to tell me you never fantasized about what it would be like to make love to me even while Lana was alive." I couldn't deny the truth of her words, and didn't attempt to protest further. But I didn't move off the bed either.

"Come on, Jim, let's go clean up and then we can decide what we're going to do about Bill."

She reached out to me with her well manicured hands and favored me with one of her room lighting smiles. I melted inside and once more refused to think about consequences. Taking her hands in mine, I stood before her and we looked at one another for a moment. Then, we kissed. Not passionately, but tenderly, affectionately, like lovers. My arms were around her and I molded her body to mine, feeling her breasts press into me, her nipples still firmly erect, her passion still smoldering - but not out.

We broke the embrace by mutual consent and proceeded to the shower. What happened there and later is another story.

Anal Adventure

It had been a few days since I heard from Sally. Our initial sexcapades had been intense. I was getting hard just thinking about them. My wife had to head out of town to finish a contract with a customer, so it left me alone. The pool was nice, nude swimming was a favorite on mine.

The phone woke me out of my daydreaming. "Hello." I said. "Hey! What's up?" Mark said on the other end. "Not much, just hanging." "Linda gone?" He asked. "Yea, for a few day."

"Well, Sally and I were thinking of stopping by and having some fun in your pool. Do you mind?"

"Not at all. I have a few beers in the fridge. Come on over. There is plenty of space." I answered back. "Sally suggested we pack and overnight bag. I have to head to the office for a few hours tomorrow, but I can come back. Since you and Sally are off, maybe we can make a weekend out of it?"

"Sure... Sounds good to me," I said before I thought about it. "Great, we'll be over in an hour." Mark said hanging up the phone. My mind was running. The thought of seeing Sally again had my dick rising quickly.

They arrived and Sally didn't even say a word to me. What happen, I thought? Mark already had his bathing suit on and he told Sally to get hers on. She went to my bedroom to change while Mark and I broke into the beer and made idle chat. A few minutes later, Sally appeared in a conservative two-piece suit. Mark commented that she should put on her sexier suit but she just smirked and told him no. Boy was she cold.

All of us had several beers and made idle chatter about work or whatever else came up. Mark went to use the bathroom and Sally turned to me and told me that Mark demanded a blow-job from her on the way to my house. I asked her what she did and she said that she told him where to go. We were both in the water waist-deep and she grabbed my dick and said that it was too bad that she couldn't suck on that tool. I was surprised by her boldness. Mark had just come back and tossed me another beer.

"Sally, take your top off." Mark said. He was kinda drunk and not really sure what he was saying. Sally looked at him and wanted to piss him off. "Sure, honey." In one quick motion, her top was off. Wow, they are beautiful I thought to myself. Every time I have set my eyes on them, they just look better and better.

Mark didn't seem to notice, or care. He jumped into the pool with Sally right behind him. I jumped in to join them. We started to horse around with each other, tackling, dunking under water and just playing with each other. I made sure to get my feel of Sally's tits whenever possible. She was grabbing my dick every chance she got. I was hard. It was nice that I had a loose bathing suit on so it didn't show too much. Sally knew. Mark made his way out of the pool as Sally grabbed onto me. Mark was heading for the bathroom. Sally turned her ass to me and said, "Fuck me now. And do it quick. I'm so fucking hot and I want you inside. Do me now."

I was so turned on I took my hard-on out and she slipped her bikini bottom aside and I mounted her from behind while we were in the pool. We were fairly deep in the pool, so it took me a second to line my dick up with her pussy. It went in real easy. All the way in. "Fuck me" she moaned.

I was fucking her fast. In and out; in and out. I had her hips in my hands and I was rocking her hard. Then, Mark jumped out onto the patio singing into a beer can. Caught! My dick was all the way in his wife. We both stood there as Mark looked at us and said as he finished his line, "Toss her in the deep end. Go for it."

Then he went back to singing in his can. Sally and I were shocked, but she picked up that Mark was not paying much attention to them. "Finish me off. Then throw me."

With a few quick intense thrusts, she came and I did too. We both let out screams and Mark looked. I grabbed Sally's leg and tossed her into the deep end of the pool. "Good job." Mark said to me. "How are you feeling, honey?" he said to Sally.

"I'm feeling great. I wish I could do that again." Sally looked at me as she finished saying it. Both of us knew what she was referring to. Mark was totally oblivious.

We took a break from the pool since it was getting late. We had some dinner and chatted while watching TV. Mark got up and found himself heading to the spare bedroom. Sally went in and checked in on him about twenty minutes later. She came out. "He is out cold. The beer got to him." She grinned at me. "Well, what would you like to do?" I started to ask. She peeled off the outfit she had on and motioned me towards the pool. Of course, I was staring at her bald pussy as she walked towards me. We headed to the pool and she whispered in my ear, "I want you to fuck me hard and long right here. No quickie, just good hard fuck."

She jumped in. I started to take off the shorts I had on and asked, "Won't Mark wake up?" "No, he is so out of it." She smiled, "Even if he did, we'll be in the pool and he won't notice." I jumped in and Sally was right around me. Grabbing my dick she was stroking it slowly as our lips met. I had my fingers in her and I could feel the wet slippery cum inside her. Even in the pool, she was very hot. She guided me into her hot pussy slowly. I wrapped my arms around her and she did the same. We kissed as we were attached by my dick. I started a slow rhythm inside her. Her tits were rubbing my chest as we continued our underwater fucking.

We were in a serious groove as she started to moan. I picked up speed and started creating serious waves. She let out a scream as she came hard. I was about to cum when I decided to hold off. When she came around we kissed intensely. "That was great." She said.

"I'm not done." She looked at me as I guided her to the shallow end and put her on the steps. I brought her around to kneel on the top step. Perfect height. I slipped right into her. All the way deep. I thrust my dick in and she screamed. If Mark came out right now, we were have been screwed. But neither of us cared, it felt great. I started a serious penetration and her hips bucked to my thrust. I grabbed her hips and rocked her hard. I was thrusting so hard I was lifting her right out of the water. "YYEeeewwoooo..." I screamed as I shot my cum inside her. Her scream was just as intense, but quieter...

I slammed a few more thrusts into her and then we held our position until my dick went limp. "That was awesome." She said as she started to get out of the pool. I grabbed her ass and did a quick lick of her ass. I rimmed her for a few seconds.

"Oh my! That felt wild... You got to do that again." I turned to her, kissed her and said later.

We went back into the house naked and she headed to the guest room, me to my room. About 1/2 hour later, I was just about asleep when Sally walked in. "Do you mind if I join you?" She asked climbing into the bed, naked of course. I was about to answer her when she begged, "You got to do that thing you did to my ass. It felt... like... I don't know, incredible."

Knowing she wasn't going to leave if I said no, I told her to get on all fours. She did it so fast. I spread her ass cheeks open and let my tongue touch her sexy pucker hole. She gasped. I then started licking slow at first. She was now panting, rather quickly. I decided to stick a finger in her open pussy. She loved it and pushed her ass further into my face. I licked and licked for close to twenty minutes and her pucker hole was soaked. She had cum at least twice. I decided to pull my fingers from her pussy and slide them into her ass. I slid a finger slowly into her and she jumped, but then pushed back for me to continue.

I was all the way in and met no resistance. I started to finger fuck her ass for a few seconds and she was already cumming and cumming hard. Knowing she was rocking, I decided to put something else in her ass. I quickly found a bottle of oil and oiled my dick. She knew it was coming and just smiled. I positioned my dick at her pucker hole and slowly pushed it in. The head took a second before her hole started to swallow it. Finally, the head was in and I waited a second for her to relax. She didn't want to wait and started to push back slowly. I just let her push. I heard her pant, "Oh fuck... oh fuck... oh, oh this is good..."

A few moments later, I was all the way in her ass. I started to pull out slowly and Sally started panting really hard. I thought I was hurting her, so I was pulling out of her, when she begged, "Oh, wow, this is fucking awesome... fuck me harder..."

I slide back in a faster than the first time. She wanted more. She started bucking. I sped up. I was fucking her ass with hard long thrusts. And she wanted more. "Ooowweeeee, wwwooooowww... Give it to me. Harder!!!" She was now screaming. "Yes... Yes... Oh, fuckin yes..." I screamed as my load blasted in her hot ass.

Then she did something I never expected, she bucked me hard and screamed louder than I have ever heard before. "Ooohhh fuuuccckkk..."

That had to wake Mark up I thought. She didn't care... She was still cumming. She didn't stop, even after I pulled out of her. It was a few minutes after that before she came down.

"I think you woke Mark." I said. "Who the fuck cares? That was so... intense."

About five minutes later as we relaxed on the bed, she got up, kissed me and told me that she was going to bed before he came looking for her. She headed to the door, naked and very well satisfied. I was still thinking how sexy she looked.

She turned to me and said, "Mark will be leaving about 8:00am. I will be back and you are going to fuck my ass till he gets back."

Smiling, she left.

A Different Version

My filthy rich family had recently engaged me to attend one of those bygone social blights known as a debutante for the much harangued daughter, my cousin Esme Valkhorff. For this extravagance, they even invited the estranged black sheep of the family, or in this case a pink-triangle bespeckled one.

I should describe myself I guess. I'm 5'10" blonde, with big brown eyes and a nice thin figure. I'm especially proud of my breasts, and to judge by the opinion of others, rightly so. I wear my hair long and my skirts short and cause no end of bereavement to my male friends because of my condition. I'm lesbian and my socially important family cannot admit my presence in 'The Family.' Of course only my mother knows, my other relatives would die of embarrassment. So on that fateful eve I had waylaid one of my friends, Allen, into being my date. He was a sweet most intelligent boy, the kind I prefer to associate with, but very sarcastic and enamored of the coffee-shop life. Allen himself was quite handsome, being 5'8" with brown hair and eyes and devastatingly attractive in a boyish way. At least I wouldn't be alone in the sublime misery of the faux-aristocrat atmosphere. These people are so damned sure of their superiority. I'm sure I have an uncle somewhere hoarding piles of Confederate currency in case the South should rise again. Baton Rouge is full of them.

After the arrival Allen and I made the requisite kisses and congratulations to my loathsome cousin and her friends. These girls had grown up around me and were quite fond of me, though we hadn't seen each other for years. I looked around and was stirred by the difference in them; Angelie and Josie had matured in a pleasant way, and were attempting to show the boys their charms. For the most part I was disgusted by the fakeness of it all, but at least I got to see some well-dressed young tail. If those preciouseuses had any idea... "I love your dress, turn around for me. Oh!" And Allen smirked in the corner with his drink.

"Jennifer," he said putting his arm around me in mock affection, "I had no idea your cousin had such adorable friends." The girls giggled, it's not every day a College guy takes notice of them. He was trying to maintain his aloofness, but the tightness of their dresses ruffled even his composure. As for myself, I'm glad I didn't drink, or I may have said something to one of them, especially Angelie, the short brunette I had known as a feisty compatriot in times past. She was still feisty, but now it was with a bit more suggestion. She leaned over a few times too often in Allen's direction. He merely gripped me a tighter and said to me, "How nice your friends are Jen," with clenched teeth. That tight black skirt of Angelie's was perhaps a size 0 on a girl size 2.

A later I had made the rounds. Telling my cousin all the glad societal garbage so required, and went over to the guest room to see what was going on. Most of the acquaintances had left, and the parents had retired to their 'wing' so there was no one around except my cousins 3 girl friends, chatting about senior crushes and cetera. Allen couldn't leave until I did but he amused himself with being the only guy in a situation that could have gone any number of pleasurable ways. I pressed myself against him and said, "Dear, if I can't touch them, neither can you. Besides, the family would die!" He laughed and told the giggling troupe not to worry, Jen was just his friend. Their feigned 'dreadful's' and 'horrid's' had dissolved like their personalities after a few hours of sipping their '90's mint juleps, rum and coke. I was an abstainer and Allen was a veteran so our faculties were in full possession.

"Where's my cousin?"

"She got a bit tipsy Jenny and she went to bed. But we're staying over, come and tell us all the wonderful things that you're doing at college." We sat. I looked over at Allen and uncrossed my legs, maybe that slit was a bit high as he had told me. Anyway, on chairs I'm sure the girls could get a nice view of the possibilities from their vantage point on the floor. Angelie in particular got a bit quieter, as she was directly across from me. Allen had his eyes all over Gabrielle, the shy one with short blond hair and a cute face. I don't know why she always had a problem finding boyfriends; she was short and thin and had that innocent look that so appeals to predators like Allen. I was going to have to watch him. Angelie on the other hand just exuded 'Sex' and you could see she was in the mood. Absently fingering the button on the front of her shirt. It was already undone once and her perky 34 C's could be

seen if you were so disposed to look. Josie was the prissy one of the bunch, red-haired and know-it-all, but she didn't know much about this. Allen and I were going to have a bit of fun. Josie included.

I copied Angelie and undid a button or two on my white blouse and leaned over. "How about a ghost story?"

"Oooh yeah that's a good idea Jen!" Angelie popped up and said, "I'll turn off the lights." Josie went to put a few candles on the wall holders and Gabrielle just sat there shyly smiling. They arranged themselves in a semi-circle around me in the chair, still leaning over and Allen placed himself next to Angelie, with Gabrielle a few feet behind him against the wall.

"I'll tell the one about Wedgwood Manor Preparatory School, it has all the goodies, a ghost, a dead teacher, and frightened girls."

"Excellent choice Jen," Allen said and got comfortable. He knew this story and me and had a shit-eating grin. I looked at him and noticed Angelie's hand was already on his thigh and I hadn't even started the story. So I decided to slide down on the floor myself to be a bit closer in order to prevent anything I told myself, and got nearer to the girls. I started the story about the evil teacher who often took girls to hidden areas of the old school building for punishment and how some didn't like it, but others enjoyed it. The key of the story was a jealous girl who wanted the teacher for herself and killed him to prove it, but the story isn't important.

I kept looking at cute Josie every time I said something spooky and she kept jumping; I wanted to scare the primness out of her. Of course the fuzzy sweater she was wearing drew my attention too. What is it about those kind of girls with their hair in their ponytails that just drives me wild? I don't know, I used to be one myself and teased unmercifully. Allen was trying to behave himself and Angelie wasn't, so he leaned back so her hands wouldn't be quite so far up his thigh, and I could see some parts of him weren't ignoring her. I kept the story going and put my hands on Josie's legs to frighten her during one part and she leaped, and tried to regain herself, but she fell forward into me and we laughed.

My hands lingered a bit longer on her than I should have let, and I glanced over to Allen. Now! I couldn't believe it. He was all the way back and Gabrielle, shy Gabrielle with the cute short hair was petting him! (He loved being pet.) I stopped the story and said that was a good idea and since Angelie was pouting I moved behind her and told her to lie on my lap and I'd tell the story from there.

The story continued, along with the petting and Josie, who wasn't getting any attention, announced that if everyone was going to get comfortable, she would too, nervously. She pulled off her jeans first and we all pretended not to look while she grabbed some umbros and pulled them over her white cottons. Next came her sweater and she put a shirt over her before taking off her bra underneath. She was trying so hard to be like Angelie. Now that she was in umbros and a too-tight tee-shirt she moved in-between where I was petting Angelie and Gabrielle was petting Allen and lay down. "Is everybody comfortable?" Angelie cooed as I ran my hands through her short brown hair and I almost lost it, but I looked at Allen instead. He was smirking while Josie nestled herself close to him pressing a bit of her chest into his side.

I continued the story, the good parts were coming up. I got to the part where the girl in the story has the teacher in a closet and is running from something. And there was Allen's hand rubbing Josie's thigh... slightly pushing up her umbros while she moved around nervously and Gabrielle kept the petting, only to lean over and whisper something to him.

She knew, and I knew that Allen was just teasing Josie because she was such a prude who was trying to pose as being in control and enjoying herself. I winked at Gabrielle and took one of my hands off of Angelie's head and started petting Josie's other thigh, she started a bit then settled down, after giving me a strange pleading look. This stupid girl, if she wanted to tease, she'd better be ready to accept the consequences. Angelie, however was more upset and took the one petting-hand she had left and boldly put it on her neck. I was to rub there; so I did! Anyway, I was getting near the end of the story and the girls were getting near the end of their drinks... it had only been about 20 minutes and already my hand was snaking down to Angelie's full breasts... oh, I was going to do this. My friend with her short brown hair and her too big breasts for her size, was bad enough. But when she pouted like that, and oozed sex... it was too much for me. I leaned over and Allen saw what I was going

to do. The bad bad girl in the ghost story, she bites her teacher to death. I knew, Allen knew. Angelie definitely knew something was going to happen, and even exquisite, gentle Gabrielle knew. She and Allen had settled quite tightly, his forehead and face pressed to her chest, her hands had gone beyond just petting him, to almost erotic touching.

Their faces were so close already as I leaned in to push my limits with Angelie. "She bit him... like this!" I said. And gave a deep bite to Angelie's neck, sucking hard and licking at the same time. I couldn't help it, her back arched up and pushed my hand right over her left breast and her nipple was hard... I squeezed... she was enjoying this, and I was enflamed. I kept licking and biting her neck and moved to her cheek, she turned her head, with her boyish cut hair still entwined in my fingers, and began kissing me full on. My hands kept moving all the way down the neck of her shirt and she was basically climbing on top of me. Tentatively touching then forcefully grabbing at me too. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God oh my God..." I heard whispered over and over in the background. I grinned and stopped the kiss. Angelie blushed and laughed.

"Jen, I think we just scared poor Josie to death, I'm too scared to look. I'd die laughing." Now I couldn't get over the fact that my young friend was saying this, whilst on top of me.

"Babe, I'll look," and I did. "Oh my God!"

Ok, I wasn't surprised that Allen and Gabrielle were kissing with a passion. Not even that he had his hand up her shirt and was cupping her oh so nice chest. I involuntarily squeezed the tit that happened to be in my hand when I saw that. But! There was Josie, pushed up completely against the wall, with her legs sprawled out, next to the pervert and his accomplice. His other hand! It was completely under the umbros. "Oh my god Angelie... Turn around slowly and don't say anything." Josie was sweating a bit with her hands flat on the ground and her face flushed, with her eyes closed. She kept alternating the "oh my God's" with the occasional, "please don't stop please." But what really shocked me was that Gabrielle's hand was working on Josie too!

"Nrrrggghh!!!!" and Josie tensed up and came hard. She shook and sweated and pushed against their hands as Angelie and I looked on. Just watching them melting all over each other with their hands up that prude's shorts was turning me on even more and I started to nibble at Angelie's neck and we were soon taking off our shirts, she had such nice large tits to suck on, pressed against my own smaller ones and she was grinding into my hips. I felt her fingers traveling up my own thigh and stopping over my skirt. I thought she was going to put her hand up it but she lifted me up and pulled my skirt down to my knees.

All I had on under there were some tight white silk panties and her hand was kneading my most sensitive area with an expertise I hadn't known she had. I lay back to enjoy it, as I couldn't even concentrate on the kiss anymore and got wetter and wetter. Angelie was licking my lips and laughing then she pulled my panties aside for better access. She touched, I came. I couldn't hold out, it was too good. I slid down prone on the floor before looking back at the scene with the other three. Angelie curled up next to me, my hand on her rising chest, hers in my wet slit, and I bucked at the sight. Allen or Gabby had removed his pants and she was in her bra and panties, Josie was passed out from exhaustion next to them and Gabby was petting him, but not on his head. I watched as she slid her hand across his boxers, making him get even harder then she pushed it back up and went under them. She was giving him a handjob right there! I could almost see his dick as she pumped her hand back and forth and I certainly saw when he came, then afterwards she licked her fingers and pulled herself up next to him. His arm was around her back and I was hot again. I had a sexy girl squirming next to me, he had an innocent (I had thought) girl, cute, light, and blonde, next to him, and neither had gotten off.

I whispered to Angelie that I knew what she wanted and stroked her shorts in the right place, the middle, and told her that Gabrielle needed a kiss. She smiled and looked over at Gabby, who was staring at the resting Allen. She seemed to be really intent on him but that was alright. She had one hand rubbing him back to life, and her other touching herself without the slightest hint of self-consciousness. She needed to get off badly.

Angelie crawled over to their corner and pushed her hand away from herself while she gave a wide-eyed look in response. Gabrielle had a moue on her lips as her hand was placed next to her, but she didn't stop Angelie. The angel smoothed her hair and proceeded to kiss

her passionately and pulled her shorts down to her ankles while doing so. Such a nice tight slip in between her legs, and natural blonde, I couldn't keep my eyes off of it, like Angelie couldn't keep her hands. They were on the floor, Angelie holding her down, kissing her and fingering her and Gabrielle spreading her legs pushing against the magic hands. Angelie took her own shorts off, revealing a trim brown bush, and matched it against Gabby's blonde one and started grinding her.

I had to finger myself to keep from going crazy. Allen's eyes opened at the moaning coming from those two and his mouth dropped. He also regained use of his favorite pieces, but stayed and watched. They went and went and Gabrielle came twice before Angelie did, but when she did I thought she would wake the adults one wing over, instead she only woke up Josie, who was in shock from her previous experience and even more so from this view.

The two shorthaired girls lay grinning on the floor with Allen next to them excited again. Angelie gave her impish grin and looked up his shorts from her vantage point and saw his problem. "What have you got there?" she mocked. Then she tilted up and reached under Gabrielle to remove her bra. She pressed herself back down, two naked pretties, pressed and undressed ready to help a boy. Angelie told him to kneel next to them then she pulled down his shorts, even he blushed at this forwardness but didn't move away.

She slid her finger down the underside of him and tasted a bit of his cum before grabbing him by the behind and pulling him closer to them. His length was positioned by their mouths and they started kissing again, but around the end of him this time. He was stroking their backs and fronts and all overs while Josie and I sat by and watched. She was so engrossed by this that I managed to come up behind her and put my hands on her shorts before she realized what was happening... again.

I fingered her and myself while the two gorgeous vixens sucked the life out of Allen, making him squirt in record time, covering their chests. They lay side by side, Angelie smiling, chest heaving, Gabrielle contented, with her smaller breasts dripping a bit with Allen's essence. She was so cute! I pinched and Josie squirmed and started breathing more heavily, but she didn't blink. Allen pulled up his shorts and moved to watch what was going to happen, and he heard me tell Josie to clean the girls up, with her tongue. I kept stopping the rubbing until she agreed to do so, then while she was bent over I cupped her chest and started rubbing her red snatch from the rear, her crotch was fire in more ways than one. She licked faster and the two on the floor were smiling a mile wide, and Josie took her time 'cleaning' the nipples, perhaps more thoroughly than what was warranted, but left a set of four hardened peaks to go with four lust-filled eyes.

Then I made her cum again whereafter she promptly passed out on the two on the floor. We moved her out of the way and by this time I had to at least taste the light blonde I knew as Gabrielle. She didn't mind but Angelie did, going around removing all clothes from everyone in the room, including the sleeping Josie before pressing her chest against my back as I licked and licked Gabby's hole. Allen retained his shorts and watched, while I sent Gabrielle to another planet, which in turn pushed me over the edge, and further because Angelie didn't stop her ministrations and I came twice rapidly before I couldn't sit up anymore, it was so good! We were all tired by this point and I had Allen bring us a large blanket so we could sleep on the plush carpeting that had held up so well, then pulled him in next to us, with him, Gabrielle, myself and Angelie all in a row. We left Josie tied up in my silk panties because we didn't know how she would behave in the morning.

Well, in the morning we had to convince her everything was fine, it was better than fine and when Allen and I were leaving Esme came down to see us off. "I hope you all had a good time, sorry I couldn't stay up with you guys Jen, I drank too much and didn't want to make a fool out of myself," my cousin said.

I saw Josie turn scarlet and Angelie smile. Allen and Gabrielle were holding hands behind their backs where Esme couldn't see, but Angelie wouldn't hold mine. She didn't want to move it off my ass where it had stayed all morning. I gave Esme a chaste kiss goodbye, and Angelie a real one (when no one was looking), then my date said goodbye to his new friend and we left to go back to our regular lives, hanging out at Coffee Call.

I've run into Josie from time to time and she pretends nothing ever happened, and Angelie who pretends it never stopped happening, but I don't see much of Allen, who now sees quite a bit of Gabrielle.

Heather's Family and Friends

It was almost a month later when a knock on the door one afternoon brought Jean back into Heather's life. "Hi." "Hi. I thought you forgot where I lived." "No. Just very busy with studies. Listen, I've got this Aunt who is kinda the black sheep of the family. You know, into everything, willing to try just about anything? Well, she called last night and asked me to stop over to see her this evening and to bring a friend who, well, is relaxed about things, especially sex. So I thought of you immediately. I mean, are you relaxed!"

"What has she got in mind?" "Look, I've been one of her favorite people since I was little, so it can't be anything that would hurt us. She's just not like that. Who knows? Interested?"

"Well, it is Friday and I'm done with my studies. Pick me up later." "Great, see you at eight." Eight rolled around and they climbed into Jean's car and drove over to the other side of town to a quiet neighborhood. Parking at the curb, they went up and rang the bell. Shortly, a very pretty woman in her late thirties came to the door. A little on the short side, she was dressed in a sheer top of black lace and black skirt, floor length. Her shape was outstanding, bust held up proudly by a black lace shelf bra that let the nipples peek through. Relaxed about sex, all right. This woman was proud of her body.

Her gaze was on Heather's chest as she welcomed them. Jean made the introductions and they went into the front room. Helen, Jean's aunt, said, "Now girls, first I want to let you know that tonight is just an evening of fun, girl style. You might get a kick out of it, or maybe just find it a little strange, but you are both old enough to be let in on some of the better things in life. Jean, since you started growing a chest and those great hips and ass, I've promised myself that if you didn't turn out too constricted by that mother of yours, I'd take you under my wing and show you some things. So tonight is your night. And your friend's as well." She smiled warmly at Heather. "Well, can you tell us about it?" Jean asked. "Some of the citizens in life like their little pleasures and are willing to spend money and time to cultivate them. Well, in this town, some of the women have build a house of pleasure for women only. I happen to know a few of these ladies and have done them a few favors over the years, so tonight, they want to repay me. Anyway, we are going to a kind of sensual pleasure theater. It will be beautifully decorated and we will be treated like queens. Each of us will have a lovely, very personal attendant to take care of our pleasures as the night goes on. We can eat and drink as much as we like and watch sexy movies all night. They tell me when the evening is done, we will have had a completely satisfying and unique time."

"This sounds wonderful! I love being pampered." "Well, they do a little more than just pamper you. I think you should both expect a unique sexual experience. Now, before we leave, there is one thing you both must promise. The location of this place and the identities of the people who go there are absolute secrets. You must never tell who you see or where you went." "We promise."

So, they locked the door and drove for about twenty minutes to the other side of town to a fashionable neighborhood of older stone-faced townhouses. They parked and went up to the front door. They were admitted to a room and their coats taken. A very pretty woman in a stunning gown that barely covered her large tits and was slit up the side to above the waist greeted them. Leading the way, she took them into a room filled with fifteen or so very beautiful women in their twenties and early thirties. Heather looked around in the dim light and realized that all of these women were very scantily clad in see through outfits of all kinds. The woman who had greeted them went over and talked to three of them and they separated from the crowd and came over to them. A very fair blond with a long pigtail down her back, full, heavy breasts held up on a shelf bra and French-cut panties came up to Heather and said, "I'm Sue, your pleasure attendant for the evening." She was looking over Heather's figure and smiled. "I'm sure we're going to come along just fine this evening. It'll be a true pleasure for both of us, I'm sure. First, we must get you in some clothes more suited to the evening ahead of us."

She took Heather's arm and guided her to another room away down the hall. In the room were racks and racks of clothes. Sue went to the rack and selected a strapless, black felt floor length gown. "Let me help you put this on." She placed the gown on a chair and

reached out and started unbuttoning Heather's blouse. As her fingers moved, they deftly and gently explored Heather's front, moving into her cleavage, under the lip of the front of her bra, over her flat belly. A tug and her jeans were loose and her fingers were running over her ass and down her legs, guiding the pants off her legs. "You won't need these."

Her panties were off, a finger brushing her cunt lightly and then Sue stood up and moved very close to Heather, her breasts pushing into Heather's as she reached around and unbuttoned Heather's bra. As she slowly stepped back, the bra fell and her breasts bounded free, nipples partially erect from all this fondling. "You look good enough to eat." Heather blushed. This girl was getting her hot and they had only been together for two minutes. She stepped into the black gown and with Sue's help, it was zipped. It was a perfect fit, and her breasts were just barely contained by the bodice. Sue reached inside the gown and slipped two smooth, elastic loops over her nipples, pushing them on tightly. They were tight on her nipples, but did not hurt. Heather realized that her nipples were the only thing holding up the front of her dress. The downward drag of the weight of the top of the gown steadily pulled on her nipples, which began to erect. Her nipples were now, clearly visible just below the edge of the fabric, swollen like thumbs. Settling the gown on her involved a lot of gently tugging and smoothing by Sue, her hands moving slowly and surely, touching and pinching. Heather's nipples extended further and she realized that the word pleasure to describe this place was probably an understatement. They stepped out of the room and down the long hall even further to another lush room. As she moved, the front of the dress gave each nipple a tweak. Her face flushed and her pussy began to get wet.

About ten women were moving around, each drinking or eating, a personal attendant at their elbow, a hand on an arm, waist or, even under a breast, gently tracing its curve. The women all had dreamy looks on their faces. Heather wanted to stop and catch her breath, but Sue guided her around the room from table-to-table and group-to-group. Each time her nipples began to recede, Sue would move on. The other women's eyes were hard upon her full chest, swollen and flushed, nipples extended like proud bows of a ship, trying to push the fabric away and be free.

Helen and Jean were nowhere to be seen. Heather had a drink of some fluid she was handed by Sue and a bit or two of food from a generous sideboard. "We must go now, the movies are about to start. We can come back and eat and drink later." She was led down the hall and Sue opened a door and they stepped into a box facing a large movie screen. By the time they got there, her excitement was causing her trouble walking. The box had a front and two chairs, one slightly off the side and behind the other. Sue guided Heather into the front seat. It was unusual in that it had two curved, cushioned pads for her ass and a raised area in the center, that forced her legs open as she sat. Her feet were raised up about a foot on footrests.

The seat reclined slightly and in spite of its unusual shape, was very comfortable. Her head was back on a soft headrest that curved slightly around her ears. As she looked around, she realized she could see each of the faces of the other women entering and sitting in their boxes, but nothing else. The room was decorated in black velvet. Sue seated herself behind Heather, but her hands moved over Heather's arm and up her neck and began stroking her hair and face. Soon, the hands moved here and there and began exploring her chest, and after five minutes, reached down and lifted her right breast from the gown and released and rubbed the nipple, which grew quickly. Sue's chair was on a track that allowed her to silently slide around behind Heather and to the other side. It was silent and Heather was surprised when suddenly another hand freed her left breast and the gown fell down to her slim waist. Heather, realizing that no one could see her except for her face, did nothing to move Sue's hands, but relaxed and felt the lips of her pussy swell and grow wet.

"The movie's starting." Heather was finding it very hard to pay attention to anything but her tingling chest and wet pussy. Sue's long finger nails were biting gently into her nipples and Heather was beginning to groan slightly. "Easy honey, we've got a long evening just starting and we can't tire you out too soon." Heather tried to pay attention to the screen as Sue's fingers backed off and idly traced circles around her nipples and ears. Heather felt the sexual tension building in her loins. The movie started and featured a beautiful young woman, left alone in a big house by her husband. She wandered from room to room and

finally ended up in her bedroom, looking out over a garden. The camera focused on her face and traveled over her hands as they slowly unbuttoned the top half of her dress and reached inside. The camera came back to her face and her eyes fluttered and lowered as she became excited from the stimulation.

Closing in, her nose flared and small gasps began to be heard. Soft music was playing in the background, barely perceptible. Heather, already excited by Sue's feathery touch, felt her cunt get wetter and wetter and she began to lean into Sue's hand, trying to get her to push and pull at her tits. Sue would deftly move her hand away, but then return in some new place to stoke and feather touch the swollen, eager breasts. The woman on the screen had her eyes closed now, her mouth slightly open, tongue darting just behind the wet lips. The camera panned down and revealed a full breast with nipple erect. A thumb and index finger were pulling and twisting the nipple, pulling it out and up, over and over. A gentle groan whispered from the screen and the hand moved down and began to loosen the last of the buttons. The dress slid off her shoulders and hung for a second on her full hips, slid to the floor around her ankles. Her eyes, unfocused, twittered and fluttered as her hand resumed touching her tender parts. The camera panned down and focused on her hand, which left the breast and traveled down to the top of her bush, in circles.

Heather's hips were twitching. She found that the chair prevented her from thrusting forward. Her legs couldn't go together to rub her clit and her hands were seemingly frozen. She was having trouble focusing on the screen. Sue was whispering. "Wouldn't you like her to rub you like that too? Such a hot cunt, look at the come running down her leg. Can't you just taste it deep inside your mouth? Sue is going to get you so hot. So hot. Again and again you are going to come for Sue and beg for more." Heather was sure of that. She already wanted to come badly. But Sue was just starting on her, totally in tune with Heather's rising passion, she would always withdraw her hand just as Heather began to focus on the feeling, starting again somewhere else. The woman on the screen was now leaning against the window frame, head back. The music was becoming stronger, in waves. Heather could feel the music as deep vibrations between her legs. As the music on the screen rose and fell, the vibrations followed. Her cunt was now wide open and pussy juice was steadily pouring out and down her crack and over her asshole. Her clit, ever so long, stood out almost three inches and quivered and pulsed as the music vibrations shook her twat. Each wave took her higher and higher, then dropped her down and left her panting. Her mouth was wide open and she was beginning to moan.

From somewhere off in the distance, someone moaned loudly and began to grunt. Sue's fingers continued to stretch and pull the super long nipples, lifting and spreading the full, turgid breasts. The woman on the screen had two of her very long fingers deep inside her cunt and the back of her hand was wet with come. The camera focused on her hips from the side as they began to twitch uncontrollably. The woman was gasping and grunting, her breath catching and her head turning from side-to-side. The motions of her hips became more erratic. "Please fuck me. I need to come. Please Sue. Please... Ummmm... Oh... Shit, fuck shit oh..."

The music vibrations deepened and swelled, stronger than ever. Heather could feel every nerve in her body begin to twitch and jerk. Sue gripped her nipples and pulled them strongly out from her body, twisting the nipples and pulling them together in front of Heather. Sue's head appeared and lowered. The woman on the screen came, shaking and jerking. The camera caught the waves of muscle spasms rolling from her cunt up through her belly, over and over. As Sue sucked both elongated, swollen nipples into her hot mouth, Heather felt as though a thousand volts of electricity flashed through her cunt and she came. The second orgasm hit her right behind the first and then a third. Sue continued to suck. The vibrations between her legs grew stronger. Her straining clit was poking the dress and the friction was causing her to twitch. The last orgasm shook her and she grew faint, with grunts and gasps. The waves of pleasure swept her body and her back arched. As it released her, she passed out. Sue slowly released the swollen nipples and gently caressed the beautiful breasts, then pulled the gown back up into place. The swollen, long nipples were too long to fit, so she put the elastic loops back in place and propped them over the top of the dress, there for all to see. This girl was beautiful and very desirable. And had the best tits she had ever sucked.

Sue, always turned on when she volunteered to be a pleasure attendant, found this girl was making her very hot. Her turn would come soon enough, she hoped. As she waited for Heather to become alert enough to walk, she took her long braid and began to brush it over her own alert nipples, down her pulsing belly and between her legs in a random pattern. The ends felt like dozens of feathers on her skin and pussy. Her own hips were twitching and her eyes were closed when she suddenly realized that Heather was watching her. A little confused, she blushed and, with shaking hand, began to help Heather out of the chair. Heather leaned over and sucked each of Sue's nipples deeply into her mouth and then bit down gently with her teeth. Sue gasped and put her hand behind Heather's head and pulled her away. "That's my job." She whispered. "And you do it better than anybody who's ever had me. I'm not sure I can stand up." Sue slipped a hand under her arm and they returned to the social room.

All of the women were flushed, sweaty and their eyes were slightly glazed. Heather spotted Jean, who was staring at her exposed, long nipples. Jean leaned over and whispered, "I just had a fucking orgasm that almost killed me. This little honey here started sucking on my tits and then put ice cubes on them and I almost passed out. God, this place is fantastic." They both spotted her aunt at the same time and she came over to them. They were both surprised to see that her dress had dozens of slits all over it. As she walked, almost her entire body became visible in flashes. Heather saw that she was full-hipped and had a dark, black, very bushy cunt, which was glistening from come. "How are my favorite niece and sexy friend coming?"

"I almost shit a brick I came so hard", she whispered to Jean and Heather, "I love this place!" Helen looked admiringly at Jean's body, one partially exposed breast and nipple sticking out proudly. Jean asked, "Can we come back sometime?" "The evening is young. Don't worry about that now. You can come again as many times as you like." Helen's attendant put her hand inside the back of her dress and slid a very wet finger into her ass. She gave a grunt and her eyes closed. "I can see that Cleo here wants me to come right now, it seems." Cleo leaned against her and slipped her hand inside the front of the dress and slipped three fingers inside her wet pussy. As the fingers in the front and back worked in and out, Jean shook and within fifteen seconds, came with a grunt, hips bucking. Face flushed and breathing hard, she smiled at them and whispered, "One of you may have to drive home. I think Cleo is going to fuck me to death. She is one hot, sexy bitch, don't you think?" Her eyes got all dreamy and she drifted away. They both noticed that Cleo's hand never came out from the rear of Helen's dress. Finger still stroking her asshole and her pussy beginning to twitch again, Helen was led back to the movie theater. The whole time they were talking to Helen, Sue had been rubbing Heather's ass through the dress and her own asshole was twitching. Sue whispered in her ear. "I think we need to fit you up for the next movie."

Sliding her hand through a hidden slit at the waist, a finger moved down Heather's still very slick crack and a finger began probing against her wet, slippery asshole. "Yes, I think we better make sure I'm full before we begin" and smiled at Sue. The movie room had the heavy smell of hot pussy still filling the air. Sue helped Heather into the chair and arranged the bottom of her long dress down and over her feet. The hump in the center seemed to push up into her still wet and swollen pussy even more than it had before. She wiggled her hips slightly and sighed. After that last orgasm, she wondered how she got hot again so quickly. She tried to see Sue, but after a brief brush of her cheeks and a check to see that she was comfortable, she seemed to have left her alone for a moment. The movie screen flickered and soft music began to play in her ears. She had finally figured out there were speakers in the wrap around headset by her ears and some sort of vibrator in the seat hooked up to the sound system to generate very low frequency sounds in sync with the music. The vibrations were just perfect to set her pussy and clit on fire. Her nipples were hard again from the walk down the hall, but Sue had left them proudly suspending the front of her dress and the elastic had them captive in a tight, but comfortable grip. As she breathed, her nipples were pulled down slightly and then they popped back up, the front of the gown rasping gently against their ends. Each time, a tingle went down between her legs. She could feel her clit starting to erect and wetness flowing down her crack. Her mind was already getting fuzzy. The movie screen lit up and another scene started. The same woman

as the last movie, in a very sexy, tight outfit, was seen opening the front door and greeting another very pretty, well built woman who was obviously a friend. They started a little chit chat in low voices. The woman's husband had called and would be gone another week. She was lonely and invited the friend to stay the night. They moved her into a bedroom and decided to go out for dinner, so they changed and left. "Heather. This is Sue." Over the speakers, she could hear Sue talking to her. "I'm down below your chair a little and you can't see me. I'm going to touch you and didn't want you to be scared. God, your hot pussy smells so good. I can almost taste you in the air. Honey, just relax and enjoy."

Sue's feathery touch began to trace circles and gentle patterns on her lower legs. Slightly startled to have Sue talking to her, she relaxed and turned her attention to the movie. They were in a nice restaurant and a couple of guys were trying to pick them up. They had some drinks and left alone. Sue was rubbing and stoking a little higher now, up her thighs and lower legs. She returned to her feet and moved her hands over each ankle, tightly, and returned to tickling. Heather suddenly realized that her ankles had just been bound to the footrests and she couldn't move her legs at all. The foot rests moved a little more apart, opening her up to Sue, now stoking everything up to her pussy and ass. She was beginning to lose focus again.

The women on the screen returned to the house and made drinks and sat and talked. "Hi." Heather realized that Jean was next to her. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the red hair, tossed around the pretty, flushed face. "I just needed a rest. Betty, my attendant, just ate me out so good I was shaking and blacking out. She suggested that I watch the movie with you for a few minutes. Where's Sue?" "Around somewhere. I don't know what she's up... to." Her voice was very unsteady. "I know what's going up you, little Sue's hot wet tongue. Jean can't hear me. Pretend everything is normal. God, what a gorgeous clit. When he made you, he gave it all to you." Sue was talking again. The center of the seat Heather was on slowly dropped away, leaving her sitting on two very shape-fitting pads that held each cheek, leaving her pussy and asshole completely exposed to Sue below. Her long dress completely hid Sue as she now began to trace her crack. Heather was beginning to breath very heavily and Jean began to study her face and heaving chest. "You are getting hot watching the movie. Heather, you look so ready to be fucked." She looked around and couldn't see anything, and watched the screen and then Heather. Heather started to groan very slightly. Sue was now licking her ass and crack, probing her asshole and stopping just short of going up her. "Boy, this movie is really getting to you."

"Uh, yes. I guess it is. Unnnnnn." She was beginning to lose control. Sue was probing with the tip of her tongue and sliding a finger up and down the lips of her pussy. Janet reached around and cradled a breast, stoking it and pulling it sideways. The elastic stretched and pulled the nipple the other way. Heather gasped. Jean's tongue explored her neck she sat back down. The women on the screen had changed for bed into very sexy nighties that barely covered anything. They were chatting about college. "What are you doing for sex while Bob is away?" "I masturbate a lot. It helps, but I'm always horny anyway." "I know. In college you used to get off at night and I'd lay awake and watch you and get so damn hot." "I never knew you watched. I'm not shy, why didn't you let me know you wanted to watch. I always thought a lot about trying sex with you, but were afraid you'd think I was weird and stop being my friend." "I never would have been able to tell you that then. Too inhibited, I guess." "I want to masturbate for you now. Let's make up for all those horny nights so long ago." They kissed and she began to rub her titties. The other woman stood up and peeled off her nightie and sat down with her titties hanging in the other woman's face. "So you can see how hot I get watching you." The woman leaned forward and sucked each boob, then returned to rubbing her own. Her eyes were already closing. Her nipples were hard and she pushed her top off and sucked on the other woman's tits some more. Both were breathing hard.

Heather was grunting. "Ungh. Ungh. Ungh." It was a low whisper of a grunt. Sweat was beading on her forehead and upper lip. Jean was stoking and pulling on her breasts, the dress now back down around her waist. Sue was licking up the cunt juice pouring from her as it trickled over her asshole, then stopped to push and probe with her tongue each time. She replaced that with rubbing a dildo with a soft end like a small plum. Soon, she pushed

and it popped inside. Heather jerked and moaned. Every so slowly, the dildo was worked in and out and finally, her ass sucked it in, six inches long. The butt plug stopped it and Sue was pulling gently on the finger ring, her ass trying to keep it inside. The battle went on. "I told you we'd fill you up. Your ass is so pretty. I love fucking it." The whispers were in her ears. "Now I'm going to eat you honey. Try not to let Jean know. I'm leaving the mike on so you can hear me. Ummm."

A tongue washed over her pussy lips and Sue sucked and pulled her pussy. The women in the movie were sitting apart, one deep into the throws of the buildup to an orgasm, the other watching, her face flushed and her tits swollen and turgid. The woman began to moan and whimper, crying out as the passion lifted her higher and higher. Jean's crotch was soaked and Heather kept getting hotter and hotter. She sucked on her tits and kept pinching and pulling them. Every sucking and wet sound Sue's mouth made on her pussy as she ate her with abandon that played into her ears.

Heather's eyes closed. Sue felt Heather go rigid and plunged her tongue in a full four inches and whipped it around. The woman on the screen cried out and began pumping her hips uncontrollably, her hand stoking her clit. Her friend was gasping for air as her own passion began to build with the smell and sight of this coming woman right in front of her, only inches away.

Heather came in a violent wave, then came again. Sue kept sucking and in minutes she came again. Jean groaned as her friend trembled over and over and groaned and whispered: "Shit, oh, I'm commm... Oh, Oh, more, more, it's... Shit, my clit. Suck, shit. Unnn. Unnnnn. Unggggg..." Jean came, her hand stealing to her crotch. A single touch and she exploded inside. The booth was awash in cum as they groaned and moaned. Sue gave Heather one more orgasm by pulling her clit into her mouth and lashing it with her tongue. Then, began gently bringing her back down, stoking her legs and ass. Releasing her ankles, she came back up into the booth.

After Jean calmed down, she whispered to Heather "I never saw anybody get that horny from a porn movie. You are the best." They kissed and Jean left to return to her own booth. Funny, in spite of all this very active sex, she never felt more rested or energetic in her life. Sue helped Heather up and Heather realized she still had the dildo up her ass. Dress in place, they faced each other and Heather deeply kissed Sue, rubbing her nipples and reaching down and stoking her cunt. Sue needed relief, but Heather stopped and led the way down the hall. Dress pulling on her now-tender nipples and ass full of dildo. By the time she reached the meeting room again, she could feel herself getting hot again. Her hair was wild around her face and she felt like a wanton, sexed-up bitch. Sue caught up and began tugging on the dildo as they walked. God, if she kept that up, she'd come right in front of everyone. Sue thought to herself, of course, that's the idea.

Learning Something New

I had just gotten home from the movies that night, and the first thing I did was brush the cum off of my teeth. My "date" (if you could even call him that) decided that my mouth was a good place to deposit his salty seed.

Well, I was pissed! I stood there looking in the mirror, hating myself while thinking "how could a feminist like myself suck some guy's dick? And then let him live after spewing all over my gums?" It was clear that I should think twice before drinking more than 2 glasses of alcohol next time I decided to go out with one of those "men." I was brushing so hard that my breasts bounced beneath my shirt. I liked to look at them sometimes, they were so bouncy. In fact, breast size had always caught my attention. After watching them for a while, I concentrated on finishing getting that awful sperm-aftertaste out of my mouth. I was enough to make me gag all over again.

I decided that since mom wasn't home, I would go to Aunt Susan's house and tell her all about my awful experience. I knew that she would understand me. I learned most of my attitude towards men and the ways of the world from her. She trusted me alot. She would even tell me things about Uncle Jack that she didn't like about him. She had given me a key as well, so that I could come over anytime I wanted to. So I rinsed the final taste of spunk from my tongue and headed out the door and down the road in my car to my aunt's house out in the country.

I pulled up into the yard and turned off my headlights. I walked until I got near the front room window and then I stopped: there, in Aunt Susan's window, was mom pressed firmly against the glass. Her large breasts white globs with the dark pink nipples dead center. Mom's legs were spread and I saw my aunt kneeling on the floor, eating her out. Mom thrashed her hips wildly against my aunt's face, and my aunt was certainly licking her and fingering her for all she was worth. I stood, watching this scene with a warm flooding filling my panties from my tingling crotch.

I went inside quietly as I could. I peeked around the corner towards the front room. My aunt was bent over her easy chair and my mom was wearing a dildo. She was pumping my aunt's ass quite hard. The dildo was a blue color and I could see that they had used some kind of lubricant from the way the light reflected off from it as my mom worked it vividly, plowing into my aunt's open ass. My aunt was moaning like nothing I had ever heard before. I began to strip out of my clothing. As soon as I was naked, I stood with my legs apart and began to masturbate while watching my mom and aunt taking turns fucking each other. I worked my slender fingers furiously in and out of my running cunt.

"Come over here, dear! Your aunt and I heard you pull up," my mom said after my aunt finished cumming. "While the men are away, the women can play!" Both of them giggled and laughed.

I stood still and asked "You mean you don't like men?"

But why...?"

"Because we want to," said my aunt. "And no, it's not that we don't like to be fucked by men. Sometimes, it is good to have a man around. They just can't understand that there are times that we need more sexually than they give us. Your mom and I figured this out in."

"Your aunt's right," my mom added. "We've decided that we are going to spend the rest of this evening teaching you how good you can feel without a man around."

They came over to me and pressed their heated bodies against mine. I felt a desire surge through me that I had never felt before with any "man" that I had been with. They began to kiss me and touch me all over. I returned the favors to them as best as I could, but it was hard since they kept moving and sometimes they did things that made me just lean back and moan. God, they touched me in places that had been so long neglected in my sex life. My nipples grew hard as bullets as I quivered at their master skills of redefining my womanhood. They bent me over to lean on the couch. Both of them began to gently lap their tongues at my slit and my clit. Their fingers danced around the outer lips as the tongues made fire pass through the inside. Soon they began to use their fingers as well, stretching my cunt ever so slowly open while they continued.

Then my aunt slapped my cunt. It stung at first, but this wonderful feeling swept over it directly after a few brief seconds. I moaned quite loud. I felt my aunt begin to rub my clit quite vigorously with her left hand in a circular motion. I heard mom move away, but I was unsure where she went. It was sooo good when my aunt took her right hand and began to work in her fingers inside my pleasure hole. She really began to finger me quite deep. Mom appeared in my sight and laid down on the couch. She propped her self up a bit and put one leg on each side of my on the arm of the couch. "Lick me," she said. I began to lap at her cunt. It tasted so good! And it was so soft to suck on, I felt so excited by the thought of it. Then I felt my cunt spread open farther than I had ever dared to think it would. My aunt was slowly trying to fist it! And this tidal wave of pleasure swept over me like a tornado. I began to lap faster at my mom's cunt and even began to work my fingers in and out of it.

My aunt continued to rub faster and faster with her left hand. It helped just make me spread myself open so she could work her hand inside. I made my tongue as hard as I could, then began to fuck my mom with it. She really enjoyed it because she pressed up further to allow it to go in as deep as it would. I felt my aunt begin to move her fist inside my cunt, just hitting it against the inside back of my cunt lips. It felt good, and I could feel my hot cum boiling inside me. Then my aunt stuck out two of her fingers from her fist and felt around inside. I could feel her touch the inside walls of my now stretched womb. I moaned louder as the intensity of it built inside of me. I reached out with my hands and started playing with my mom's nipples as I continued to lick her cum hole and then... wosh! I felt this explosion of cum inside my cunt start as my aunt found my G-spot and rubbed it with her two fingers. I had to stop lapping at mom's tasty wet mound as a screamed in pleasure to this sweet release. My legs tensed and then began to loosen as it began to stop. My aunt gently removed her fist from my shaking cunt. My mom got off the couch and went behind me. I just laid there, motionless, because of the lack of energy. Then I heard a bzzzzzzing sound. No sooner had I heard it then I felt it pressing against my clit. It shook and vibrated me back to feeling energetic. They slid it up and down my slimey opening. It tingled my cunt so well, I began to understand exactly what they had been talking about earlier. Then I felt it go inside my virgin ass. I grabbed onto a pillow and held it over my mouth as it was forced inside. It had bumps and other things on it sticking out, and my ass hurt a bit stretching over them. It felt better once it was inside. "Hold it," my aunt said. I squeezed my ass cheeks together so I would hold onto it. She and my mom turned me over on the couch and moved me so I was in the center of it. My aunt straddled my face while looking at my feet. She began to slid her cunt up and down my mouth and nose area. I felt mom sticking something in my cunt. It felt like a string of beads. I felt her push them in one by one as my aunt filled my sense of smell with her warm and moist female appendage.

I lapped at my aunt's cunt as I could feel the vibrations from well within my ass shaking the beads within my womb. Then I felt my mom stop pushing them inside. She began to rub my clit just as my aunt had done earlier, but somehow it felt different, and even more pleasurable. I moved my hips as best as I could against her hand within moving too much so the vibrator wouldn't fall out of my ass. My mom straddled my stomach, and masturbated herself as well. She faced my aunt, and they began to kiss. My aunt was now just constantly rubbing herself over the ridge of my nose. With everything going on, I began to lose track of time. Suddenly I felt like cumming again! And as I did, my mom pulled the beads out of my cunt. It prolonged my squirting juices, and I had my first multiple orgasm! The beads pulling out by my clit and the vibrator still shaking in my ass really blew my mind. My aunt came on my face. I licked it up as fast as I could.

"One more thing to teach you tonight dear and then you can rest. We know the first time can be exhausting but soon after you will find that the sessions could last days," my aunt said as she climbed off my face. "Come here on the floor and get on your hands and knees." I slowly got up and the vibrator fell out of my ass onto the couch. I felt a small aftershock of an orgasm ripple through my cunt as this happened. I got onto the floor and on my hands and knees. My mom did this as well. Then I felt a thick dildo being stuck inside my cunt. I looked over my left shoulder. My aunt was now busy pushing a dildo in my mom. Then I saw that her dildo connected in the center to my dildo, and in the center there was one more

end that was obviously for my aunt. She got down on her hands and knees, and we now formed a circle with the dildo as our link.

"Each of us will take turns moving it from the center. I will start first," my aunt said. She reached behind and began to move it from the center in and out of each of our cunts. She moved it at a normal fucking speed. Sometimes she lifted it so it would go high, and then so it would go quite low and rub against our clits. The variations felt good inside my cunt, which needed done to it just what my aunt was providing for it. Of course, after what had just happened I couldn't help but reach back and finger my ass to add some extra sensation. I pressed against the skin that divided between my cunt and ass. I could feel the dildo moving in and out of my cunt through the skin.

It got me excited, and I moaned. Then my aunt stopped and my mom's turn began. She moved veeerrrryyy sssllloowww, almost like she wasn't moving it at all. It was a pleasurable torture, and I could really feel it when she changed the angle at which the dildo would enter me. I moaned louder out of frustrated pleasure. I fingered my ass quite madly to make up for the lack of speed in my cunt, which now ached for it. Then it was my turn. I grabbed it and began to move it before my mom moved her hand off from it. I pumped it around as fast as my hand could manage. It felt good to have the speed back, and I could feel my next orgasm building up inside of me. My mom kept her hand there and helped move it along with me. It felt better because my mom pulled it differently than I was and it was adding changes that made the world of difference inside my runny cunt. "Help move it with us auntie," I moaned. She reached back and put her hand on the center, too. We had it moving so good inside that we didn't stop once our first orgasms hit. We kept it moving until we had three more. Then we just stopped and stayed right where we were, basking in the glow of the sexual delights we were swimming in. I thanked both my mom and aunt for everything, and went to bed completely wore out.

That night I had such sexual dreams about what we did, I felt myself cumming. I woke up to experience the orgasm, and realized that my aunt had my legs over her shoulders and was fucking me with a strap-on while my mom lapped at my hole. I knew then I was in for a long weekend....

Dad and the Coach

Buck Johnson had been athletic director and head coach at Leeville High for seven years and had gained the admiration of not only the students but the parents, faculty and administration as well due to his transformation of the Leeville Rams football team. Perennial losers in their district, they were now contenders nearly every year and had been state champs the past two years. Plaques and awards lined his office and he was damn proud of them.

Coach Johnson didn't take any shit from any of his players; they toed the line or they were off the team. Period. No exceptions. And the coach demanded absolute respect and the boys did. All of the girls were in love with the 45 year old coach, and there was good reason.

Coach Johnson wasn't handsome in the traditional sense. He had not only been a football player in college but a powerlifter as well, and still had the body to match. At 6'5" and 275 pounds, he was most definitely a man's man. Brown hair and a perpetual tan rounded out the look, which was very intimidating to most of the students at the school. A gruff demeanor and mean disposition, as well as a reputation for discipline, kept his players in line.

The coach was doing some paperwork in his private office one day when he received a desperate phone call from Ed Sawyer, the father of Bobby Sawyer, one of his best wide receivers on the team.

"Coach, I need to talk with ya. About Bobby." Mr. Sawyer said. "What's the matter, Ed? Somethin' wrong?"

"I think I better come to your office and talk. It's pretty serious. When's a good time?"

"How about this afternoon? I'll have the assistants supervise practice while you and I talk. That sound ok?"

"Sure, coach. About 4:30? That's the earliest I can make it."

"Great, Ed. See ya then." The coach hung up the phone. He was concerned; he hadn't noticed anything wrong with the boy, certainly not in the playing department. He had caught two touchdown passes in the last game and had really played his heart out. Coach Johnson shook his head and finished his paperwork.

Ed Sawyer showed up promptly at Coach Johnson's office around 4:30. The two men shook hands, exchanged greetings, and Bobby's father took a chair in front of the coach's desk.

"So what's the problem, Ed? Bobby get some gal pregnant?" Ed shook his head. Big and burly himself, the owner of the largest construction company in town looked extremely puzzled. "Mind if I light up this stogie?" he asked, holding up a fat cigar. The coach nodded, indicating that it was alright.

"I kinda wish that was the problem, coach. Bobby's been acting, well, funny lately."

"Must be pretty bad, Ed. Whaddaya mean, 'funny'?" said the coach.

"Coach, I'm gonna be honest with ya. Since I've been divorced the last five years and the business has been boomin', I just ain't had much time for the kid. I don't know where I done wrong." Ed Sawyer continued shaking his head. "Dammit, Ed... get to the point. What's been going on with Bobby?" The coach was beginning to get impatient.

"Well, the other day, I was takin' a shower after I got home from work. I didn't put no shorts on or nothin', ya know... I've always been kinda casual around the house... anyways, I went to the kitchen to get a beer and Bobby was watchin' the TV in the living room when I passed through. He stared at my fuckin' crotch, coach! He denies it, but I seen it! I think my son is a fuckin' queer!" Now it was Coach Johnson's turn to shake his head in disbelief. Bobby Sawyer would be the last for him to suspect as being a queer. "What am I gonna fuckin' do, coach?"

"I dunno, Ed. It's pretty damn obvious that there needs to be a bit more discipline in the kid's life. When was the last time you taught him a good lesson? Spanked him?" His eyes wandered to the big paddle on the wall marked Coach. "Shit, he's 17 now... hell, I guess it's been about three years now."

"Three years!" exclaimed the coach. "No fucking wonder he's turning queer. He needs an old-fashioned wallop, that's what he needs. Let me call him off the field. We'll take care of him right here and now!" With that, the coach left Bobby's father in his office and marched

to the edge of the practice field. "Sawyer. In my office. On the double!" he barked. "Nowww!"

Bobby ran to the coach's office with a bewildered look his face. He was scared. No one got called into the coach's office unless it was to be disciplined... and big football players had walked out afterwards reduced to tears. Bobby was not looking forward to that experience.

"Dad!" Bobby exclaimed, when he saw his father in Coach Johnson's office. "What are you -" "Shuddup, Sawyer!" the coach barked. "Get down and do twenty pushups, and count'em out!" Bobby immediately obeyed the massive, hairy coach. "One, two..."

"Louder!"

"Five... six..." Bobby continued, a louder. "I can't hear you!" the burly coach said in a sing-song voice. The boy continued doing pushups and counted them out as loud as he could. Finally, he was finished and looked at the coach for further instruction. "OK, Bobby. Stand here by my desk. I gotta ask ya a few questions, and I don't want no fuckin' smart-alecky answers. Understand?"

"Yes Sir!"

"Your dad is concerned about you. Says you been checkin' out his pecker. That true?" Bobby looked at the floor and remained silent. "Answer me, Goddammit!"

"Y-y-y-e-ssssir," the boy stammered, clearly embarrassed. "Are you a queer, boy?"

"I ggguess I am, coach. I can't help it. Dad walks aroun' the house all nekkid and stuff, and, well... it gets my pecker hard."

"Ed, looks like you were right. Well, sorry if I doubted you for a minute. Hey, look at the kid. He's gettin' hard with all this talk about dick!" Ed looked at his son, wearing only a gray workout shirt and shorts with a jock, and football cleats. The bulge was getting pretty evident even though it was half protected by the jockstrap. "Yeah, you're right, coach. He's fuckin' turned on by dick!"

"Ed," said the coach. "What say we give him a of what he wants? That way, it could help him to decide if he really wants dick after all?" Mr. Sawyer agreed. "Sounds like a winner to me, coach. You're the coach, and you've had ta deal with these kinda problems before."

"Bobby, take off your clothes and get down on your knees. You're gonna get a closer look on what you've been wantin' here lately," said the powerfully built coach. Bobby didn't waste any time. As he got undressed, the men shucked off their excess clothing. The coach down to his jock, and Bobby's dad down to his boxer shorts.

Ed puffed on his cigar and looked at his son. He was really wanting this, he could tell. OK, thought Ed. He's gonna find out for sure if he wants it now.

Bobby got down on his knees in front of the men and couldn't believe what he was seeing in front of him... his dad and his football coach, nearly naked... his dick immediately grew all the way hard and stood up on its own. "Ed, you go first. Bobby, reach into your father's shorts and pull out that pecker."

Bobby wasted no time diving in the open fly of his father's boxers and feeling for the huge cock that he had seen many times. He felt the massive length of the huge, thick uncut cock and pulled it through the hole. "Damn, Ed," said the coach. I didn't know you were related to a fuckin' horse!", the coach joked. "Yeah, the ladies don't complain at all, coach," Mr. Sawyer laughed.

"Bobby, start sucking on your dad. Pull back the foreskin on his dick and lick around on the head for a minute. That's good. That-a boy. Lick your father's purple dickhead. That's it. Make him feel good!" The coach was getting excited. He'd done this many times, but never with the kid's dad around! Ed Sawyer groaned and involuntarily started grabbed the kid's ears and began a humping motion with his hips. "Damn, son... if I'd a known you were this fuckin' good, I mighta let you suck me some at home!"

Bobby thrilled at his dad's words and started putting the massive dickhead all the way in his mouth. This was really getting the kid turned on, and his own cock was leaking precum already. He caught a glimpse of the coach out of the corner of his eye. The coach's cock was every bit as big as his dad's! He watched the coach's big balls swaying slowly as he jacked his cock while watching Bobby suck his father off.

"Start taking more in your mouth. Gotta learn ya good, boy. Do like you're gonna yawn real big, that'll let you start taking it down your throat. How's it feelin', Ed? He doin' ok?"

"Damn, I ain't had a good blowjob in a long time. He's doin' great!" Bobby started to gag, and his father pulled out some and waited. Then, he got the rhythm started again and he got used to more cock down his throat until he had taken nearly all of the huge root.

As Bobby continued sucking his burly dad, the coach got an idea. He reached for the paddle on the wall, and walked towards the sucking boy. "Ed, we still gotta give him that spanking. He's overdue, ya know."

Mr. Sawyer was in no position to object, with all eight and a half thick inches of his cock down his son's throat. "Go ahead... do what ya gotta do, coach." He continued the obscene thrusting without further ado. "Bobby, I'm gonna whack ya, but it's for your own fuckin' good," the coach leered. He watched the boy's muscular butt tremble. But Bobby would not stop sucking.

"Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!" the coach beat the boy's butt until it was beet red, about forty times in all. Bobby was clearly hurting, but he didn't miss a stroke as he continued gobbling his dad's big dick. The coach reached for the KY jelly and stuck some in the boy's crack, lubing it up for his cock. "Now, I'm gonna fuck your chicken ass, boy. Get ready for a butt-fuckin' you'll never forget!"

The coach slapped more jelly on his huge cock, then placed the cockhead next to the boy's tight sphincter and pushed. "Damn, Ed. He's done this before. He ain't even cherry!"

Ed Sawyer watched in disbelief as Coach Johnson's huge manmeat invaded his son's asshole. "It's still tight, though! Damn, I think he knows what he's doin'!" The coach watched the boy push back with his ass, and soon he had all the coach's thick inches up his tail. Bobby started wiggling his ass to meet the coach's thrusts, jacking his own cock, and sucking his dad's cock. It was getting to be too much, and all three of them were getting close to cumming.

"Coach! Shit!!! He's makin' me shoot my load!!! Aw shit!! He's makin' me... shooo.... shiiittt! Aaagh!" Ed bucked his hips hard, shoved his cock all the way down his son's throat and shot jet after jet of thick jism. The huge dickhead was buried and Bobby could feel it pulse as each cumshot escaped from the tip buried in his teenage throat.

"Damn!!! Ed!!! Me fuckin' too!", the coach exclaimed, his breathing ragged. "Fuckin' shit, yeah! Up your butt, kid! Your fuckin' butt!"

The coach shoved his cock all the way in and out on the last few strokes and smacked the boy's asscheeks as his powerful orgasm approached. "Yeah! Right fuckin' now! Godddammm!!!" The coach busted his balls and shot so much cum that it ran out of the boy's ass and down his legs. Just then, Bobby's cock erupted and he experienced his own orgasm.

"Well, Ed... I think this is gonna improve your home life from now on. Need any more discipline, let me know!", Coach Johnson said. He mussed Bobby's head with his hand and they all laughed. "The team's already gone and so has everyone else. Let's all hit the shower and get cleaned up!"

The men headed towards the shower room.

Allissa

Sandi was gone along with everyone else, apparently they all forgot I was even coming. So, I got bored. When I get bored, I usually start exploring the house despite the fact there isn't any place I haven't seen in the whole place.

Well, this day I entered Sandi's room. I was frightened of this, and it took a great deal of nerve for me to do. But, I entered her room... Sandi's room looked, I suppose, like any other girls room, but it was full of secrets! Some of which I wanted to find...

Sandi had a perfectly huge walk in closet, and I went in to look at her pretty dresses. Despite the fact she is always trying to lord it over me, or should that be Lady, Sandi is a very pretty girl.

And she is my sister, so, despite the way she treated me in those days, I took pride in her, well, beauty! I ran my hands over her silk and satin dresses and even had the nerve to try on one of her transparent silk nighties. Now, let me explain, I was... and I suppose still am a boy, Man now! But I had a fascination with soft and smooth fabrics. I'm not above going to the local fabric store and buying some sort of silk or silk like fabric even today.

I didn't get into trouble over my love of such fabrics until later in life. But, I did borrow, when I knew nobody would be asking me to strip, a pair of panties. The good silk ones! Now, there were more than a few looks given me when I would appear in the girls section of the clothing stores when there alone, but, I loved to wear, or just feel, girls underwear. The silk or near silk sort, that is!

But, at this time, I wasn't into going into the girls section, I just stole my mother's and sister's used panties to sniff and beat off in when I discovered the joys of beating off. Then, and one more step towards my future trouble, I took a pair of Sandi's clean silk panties to wear under my pants. It was a Saturday so no school!

My sister had a problem my mother didn't. She kept close watch on her clothes. Not just her panties, but all of them! I think she began suspecting me right after my first 'borrowing' of her panties. Certainly she missed them... but, she never said anything to me about it. Merely looked at me in a funny way. Certainly she wouldn't have suspected Dad.

My father... now there was a man who nobody would ever suspect of being into wearing panties! When he could he dragged me to all the ball games he could find to attend. He really enjoyed them, but I had to fake even liking them! Didn't think Dad suspected me of liking panties, not the girls who were in them, but the panties themselves.

Then, one day I thought I was alone in the house so I entered Sandi's room to borrow some special panties I just had to try on. I had been in the habit of dropping my robe right after my bath, no showers yet, and stepping naked to her panties drawer...

"Thought it had to be you...!" Sandi lifted. She always lifted when speaking, that was Sandi talking...

Caught...

Sandi stood in the opened door of the walk in closet. I had whipped around on a pivot, and almost fell with dizziness, there was a smiling Sandi! This was a Sandi I had never seen before... there was no meanness in her smile. The closet light was on behind her so I really couldn't tell what she was wearing, except I could see her lovely body outline through a sort of aura.

Now, I said I couldn't really see a lot, but I could see her face and the delighted expression to be found there! She turned to turn the light off behind her, stepped out and carefully closed the door...

She was wearing her most transparent nightie! It really didn't show anything clearly and yet didn't really hide anything either. I knew she couldn't be wearing panties under the top because the slightest color change would have shown through.

"Sooo, you my brother, or Sister!?" I just stared at her, "Well, c'mon, were you goin' to borrow my panties or something else!?" She never raised her voice above a whisper. But, I was scared to death! Had I had short hairs, she would have had me by them... "Well, then, I'll assume you wanted my panties! Why don't you go look in that drawer over there, then?" And she pointed to a drawer that wasn't her panties drawer.

Like a marionette on strings, I went to the drawer she had indicated and pulled it open, all while looking over my shoulder at Sandi. I had to turn my head to look in the drawer, and what I saw broke me out in goose bumps. It looked like panties... But, in my size!

"Wh... What're these, then, Sandi?" I wasn't thinking very well at all right then. "Well, take one out and try it on, Brat!" And I had to look up to see her expression and that relaxed me again.

Even as I reached in, I felt a soft hand encircle my still soft penis. I hadn't even heard anyone cross the floor! So, I jumped, and looked down and it wasn't Sandi's hand! I reached inside the drawer and pulled out a very pretty pink panties with a heart with a penis through it! It was just like a valentines heart, except instead of an arrow, it had a penis through it!

The hand stayed on my slowly hardening penis and began pumping up and down on it slowly. "Why not turn around, Lover!?" A very soft and young voice purred in my ear. Since turning into the girl, my next older sister, would have pulled her hand off my penis I turned away from her. As I came around, she stepped into me and kissed me gently on the lips.

"Now, are you Andy or Allissia?" Another voice inquired softly, my mother! The one who kissed me and jacked on my penis, turning it into a cock, Cendi, stepped back maintaining only her grip on my penis.

"Wh... What ya mean, Mommy!? ... I... I'm!?" And I couldn't finish the sentence.

Another voice, Mike, my older brother, pitched in quietly but strongly, "Well, either you're Andy or Allissa. Which is it??" "What...!?" I still wasn't thinking. "Alright then, we'll spell it out for you... if you put on the panties, you're Allissa. And if you don't, you're Andy! So, which are you?" Mom said gently.

"Yh... Ya don't care which it is, then!?" I was beginning to come down from my shock by then. "What if I put the panties on?"

"Then you're Allissa and will be treated as such. If you're Andy you'll be treated accordingly."

"What..." I started.

"If you're Allissa, you can wear all the girls things you want and can have a sex change operation at the proper time. If you..."

"Be... Be treated as a boy then, huh!?" Everybody smiled and nodded their heads "Yes".

"Can I... uuhhhh, have proper sex either way!?"

Everybody nodded again.

Gently detaching Cendi's clutching hand, I reached down with the panties and slowly pulled them up. I had looked down and jerked up in surprise when everyone began applauding.

But, I had a problem, my cock was holding my new panties lumped out. Mike approached and gently shoved my panties down and took me into his mouth to suck. I noticed where Mike had been before there was a small puddle of panties.

Dressing the Girl

Problem...

I couldn't ejaculate yet. But, Mike got me off anyhow, I could feel the sensations of ejaculation. As Mike fell back and Carren knelt in front of him taking him into her mouth to suck, he groaned in ecstasy. Cendi brought two towels, both warm from the bathroom, one to wash me off the other to dry me properly.

Another set of panties was brought to me and I was led into the closet and straight through to another room. In that closet was a rack of dresses and skirts with blouses. The problem hit me like a led weight then!

"Mommm, what if, what about the upper grades in school!? I can't go into the locker rooms dressed as a girl, can I!?"

"Certainly not, Alli! You'll be excused from those places. And you'll be excused from sporting events too. Oh, you can go watch them with everyone else, but, you can't participate in them... That going to be a problem for you??"

I shook my head No. But, I was beginning to get hard again, the silk against my penis was exciting me... not to mention the situation. And that was a problem! Mom saw my 'situation' and leapt at the chance to suck me off too! After that was finished I groaned satisfaction...

Mike came wobbling into the room and collapsed on the carpet against the beautiful four poster bed that sat on a step up.

When everyone was there, Cendi took my hand and led me into the closet and we chose a dress for me to wear. For now it was all right for me to wear flat chested dresses but the real beauty of this dress we chose was the fact it would hide erections. And I was developing another one right then!

The lacy undersides of the dress were rubbing the still sensitive shaft of my penis and it was almost painful the way I was building up! "Cendi! Getting another cock! What do I do!?" I whispered quietly. "This dress will hide it, Darling! Lets go show you off to the others."

Cendi had found a very close match for my hair and skin tone in a wig and brushed it out for me. We stepped out into the room to silence! "Ooohhh, Allie! You're beautiful even without makeup!" Mom cried in ecstasy. "Oh, Myyy!" Cried Mike, "Al, my Sister!?"

There were other cries of joy on seeing me cross dressed for the first time. But, the most important to me was Mike's opinion!

Well, now I'm twenty five and been a full woman for seven years. Mike died of Aids a couple years ago now. But we never really had sex together and apparently he picked up HIV after his one time sucking of me off. No, I didn't give it to him...!

And now, I have found a transvestite and got married, myself!

Fooling Daddy

Okay, I already know what you will call me after you read this story. I was not thinking too clearly when I set out to cover up my "indiscretion", and I certainly didn't have any idea how far things would go. After all, as a spoiled, rich, 18 year old blonde brat, I'm not exactly supposed to be that smart. If I were, I probably wouldn't have gotten pregnant in the first place. But one period missed and a positive pee test told me I better figure out something to keep my daddy from killing me or my new boyfriend Kevin.

Kevin wasn't my first boy - well, he was my second, actually. He got me so hot that night that I forgot to use any protection. Damn, could Kevin fuck! He was big and hard and knew how to use his thing. He had already shot off in me when I realized that I was being stupid. Yeah, I realized it, but it was too late. Kevin had buried his big cock deep inside of me and spermed me really good. When I missed my next period, I knew I had fucked-up big time. My father had no use for boys like Kevin, and when he found out he had knocked me up, I was sure he would do something terrible. For that reason, I hatched this crazy plan.

Kevin had some really shady friends - guys he got drugs from and stuff. One night at his place, while lamenting our dilemma and smoking some dope, one of his colored friends came over. We told him what happened and he just laughed and said "Good thing you didn't fuck a nigga - yo' daddy would get you an abortion for sure!" Well that's when a light went on and my plan evolved. My uptight, white, conservative dad just might not kill me if I had been by a black man - and made pregnant. The dude was right on - like he knew my dad. Kevin, Kato, and I soon had put together the most bizarre plan you ever imagined. All we had to do was get enough money for Kato's cousin to do it, which would be no problem at all. I gave Kato the money on Thursday night, and the plan was set for Friday. I went to bed about 10 PM that night but couldn't sleep as I waited for the arranged visitor to arrive.

Mom and Dad turned in about 11 PM and I laid in my bed quietly waiting for the tap on my window. At about 1:30 AM it came. I unlatched it and found Kato and another black dude standing outside. They were dressed in black and had ski masks to cover their faces. My heart was trying to jump out of my chest as we whispered the final details of the plan. "You gonna go thru with it?" Kato asked. "Yeah. I'm gonna do it," I told him, still unaware of where this night would ultimately go. "It's the only way."

Kevin and his cousin, named Alfred, climbed into my room and came over to the bed. As planned, I slipped off my pajamas and let them tape my hands together and gag me. Even though it was pretty dark in my room, Alfred used the faint street light rays to look at my naked body.

"Baby, what a fine bod you got there," he said as he ran his rough black hands up and down my skin. "You gonna really like what I got for you, baby girl. Is all this shit really your idea?"

I had never been around black men much and I was amazed at how black they really were. In the darkness I could barely see their features and when they put on their ski masks I became a scared. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, I thought as they took my arms and began to lead me to my parents. Not that it mattered any more. I was gagged and restrained. If I wanted to change my mind now it was a too late. The plan was unfolding as I had arranged it and there was no turning back.

The walk to the master bedroom was short and we quietly walked in the open door and stood at the foot of the big king-sized bed where they quietly slept. As Alfred held me tightly, Kato went over to the light switch and flipped it on. As the bright overhead light shocked my parents out of their sleep, I felt the tip of a cold steel blade against throat. "Don't say a fuckin' word or I'll slit the bitch's throat," Alfred yelled as he pushed the blade against my skin. "Make a move and I'll off her."

"Oh God! No!" My mother screamed as she tried to cover herself with the bed sheet. "Don't hurt my baby!"

"Damn", I said to myself as my parents cowered at the sight of my assailants. "This is kinda exciting." Daddy demanded to know what they wanted, and Kato just laughed through his ski mask. "Take all the money and stuff you want," Daddy told them. "I'll help you get it. Just don't hurt my family. "Okay, tough guy," Kato chuckled.

Daddy was trying not to gaze at my naked body as I stood so close to him, but he had not had a good look at me for several years. I sure wasn't the girl he used to diaper. I had tits now and a hairy pussy that he kept looking at. Alfred saw him looking at me and asked Daddy if he liked what he saw. Embarrassed, he turned away and didn't answer. Then Alfred told my parents to get out of bed. I didn't know they slept in the nude, so when Kato yanked the covers back, I saw my parents naked for the first time I can remember. As we had planned Kato demanded that my mom use the role of duct tape to tape up Daddy's hands and feet. He also made her put a piece of tape over his mouth.

"What are you going to do with us?" my mom asked defiantly. "You bastards! Take our valuables and get the fuck out of our house!" she screamed using words I never heard her say. "Easy bitch," Kato replied in a phony thick black accent. "You ain't in any position to tell us what to do. We gonna take whatever we be wantin' and you just gonna watch us do it." Kato pushed Daddy up against the pillows and told Mom to get over with him. Then he told Alfred in the crudest of terms that he was gonna fuck me while my parents watched. Alfred let me go and went over to the bed and pointed the knife at my mother. Then, unzipping his pants, he pulled out his cock and waved it in Mom's face. It was very long and thick. Mom pulled away as Alfred stepped toward her.

"Come on bitch," he said laughing. "Tell me the real truth. You been wantin' some nigga dick for years, ain't ya? Here's ya chance to make a dream come true."

Mom just shook her head defiantly and held Daddy tightly as Alfred stroked his huge black cock and made it get hard.

"Okay, then," he said to Mom. "Looks like yo' girl gonna get this dick. Ever see her get that sweet pussy fucked by a big nigga dick?" Alfred didn't even look at her as he spoke. He just walked over to where Kato and I were standing and told his nephew to lay me down on the bed. Handing the knife to Kato, Alfred pushed my legs apart and climbed up on the bed between them.

"No! Don't!" my mom cried out as Alfred pushed his cock to the opening of my pussy. "Do me instead!. Leave her alone - take me - fuck me!" Alfred looked up at Mom and then back at my pussy. With arrogance in his voice he told Mom that she was going to get fucked right after he finished with me and then pushed his big cock into my hole. God, it was big - twice as big as my boyfriend's. It hurt a as he pushed, but I was wet and it soon was slipping in nicely. I tried not to act like I liked it, but as Alfred began to fuck me deep I cried out with pleasure. His big black piston was a blur as he fucked me like an animal in heat. I put my taped hands from above my head to around his neck and stared into the piercing white eyes that stared back at me through the narrow slits in his mask. My pussy seemed to melt around his big cock and didn't even feel tight anymore. I was soaking wet from my own juices since he had not come yet. I couldn't see my mom and dad from where I lay, but I knew they were watching their daughter being fucked by a big black intruder.

"Damn, cousin!" Kato said as he held the knife on my parents. "Look at her old man. Dude's got a huge boner for a white boy! I think he's turned on watching his girl get fucked." Well, that made Alfred fuck me ever harder. Then suddenly, he slowed his thrusts and pushed his cock deep inside of me. As new to fucking as I was, I still knew what that meant and soon I was feeling the strong contractions of his climax as he shot his hot black seed against my pregnant womb. Of course, my daddy had no way of knowing that I was already pregnant so he would certainly believe this was when it happened. My plan had worked! Daddy had seen a black man fucking me and would never know that I had gotten knocked-up by Kevin. That was the end of my plan. I expected Alfred and Kato to pretend to get scared and run away. In fact, as Alfred slowly pulled his huge black dick free, I was so proud of myself for coming up with such a creative, and enjoyable, solution to my problem, that I just lay there with my eyes closed savoring the wonderful feelings of being so thoroughly fucked. What happened instead was something I didn't plan.

Alfred made my mother get up and come over to the end of the bed where I lay. He pushed her to the floor and made her take his dripping cock in her mouth and suck it. She didn't resist at all and followed his instructions. Kato was still holding the knife, but he wasted no time in getting his cock out of his pants and getting behind my mom. As she sucked my pussy juices off of Alfred's big black shaft, Kato shoved his dick into Mom and began to fuck

her. I wiggled around on the bed to watch better and positioned myself to where I could see both my parents. Mom was getting two black cocks while Daddy looked on.

I could see for the first time that his cock was hard as he watched his wife being done by two black thugs and I was surprised that Daddy was turned on by what he saw. It didn't take Alfred and Kato long to finish with Mom. Kato held her naked ass tightly and fucked her deep like Alfred had just fucked me, and Kato had taken his cock out of Mom's mouth and was stroking it to get off once more. I think Kato came first. I saw him grimace and tighten his grip on Mom about the same time that Alfred's dick spewed in her face. I don't think Dad saw it, but I saw Mom open her mouth and try to catch his squirting sperm in it. That's when I knew my mom had enjoyed being fucked as much as I had.

It still wasn't quite over, though. The guys had one more surprise for me. They told Mom to get up on the bed and lay down beside me. While she was doing that, Kato went over to Dad and pulled him to his feet. With the sharp knife, he cut his hands and feet free and forcefully dragged him over to the end of the bed where we were. Dad was standing there facing us so we could see his hard cock and he could see our pussies. "Okay, Pop," Alfred said. "See all that nigga cum dripping out yo' women's cunts. Any doubt in your mind they been fucked real good?"

I could feel the sperm dripping down the crack of my ass as my Daddy looked first at my pussy and then at Mom's. I'm sure she was dripping like me. When he didn't answer Alfred's question, Kato put the knife blade to Daddy's cock and ask it again. Finally Daddy shook his head and Kato took the knife away. Kato then told Daddy to take his cock and jack it off. Mom and I watched Daddy take his cock in his right hand and start stroking it really fast until a big fountain of cum shot out of it and landed all over us. As Daddy fell down on the floor, totally spent and exhausted, Kato and Alfred left. Mom and I lay bound on the bed until he regained enough energy to set us free.

I couldn't believe what had happened or how my simple plan had gone askew. I never expected my mom to get fucked or to see Daddy jack-off on us, or anything so wild. But it had happened, and I couldn't take it back. When my pregnancy was officially confirmed by the family doctor, Dad was sure I was carrying a black baby and got me an abortion as expected and I broke up with Kevin soon thereafter. I started spending a lot of time with Kato and his friends - being much more careful than I was before. Dad has no idea I'm dating, much less fucking several of Kato's friends. I can't seem to get enough big black cock. Dad also doesn't know about Mom. All I know for sure is she doesn't complain so much when he goes on trips, and I recently saw her car driving down a street in Kato's neighborhood - the one I hang out in now. It sure looks like Mom may have developed a liking for the same thing I have because she is sure not down there looking for me.

An All American Family

Chapter ONE

"Twas the night of Thanksgiving and all through the house, the Schidinks were stirring..."

Little Timmy Schidink, only ten years old and very angry, sat on the toilet in the groundfloor bathroom. He had withheld his shit five days, but now the Turkey dinner was forcing the issue. His constipated gut ached as he pushed and pushed trying to squeeze the delayed monster turd out his distended rectum.

Grace Schidink in the master-bedroom hummed happily as she prepared the boudoir for the private pleasure she and Kurt had been planning for weeks. With an expert flourish she rolled out the red rubber sheet onto the king-sized mattress, fastening it securely at the corners. Next, she opened up four brand new packages of disposable drop cloths and began covering the floor around the bed. The macrame plant hangers followed... down came the spider plants, up went the chrome hooks Kurt had recently added to their toy chest from the medical supply house.

Behind the locked door of his third floor bedroom, handsome athletic smooth-bodied muscular blonde square-jawed blue-eyed Kurt Jr., home for the holidays from his Sophomore year at UCLA, popped a videotape into the VCR, put on his horn-rimmed distance glasses and lay back on the bed playing with his nipples as the crude titles rolled over the screen.

Kurt Sr. was making ready in the master bathroom. Oh no. He'd forgotten to pick up that extra tube of Preparation H and there was none left in the medicine cabinet. "I can't believe this," he muttered to himself, pissed off that he hadn't made out a list before he'd gone shopping yesterday. The stores would all be closed now. Perhaps Kurt Jr. might have some he could borrow. Kurt put on a bathrobe and stepped into the hall where he was greeted by the sound of snickering and dirty giggling coming from behind middle son Marvin's closed bedroom door. It sounded smutty to Kurt and he didn't like it. After all there were the other parents to consider. Marvin Schidink was hosting a slumber party for his neighborhood playmates Eddie and Victor, and their parents had given permission. Kurt didn't want any repercussions. He rapped on Marvin's door. "What're you guys doing in there?" The sniggles stopped. "Nothing, Dad." "May I come in?"

Victor hurriedly tossed the pink rubber dildo-dick he'd stolen from the magazine store under the bed. Just in time. [Whew] The door opened.

Kurt looked into the room. The three boys, Marvin 12, Victor 15, and Eddie just 13 were all sitting bolt upright under the covers of Marvin's bed. There were comics spread all over the bed. Innocent enough, Kurt decided. "Now you boys, keep it down in here." "Yes sir." "...and don't do anything smutty, you understand. Tomorrow isn't a schoolday so you can keep the lights on until 12:00, but then you've got to hit the hay, understand?" "Yes sir."

Kurt closed the door and proceeded up the stairs to Kurt Jr.'s room. He knocked once. "Kurt Jr...?"

[Oh FUCK!] Kurt Jr. grabbed for the remote control and pushed OFF just as the words, "Scat lover tape #3" bloomed onto the screen. "What is it, Dad?" "Do you have any Preparation H, Son? Your mom and I are out." "Just a second, Dad, I think I do, I'll check." Kurt hopped into his jeans and took a fresh tube out of his dopkit on the nightstand. He was about to open the door when he realized that he still had two big green snakebite suction cups attached to his nipples. He yanked them off, hoping the reddened erect nipples would go unnoticed by his father. They did. "Having a flare-up?" Kurt Jr. asked solicitously as he handed over the medication. "No, Son, it's for your mother." "Well this should do the trick... it always works for me." "Thanks, Kurt Jr., I'll buy you a replacement tube tomorrow."

Kurt Jr. watched his father head back down the stairs. Sr. was a great big blond muscular man with a giant butt and a fairly large belly, but all-in-all real masculine, like so many of his Polish buddies who rode with him on the back of scavenger trucks working hard in all kinds of weather hauling garbage to provide food for the table and a college education for the kids. Jr. shut the door and began looking around the carpet for his snakebite cups.

Grace could feel that sexy feeling starting in her bowels, she resisted pulling down her panties and fingering her clitoris. There was still some preparation to be finished, and she'd

better hurry if she wanted to pull it off. She smiled to herself thinking about the surprise she'd planned... Kurt and Grace did an enema night every now and then, two or three times a year, usually after church on a Sunday or on a holiday where Kurt didn't have to go to work at crack of dawn the next morning... but they'd never tried anything like what Grace had secretly planned for Kurt tonight. The two bags hung side by side from the hooks.. Hers pink and holding two quarts. His was black, a special mail-order model from New Jersey, and weighed a ton when full at six quarts - there were five in it now. Fortunately, Kurt was still getting ready. Grace brought a one liter bottle of Winners Cup vodka from the back of the closet where she'd had it stashed for this special occasion. Glancing nervously toward the closed bathroom door, she poured the whole thing into the black bag which now bulged almost to overflowing. Hurriedly she rehid the empty in the closet. Grace felt her heart pounding - Kurt did not allow any alcohol in the house, but she knew that just once she had to do this... The door opened, flooding the room with harsh light from the bathroom. Kurt stood there untying the belt to his bathrobe.

"Lucky for us Kurt Jr. had some extra, Hon. I clean forgot it when I went shopping yesterday." Old Prep-H was their favorite lubrication for these occasions. Grace always had been pile-prone and the shark oil medication seemed to work best for working in the enema nozzles - they both preferred it. Kurt looked around the room, his wife had really been busy, while his only contribution was to stack the dishwasher. "Gee, you got everything set up already, I should have helped." It was all there ready to go: the extra towels, the plastic buckets. Even the Port-a-Potty had been unfolded and put in place a few feet from the edge of the bed. "By the way, Hon, I didn't tell you how delicious that turkey stuffing was you put together - I made a real pig of myself. That enema'll sure feel great..." With that, Kurt involuntarily cut loose a thunderous fart. "Mercy!" giggled the little woman, "hold your horses. You're snortin' and rarin' to go, aren't you?"

"Better believe it." Kurt hung the robe on the hook of the door and flopped his big hairless body onto the rubber sheet. His enormous uncut dick bounced against his belly and then tilted out into space semi-erect and ten fat inches long, the head still tucked behind his generous pink foreskin, except for the glossy dime sized end surrounding his piss hole. He cupped his giant elephant scrotum with its unusually tough thick skin and fluffed himself a few times while he watched Grace slip out of her bra and panties. Grace had managed to keep her trim little figure; of course her breasts sagged a bit more these days than they had on their wedding night some 22 years ago and those small brown nipples pointed at her feet now instead of at the ceiling, but Kurt liked the way she looked, and her extremely thick bush seemed to him if anything denser than ever.

The routine, a pattern developed over more two decades of enema nights, never varied. They kissed for about five minutes and then unceremoniously switched to a spoon style position. Kurt's bag was so much bigger, simply because his abdominal capacity was greater. It also took longer to feed and so Grace always got him started first. Kurt propped one leg up in the air as his wife began working the Prep-H into his crack and past his baby-tight ruby asshole. She was greasing him up good tonight. He felt his dick stiffen as the little woman's finger got the knuckle past the first sphincter. Ah this was the life! Kurt wished he could have an enema every night. Now she was starting in with the nozzle, Kurt offered barely any resistance and Grace slid all six inches of it into his rectum. "Let her rip," he moaned as she reached for the clamp and released it. He heard a gurgle and felt the first surge. With the weight of a gallon and a half of fluid backing it, that initial rush always took his breath away, but then he relaxed and went with the flow. He could feel the liquid coursing into his lower colon, it was a great feeling and he noticed that his cockhead had now worked itself totally into the open at the end of a full and glorious boner. Then he felt the first hint of cramping... oooooohoh... Grace slid the fluted nozzle back and forth in his asshole to divert the momentary discomfort. Soon Kurt's gut had accommodated its growing load and he repositioned his leg onto the rubber sheet. It was a signal to cut the flow for a moment and for Mr. Schidink to start the process up on Mrs. Schidink. Kurt felt great... almost light-headed. This was the best damned enema he could remember. He watched his wife spread wide her undercarriage with its masses of black wiry curls barely revealing the intricate scrolls of her liver-colored cunt lips and puffy puckered anus. He squeezed out

some Prep-H. Oops too much. He pushed a glob into Grace's anal opening and scraped another big glob off the red rubber which he also lubed into her hairy crevice. He felt terrific ... they were just going to have to arrange to do this more often. The woman's enema nozzle was much daintier than the one lodged inside him, even though Kurt's rectum was teeny and his wife's was if anything impressive by comparison. But then men were men and women were women and this nozzle was especially designed for the fairer sex, just as the one shoved up inside him was designed by that Dr. Jay in New Brunswick especially for men - or rather "guys" (to quote the instructions on the box). "Oh you big clown! Quit fooling around." "What're you talking about, Hon?"

"You stuck it in the wrong hole," Grace giggled. Kurt rolled over and took his reading glasses off the nightstand. Sure enough. He couldn't believe it. There was that nozzle protruding from the back end of Grace's slippery brown vulva, a full inch south the proper slot. Kurt was astounded, he'd never made that slip before. "Sorry, dear. I guess I just wasn't looking where I was going." He pulled the plastic stem out and reinserted it into her pulsing asshole. "How's that?" "Bullseye," she crooned and indicated for him to start the flow. Kurt reached for the tubing and released the clamp. A minute passed, he was feeling lightheaded but good. "Kurt, I'm not feeling anything can you adjust the nozzle or something..." Oh Shit! Kurt suddenly realized that his own gut was about to burst and that the black enema bag was half empty. He'd released the wrong clamp(!) By the time he got his line cut off and hers started, he felt like he was going to explode. Grace knew intuitively what he was feeling and she began jerking her husband's foreskin back and forth over the swollen dickhead, again diverting his attention from the temporary cramps which had sent his entire abdomen into spasms. "Oh yeah, that's it, Hon, keep pumping." He took deep breaths bouncing back and forth between agony and ecstasy. Then it was her turn for a spasm.

"Aaaaennh... ooooooh... Kurt... clamp me off I'm filling too fast." This time he managed to get it right despite his growing lightheaded but happy loss of coordination.

They lay there resting for a while. Finally she said: "Think you can take a little more, Kurty?" "I guess so, as long as you keep jocking me off." "You really like how I jock you off, don't you darling?" "You bet I do. Why you're just about the best jocker-offer I've ever had." "Is that a fact???" her tone went testy. "Oh not what you think, Hon. I meant before we got married... you know, with the other boys in the locker room - just messing around."

"I see... Well, then I forgive you... Boys will be boys." Kurt decided to change the subject. "Let's 69. Okay? We haven't done that in a long while." "With the hoses in?" she asked incredulously, this wasn't like her conservative hubby at all. "Sure. Besides, it's about time we add to our bag of tricks." He was feeling adventurous. "Whatever you say, you big lug." She was very pleased as she watched the father of her three sons get up on all fours and back up over her with that thick black rubber tube snaking out of his ass toward the plant hangers on the ceiling.

Little angry ten-year old Tommy still sat on the downstairs john grunting, pushing and straining his stopped-up asshole. Maybe if he frigged himself it wouldn't ache so much. He'd watched Marvin do it with Victor and it made them real blissful. He took his tiny weener in his fist and began jerking it around. But it didn't seem to want to get any bigger the way Victor's did.

Meanwhile Victor was in the process of demonstrating the art of masturbation to a new initiate. He and Marvin had done it to themselves, to each other, even once in front of Timmy. But Eddie had never done it, despite now being a good two weeks over 13 and already showing traces of a mouse-colored mustache. That's what this whole slumber party was all about. It was Victor's idea actually, but he'd made Marvin promise not to tell Eddie anything about it ahead of time. The three boys were sitting on top of the bed in their pajamas and Victor had hauled the rubber dildo back out from under the bed.

"What's it used for, Victor?" Eddie asked. "A dildo-dick? Why, it's kind of a teaching device." "A teaching device? I don't get it."

"You will. Marvin and I'll show you." Victor passed the footlong rubber erection to the 12 year old Schidink boy. "Show Eddie how you beat off, Marvin." "My dad says you'll go to hell if you beat off." Eddie stated with no little concern. "Your dad's full of crap." countered the older boy. "He is not. He's a Born-again and Born-again's never lie!"

"He is too. Beating off feels so good - it's the best, there's nothing in the whole world that feels near as good. Not even screwing your girlfriend."

Marvin, who was about to show how you beat off a dildo-dick, looked up in astonishment. "You have a girlfriend?" "Of course I do." "Oh yeah," interjected Eddie, "prove it - what's her name?" Victor thought for a moment. "Betty," he muttered without much enthusiasm. Marvin was now really impressed. "And you screw her? Really screw her? In the pussy?" "Sure I do, right in the middle of her pussy." Victor regained his tone of authority. "Yessir, right in the middle." Eddie too was becoming convinced. "What does a pussy look like?" "Well, I'll tell you, but only if you let me and Marvin beat you off."

"But I told you already... I don't want to burn in Hell!!!" Eddie wailed. "Don't be stupid, Eddie. You only go to hell if you beat yourself off. Not if somebody else beats you off. [....!??] "Are you sure?"

Victor could see that Eddie wanted very much to believe him. "I'm positive. In fact you can even beat somebody else off and it doesn't count... it's only when you beat yourself that you go to hell." Victor could see Eddie was weakening. He was pleased with himself. "But first you're going to have to show us your penis."

The bald guy wearing the sunvisor was wheezing audibly. He weighed 275 pounds easily and could barely hold himself up in the squat over the scrawny longhaired guy with the pimples and coke bottle glasses lying flat on his back between the fatman's legs in the bathtub. Here it comes... Kurt Jr. twisted his left tit with one hand while he held the bottle of Locker Room up to his nostrils with the other. The shaky camera panned down the fat guy's back to his distended shit hole. It's coming out... Kurt recapped the popper and rammed his middle finger back up into his own hungry poop-chute, just as a brown turd ribbon began squeezing out the fat man's rectum, dropping by clumps into the longhair's open mouth. Kurt pushed his finger in as far as it would go up up toward a lump of his own shit. He clamped down with all his might and then withdrew his finger to look at the treasure. It was clean. He held it to his nose and sniffed. Damn... nothing.

Back on the screen the pimply guy had started rimming the filthy asshole. The shit was getting smeared everywhere. One of the guy's lenses was completely muddled out.

Now that is disgusting Kurt thought to himself. He was irritated with Shit lovers #3. It was exactly like Lovers #1 and #2. Why did they always use such ugly nerdy types in these scat videos? That guy shouldn't be wearing his glasses for godsake. It was ludicrous and made the whole thing a travesty. Why couldn't there ever be any nice healthy looking guys with white teeth, flawless tans and fresh blow-drys like in all the other porn? After all, I'm hot looking, atheletic, with a nice body, Kurt thought, I'm a shit lover... why can't they make these movies with guys like me. This is so demeaning. It really pisses me off. If only he had more guts, he reasoned for the thousandth time. He'd given it so much thought... lead the movement, give public speeches, be a spokesman and role model, march in the parades... If only he had more guts. Guts enough to bring respectability to scat. Educate the public. Go into politics even. Who knew where it might lead? Kurt Schidink Jr. the country's first Brown Hanky Congressman. B.M. Brothers Unite!!! Keep your chins up high!!! Don't be oppressed just because you let people shit on you. Spread those Cheeks and Fly!!! It made his head spin. Kurt took another hit as the video shifted to a new duo. Well, not entirely new. There was that same fatty but this time he was wearing a black wig..(!) This is really insulting... what a piece of shit this #3 was turning out to be and he'd forked over \$89.95 for it too. Non-refundable.

At 10:03 pm, the exact moment of Kurt Jr.'s disappointing discovery, downstairs his father had positioned himself over his mother's cunt and his tongue was beginning to search out what they called her little love-snail, his youngest brother Timmy still on the pot was on the verge of passing out from pushing out and his other brother Marvin was untying his pajama bottoms. And two blocks away out on the icy street the fuel pump of a '79 Ford Pinto was giving up its life, unbeknownst to Larry Henderson, the car's current owner coming back from a gay bar through a neighborhood he'd never been in before. It was incredible coincidence that when the engine died it died right in front of 677 Rigoletto Place, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Schidink and their three fine sons. The coincidence was made greater by the fact that during the summer of his highschool sophomore year Larry and Kurt who were

classmates and neighbors at the time used to get together to assfuck and suck each other off. But then Kurt's family moved across town and Larry took up with a different crowd and the rest was history. Kurt and Larry had not seen each other in 25 years. Larry steered the coasting Pinto across a slick of ice next to the curb. Shit it was cold. For the first time that evening he regretted not wearing more than the jockstrap under his leather chaps. He got out and threw open the hood. His butt was freezing. He hoped he'd be able to spot what the problem was, only the problem was that Larry actually only knew zip about cars and realized that the gesture was more one of macho reflex than constructive action. Larry could see his breath in the beam of his flashlight. It was dark except for some yellowish light coming from behind the upstairs shaded window of 677. Behind those shades Grace was moaning herself through multiple orgasms under her husband's increasingly clumsy ministrations and manipulations.

Kurt didn't know what had taken over him. He felt great. Out of control, but great. And then Grace crested her biggest wave and one knee kicked out in one of the many reflex actions her coming was prone to and landed square in the center of her hubby's swollen tight-as-a-drum fluid-filled paunch. Oooff. [pop] The stopper blew out of Kurt's greasy red hole, which opened up like a fireman's hose and sent quarts of brownish fleck-laden water flying across the bedroom spraying all over the mirrors and glasstopped vanity. What was happening? Kurt didn't really know. He looked between his legs and caught the reflection of his hydrant butt at full power. Oddly, he felt removed from it all... no big deal... time stood still... he was just floating in a blissful out of body experience... In what may have only been seconds later he found himself sitting on the Port-a-Potty squirting out a few remaining ounces, while Grace, ever the vigilant homemaker, good-naturedly surveyed the damage.

Larry Henderson knew he had only two choices, both fairly humiliating: ask these folks to call AAA or find a bus stop and hope that public transportation was were still running at this hour. He might have opted for the later option, however the risk of frostbitten buns made him decide to head for the front stoop of 677. I sure hope these folks are home, he thought to himself as he prepared to ring the bell.-

Watersports

This is a true story about the beginning of my love for the "kinker" things in life. In order to get the full picture of my obsession for this non-status-quo love, I think it's best to start at the very beginning.

When I was 16, I had a girlfriend named Kathy. She was my first real girlfriend. I met her when I was a sophomore in H/S. I thought she was the prettiest thing in the school! She had a nice round ass with small perky tits that always stood out in her wool sweaters. She had long straight brown hair (remember the 70's?) and always wore the jeans with no back pockets in them. I always thought that made her ass look great!

She was kind of a giggler when I first met her. She always had a smile on her face. I couldn't imagine why ...until later in our relationship.

After about a year of dating and a few drive in scenes, parking in the most unusual places, freezing our ass off in sub-zero weather, we decided that we wanted to be together even more! So, we began the midnight routine of meeting at her window at her parents house. I use to leave my house at about 11pm and knock at her window real lightly. Her parents window was no more than 8 feet away. Kathy use to open the window and we'd kiss through the screen.

As you can probably figure, this only frustrated both of us. The screen was much to difficult to remove in order for me to climb in. So, we thought of a new idea. She would push her bed up to the window, prop up the pillows and let me watch her rub her pussy. She just loved to masturbate! I thought this was great! I have always been the type who loves just watching a girl cum.

She would finger her pussy till it got wet, then use the juices to rub on her clit. Then she would rub it in a circular manner till her back arched real high and then her eyes would squint, teeth grit, and face would get so red that I thought she would bust! Then she would just let out a couple of "oomphs" (trying to be quiet so as to not wake her parents up) and then just lay there with a big smile. Needless to say that gave me such a hard on, my rod would pulse with pain inside my tight jeans.

After a about 2 months of this, I came back to her house a 2nd time in the same night. She was surprised to see me again, but glad. She could see the frustration in my eyes. I just sighed and she asked me a question that really hit me strange.

She said she would try something new for me if I would jack off for her.

Ok, now you have to picture this scenereo... I was 16 years old, outside her window, in the front of her house, 12:30 AM, a school night, 35 degrees, in October, her house was on a corner of a major street, and one side street, cars zipping by at 45 miles an hour. A small bush was all that kept me from being in full view from the street.

"What do you have in mind" I asked. She said "Look what I found in my Mom's bathroom". She reached under her mattress and pulled out a large red bag with a long white hose attached. On the end was a 5-6" tipped end with a bunch of little holes in the sides of the tip.

"What are you going to do with that" I jokingly asked her. She replied "just pull out your 'charlie' and I'll be right back" ('Charlie' was my cock's nickname.. Hay, no laughing allowed!, that was her idea, not mine!) I started to rub my cock through my jeans when she carefully left her room. I heard the bathroom sink run for a few seconds, then she returned with the bag full of water and couple of towels under her arm.

"Are you rubbing 'Charlie'?" she whispered, "not yet" I lied as my hand stroked my bulge under my Levi's. She layed out the towels on the bed and pulled her "snoopy" nightie over her head and sat down right ontop of the towels. She had a look in her eyes that I had never seen before. It was sort of a determined look of confidence like she'd done this before.

She had a long pole hanging from the ceiling next to the bed with her vast collection of stuffed animals hanging on it. She had removed one of the creatures and replaced it with the bag of water.

She layed down on her bed with her legs spread open on each side of the window sill. Her knees were bent just enough to bring her pussy closer to the window for me to view. The nightlight was plugged into the wall right between her legs and under the window.

I stood there in awe wondering if her parents were going to wake up from all the noise we were making. I unzipped my pants and began stroking my dick with my ice cold hand. She pointed the end of the hose at me and released the clasp and it squirted water through the screen. It was very warm. I shook my head and let out a small snicker. "Real nice" I whispered. "You afraid of a little water?" she asked, as she reached down with one hand and spread her pussy lips open. She took the tip and slid it right into her pussy hole. This sent my cock in a throbbing frenzy! I couldn't believe what she was doing! Then she released the clasp and I could see water running out her pussy, running down her asshole and ass cheeks and all over the towels. She took her other hand and put the hose between middle and ring finger. She began rubbing her clit while regulating the flow of water through the hose by squeezing her fingers together. I watched through the screen as she masturbated. She had her back arched with her hips rotating freely up in the air.

Water gushed out of her gleaming snatch, ran down her tight little puckernut asshole, dripped off her round ass cheeks, and onto the towels on her bed.

My hand had warmed up a bit, and my cock was hard enough to cut diamonds. I spit on my hand so I could stroke my rod easier. My pants were down to my thighs as I clenched my balls with my other hand and stroked my huge cock into a cum-churning boil. Our eyes caught each other, she paused and asked me if I was rubbing my cock yet.

"Now I am" I said. With that response she asked me to tell her how it felt. "I can feel the cum building up in my balls" I lightly said. She began to rub harder and faster releasing more water. "My cock is so hard it could bust the brick wall separating us right now" I murmured. With that she arched her back and rolled her head into her pillow and let out a muffled moan. The water was running all down her thighs and dripping from her ass as she pushed her thighs up the air like an acrobat.

She was rubbing hard and fast just when I felt myself about to fire my wad. "I'm gonna shoot" I said. "do it now, shoot your load all over the window so I can see it" she said.

I backed up a couple of feet, my ass almost sitting in this damn bush, I reared back and shot my rocket in a huge arch and hit the glass and the screen with 3 huge globs.

I looked back in the window and saw her bucking and moaning with her head buried in 2 pillows sounding like she was crying. Water was all over her bed, ass, and legs. As she finished, She looked up and saw my cum dripping down the glass and smiled real big and asked if it felt good.

"Can you fit that bag in your purse" I asked?

It was almost 2 years into this relationship. We had our lumps and bumps with "break-ups", "dating around" and all the other basic shit involved in a typical teen relationship. We were both Seniors in High School and we really thought that was top turd! The sky was our limit!

I had a small fling with a cheerleader during one of our breakups. Through the ever present grapevine of our high school, Kathy found out. She never seemed to get jealous of the other girls, but rather upset because she may be missing out on some fun. This may sound strange, but let me tell you the story.

The cheerleader I had a fling with was named Deanna. She was the perfect picture of the typical airhead "up with spirit" type of cheerleader. Little did anybody know, that was a front for alot of "tension" and "stress" within this girl. She had a rich family that was always away from home. She let out alot of her "stress" with the cheers. But! (of course) she had alot of other ways of relieving her tension that I had the pleasure of finding out about.

Deanna and I both went out together a couple of time and never had any sex. I thought about it alot, and I know she did, but the opportunity never presented itself to either of us.

It was late one Friday night. I had just gotten home after a gig (I am a musician) I was tired and went up to my room. I got ready for bed and just as I was ready to saw some log's when I heard a horn honk in my driveway. I got up and looked out the window. It was Kathy's car sitting in the driveway. There were 2 people sitting in the car, and they weren't getting out to come up to the house. I was puzzled, so I grabbed by robe and slippers and went outside to see what they wanted. I walked up to the drivers door and the window opened. Kathy was laughing and talking real loud. I put my hands on my knees and looked over at the passenger side to see who else was in the car when...

Shit! It's Deanna!!! They have come to lynch me! I'm thinking "Can I make it to the door before she can open this door, will she just honk the horn and wake up my parents. "Shit how do I get out of this mess!"

Kathy laughed and commented on my "sexy robe" and Deanna was snickering in the background. Kathy opened the door and got out. She pointed into the car and told me to get in. "Well..." I pondered, "I guess I better get this over with", so I got in. I was sitting between them when I noticed that they were both drunk to the gills! They were having a blast! I couldn't believe this! 2 of my girlfriends in the same car with me and having fun?! I reluctantly snickered and asked what they were up to. They said they had been at a party and there were no guys there worth picking up, so they thought I may be available. "I'm always available" I laughingly said.

With that Kathy started talking to Deanna like I wasn't even in the car! She said "Mike always makes me cum when we fuck" Does Mark do that for you? I looked over at Deanna and cautiously asked "who is Mark?" She blew that question off like dust! Then Kathy said "I'll bet he even has a hard on right now" With that, she wisked my robe back and exposed my black bikini underwear. My cock lurched forward. "See, look at that" Kathy said pointing at my hardening rod. Deanna was just smiling and nodding her head. I was at a total loss for a witty response. I just sat there and looked at my house wondering if my parents where asleep.

All of a sudden, Kathy scooted her ass over to the door, leaned over me and put her head in my lap like a dog. She had her hand under her ear pretending to go to sleep while fondling my cock. I looked over at Deanna and she was still smiling. Some strange feeling went through me right at that moment. I just gave Deanna a quick kiss on the cheek and did the "yawn stretch" to put my arms around both girls. Kathy looked up at me, smiled, giggled and proceeded to pull down my underwear and suck my cock. Deanna didn't seem to mind at all. So, I figured this is my chance. I gave Deanna a big kiss. She put her arms around me and began clawing at my back. She was wearing blue jeans overalls with the zipper right down the center of her chest. I unzipped them down to her pussy. She just kept on kissing me. Deanna wasn't wearing a bra, so her tits were just setting out for all to see. Well, I didn't want them to get lonely, so... I sucked one, then the other. I paused and looked down at Kathy began sucking my cock even harder. Kathy peeked up at me, smiled real big, then began to unzip her pants.

This is crazy! I'm sitting in my driveway of my parents house, 2 girls both of which I was dating, and getting naked!

Kathy got her tight jeans off without stopping her tremendous blow job. She always gave the best head. To this day, I have yet to meet anybody that could suck a cock like her. Her tongue was almost like a cat's tongue. She knew just when to back it off so as to not be irritating to the sensitive head. Getting all 9 inches into her throat was easy for her. She could stick out her tongue and lick my nuts while deep throating my pole. Then she would give just the slightest rub of my asshole with her finger. I could never last more than a couple minutes of her headjobs. I quickly blew a wad down her gullet and into her stomach. Kathy never ever flinched when I did that. She would just clench my balls and suck real hard to get the last drop.

By this time, Deanna had her overalls down to her ankles. I twisted my head so I could get it between her legs to lick her bush. Kathy saw that I didn't make the greatest contortionist, and she reached over to the seat adjustment button and reclined the seat flush with the rear seat. (remember the old LTD's?)

Deanna scooted back to the rear of the car, I got my face right down into her beautiful blond bush and began licking her soaking wet cunt. Kathy was taking her top off when she said "does her pussy taste as good as mine"? I told her I would do the taste test if she assumed the position of the "Y" She did, and I did a muff dive over to her twat. Kathy's pussy was a bit saltier. I kept one finger in Deanna's cunt and my face was buried in Kathys gash. Deanna began to whine and Kathy told me I had better go back to her before she gets lonely. So, I positioned Deanna on top of my face, facing my feet. Her asshole was very tight against my nose. Her Ass cheeks were so firm when she flexed them, they clamped my nose shut!

Kathy positioned her pussy self ontop of my re-stiffened cock facing Deanna. She slid my dipstick into her hot-marshmallow cunt. Kathy bounced up and down on my rod as I licked up Deanna's juices as they flowed out of her muscular twat.

Deanna and Kathy both had their heads side by side because there was no headroom in this LTD. Kathy hugged Deanna and they began Kissing. That was the ultimate turn-on for me.

Kathy reached down and began rubbing her own clit while Deanna held Kathys head in a sort of "up-right" position.

I sucked on Deanna's clit firmly and steadily while nesting my nose in her soaking wet gash.

"I'm gonna cum" Deanna murmured. She began to lift her ass off of my face. I grabbed her by her hips and pulled her back. "I have to move off of you or you will get more than you bargained for" she said firmly.

I pulled her ass down on even harder while continually and firmly sucking on her stiffened clit. Then all of sudden, she began shaking and all her muscles tightened up. She shuddered violently. Her back arched and she let out a moan that shook the windows. I felt her pussy flinch and her ass cheeks clenched my face into her bunghole. I grabbed the backside of her ass cheeks and pulled her down on my nose. I carefully stuck one finger into her tight asshole and rotated it. Then it happened. I felt a flow of warm juices running down my face. She bucked, and let out another moan. Then it happened again. This time it was a longer stream of juices. It went on for a couple of seconds. This completely soaked my face, nose and ran down my hair and into my ears. She was cumming in buckets! It ran in my ears down my neck and dripped onto the vinyl car seats. Deanna let out one last moan as she clamped my soaked head between her thighs.

After what seemed like hours, she released my head and rolled over on her side. Kathy looked at my face and saw all the juices and asked if Deanna pee'd on me. Deanna explained "I warned you and you wouldn't let me get up. I sometimes cum like that"

Well, Kathy doesn't like to be outdone, so in her infinite wisdom, she decided to show Deanna up.

Kathy leaned up and my stiff cock slipped out of her twat. She leaned over me and held her tits just off the top of my mouth while straddling my cock. Kathy's stomach tightened. Then it came. Kathy let out a stream of piss all over my stomach, cock and balls. This wasn't just a spirt, but a real fire dowser. I couldn't believe how great the feeling of the warmth of her piss on my cock and stomach felt. While she was letting her stream go, I grabbed my cock and pointed it straight up and gave it a couple quick strokes. I shot one of the biggest wad's I ever had. It shot between Kathys legs, hit her stomach, her ass, her back and even the headliner of the car. I just kept cumming and cumming.

When it was over, I laid there for a minute just to getting my bearing straight. I looked up and saw my stalactites of sperm hanging from the headliner and dripping on the seat. My head felt light and my legs were so weak, I couldn't even sit up! Kathy reached up and began to raise the front seat back up and Deanna and I shimmied up to the front.

Kathy said that they had better get home soon. I asked "what are you two doing tomorrow night?"

Graduation! Shit, that was a great 4 years! Kathy was accepted into nursing school. She moved into the nurses dorm. The rules there were strict. You know, no boys after 10 pm, checking in with the front desk, all that good shit. Well, this presented no problems for Kathy. She had it made in the shade. Her own private room, right next to the gymnasium. This Gym was used by the dental students for playing basketball. Kathy made the most of this situation, but I tell you about that later.

My best friend was named Mike. He and I did everything together. Kathy really didn't know him very well because when I was with him, we would hunt for cunt. Not exactly the kinda friend she wanted me to have, but with her newly found freedom, she had plenty of other things to occupy her time.

It was a Saturday night and Mike and I were out at the cruising circuit trying to scrape up some strange. We didn't have much luck and decided to grab some brews and go and see what was happening at the ol' nurses dorm. I stopped at a phone to call Kathy and she didn't answer her phone. That didn't discourage us because we knew that the place was filled with horny nurses.

When we got to her room, she still wasn't there. I knocked on the door across the hall to see if maybe Kathy was visiting with a friend. Kathy answered the door rather mysteriously by just cracking the door and peeking out. When she saw me, she opened the door. I looked in, and Nikki (the girl who lives across the hall) her boyfriend Jim, and Kathy were all watching TV. She was very happy to see me and told me to go into her room and she would be right there.

So, Mike and I went to her room, unloaded the 12 pack in her portable fridge and sat down on the only seat in the room... her bed. A couple minutes later, Kathy came in. She had this "cat that ate the mouse" look on her face. I asked what they were watching on TV. "Just a movie" she responded under her breath.

Mike found a deck of cards on the night stand and started shuffling the deck. "wanna play strip poker or something?" Kathy asked while twisting off a beer. Mike looked at me waiting for me to say something. I told her that we just wanted to find somebody for Mike to have. Kathy just smiled and began dealing cards. "Lets play showdown for me. Whoever wins gets me." she demanded. I was feeling crazy, so we dealt. Well, Kathy won. I asked her what she wins. "that means I get both of you" she said as she took off her top and exposing her firm tits. Mike just blew his mouthful of beer all over the bed. (remember, he doesn't know Kathy like we do)

Kathy jumped between us in the bed and reached between Mikes legs and grabbed his cock through his jeans. He quickly pulled away. I nodded my head and told him to go for it.

She unzipped his pants and began jacking his huge cock off. I couldn't believe how big his cock was. It must have been 12-13 inches! I wonder why he would have any trouble getting girls? Kathy's eyes got as big as silver dollars and she quickly got her pants and undies off. She looked over at me and told me to get my pants off too. Well, feeling inadequate with only 9 inches, I took them off and covered up with the blanket. She leaned over and began sucking his cock. At the same time, she reached over and began jacking me off too. I finished taking all my clothes off and started to enjoy watching them go at it.

Mike was in extasy. "She give great head, doesn't she" I said. Mike just sat there and gritted his teeth. Then Kathy while laying on her stomach eating his cock, let go of my rock hard cock & put a pillow under her pelvis and stuck her beautiful round ass in the air. "Can I rub myself while you lick me?" she asked me. I buried my face in her ass and began licking her anus. She rubbed her clit while I tongued her puckerpot.

We where really into the heat of the moment when suddenly, the door opened. Nikki and Jim standing there in their robes. "Well, well, you guys are better than that porno movie we're watching" Nikki said. Well, so that's why Kathy's so horny I thought. Mike quickly grabbed a blanket and tried to cover all of us up, but who was he kidding?! Nikki said that they wanted to know if we had an extra beer. Kathy just pointed to the fridge and kept on sucking.

I had stopped my "duties" for the moment and I guess I looked pretty lonely sitting on the other end of the bed by myself while my best friend was being sucked by my girlfriend. Nikki said to me "where is your girl?" I just smiled and showed her my palm. "That's a shame to waste that on your own hand" she said, "let me help you" Jim and Nikki smiled at each other as she strutted over to the bed.

Nikki removed her robe and exposed the biggest nipples I have ever seen! They were about dark brown and about 5 inches across! Those tits were so big, they were out of place on her small body. She sat down on the now crowded bed and began massaging my thigh. My cock jumped. "down, boy" she ordered. I cupped one of her gargantuan jugs in my palm and began studying them. She asked me if I like them. (What do you think) I asked her if they gave her problems with all that weight. She told me that sense she had her daughter a few months ago, she had to relieve them every now and then. She proceeded to take her other tit and she cupped her hand around the nipple and squirted a stream of milk on my leg. "Geez! I love it" I told her.

Kathy sat up and looked over at Jim and asked if he was going to take off his robe. He did. His cock was real fat. I mean fat fat! Not long, but to the point of almost looking deformed. And his balls! Well, they were huge! While Kathy massaged Mikes cock, she coaxed Jim to her side of the bed. She reached over and grabbed his monster balls and gave them a

strong pull toward her mouth. He obviously followed his balls over to her awaiting jaws. She began sucking his cock while continuing to jack off Mike's long tool.

In the mean time, Nikki had began sucking my cock. She was squeezing her right tit with her right hand and squirting streams of milk all over my lap and up on my crotch. She would sometimes sit up and let a stream squirt on my face. It was a sweet tasting milk. Not pure white, but a bit watery looking and a little sticky. I loved the feeling of the warm fluid on my body.

By this time, the twin bed was covered with people. Mike was on one end sitting with his back to the wall while Kathy was sitting on her ankles and on her knees giving him a hand job. Jim was standing on the side of the bed getting the skin sucked off his dick and his balls pulled by Kathy's other hand. Nikki was on her knees on the opposite side of the bed where I was sitting with my feet on the floor getting my cock sucked and squirted by milk.

Then, Kathy began moaning "I want to be fucked hard." Nikki sat up and told me to watch her. Mike layed on the bed and Kathy straddled his cock. She began to slowly sit down on his 13" cock. Kathy was in disbelief. She kept pushing and pushing, and more cock just kept coming. Nikki reached over under Kathy's ass and grabbed Mike's balls. Mike jumped and let out a cry to stop. Nikki kept pulling while Kathy bucked. Then Nikki took her other hand, spit on her finger, and stuck it in Kathy's asshole. Kathy threw her head forward and moaned for Jim to get behind her and stick his cock in her ass. Jim's cock was so fat, I thought that would hurt Kathy. (this cock was about 3" in diameter but only about 6 inches long) I had to see this. Kathy leaned forward, Nikki spread her ass cheeks wide while Jim grabbed his cock and began pushing it into Kathy's tight anus. His cock bent left and right, and Kathy squirmed. Then, Nikki spit on her finger again and rubbed it all over Kathy's brown pucker and helped hold onto Jim's cock. Finally, Kathy let out a loud moan as her anus relaxed and opened wide enough to let that huge tree trunk of a cock slide in. Kathy was moaning and grunting while both men kept their cocks pumping.

I was sitting on the end of the bed with my cock throbbing! Nikki jumped on the bed and straddled my lap facing me. Her tits were on each side of my face. I put one in each hand and started milking them all over my face, shoulders and chest. "I love the feeling of the warmth of your milk all over me." I murmured. She responded "do you like my warm juices all over you?" "Oh, yes! I like all kinds of hot juices all over me" I responded. With that, I saw Nikki reach down between her legs and spread her cunt lips with one hand. "Squeeze my tits real hard now" she ordered "I have a surprise for you." With that, I noticed her stomach contracting and I felt a small squirt of pee on my cock. "Oh yes" I moaned "I feel your warmth running down my balls. "Give me more" I demanded. Nikki pushed me back, turned and straddled my face. She licked her piss off of my cock and began sucking my rod while massaging my balls and asshole. She let another small stream go. It landed on my neck and ran down each side and onto the bed. I grabbed her tits and milked both of them. The milk squirted on my stomach and chest. It ran down my side and made pools on both sides of me.

But, I wanted it all! "Let it all go!" I said "I want it on my face!" She was sucking my cock real fast now. I loved the feeling of her massaging my balls and ever so lightly fingering the outside of my ass. "I'm gonna shoot my load" I summoned. With that she stuck her finger all the way into my asshole, sucked my cock real hard. I saw her stomach contract again and watched her asshole pucker outward as a long hot stream of piss came out of her pussy and ran into my mouth, in my nose, down in my ears. It kept coming and coming. I couldn't stand it any more. I squeezed both of her tits real hard and huge streams of milk squirted all me while I blew an intense load into her mouth. She turned around to show me her open mouth with all my cum inside. She tipped her head back, gargled, and swallowed it in 3 gulps.

Kathy, Jim and Mike were going at it hot and heavy. I sat up so I could clearly see both cocks inside Kathy. Jim began saying "I'm gonna cum in your ass, I gonna cum in your ass?" Kathy was throwing her head back and fourth with her long straight brown hair. "Give me your enormous enema" she barked. With that, Jim let out a huge grunt and his body jerked several times. I could see his balls tighten inside his scrotum as the cum began running out of her ass.

Almost immediately, Mike began bucking real hard and moaning. Kathy abruptly got off of Mike. A large glob of cum shot up and onto his chest. Kathy quickly began sucking his pulsating rod trying to get the rest of Mike's hot goo. While she was bent over Mike's cock, I could see Kathy's asshole had not yet clenched back to normal yet. A pool of cum was running out her bowels. While she was sucking, she reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit. Her asshole clenched shut as a quart of gooey cum came running out of her brown pucker hole. It ran down her pussy lips, and poored onto the bed as she massaged herself in a jolting climax. If you have read the other 3 saga's of my experiences, you may have figured why I have become such a fan of the wet & wild life. Starting at such a young age was really a lot of it, but as I grew older, I found myself wanting more. Here is another true story from my younger years.

This story begins when I was about 19 years old. Kathy was still living in the nurses dorm and my other friend Dale, along with Mike and I were getting pretty close as far as friends go. Kathy and I had an understanding. Sometimes we would just go on the prowl at our separate leisure. We had some great sex and we both realized that we wanted more! Our hopes were to each find a partner that would be interested in our new obsession. One Friday night, Kathy and I decided that we would each hit separate bar's to find another partner and bring them back to the dorm. We wanted to set up an "Oops, sorry to walk in on you" situation and we were not going to tell our new found partners about it.

Kathy had an answering machine and I would check her messages to see if she had found somebody yet and vice-versa. When she or I found somebody, the other was to leave a message on the machine with a code that let the other person know that the situation was ready.

We each went our separate ways and began our quest for sex. I went to a club that I frequented and met my 2 friends Mike and Dale. I told both of them about our little plan. Dale didn't really take me too seriously, but Mike, on the other hand, knew that it was for real. We played a bit of pool, while keeping one eye open for some "strange". A couple of swings and misses and one crash and burn and I gave up! I knew that this was hopeless! Finding a girl for a one night stand was hard enough, let alone finding one that seemed wild enough to try a 4 some. After about an hour of searching, We decided to leave the club and try a another place.

Mike, Dale and I went downtown to a bar that rumored to be a lesbian bar. We had never been in there, but the grapevine was pretty reliable on the bar scene. As the three of us walked in, we noticed nothing but women couples sitting in quiet booths minding their own business. The three of us stood out like sore thumbs! We sat at the deserted bar and ordered some drinks.

The bartender was a nice guy. I kinda figured he may have been gay. I began a conversation. "Rick" was written on his little name tag. "I think I'm in the wrong bar, eh Rick" I said calmly. "depends on what you want" replied Rick. I proceeded to tell him the situation. "No, your in the right place for that!" he responded. I didn't know what to do after that. Interrupting a conversation with a couple of girls seems normal at a regular bar, but in this place, it seemed like I was stepping over my boundary a bit. Rick pointed over to a three girls sitting in the back. "One of you go over there alone and sit down with them. You should have some luck"

I sucked down my scotch and grabbed my nerve while proceeding to walk over to the secluded booth. I sat down beside them and looked down at the table. "You must like what you see" uttered one to me. "My name is Donna and these are my friends Marla and Carla". I nodded and looked up just long enough to see that they had almost no tits at all! They did have on a lot of makeup and their faces looked good in the dim light. As my drink hit me, they looked better and better! They were very slender and tall. "Who are your 2 other friends?" Donna asked. I told them and then we proceeded with a bit of small talk. "I feel a bit uncomfortable here" I shyly murmured. "Do you have a place we can go" Carla responded. With that, I told them to hold on for a second and walked over to the phone. I called Kathy. Walah! the magical plan. I then walked over to Mike and Dale and told them to get in the van.

The 3 of us climbed into my custom van and the three girls took their own car and went to Kathy's dorm. When we got there, Nikki (Kathys kinky friend from across the hall) was just shutting her door. She smirked as the latch shut.

I quickly opened the door to find Kathy giving this boy a head job. This kid didn't look over 16 years old. He quickly jumped up and grabbed the covers as he reached for his jeans. "It's alright, their friends of mine" Kathy said as she grabbed for his crotch. Our three girls looked at each other, smiled and followed us into Kathys small dorm.

"Hi everyone" said Kathy. "This is Bob" pointing to her newly found friend. Everyone else introduced themselves. Kathy reached in her closet and pulled out 5 or 6 blankets and comforters and layed them across the floor. The rest of us sat down on the floor ontop of the blankets and drank a few beers and smoked a joint.

I began to look at these girls a bit closer (now that we're in the light). There was something unusual about these girls' faces. They looked "different". Well all of us were getting fucked up, and I really didn't care!

Kathy and Bob was already naked, but they were under the covers on the bed. "Why don't you get comfortable" said Kathy. "First turn down the lights" said Carla. Kathy lit a couple candles and turned off all the lights. Mike, Dale and I undressed and the Girls followed. Only one thing wrong. The 3 girls kept their backs to us while they undressed. I reached over to the fridge and grabbed a beer when I heard Dale say "I'm otta here!". I turned around to find Donna, Marla and Carla were guys! "Shit" Mike said as both he and Dale stood up. I just sat there with my hand over my eyes with my head to the floor. Kathy jumped up and pushed Mike and Dale back to the floor and told them to stay. After alot of bitching, Kathy sat down and grabbed Dale and Mike's Cock. This calmed them down real fast! Bob, on the other hand, was just sitting there with a hard on watching his "one night stand" grab 2 other guys' dicks. The "would be girls" were stroking their cocks to stiffness while I kicked back with my back to the fridge.

"Ok, let's not let this moment go to waste" Kathy eagerly ordered "This could be really fun! I can accommodate all of you guys!" Kathy then laid on the floor and began rubbing her clit for all of us to watch. Mike and Dale stood up next to the 3 other "girls" and they both began watching as they stroked their rods as well. Bob was still sitting on the bed spectating this ordeal.

I leaned over to Kathy's nightstand and grabbed her enema bag. I left the room and walked to the bathroom down the hall. When I got there I filled it up with warm water and proceeded back to the room holding the bag up. As I was returning, One dorm door opened and a fat girl walked out. She looked at me holding a full enema bag and gave me a dirty look.

When I returned to the room, It looked like a roman orgy. Mike was on the floor with Kathy laying facing up ontop of him. Dale was kneeling between her legs facing her getting ready to fuck her. I don't know what happened to Bob. I guess he decided this was too much for him. The 3 "girls" were stroking each others cocks in a daisy chain while standing all around Kathy.

I then undressed and began stroking my rod to stiffness while watching Dale and Mike fuck the shit out of Kathy. Kathy's eyes were rolling around in her head. I don't think she even knew where she was. Moaning and rocking back and forth, Kathy motioned me over to her side. I knelt down and she began stroking my rod very roughly. My balls were swelling from cum building inside of them. Mike and Dale were pumping real hard and fast. I moved over to her face and layed my balls ontop of her mouth. She eagerly licked them, licked her finger and reached around to my ass and stuck her finger inside. This was almost too much for me. I told her I was going to blow my wad if she kept it up.

"Oh yes, do it! I want everyone to cum on me at the same time" murmured Kathy. I almost immediatly obliged her and blew a huge load all over her face and hair. She rubbed it into her lips, face and tits. All of a sudden, Dale sat back, looked up at the ceiling, pulled out, grabbed his cock and blew a load that shot all the way up to her neck. Then there was Mike. He moaned and must have let a load go inside her asshole.

The three "girls" were now on their knees and stroking their own cocks while surrounding Kathy. I reached over to the nightstand and grabbed the enema bag and inserted the nozzle into Kathy's pussy. When I released the clip, an ocean of white and clear ooze ran out of her

cunt, down her asshole and onto the blankets. Kathy reached down, rubbed all the leftover cum and then reached down to rub her clit. "Stick that in my asshole" ordered Kathy pointing to the enema bag. I took it out of her twat without stopping the flow of water. Water spewed all over her thigh's and the blanket as I quickly jammed it into Kathy's brown pucker hole. "Fill me up" cried Kathy as she reared up while rubbing her clit. I could see her stomach bloat as the water flowed deep inside her bowels. I just sat there and as the entire bag emptied into her asshole.

This must have set off the three "girls". All of a sudden, one of them shot a huge load all over the side of Kathy's face and in her ear. Then almost simultaneously, the other 2 shot their wads onto Kathy's stomach and tits as Kathy let out a high pitched squeal, gritted her teeth and rubbed her clit wildly. She arched her back, stuck her hips about 2 feet in the air, then began to climax.

Then it happened. Her asshole gave way to about a quart of water. It shot all the way to the wall which must have been 4-5 feet away. I have never seen anything like that before. It just kept shooting and spraying all over the blankets and wall. As Kathy rubbed her clit water shot in pulses concurrently with her convulsions of climax. Then she put her arm under her ass and plugged up her flowing ass. "I'm cumming, God, I'm cumming real good!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. "Somebody piss on my face. Piss on me,... anyone!" she ordered. 5 of us encircled her and held on to our cocks. (Mike had left to go to the bathroom). Dale was knelt by Kathy's left shoulder. He concentrated for a second and then let a long stream go. It hit her on the stomach which joined the pool of white gooey cum that was already in her belly button. Then Carla, Marla, Donna, and myself joined in. We all were pissing like gangbusters all over Kathy. Marla had "her" balls over Kathy's forehead and pointed "her" cock into Kathy's mouth. Kathy opened her mouth began drinking "her" piss. I pissed on her neck and chest, Carla & Donna pissed on her pussy, ass and stomach as Kathy continued to rub her clit to a frenzy, convulse and climax. Then Kathy took her finger out of her asshole. Another large fountain of water shot out of her asshole and hit Donna and Carla on their laps. I couldn't believe the quantity of water that came out of Kathys ass. That enema bag must hold more than a gallon! Donna and Carla were soaked with water. When the water stopped, Kathy's arched back dropped to the floor. It splatted all over the now soaked blankets while she sighed with relief.

When it was over, she was a mess of cum, piss and water. There must have be gallon of cum and piss pooled in her belly button as she stuck her finger in it and licked the remnants.

"We must do this again" Carla said. "Oh yah" I said sarcastically. "What are you guys' phone number's" asked Kathy

I know what some of you are thinking, "this is a crock of shit, this can't possibly be true" Think again!

Betty

Betty and I both work for the same firm. She works in another building, so we never really met until the company picnic. The heat was almost unbearable, the sun was bearing down and the humidity was high. The volleyball teams were chosen and Betty ended up next to me. After losing the first game, our team went straight to the beer cooler, everyone was dripping sweat. I grabbed two brews, handed one to Betty, and asked her to join me under a tree. We started talking and immediately hit it off.

It was so hot that it took three more beers each to cool us down. Pretty soon it was time for another game. Most of the team was half-crocked, and we played even worse than before. A good volley was going on, everyone was scampering around the court. The ball came directly towards me, I raised my arms and prepared to set it up. As the ball touched my hands, Betty ran full force into me, knocking me over. Unfortunately, my glasses fell off and she landed on them, bending the frames and popping the lenses out. Betty was unscathed, and she apologized profusely. We left the game, sat down with a couple of beers, and I tried to fix my glasses to no avail. Since I couldn't drive my car home, Betty offered to drive me home in my car. I accepted. We left immediately.

On the way home, Betty apologized again. She said that when she was growing up, this kind of misbehaving earned her a lot of spanking. Then she told me how she received a bare-bottom spanking the first time she came home after drinking. I told her she deserved one for drinking today. She agreed. Maybe it was the beer and the heat, but my normal shyness disappeared and I said I would be glad to administer it. To my surprise she answered, "OK, I really deserve it." When we entered my home, I grabbed Betty's arm and escorted her to the edge of the bed. I told her to sit there while I looked for my glasses. She got up and asked where the bathroom was, saying that the five beers were exploding her bladder.

I said her lack of self-control had gotten her into enough trouble for one day, she would have to learn obedience. I pushed her back on the bed, found my glasses, and returned to the bed. I sat on the edge of the bed and told Betty to kneel down, placing her bottom over my lap. She obeyed, and then I pulled her shorts down to her ankles. She was wearing white cotton panties, the crack showed the wetness from her sweating. I pulled her panties down to join her shorts. I took one arm and placed it across her back, pushing her down harder on my lap. Betty said the pressure on her bladder was extreme and pleaded to use the bathroom. I told her that the punishment must be administered first. Her cheeks were partially flushed from the heat, a musky, sweaty odor arose from between her legs. I flattened my hand and brought it down hard against her buttocks.

Betty winced as her cheeks turned pink. My hand raised up and came down several more times. As the stinging pain increased, she squirmed around on my lap and her legs spread apart as far as her shorts and panties would allow. I stared at her beautiful anus, a new odor reached my nostrils and made my penis strain against my shorts. I slapped all over her buttocks, and once my hand landed smack in her crack and hit sensitive parts. Betty yelped with pain.

A few seconds later I felt wetness in my lap. I moved my hand between her legs to investigate and brought it to my face. My tongue and nostrils were assaulted by Betty's sweaty, musky juices and warm salty beer. Beer? No, this was piss! I started to get pissed off but couldn't - I was already pissed on. I ran my hand between Betty's legs again to verify and it came away soaked. I rubbed the piss onto her sore pink buttocks. I spanked her a few more times, slapping the wet spots. She tensed as the liquid burned the skin. The tears from her eyes told of the intense pain and Betty squirmed around even more. I pressed her down harder against my lap. Once again my hand missed her buttocks and landed between her legs. I kept it there, she let out a low moan, tensed up, and I felt my hand get covered with a large squirt of piss. I quickly splashed as much as possible over her buttocks and thighs, slapping constantly. She cried out about how much it stung, but there was a lot of spanking left. I told Betty that her lack of control was extending the punishment.

After each slap I stuck my hand deep between Betty's legs to check for more piss, but herself-control improved. So I rewarded her with a clit massage and felt new moisture

oozing out of her vagina. As I spread this moisture back over her anus she let out a low moan and ground around on my lap. I repeated this slap, check for piss, reward pattern. Since no piss appeared, the clit massage lasted a little longer after each slap, her squirming became more rhythmic each time. I took the arm holding Betty down and used it to spank, while my other hand concentrated on massaging her clit. Suddenly Betty started convulsing all over my lap and breathed heavily. At the peak of her orgasm she emitted a loud scream. A few seconds later she emitted a large stream.

Piss splattered off my hand and I felt it all over my lap. I spread as much as possible over her sore red buttocks and administer a few final slaps. My slapping hand then rubbed the rest of the piss into her crack, concentrating on the area around her anus and teasing at the center of it. When I got to her clit, she start convulsing violently again and had another orgasm. Since her punishment began with shorts on, courtesy demanded it end the same way. I stood Betty up with her back towards me and knelt down behind her. I saw her labia hair glisten with drops of piss and lubricant. A rivulet of piss started running down one thigh towards her ankles. To protect the carpet, I quickly bent down and caught it with my tongue. It tasted just like the beer, but tangy and salty. I licked my way up the wet path to her butt. I licked her cheeks clean, my saliva eased the burning, and the redness started to disappear. I pulled her cheeks apart and licked the moisture from between them. The smell of her anus combined with her sweat, juices and piss was wonderful, I inhaled deeply through my nose. As my tongue ran over her anus, she let out a long groan of pleasure. I told Betty to turn around so I could finish the cleanup. The sight of her juices and piss glistening on pubic hairs was an overpowering aphrodisiac. I pushed her legs further apart and used my hands to spread her labia. Her crotch was beautiful when fully exposed. I wanted to hug her pubic region with my face in her hair, so I put my arms around her waist and squeezed. She moaned "No!"

What was that funny sound near her feet? I moved my head back and saw a big wet patch on the carpet! Betty hadn't learned her discipline lesson well enough. She begged to go to the bathroom, but I made her run to the kitchen and get carpet cleaner and paper towels. I told her to get down on the floor and clean up her piss without adding more. She did this obediently and correctly. I then lay down on the bed and told her to remove her shirt and support. I had her remove my wet shorts. My penis was hard and the tip had a lot of ooze on it. I had Betty squat between my legs. One hand grabbed my penis and the other my balls. Betty took a deep breath and whispered about how good my crotch smelled. She licked the ooze off the tip of my penis. Her lips encircled the head of my penis, then moved down the shaft, and sucked when they moved back out. It only took a few minutes of this until I was ready to orgasm. Betty had been so bad I decided she didn't deserve another orgasm.

I grabbed onto her head to guide it up and down. Her fingers gently kneaded my balls. The other hand wandered down my crack and found my anus. Just as Betty started running her fingers around it and pressing on the flesh between it and my balls, I started to come. She sucked even harder on my penis, and I donated a few million sperm cells to her daily protein requirement. I grabbed Betty's head and pulled it up to my face. We kissed for the first time, Betty pushed my juices into my mouth and splashed them around with her tongue. The salty, beer taste was very different yet strangely similar. I was so tired I couldn't stay awake, so I grabbed Betty and fell asleep as she lay on my chest. Did I ever awake to a surprise...

My bladder was so full my "piss-hard-on" ached. I tried to get up, but didn't get very far! Betty had tied my arms and legs to the bed. My movements awoke her, and she smiled very knowingly and wickedly at me. Before I could untie the knots, she pulled on the ropes holding my arms with her body weight and tightened them until I was spread-eagled on my back. She then tightened the leg ropes, leaving just enough slack for me to bend my knees. I didn't have any rope at home, I thought, does she take rope everywhere she goes? As I struggled my penis deflated. I told her I really needed to piss. Betty took a rubber band and spread it around the base of my penis, then gently played with the head until it was hard again. She said, "That'll keep you from pissing." I couldn't release either the ropes or my

bladder. I needed relief fast. I said, "Mistress, what must I endure and what must I do for you to earn the right to piss?"

Betty hmmm'ed and smiled and got up from the bed. She ran to the kitchen and came back with a bottle of wine. She opened it and drank about half. She then poured the rest into my mouth, except for one swallow. She sat down between my legs, bending and spreading them, exposing everything from my balls down. Betty stuck her middle finger in her mouth and covered it with saliva. She then took her finger and started rubbing it around my anus, pressing her way in gently. Betty kept her finger wet and soon had it all the way up my rear. Then she took the wine bottle and used her tongue to spread a large amount of saliva around it. She removed her finger from my anus and I felt the cold bottle against it. My anus clinched up from the cold, but Betty gently pushed and twisted the bottle. After a short time it finally got past my sphincter. She tilted the bottle up and I felt the rest of cold wine rush into my rectum. Betty gently pushed the bottle in as far as it would go and left it. She moved up and squatted over my face. I was staring up at her beautiful sex and breasts. Her hands spread her labia apart and she sat down on my face.

I could hardly breathe, what air I inhaled conveyed her wonderfully ripe sweat, musky and sexy odors. Betty rubbed back and forth on my face, until her anus was directly over my mouth. She leaned forward and my nose went into her vagina, I felt juices tickling my nose hairs. I knew what she expected, so my tongue started circling around her anus. She sat down a little harder, so I tensed my tongue and pushed against her anus. I opened my mouth wide to breathe, totally engulfed in her odors. My tongue finally made it into her anus and she told me to push it deeper. I kept moving it in and out until my tongue had cramps. Betty moved back and placed her labia and clit over my mouth. I worked my lips over her labia, forming a seal. My tongue then circled around her clit. She started moaning and cupped her breasts with her hands, squeezing her nipples between her fingers. First I moved my tongue forward, pulling the clit out of its fold and exposing it. At the same time I sucked hard on the clit and labia. Then I released the sucking and moved my tongue back, covering the clit and rubbing it through the hood. Then I flicked it quickly from side to side a few times. I kept repeating this in a rhythmic fashion. Pretty soon Betty was squirming on my face in intense pleasure.

Suddenly she leaned forward onto her arms and started wiggling from side to side. Her whole body tensed and she inhaled deeply. She moaned and purred as orgasmic tremors shook her body. This continued for a long time. Betty then straightened up again. She pulled away from my face, staying squatted about 6" over my face. I moved my head around and found I was dizzy - drunk from the wine in my stomach and ass. She moved her knees to the sides of my head, preventing any motion. She said sweetly and submissively "I've been such a good girl." Her fingers pulled her labia apart. She giggled and then said louder and sarcastically, "Until now!"

Suddenly pale yellow piss was streaming out of her. At first, it went all over my face, but Betty's fingers quickly gained control and aimed for my mouth. She held my nose until I opened my mouth wide. She took a deep breath and tensed her body. The stream became a flood! She pissed so hard that it splattered out of my mouth and all over my face. I didn't close my eyes fast enough, and her piss burned them. She leaned back and the piss hit my upper face. It flowed off my face and I felt my hair getting soaked. Even my ears felt the piss inside.

Betty then released my nose so I could take a deep breath. Then she tensed hard as another flood of piss filled my mouth to overflowing. She clamped my nose again and said, "Drink my piss or drown". I had little choice. After swallowing, she let go of my nose and I gasped for breath. Betty tensed again and the last of her piss filled my mouth. I swallowed quickly. I'd never seen anyone piss with such force and volume. What a pisser!

Betty stood up over me and stretched. My penis was still rock hard. I had to piss so bad that I wasn't even thinking about my having an orgasm. She turned around with her back to my face and squatted over my penis. She took it in her hands and ran the tip back and forth and side to side from her clit to her vagina. Finally she placed the tip into her vagina and sat down slowly.

The warmth of her felt good, and I concentrated on that feeling. When she pulled up, I could see her hand massaging her clit. She continued this rhythm for awhile, as we both became more excited. She moved the wine bottle in and out of my anus, pressing it so it would massage my prostate. I couldn't tell which was a greater sensation, the pain of needing to piss or the pleasure of the bottle. She ordered, "Don't have an orgasm until I say so." I forced myself to concentrate on my bladder, to prevent further arousal. Betty's motions got more intense, and suddenly she started another orgasm, moaning and convulsing. The sensations on my penis were exquisite, but I couldn't allow myself to fully appreciate them. She finally stopped moving and just sat there, my penis still hard and buried deep within her. After a couple of minutes she moved up and off of my penis and shoved her body back on the bed until her ass was directly over my face. I closed my eyes, expecting another flood. Instead, I felt her tongue lick the head of my penis. I moaned with pleasure, against my will. The wine bottle was again in motion. Betty sat her ass down on my face, adjusting her position so her anus was over my mouth. She told me to open it up. I took my tongue and circled her anus, wetting it and the surrounding area. Then I pushed my tongue against the opening. It tasted salty and musky. The odor combined with her tongue was making me orgasmic. I tensed my stomach muscles to increase the pain in my bladder, warding off any orgasm. My tongue slid into her anus.

Betty sat down even harder on my face. I pulled my tongue out and repeated this process. Betty had taken my penis into her mouth and was doing her best to arouse me. It took all I could to prevent my orgasm. Pretty soon her anus was relaxed enough that my tongue went as far in as possible with no resistance. Betty pulled the bottle out of my ass and stood it up between my legs.

Then she got up off my face, turned to face me, and positioned herself over my penis and the bottle. She held on to the bottle with one hand behind her back and my penis with the other hand in front. She squirmed back and forth on the bottle, gently forcing it into her anus. As she slid down on the bottle, my penis slid into her vagina again. Betty sighed deeply and sat down hard. She then started moving up and down the two shafts in her orifices.

This was the first time I was ever jealous of a wine bottle! I would have liked to take advantage of this splendid experience, but I was afraid to add any motions for fear of coming. She moved her hands, placing one on her clit and the other on a nipple. Once again, she stimulated herself to a powerful orgasm. After a couple of minutes Betty got up, turned around and moved her ass back over my face, and told me to fill her anus with saliva. I felt her lick the head of my penis and then spread more spit over it. She got into position over my penis and rubbed the head around her anus. She then put the head into the opening and pushed down with her body.

The head slid in past her sphincter. A few more partial in and outs helped loosen her anus the rest of the way, and finally she just sat right down, my penis fully enclosed in her rectum. She let out a low moan of pleasure. As she moved up and down, I could see her hand working her clit feverishly. The other hand took the bottle and put it back in my anus. She was moving it rapidly, making sure it rubbed my prostate. I had to clench my stomach to prevent orgasm every time she pulled up off of me. The hot tightness of her anus was orgasmic, but the pain in my bladder prevented an end. After a while, Betty threw her head back and convulsed, moaning very loudly and deliriously.

How many orgasms did this one make? I had lost count. Once again, she just sat there with my penis deep inside her for a few minutes. I was getting delirious by now. I was somewhat drunk, my bladder was bursting, and I wanted to orgasm. Betty got up, moved back again, and had her legs holding my shoulders down, with her ass perched high over my face. I could see her face lower down towards my penis. She removed the rubber band and told me not to come. She started massaging my aching balls gently, and they felt somewhat better. She held my penis up and rubbed it around her nose. She inhaled the musky odor of her anus and moaned.

Her tongue came out and started licking the head of my penis. It circled around the edge of the head, lingering at the split on the bottom. Then her lips covered the head and she sucked on it. She then moved her lips down the shaft, using her tongue to keep the head stimulated. The hand supporting my penis now went back to the wine bottle. Betty moved

the bottle in and out and side to side, making sure my prostate got well massaged. After a few minutes I could take no more. I started begging her to let me come. She removed her mouth and asked me, "Am I your Mistress?"

I said yes, and pleaded again with her. She said, "If I let you come, will you do anything I desire?" I answered "Yes! Anything you say," and sang the next line, "please release me." Her lips covered my penis again and she sucked extra hard while moving the wine bottle right over my prostate.

I knew I was in trouble, since she hadn't said I could come. I clenched my stomach hard, but the pain was overshadowed by the pleasure. Just when I thought I was doomed, she removed her mouth and laughingly said, "You can come, I just figured out what I want."

She immediately put her mouth back to work. It took about 15 seconds more of her expert oral skills until my body tensed in orgasm. The first shot was almost overpowering. As the second shot was released, I found out why she was squatting over my face. Betty had been saving her piss again until I came! It splattered over my face, neck, and chest. I raised my mouth to catch it better. I kept pumping into her mouth and she pumped into mine. My orgasm stopped before her piss, and my mouth was full. Before I could do anything with the mouthful, she quickly turned around and shook her head to say no. Betty sat on my stomach, lowered her head to mine and then moved her lips to mine. She sucked gently, so I extended my tongue into her mouth and caught the full taste of my semen. She pushed my tongue back out and her tongue came into my mouth and swished the liquid around. The pressure on my stomach suddenly registered, and since my penis was now deflated, nothing could hold back my bladder. I started pissing and the stream must have hit Betty, because she moaned. She took a hand and used it to aim my penis.

She wet her crack, arched her rear up and wet her stomach and chest, and then squatted down and let the stream flow over her back. I pushed harder on my bladder then, and piss started flowing over her shoulders onto my chest. She got up quickly and lay her head down face up on my stomach. She adjusted the stream until it hit her in the face. She covered her whole face. Then Betty opened her mouth and let it fill up until it overflowed. She closed it again, and moved her head up to mine. We kissed again, exchanging her piss, my piss, and my come. She aimed the stream for our heads and our hair became soaked. Finally I finished.

It was the longest piss I'd ever taken. Betty pulled the bottle out of my anus, loosened my ropes and we embraced; kissing, caressing, and hugging constantly. After a few minutes, the wet sheets were annoying, so we took a nice hot bath, cleaning every square inch of each other. We put clean sheets on the bed. I went and got some food and drink. We ate and drank until we fell asleep in each others arms. Betty was the first up the next morning. I awoke to a clicking noise and found myself handcuffed. Betty quickly got her rope and tied my ankles to the bed. She then tied my neck to the bed so I couldn't sit up and untie my ankles. Betty disappeared for a few minutes and returned with my roll of Saran Wrap. She searched my closet and took the belt from my bathrobe. She ripped off a long sheet of Saran Wrap, making sure it didn't bunch up, and placed it flat on the bed. She took the belt and wound one end of the plastic over the belt a few times. Then she stood up, and put the belt on behind her, the Saran Wrap hanging down her back. She put a quick knot in the belt and bent down and pulled the Saran Wrap through her crotch and up under the belt. She then squatted down, pulled the Saran Wrap tight and knotted the belt securely. Betty then used her hands to make sure the Saran Wrap was evenly spread over her rear and through her crotch.

She then found her clit and gently ripped the Saran wrap so there was a little hole where it could stick out. When she was satisfied that everything was OK, she climbed over me, squatted over my face, and lay down on my chest and stomach. She maneuvered until her clit was over my mouth.

She then explained, "I've read that when elephants get sexually excited, they piss and shit all over before and after sex. I've always wondered what it would feel like. This is my desire. I am your mistress. Your reward for obedience will be an orgasm. Now get me sexually excited." Betty then placed her hands on my balls and penis, and the games began. I was really glad I had bought extra strength Saran Wrap...

Jane and Mary

(1-6, Jane and Mary go shopping, 9, 11, Jane has some difficulty)

Jane lay on the bed caressing her breasts. She had had a hard day and was attempting to wind down. A joint and a vodka and then a relaxing time on the bed seemed an ideal recipe for the evening. Her nipples were stiff by now. She had no bra on but was wearing a fairly skimpy pair of plain white panties. Long auburn hair and a slim but well rounded figure. Jane turned over, face down, onto the bed and began to gyrate her hips into the mattress, one hand cupped over her crotch. She did not hear her room mate, Mary, enter. "Sorry Jane...!" "No, no, it's ok", Jane mumbled to Mary. Blushing slightly. "Err... well, you know how it is?!" "That's ok Jane. Jesus. A quick wank is hardly a mortal sin in my book! I just have to go to the bathroom. I'll leave you to it!"

Mary was shorter than Jane and a couple of years older, twenty four. She was quite plump though, but in a "well rounded" way, as they say, not fat. Large breasts and short, bobbed, blonde hair.

The bathroom. This triggered in Jane's mind those usually repressed thoughts. She had always considered herself fairly straight, but for these thoughts. And now, feeling as horny as hell, she could not repress them. She had played around on her own with such games as a kid. She climbed off the bed and made her way to the bathroom. The door was ajar. This was a fairly relaxed household, and doors were rarely locked. Jane pushed on the door gently. No protests from inside. She entered. Mary was sitting on the toilet. As Jane entered the two girls just looked at each other. No words spoken. Jane stood, nipples still erect. Mary had her short skirt hitched up and her panties around her ankles. Jane walked over to her and knelt down in front of the toilet. Mary immediately took Jane's right hand in hers and guide it down to her, Mary's, pussy. "Feel that my love. Do you like it ?" "Yes"

"Then go in my love, go in" Jane slipped her index finger into Mary's wet cunt. Her thumb teased Mary's clit. Their mouths met in a lingering kiss. "You do know why I am in here don't you Jane?", Mary whispered. "Of course." answered Jane. "Are you sure" "Yes"

Mary sighed, just a little, then started to piss. The golden flow ran over Jane's fingers. Slowly at first but building to a gush. Jane lifted her fingers away then and licked them. She then offered them to Mary, who also, gently, sucked and licked. "Mary... there is something. I need to..."

"It's ok"

Jane pulled off her panties and sat astride Mary on the toilet, her ass over the gap between Mary's legs over the toilet bowl. "But Mary... this is... oh hell, are you sure ?" "I said it's ok"

Mary reached down to put a finger against Jane's ass hole. A small moan like grunt from Jane. Her shit hole bulged slightly against Mary's finger. And then, an appearance. Mary felt the tip of a turd emerge from Jane's hole. "Go on", whispered Mary "let me have your gift" Jane pushed harder. "Now stand up!". Mary suddenly being assertive. Jane, taken aback, obeyed instantly. "Turn around. I want to see."

Jane was now standing, with her back to Mary who was still sitting on the toilet. "Jane, just pull your cheeks slightly apart. I want to see my love. Everything" Those words sent a shiver of excitement through Jane. This was wonderful. Forbidden. But gloriously thrilling. She obeyed, with one hand gently pulling on each cheek. Jane's shit hole was still slightly open, and the tip of the about to descend turd was just visible to Mary. "Bend over a little sweetheart and push a little", Mary requested. Jane ever so slightly moaned. Her anus started to push outwards, budging. The opening of her hole widened and the size of the emerging package soon became apparent.

"Oh, Jane. You are a filthy little slut. I love it!", said Mary, as she arose from the toilet seat and embraced Jane from behind, squeezing Jane's nipples and licking the back of her neck. Mary pushed her pelvis against Jane's buttocks, gyrating. "Do it on me Jane my love. I will lay on the floor."

Mary positioned herself as promised and Jane squatted over Mary's breasts, facing away from her, one leg either side of Mary's torso. Mary gasped at the view of Jane's parted cheeks and the now expanded dark ruddy anus. A good three inches of the emerging shit

was now protruding from Jane, the dark chocolate brown contrasting sharply with the pale skin of her buttocks. Mary tentatively reached up and touched the large firm shit. "Oh Jane...! Push now. Let it come!"

Jane obeyed. The turd proceeded, widening Jane's hole massively. She moaned with pleasure. Involuntarily, suddenly, a stream of piss issued from Jane, splashing onto Mary's tits and belly. Now the gift was touching Mary's chest, still inserted at the other end in Jane. A good ten inches long and broad in girth. It dropped between Mary's breasts. Mary raised her head and shoulders. "Let me clean you my love"

The tip of Mary's tongue found Jane's opening, still slightly agape. She made small teasing circles. She brought up one finger and pushed it gently into Jane's hole. Jane stood. "Oh...! Jane! Don't let's stop!" "We are not stopping my love"

Jane lay down on top of Mary, in the "missionary position". Her own breasts came down to meet Mary's. Their lips met and tongues entwined. Jane could taste the bitterness on Mary's tongue from her recent explorations. The turd on Mary's chest was now being squashed between the warm bodies. Mary was on the floor with Jane on top of her. Mary only had on her short skirt. The mess of shit squeezed between the two enraptured women was considerable. Both women were aroused beyond imagination by the forbidden nature of what they were doing. They felt out of control. "Jane, Jane!!!", Mary exclaimed in a breathy ecstatic voice, "My turn my love. I only pissed, you know that. And even then not completely. Let me give you a show. Come with me to the kitchen."

Jane stood and Mary went over to the toilet, depositing the mass of Jane's shit from her chest into the bowl. She then went over to the wash basin and washed off the reminder. In the kitchen, Jane, naked, had sat herself on a wicker chair and made herself comfortable. She was gently stroking her swollen and wet cunt now and then letting a finger slip in and out. Mary entered. Mary stood on the kitchen table. Legs apart, standing tall. "Ok you filthy bitch. What do you want to see Jane? Do you want to see me stick my hand in my stinky cunt? Take a look at it first eh?" Mary slowly lifted her skirt revealing the her almost bald cunny. Just a light covering of blonde hair. Without any hesitation she parted the lips using both hands.

Jane was frigging herself quite nard now. She had reached under herself to poke her filthy shit hole with her finger. The result she smeared over her breasts. Mary by now had all the fingers of her right hand well into her cunt. She was now half-squatting on the table. "Take a look at this too slut!" Mary now got onto all fours. Her ass high in the air, thighs and cheeks apart, facing Jane, hand still in cunt. Jane came over from her chair, picking up an empty wine bottle on the way. She touched Mary's shit hole with the opening of the bottle. "Oh yes Jane, yes yes!"

Jane twisted and pushed on the bottle. Mary's hole at first tightened a bit then began to gape, accepting the intruder. In went the neck of the bottle. One inch, two inches, three inches. Mary's anus stretching with every push. Jane now withdrew the bottle. The bottle was now sealed by a firm piece of shit from Mary, which left a brown streak on Mary's buttocks as the bottle came out. "Oh, that's done it Jane!! Quickly, pass me that bowl from over there!" Jane passed Mary a white enamel mixing bowl. "No, you hold it Jane. Under my ass!" Jane obeyed.

Mary now had her own hands pulling apart the cheeks of her backside. She grunted very loudly and deeply. "God! This is going to be a monster Jane!" Indeed, this was apparent as Mary's hole started to bulge out. Jane licked it as it did so. Dribbles of piss started to drip from Mary into the bowl, then a slightly stronger trickle. More deep grunts and straining.

Mary's hole now began to open. The nose of the forthcoming shit made a brief appearance, before retracting. Then, with another push, another appearance, an inch this time. And again. This time two inches or more, and the retraction this time was not complete. "Oh Mary! What a sight! Mmmm... Your hole is gaping and your turd is so firm and big. Push push!"

Mary did so. Now the motion was in full flow. The turd, without stopping, progressed outwards. First of all traveling almost horizontally, it was so firm, then drooping down into the bowl. As it touched the bottom of the bowl it began to curl itself around, then dropped from Mary's ass.

Jane pushed a finger into Mary's ass. As she did so, Mary could hear the splashing of piss which Jane was letting loose, down her legs, onto the kitchen floor. "Yes Jane! Yes my love" The finger went in deep and Jane curled it around inside Mary's rectum, hooking out a small shit into the bowl. "Take a look at what you have given me Mary"

Mary now squatted again on the table and the two women peered into the bowl. They both looked up at each other and smiled "I think, Mary, this is the beginning of some fun and games for us from now on!" They both laughed. "Like", said Mary, "when we go around to Peter's tomorrow night!"

"Yes!!!!!" A lot more laughter.

Jane and Mary arrived outside Peter's door at 7.30. They had been invited round for drinks before going out to dinner. Yesterday's games had been playing over in their minds and they were excitedly anticipating Peter's reaction to what they intended. Jane rang the door bell and Peter welcomed them. "Hi, come in ladies!" Jane and Mary entered and made themselves comfortable while Peter got them drinks. Jane had a gin and tonic, Mary and Peter vodka. "So what have you two been up to?", asked Peter. Jane and Mary looked at each other and smiled knowingly. "Oh, this and that. Nothing very exciting"

"Well you both look pretty wonderful I must say" Jane was wearing a loose silk blouse and short leather skirt. Mary had on a short summer dress in a flower pattern. "Excuse me a moment would you ?" Peter left the room. "God Mary, can we go through with this ?"

"Of course!", giggled Mary. Both women had ensured that they had drunk a considerable amount before coming to Peter's. They had also been eating high fiber foods for the past 24 hours. They were well prepared for their plan with Peter! "Well, there is no time like the present to get the ball rolling!", exclaimed Mary. "Ok, Ok !"

Jane knelt down in front of the sofa in front of Mary. Mary hitched up her dress. Jane's pert round ass was clearly visible in her kneeling position, clad tightly in white panties. Jane buried her face into Mary's crotch. She inhaled the musky odor and pressed her nose against Mary's clit. "Mmmmm..." moaned Mary, but thinking "Come on Peter, where are you?" Jane pulled the crotch of Mary's panties to one side. Mary's labia were swollen and damp. Peter entered.

"Jesus !!"

"It's ok Peter, isn't it? Why don't you join us" invited Jane. In stunned silence Peter approached. "Now Peter, while I lick out Mary, why don't you take a close look at my rear, eh?" Peter followed his orders! Getting down behind Jane he pressed his finger, through the cotton panties, into the cleft of Jane's ass. What he felt there took him a little by surprise. A small mound. Soft but firm. "Now don't be shocked Peter!", Jane lifted her head from Mary to speak. "I have seen those German shit videos 'hidden' away here!" Peter could not deny it. He proceeded to press and kneed the shit in Jane's panties. All three were now getting very aroused. "Time for a switch around!", cried Mary.

The women got Peter to strip off and lie on the floor. Jane squatted over Peter's face, still wearing her panties, and Mary took Peter's (large) cock into her mouth. Jane pressed the shitty contents of her underwear against Peter's nose. Mary, meanwhile, having sucked Peter almost to bursting point, straddled him and let his cock slide full length into her cunny.

"Time for you to take a look I think, Peter", Jane calmly announced. She reached down and pulled her panties to one side. The small piece of shit dropped out and rolled down onto Peter's chest. "Lick me clean Peter!"

Peter obeyed without a word. His tongue licked around Jane's anus while his cock slid in and out of Mary. "Here goes!" cried Mary, as she let a hot voluminous gush of piss go as she continued to fuck Peter. Simultaneously a grunt emerged from Jane as she pushed. Her shit hole expanded and contracted. "Peter, you know that little tidbit was just for starters don't you? The main course has yet to be served!"

"Grrrrnnnn...". Jane pushed and strained. Peter could not resist. He licked one finger and pushed against Jane's anal opening. In slid the finger, to be met almost immediately by a solid "wall". There was a truly huge monster of a turd filling Jane's rear...

Jane said, breathily, "Do you feel that Peter. Feel my full ass with your finger? I'm going to have to let it out you know." Peter was seeing Jane's well parted cheeks close to his face as Jane was straddled over his torso, ass to his face. He could also see his finger buried up to

the second knuckle in her pulsing shit hole. He withdrew it and examined the shitty blob on the tip. Mary was still impaled on Peter's cock. He was a big guy, almost ten inches. Mary moaned with pleasure. "Ok guys! All change!" cried Mary.

The three playmates rearranged their positions. Jane was instructed by Mary to put her panties back on and go and stand in the corner of the room, facing the wall. Mary went to fetch a large cucumber from the kitchen. She then ordered Peter to lie down with his head under Jane's legs. From that position Peter could clearly see the crotch of Jane's panties, soaked with her juices. "Ok Jane, stick that lovely bum out towards me a little"

Jane did so. Mary pulled Jane's panties to one side. "You, my naughty girly, have a dirty hole!" Mary took the cucumber and pushed it against Jane's cunt. Jane's labia were swollen and the cunt gaping. In went the cucumber. "Oh yes. Ram it right in Mary. Please!"

Mary pushed and soon the vegetable was buried eight inches into Jane. Mary stood back to survey the scene, and picked up the Polaroid camera. She framed the shot and soon displayed to Jane the fine sight of her ass with protruding cucumber. Mary now took a pair of scissors and cut Jane's panties clean off her. "It's got to come now Mary! I have to dump this load!"

"Then go ahead.", said Mary, with a grin, looking down at Peter and adding "Are you ready young man?"

"Grrrrnn...nnnnnn" Jane was pushing. Jane's shit hole started to gape and the huge contents emerged. Mary quickly took a couple of more Polaroids. Jane now let loose a strong yellow and very stinky stream of piss which splashed and cascaded over Peter's head. Peter attempted to catch as much of it as he could in his mouth, and swallowed thirstily. There stood Jane. Now semi-squatting from her standing position, with one large green cucumber protruding from her cunt now partnered by a good five inches of fat shit sticking from her shit hole. "Jane! Now I want you to drop the cucumber from your cunt and take hold of your turd and push it all out into your palm", Mary commanded.

Jane reached round, pulling the cucumber from her cunt and letting Peter catch it. He sniffed the musky pissy vegetable and took a bite from it. Now Jane had the emerging turd cupped in her hand. She started to push it out, the monstrous beast curling onto her hand. It was very large though, and a couple of bits broke off and descended with a splat onto Peter's face. Mary was shooting more Polaroid's. She then put down the camera as Jane moved around with the turd in her hands. "Give it to me Jane" Mary held out her hands and received the dark, stinking gift. "Massage Peter?"

The two women knelt down beside Peter and, when Mary had dumped the handful onto his chest, both of them started to massage it all over him. It mingled and tangled with his chest hair. "Now Peter, I have a little examination to perform. Lift up your legs and spread them."

Peter, still in stunned silence, simply obeyed. Mary got down between his legs and parted his ass cheeks. With one very shitty finger she began to probe his hole. "While I do this Jane, see if you can wash some of that lovely stuff of his chest." So, Jane straddled Peter and with her hands parted wide her cunt lips. The odors in the room were now intoxicating. Soon piss started to cascade from Jane. She gyrated her hips and used her fingers to hose all over Peter's chest. Lumps of spread shit mingled with the piss and started to run off the side of Peter's body. By now, Mary had two fingers buried full length into Peter...

The final dribbles of piss dripped from Jane down onto Peter's chest. The stink in the room was now overwhelming. "Mary, what can you feel up there? Has Peter been saving something up for us my love?" Mary had her fingers (three of them now) buried well into Peter's hole. "Well, let me put it like this, I think our lovely Peter here has not visited the bathroom for a poo for a while!" Both women giggled uncontrollably. "Right Peter," said Mary, attempting a touch of control in her voice, and sliding her shitty fingers from his ass, go and kneel over there on the sofa with your ass sticking out towards us. And remain silent!" Peter stood and went over to the sofa. He knelt as instructed, resting his head and arms on the back of the sofa.

"Spread those legs and cheeks young man!", ordered Jane. Mary pressed her lips to Peter's smeared hole. "Mmmm.. tasty! I think you need to go Peter, yes?" Peter began his poo poo. Mary probed at his hole as he pushed. "Mmm, bulging nicely Peter. Let me have a good lick at it!" As she licked Peter's ruddy brown anus widened suddenly and the first inch of a

good sized chocky stick appeared. Mary, on impulse, opened her mouth wide ... to receive the package! Peter grunted, throwing his head back, his abdomen contracting hard. Jane stood over this scene with a hand on each of Peter's cheeks, ensuring they were well spread. Now, Mary had in her wide open mouth, the remote end of Peter's shit. It was solid and medium dark. Her lips were sealed around it as if giving a blow job!

"Oh God, this is fantastic" exclaimed Jane, "but I need something in me!" Jane released Peter's cheeks and retrieved the nibbled cucumber from earlier. She simply swatted down and rammed the thing almost full length into her aching pussy. As she did so, she groaned and grunted, determined to force out another shit to accompany the scene unfolding in front of her.

Mary had her back to Jane. She took her mouth away from Peter's poo for a moment, revealing a rather fetching brown lipstick! She demanded a description of what Jane was doing. "I have the cucumber up my cunt. Grrrr... nnnn. And I'm having a poo on the carpet. Here it comes. I'll just reach around and get a bit. It feels quite soft this one, Ahhh... there, I have it. Now I think I'll take a little taste!" Jane brought the small roundish turd to her lips and licked. Then, a bite.

Mary had returned to Peter's toilet duties. The turd had now fully exited from his hole. Mary held the single long brown sausage in her hand and sucked on it. Jane came over to admire. "Well done Peter! It's a beauty!", Jane praised. Soon, the women gathered up all the pieces of shit that they could find around. There was plenty now. They lay Peter down and piled the load all over his body, muddling and pressing it onto him. Mary decorated her large and rounded breasts with globs of it, teasing her nipples as she did so. "My turn on the cock now I think Mary!"

Jane mounted Peter's cock, which was now fit to burst, forcing her shit hole down onto it. Her ass hole was so shitty it slipped in quite easily. She slid herself down it's full length. As she rose and fell on his tool, it became more and more streaked with dark chocolaty shit. Meanwhile Mary straddled Peter's face and pressed her hard worked holes hard against him. She rubbed her cunt and shit hole hard against his face. Building up to orgasm now, she reached forward and smeared shit from his body on her own breasts and face, licking her fingers as she did so. She began to come in explosive waves.

Peter was also about to come. Jane was gasping loudly as she pumped Peter's cock in and out of her shit hole. She rubbed her pissy cunt and clit hard. The first sound from Peter for a long time now, "Arrrrhhhh arrhhhh yes! yes!". Peter delivered a hot jet of come up Jane's ass. His cock pulsed and squirted deep inside her. As soon as the last wave of come had ended, Jane immediately lifted herself off, shitting out Peter's cock. In a rush, she pushed Mary away and squatted legs very wide over Peter's open mouth and pushed out a slimy brown stream of cum and shit straight into it.

All three now lay collapsed exhausted. Shit and piss was all over each of them and on the floor and furniture. "Well", said Jane, "I guess we could go out for dinner now!" They all laughed.

Jane and Mary go shopping

Jane and Mary had got up early that morning to go out and do some clothes shopping. Over breakfast they giggled and laughed over the fun they had had with Peter. "God, Mary, we were soooo disgusting"

"Yeah... but fun eh?" Paroxysms of laughter.

They were soon ready to leave and caught the tube down to the West End (London, England). They headed for Oxford street and entered a clothes store. Mary whispered to Jane, "Look, my love, I fancy a bit of nasty naughtiness. It has been over 24 hours after all! Let's get something to try on and go into one of the changing rooms" It was early and the store was not that busy. Mary picked out a short leather skirt and Jane a low cut, short black dress. Not that they were that interested in the clothes. They made their way to one of the changing booths. Inside they just dropped the clothes and smiled. "So what now Mary?"

"What do you think?!" The two women embraced, each rubbing a hand against the other's cunt through their respective panties. "Oh Jane, I can smell your pussy from here you know. Mmmmm... yummy!" Mary slipped a finger inside Jane's panties and played teasingly with

her clit. Jane was very wet. Pulling out her hand, Mary took a sniff at her fingers. "You stinky bitch Jane... don't you wash ?!"

They were kissing deeply now and Mary paused and said to Jane, "I think I have something to leave as a present for these store people and their customers!" "Oh Mary! What if we get caught?" "That, my love, is part of the fun!"

There was a low bench in the booth. Mary climbed onto it, lifted her skirt, squatted down on her haunches and pulled the crotch of her red cotton panties well to one side. Jane knelt down in front of her and gave her labia a good licking. "Give me a drink Mary, I promise not to spill a drop!" At this request, Mary let loose a very smelly early morning stream of deep yellow piss right down Jane's wide open mouth. Jane swallowed and gulped, allowing only a little to dribble down her cheeks onto the floor of the booth. Mary's sparsely hair covered cunt was being held wide open by Jane's fingers. When Mary had pushed out the last drop, Jane heard her straining.

"Nnnnnnn ...". Mary was pushing hard and her abdomen was contracting. "Go on my love, yes, yes. Go on!", hissed Jane, frigging away at her own pussy through her panties and at Mary's clit. She then moved her hand away from Mary to get a good view. Mary was now leaning back somewhat with her own hands by her side on the bench, thrusting her crotch outwards toward Mary. Mary's anus swelled. With each push, the bulge was larger, until the shit hole opening began to gape just a little. On the fourth or fifth push, Jane could see the palish brown tip of what was to come. Jane gave it a gentle push back with her finger.

Then a bigger harder push, "Grrrr nnnnnn ..." Now the turd was well on its way. Mary's pale skin contrasted so wonderfully with the circle of her anus which was now stretched to accommodate what was clearly a record breaking turd. With more pushing, and Jane holding the monster as it emerged, Mary could now clearly see for herself the enormity of what she was producing. "Jesus Jane! It's a prize winner. Nnnnnn ..." One final long push and the turd accelerated out onto the bench. It did not curl, but simple lay full and more or less straight, a good ten inches long and an inch or more in diameter for most of its length.

Mary climbed off the bench and both women admired Mary's work. Mary pulled up her panties and, bending over, ass to Jane, invited Jane to press a finger into her rear through those panties. Jane did this, pushing the cotton of the panties well up Mary's soiled ass. "I want these panties to have a good stain to mark this event my love!"

Both girls then hastily left the booth, threw the untried garments into the hands of a shop assistant, and sped out of the store.

Jane and Mary 09

"Mary!", exclaimed Jane as she entered the room. Seeing Mary there, shit sticking from her, admiring herself in the mirror, Jane was made almost instantly wet at the crotch. "Oh Jane. Look at it. It's only half out too! Kiss me Jane, please!" Jane, wearing her smart office clothes (grey pin-stripe two piece) went over to Mary and leaned over to give her a deep lingering kiss. She let one hand play on Mary's left nipple, then moved it down to tease the edge of Mary's stretched shit hole. The side of Jane's finger rubbed against the side of the bulky protruding poo poo. "Put your panties back properly this instant Mary!" Mary was surprised at this order, but obeyed. "And pull them well up!"

Mary stood pulling at her panties. There was, of course, a huge bulge at the rear, one that any mad would be proud of if it were round the other side! "Shall I finish off Jane?" "Why not?" Mary heaved "Nnnnnnn...", and the mound in her knickers grew larger. "Now, Mary, we'll go and watch a video!"

In the living room, Jane set up the VCR with a tape called "Hot Sluts". Not Spielberg's latest! The two women sat next to each other on the sofa. There was not much by way of build up in this movie! The opening scene had a teenage girl, maybe seventeen, on her hands and knees with an older woman, probably thirty or so, kneeling behind her reaming out the first girl's shit hole with a candle. As they watched, Jane reached down to Mary's crotch and started to massage her cunt through Mary's panties. Her fingers reached round to knead the warm shitty mound held in those panties. "Mmmmm... that's lovely Jane". Jane, with her other hand, had hoisted up her own skirt and was fingering her own cunny. Both women had eyes glued to the video.

"Yeah...!", cheered Mary as the candle was withdrawn from the ass of the girl in the movie leaving a shitty streak along her left buttock. "Lie down Mary, on the floor. You need a rub!" Mary got down onto the floor and Jane sat on Mary's back, facing Mary's feet. With both hands Jane massaged and pummeled Mary's buttocks. Regularly, letting fingers roam, she would squeeze and squash the poo in Mary's panties. "These panties will have to go!", cried Jane, and dragged them off Mary, hoisting Mary's legs into the air.

Mary's ass was in a fine state. Caked and clogged with poo. Jane just dived in with her hands and spread the load all over Mary's ass, lower back and the top of her legs. Chocolate brown stinky goo on that pale and tender skin. Mary was moaning with pleasure. Jane now lifted herself up and pulled her own panties to one side. Semi squatting over Mary's buns, Jane let go a very forceful gush of piss which splashed and sprayed over Mary, making the shitty mess run over Mary's sides onto the carpet...

Jane and Mary continue their picnic 11

The two women walked quickly down the lane, hand in hand, until they came to a nice grassy space under the trees. "Lie down Mary... I have to perform an inspection!" They both knew what would be found.

Mary lay on her back and hoisted up her skirt around her waste, legs parted and knees lifted high. She led her legs up and part with a hand under each thigh. Jane got down close and lifted the corner of the crotch of Mary's panties. What she saw was a nice firm squashed up poo, pretty large. "It looks like you have a half pound hamburger in your knickers my love!" Jane proceeded to knead the pile through Mary's panties, rubbing on her clit, also through the soft cotton, at the same time. "Mmmm... lovely Jane", sighed Mary, gyrating her hips to press against Jane's probing hands. This continued for a couple of minutes.

"I am going to have to join you Mary! And by the feeling I have, there should be no problem. My love, take your top off and bare your titties." Mary did so. Her lovely nipples were standing proud. Jane pulled off her panties from under her flowery skirt and, one leg on either side of Mary, squatted over Mary's chest. "A little shower first I think Mary"

Jane spread her cunt lips very wide with her hands and Mary slid two fingers deep into the glistening cunny. Then, Jane let loose. The golden stream of piss splashed onto Mary's chest and chin and ran down Mary's arm. Jane moved her hips directing the fast flow onto Mary's nipples; left, right, left, right! Soon the last dribbles were coming and Jane positioned herself right over Mary's mouth. Mary had just finished licking her fingers, withdrawn from Jane's magic box. The last drops were lapped up by Mary.

"Now... Nnnnnnn... what you... ggnnnnn... have been waiting for my love", grunted Jane. Jane was using her hands to hold her bum cheeks apart so Mary could clearly see what was happening. "Oh Jane... you are nearly turning inside out! Such a huge bulging shit hole. All brownish pink and gorgeous! And here it comes... yeah!" Jane's hole at last opened to allow the first part of a smallish turd to emerge. It quickly dropped onto Mary's chin. Mary took it in her hand and massaged it against Jane's straining belly.

More grunting from Jane, then the main course started to be served. Opening wide, Jane's hole allowed the slow passage of a very knobby poo which dropped onto Mary's chest. Then a long thin and quite squishy one, which came out quite rapidly and seemed to go on for ever. It curled up onto Mary's chest as it was delivered. Before Jane had quite finished (there was still an inch dangling from her) Jane simply plunked down sitting in the pile on Mary. Both women giggled uncontrollably as Jane wriggled and squirmed her ass on Mary, the brown lumpy goo squishing out under Jane's bum while Mary was reaching round to frig her own clit and feel at the load in her own panties.

Jane has some difficulty

The two women, Jane and Mary, were sitting watching the TV. They had had a good meal and had decided to spend a relaxed evening in. It had been three days since the picnic trip and they had not played any of their pooey games since then. Jane spoke. "I meant to tell you Mary, that I've really come alive since we started our fun games. You are such a good friend!" Mary instantly shot back "Same goes for me my love. Are you in the mood or something"

"Well yes. I have been 'saving up' for you. It's been two days since I have done a big job you know?" "Bathroom...?"

"Why not?", said Jane, "let's be conventional for once !" They laughed. "But we can use the full floor space!" The friends decided to strip naked. "Come on then Jane, how about a nice squat down right in the middle of the floor." Jane squatted down and pulled her panties to one side. "Nnnnnnn... " A big push with huge effort. "nnnnnnnnn" This went on for a few moments. Mary stood over Jane letting her finger and lick her pussy through and round Mary's panties. Between straining of course! Mary said "What's happening... oo... that's nice... but... mmmm... are you getting anywhere?" Jane replied, a little frustration in her voice. "My rear feels so fully loaded, but I just can't move it. You'll have to help Mary"

"Ok, Ok... get down on all fours and I'll take a look" Jane did so and Mary made a close examination of Jane's bum hole. "Give another big push Jane!" Jane did so. Mary put her tongue against Jane's hole which bulged and pushed against it. "It's going to have to be a finger job. Ready?"

Jane giggled her consent as Mary wet one finger first in her own cunt then in Jane's. Then into Jane's bum hole. "Well, I've got my finger half in and I can already feel it! Jesus... it's a real torpedo poo! Push! I'll try and get this finger well in and help it out" Jane really strained hard. Her whole body went rigid with each heave. Mary now had her finger wedged alongside the long fat poo in Jane's rectum. The pressure made Jane piss voluminously right onto the floor, the piss puddle running around her knees and lower legs. Mary curled her finger round a little to try and help hook out the beast. "Come on... one more big heave Jane!"

"Grrrrnnnnnnnn... yeah" At last the first part of the poop stick showed itself to Mary, who slid her shitty finger out of Jane's ass hole" More pushing, but then a halt. Now a good four inches of turd were sticking rigidly out of Jane. "Jane... I have a wonderful idea! Get up get up!" Mary lay down on the floor and lifted her legs really high and back over her shoulders so her cunt was aimed almost to the ceiling. With her hands she spread and opened her pussy, glistening wet. Jane was standing with the monster turd sticking firm from between her cheeks

"Now", said Mary, "Fuck me with that chocky stick!" Even Jane was slightly amazed, but totally delighted! So, she turned her back to Mary and slowly lowered her rear down until the tip of the turd entered Mary's gaping hole. It would go in well, it was so firm. Soon Jane was sitting almost fully down on Mary's twat, locked to her by the poo now well up Mary. Slowly the two women started to gently thrust in rhythm and the protruding turd slid in and out of Mary like a dark brown cock...

Incest Stories

Lisa nasty dream about her Mother

Lisa watched the turd descend, straight towards her mouth. A big, fat piece of shit, tan in color. Maybe an inch in thickness and, so far, almost 5 inches had slid out of her mother's asshole and it was still coming.

All at once, Lisa woke up. Her pajamas were soaked with sweat and her fingers were stroking her clit. Why did she have this terribly filthy dream... but Lisa knew good and well why. Awake, she had seen her mother's big rump often as she bounced around between bedroom and bathroom, never covered. She would just die if her mother ever found out about her disgusting dreams.

But who could help dreaming about Cheryl? At 31, she was still a very attractive woman. She had blond hair, just like Lisa did, that hung down shoulder length. But it was her rump that set her apart from other women, it was full and shapely. Not a little tiny thing like Lisa had, a full, soft mound of flesh, just begging to be kissed and Lisa had dreamed of this often. Glancing over at her clock, Lisa noticed it was five minutes of twelve. As it was a warm night, the windows were open and probably her mother was uncovered... nude as usual.

Tiptoeing down the hall, Lisa peeked in her mother's bedroom. A street light reflected off her mother's rump. Stepping into the bedroom, Lisa crossed to a chair and sat down in it and turned her attention to that beautiful butt. For several moments she just stared at it before she rose to her feet, crossing over to her mother's bed to stare down at Cheryl's upturned butt. Without thinking, Lisa's fingers dropped between her thighs and found her little button and began fingering it. Without realizing what she was doing, Lisa leaned over and planted her lips on the left cheek of her mother's ass before fleeing from the room.

Back in her room, she masturbated furiously for several minutes, bringing herself to three different orgasms. Still, she never got relief - masturbation just didn't seem to pacify her desires. Getting back up, again she stole back into her mother's bedroom. This time she walked directly up to her mother's bed and leaned down to gently kiss that beautiful flesh. How she wished she might be able to spread those cheeks and pay homage to that sweet hole. Lisa just knew it would be beautiful, it just had to be... laying all tucked in between those gorgeous cheeks.

Gently, Lisa placed a knee up on the bed and slowly lowered her weight. It didn't stir her mother and this brought forth more confidence from Lisa. Gently, she lifted her other foot and placed her knee on the bed, very gently, a little at a time. Still no response from Cheryl. Leaning over, she gently kissed her mother's ass all over, maybe two dozen times before her mother stirred. Cheryl didn't waken though, she just turned completely on her tummy and spread her legs out wider.

Lisa stared at her mother's ass a few minutes more before she placed both her hands on her mother's rump and gently, softly spread those cheeks apart. The light from the outside didn't go deep into that cleavage and she really couldn't see the object of her desire. For the next few minutes, Lisa squirmed around, sliding down between her mother's legs until her mother's ass was right in her face. Gently, she spread the cheeks again before pressing her lips right up to her mother's shit-hole. Lisa reached an orgasm at this moment and shuddered heavily, fearing her mother would awaken ... but it didn't happen, so Lisa got bolder. Gently, she played her tongue around in her mother's smelly pit, the odor only drove Lisa further with her tongue. Before long, she was rolling her tongue around in her mother's asshole.

"Darling? You like your mommie's asshole?" Cheryl reached back and spread her ass cheeks even further.

Lisa jerked back in fear... "How... how long... have you known I was here?"

"I knew you were here when you first came into the room. Give your mommie a good rim job!" Cheryl pulled her ass cheeks further apart, if possible.

"I... I... I'm sorry, Mommie, for doing this." Lisa got off the bed and hurried out.

Cheryl waited a few minutes before she got up and went back down the hall to her daughter's room and peeked in. Lisa was masturbating furiously. Cheryl stepped in. "Don't tell me my ass made you do that?"

At once, Lisa pulled her sheet over her body. "Don't be ashamed of your body, honey." Cheryl pulled the sheet away from her daughter's body. "You have a lovely body... and evidently, you think I do too, right?" Lisa rolled over and hid her face in her pillow.

"There, there," Cheryl took her daughter in her arms. "There's nothing to be ashamed of sweetheart. What you were doing happens much more than you'll ever know, although few people realize it."

"Really?" Lisa whispered back. "Mother/daughter incest is a fairly common thing. I know a mother/daughter who practice it all the time... and what's more, the daughter loves to do what you were doing to me!" Cheryl kissed her daughter's cheek. Lisa jerked back... "Really?"

"I swear to you it's true." Cheryl held Lisa at arms length... "Now, would you like me to lay out on my tummy for you?"

"I'm so ashamed of myself!" Lisa held her face to Cheryl's breast. Cheryl reached down and took one breast and eased the nipple up towards Lisa's mouth, which Lisa accepted and, in a moment, was tonguing it like crazy. Cheryl let Lisa suckle at her nipple several minutes before she pulled away and laid down on her tummy. Reaching back, she spread her ass cheeks apart for her daughter. "Come honey, rim your mommie real good!"

Lisa stared down at her mother's lovely bottom a moment, then with a sigh, slid in between her mother's wide-spread legs and, in a moment, had her face wedged in between her mother's buttocks. Her mouth found that tightly puckered opening and her tongue began to dance all over it. Cheryl began moaning at all this attention and this only seemed to excite Lisa more.

"My baby loves my butthole, doesn't she?" Cheryl asked. "Mmmmm..." Lisa could only answer, her mouth pressed up against the hole. "Lisa is an asshole freak! Aren't you honey?" Cheryl wiggled her rump. "Yesss!" Lisa rasped long enough to pull her mouth away. "You do know what comes out of that hole you're licking, don't you?" Cheryl asked. "Oooh!" Lisa began sucking at her mother's asshole. "It's a good thing it's not closer to morning, the way you're sucking! I'm afraid you might get something nasty in your mouth!" Cheryl reasoned. Still Lisa kept sucking, envisioning that big, fat turd sliding out.

Cheryl rolled over... "That's what you really want, isn't it? I can't believe my daughter would want that!" Lisa flopped over again and hid her face in her pillow.

"Honey, I didn't mean that the way it came out." Again, Cheryl took her daughter in her arms... "How long have you had this desire?"

"I don't know, mommie," Lisa began sobbing. "I'm so ashamed of myself for this!"

"Honey, dry your pretty eyes." Cheryl wiped her daughter's face. "It is shameful, very shameful... but, remember that mother/daughter combination I was telling you about?"

"Uh-huh," Lisa answered. "Well, this girl likes the very same thing!" Cheryl grinned. Lisa drew back to look in her mother's face... "You're not just telling me this to make me feel better, are you?"

"No, sweetheart, would you like to meet this mother/daughter?" Cheryl grinned. "That's so degrading!" Lisa gasped. "Honey, her mother and I make this girl eat our shit!" Cheryl announced. "You?" The startled Lisa gasped. "You make this girl eat your shit?"

"Yes, honey, although we really don't need to make her, she will do it on her own... anytime we ask!" Cheryl continued. "Would you like to meet them?"

"Maybe this girl... but not the mother! She'd probably make me eat hers!" Lisa drew back. "Isn't that what you want to do?" Cheryl questioned. "What would it taste like?" Lisa stammered. "How should I know, but I imagine it tastes terrible!" Cheryl replied. "In fact, this lady has asked about you several times." "She has?" Lisa asked... "For this?"

"Yes," Cheryl answered. "This lady would like you to eat her shit!" "No way!" Lisa drew back. "That's disgusting!"

"All right honey, if you say so," Cheryl giggled. "But I know this girl would like to meet you."

"Maybe the girl... only!" Lisa blushed brightly. "Tell you what I'll do, sweetheart," Cheryl picked up the phone. "I'll call this lady and see if she'll send her daughter over. Then you can see for yourself that what I'm telling you is the truth."

"You mean she'll do it right in front of me?" Lisa could not believe her ears. "Happily." Cheryl began dialing the phone. Intensely curious, Lisa watched her mother dial the phone and place it to her ear... "Hello, Leigh... Cheryl... oh, I'm doing pretty good, but I wanted to ask you a real big favor. Could you send Rachel over in the morning, you know my regular time... Hold on a second..." Cheryl turned the receiver speaker on... "There, now about that big favor?"

"Well, you know what I feel about her coming over to your place, what if your daughter hears or sees it?" Leigh questioned. "I've got news, Lisa just got through licking my asshole! And, she has had desires to do this to me for some time!" Cheryl exclaimed. "Nn! no! don't tell her that!" Lisa drew back. Cheryl smiled and waved her hand at Lisa... "Yes, it's true! I couldn't believe it myself, I have a toilet slave at heart!"

"Well, bring her over then, you know I've wanted to use her mouth for some time!" Leigh suggested. "I know you have," Cheryl admitted. "But first, I just wanted them to get to know each other. I know Lisa will have a thousand questions for her."

"Why don't you bring Lisa over and spend the night, that way the two girls can have a real meeting first... then in the morning???" Leigh pondered. "Say, an hour? It's already late, so watch for us, OK?" Cheryl suggested. "In an hour," Leigh repeated.

"Mommie, I don't want to go over there!" Lisa shuddered. "It's one thing to do this for your mother, but for a complete stranger?"

"Nonsense!" Cheryl patted her daughter's fanny. "You'll like both Leigh and Rachel, they're are just ordinary people." "Ordinary?" Lisa questioned. Cheryl laughed, "Maybe we're not that ordinary at that. Go get your clothes on."

"Yes Mommie!" Lisa scurried off to begin dressing. As she dressed, she realized that she was getting excited at this prospect, but scared at the same time.

Within an hour, they were sitting together with both Leigh and Rachel in their front room...

"You girls go ahead now, run off to bed... and don't be up too late. You have a big day tomorrow."

Lisa blushed at the thought but Rachel took her hand and they both hurried off to Rachel's bedroom. Once in the room, Rachel began pulling her clothes off, then noticed Lisa was not undressing. "Hey, you're not shy, are you?" Rachel came up to Lisa and began unbuttoning Lisa's blouse. Lisa stood limply and let Rachel undress her completely. "You sure are pretty," Rachel said. "Am I?" Lisa answered. "You hot little thing, you know good and well you're pretty, don't you?" Rachel removed the last of her clothing and flopped over on the bed and patted the bed beside her.

Lisa climbed up on the bed and slid up close to Rachel. "Rachel, how long have you been doing this?" "Doing what?" Rachel coyly asked. Lisa blushed. Rachel giggled, "You blush so prettily," and, taking Lisa in her arms, began to kiss her. She kissed Lisa fully, driving her tongue into the girl's mouth as she began to toy with Lisa's already erect nipples. "You're already excited!" Rachel drew back to gaze down into Lisa's eyes. "This is all so new to me," Lisa explained.

"Exciting, isn't it?" Rachel continued to roll Lisa's nipple between thumb and forefinger, then dropped her mouth down over the other nipple and started sucking at it, rolling her tongue back and forth and around it. Lisa moaned softly.

Rachel drew back and gazed down into Lisa's eyes, "I suppose you have a million questions for me, don't you?"

"Yes, if you don't mind." Lisa leaned up on one elbow. "I don't mind, but you must never tell a single soul about this, understand?" Rachel flipped her finger at Lisa's nipple again.

"How long have you been doing this?" Lisa asked. "Doing what? Making love to girls?" Rachel asked. "You know," Lisa avoided her question. "You know, eating that stuff." Lisa couldn't help but blush. "You mean shit?" Rachel kissed gently at Lisa's mouth. "Yes, that's exactly what I mean," Lisa moaned. "Oh," Rachel studied a moment, "I guess about two years now."

"Two years? What does it taste like?" Lisa leaned up further on her elbow. "At first, it tasted terrible to me," Rachel recalled. "Now it tastes almost delicious!"

"You're kidding!" Lisa gasped. "You think shit is delicious?"

"It always tastes different, naturally, depending on what my mom or your mom ate before... but I have learned to love that nasty taste!"

"You have eaten my mom's?" Lisa could not believe her ears. "Sure, she comes over about once a week for this. Didn't you know?" Rachel asked. "No!" Lisa shivered. "It's exciting!" Rachel remarked. "You really like doing that?" Lisa questioned. "I understand you've thought about it too, is that right?" Rachel smiled.

Lisa blushed a bright shade of red... "Yes."

"See, you find it exciting too!" Rachel hugged Lisa. "In the morning, your mother will feed it to me, while my mom will feed it to you!"

"I'm not sure!" Lisa argued. "You say it tastes terrible."

"At first it will, but your lust will just take over," Rachel promised. "Is that the way it happened with you?" Lisa asked her new friend. "Yes." Rachel flipped over on her tummy. "You were licking your mother's asshole tonight... so would you like to lick mine?" Rachel reached back and spread her cheeks. "Yesss!" Lisa breathlessly answered, sliding into position. "Your asshole looks so much smaller than my mother's!" "My asshole has not been used like your mommie's, or my mom's. Get your mouth down there and start licking!" Rachel urged.

At once, Lisa settled her mouth down on the girl's asshole and began licking around as she moaned out loud. Rachel didn't hear Lisa moaning as she was moaning too from this indecent oral caress. The two girls remained in this position for the better part of ten minutes before Rachel turned around and slid under Lisa. Together, the two girls began performing mutual analingus on each other. Lisa orgasmed several times before she became exhausted and had to stop. The two girls had licked each other's asshole for almost an hour before they both fell asleep, in that same position.

The morning came early for the girls, they were both awakened by the knock at the door...

"Come on girls, it's time for your breakfast!" "Hurry," Rachel jumped up... "It's feeding time... it's almost nine."

"I'm too lazy." Lisa tried to back out now that the time was upon her. Rachel laughed, "Come on lazy bones, let's get cleaned up!"

Lisa dragged herself off the bed and admired the young girl's butt as she bounced about the room, then darted into the bathroom. "Get your lazy butt in here," Rachel giggled as she turned the shower on. "My mom can't wait!"

"I don't know." Lisa made a face. "Remember, I've never done this." Rachel grabbed Lisa and dragged her into the shower, starting to lather her belly before her fingers dropped between Lisa's thighs. "Remember too, there was also a first time for me." Rachel began fingering Lisa's clit. "Just think, a nice, big juicy turd dropping down towards your open mouth... Ooohhh!"

Lisa began to get excited all over again, from Rachel's fingers and the vision she had created for Lisa... "Can I watch you do it first?"

"Sure, I like to show a novice like you how excited it makes me." Rachel pressed her pussy up against Lisa's thigh. The lathering lasted only a few minutes before Rachel shut the water off and began to towel off Lisa. Taking Lisa's hand in hers, the two girls opened the bedroom door and together went out, totally nude.

"Look at our toilets!" Leigh said as she patted each girl on the ass. "And do I ever need to shit!" As usual, Lisa blushed brightly at this lewd remark.

Together, the four of them went into the master bathroom, where Cheryl dropped her sheer nightgown and laid a towel down on the floor. This had happened many times before and Rachel laid back on the towel. Holding her hand up to Lisa, Lisa took it as she dropped to her knees and Rachel placed Lisa's hand down on her pussy. "Finger me!"

Lisa started fingering Rachel's little pussy as she watched her mother squat down astride Rachel's face. Intently watching, Lisa saw her mother's asshole flex out a few times. "Quit teasing me!" Rachel groaned. "Give it to me!"

"Yeah, Mommie... give it to her! I want to watch her eating your dirty waste!" Lisa groaned...

"Please Mommie, she's begging for it!"

"Don't you worry, honey, I'm going to make you into a toilet soon!" Leigh grinned. "A dirty, filthy shit-eater!"

Rachel leaned up and planted a big, wet kiss right on Lisa's mother's asshole, smacking her lips loudly... "Brown my mouth good, please!"

Intently watching, Lisa saw her mother's buttohole open up to reveal it's hidden fruit. "Here it comes!" Lisa almost shouted. "Look down between your legs and see how open her mouth is!"

"Does that make you hot? To watch your mother shitting in my girl's mouth?" Leigh got down to watch the log crawling out of Cheryl's shit-hole. It crawled out about three inches, hanging just above Rachel's mouth... and then it dropped. It dropped right in Rachel's open mouth and quickly she closed her lips around the disgusting feces. But she didn't start chewing yet, she watched Cheryl's asshole open again and another log began to crawl out. Since Rachel's mouth was closed, this piece, softer, dropped down across Rachel's nose before Cheryl's asshole opened again and yet another slender turd started curling out, sliding out slowly, and began to loop around across that first piece sticking up out of Rachel's mouth. Cheryl grunted several times and a smaller piece dropped out before she raised to her feet and stepped away from Rachel. "You may begin eating my hot shit!"

At once, Rachel began chewing, biting off a sizable section and, raising her hand, took hold of the piece still sticking up. Still holding it between her lips, she started chewing as slimy, gooey streams of shit poured down over her chin. Her moans were very audible as well as she let more of the turd slide between her lips.

"She's actually eating my mom's shit!" Lisa took her hand from between Rachel's legs and jammed it between her own legs to start rubbing on her own clit. "That is soooo nasty looking!"

"It makes you hot, doesn't it?" Cheryl smiled down at her daughter. "Ohhhh yesssss!" Lisa worked her finger back and forth in her now sloppy pussy. "Well, in a minute, Leigh is going to do that very same thing to you!" Cheryl promised. "Do we have to tie you up?"

"Nooooo!" Lisa rasped... "I want to do it!"

"That's my girl." Cheryl patted Lisa's bottom. "Just be patient, honey, and soon you will find out what shit tastes like!"

Rachel was now down to the last of the crap on her face, taking her finger and scraping it off her face and into her mouth... and all the time she was moaning and groaning with pure lust.

"Get up now!" Leigh pushed Rachel with her foot. "It's time your little friend got a real big mouthful of my shit, so come on."

Rachel got to her feet, her face smeared with the brown streaks. "It's your turn, Lisa honey, lie down like I was!" Slowly, Lisa laid back, scared to death.

Rachel slid down between Lisa's legs and began sliding her tongue back and forth over the slippery slit between Lisa's legs. Cheryl took one of Lisa's muffin-like breasts in her hand and, leaning down, began to lick and suck at the nipple.

Leigh straddled Lisa's face and lowered her body down until her ass was right in Lisa's face. Lisa looked up at this big stretched-out asshole right in her face, and again wondered how an asshole could get so big.

Leigh's asshole started opening up until Lisa could see the end of the turd and she wanted it! With Rachel licking her pussy and her mother sucking on her titties, she couldn't help but want it. She noticed the odor first, not unlike any other turd she had smelled before, but that didn't seem to dampen her desire for this filthy game. Lisa opened her mouth, rasping deeply to suck enough air into her lungs. The turd crawled out slowly, tantalizingly, but Lisa continued to just lay there with her mouth open wide, waiting for the turd to drop. She didn't even fear that nasty taste, she welcomed it! She had seen how Rachel had devoured her mother's turd.

The turd slid lower and lower, still without breaking off. The tip touched her lips and she closed her lips around it, just like Rachel had done. She quickly noticed that foul taste of shit, but it was that foulness that she wanted more and more. All her masturbating and dreaming of this very thing was about to happen. The turd slid to the back of her mouth and she began to worry about not being able to breathe. All at once the turd broke loose and fell down across her cheek. That turd had to be at least nine inches long! But there was more coming! She watched as Leigh's asshole ballooned out again, stretching the anal wrinkles

out, as another thinner turd crawled out, softer and lighter in color. It fell across her nose from side to side and then another smaller piece slid out, sticking to the second piece.

Leigh raised up then, and looked down. "Eat my shit! Eating shit is a filthy thing to do and disgusting as hell... but you wanted it! So, little bitch, eat my shit! Chew it real good before you swallow it... you dirty little cunt!"

Lisa sank her teeth together, right through the end of this filth and began chewing. It tasted terrible, how could Rachel love it so much? She chewed this mouthful at least ten times before she swallowed it.

The piece she had taken a bite out of had slid to the floor, but Leigh reached down and picked it up and pushed it into Lisa's mouth.

Without thinking, Lisa took another bite of the turd, noticing at once how the taste was not near as bad, or maybe she was just getting used to this nasty taste. She chewed it several seconds before swallowing.

Leigh laid the turd back down and stepped right in it, screwing her foot around several times before wiping her feet together. "Clean my feet! You dirty little cunt!"

Lisa rolled over on her tummy and began bathing the woman's feet with her tongue, lapping up the bigger chunks. This took quite awhile and she missed the tongue licking at her swollen pussy. Fifteen minutes later, Lisa had completed her chore, brown smears all over her face.

"Girls, you still have more cleaning up to do!" Cheryl grinned and she and Leigh left the bathroom and laid down side by side on Leigh's big bed.

At once Rachel attacked Cheryl's asshole, so Lisa knew it was her job to clean up Leigh's shit-hole. That was just what she did, licking and sucking at Leigh's asshole like it was candy until finally she had done a great job, but Rachel was still licking her mother's asshole, so Lisa kept licking away at Leigh.

This prolonged analingus lasted the better part of a half hour, and then the two ladies sat up.

"Now you have tasted shit, how do you like it, Lisa?" Cheryl asked. "I can't believe I just ate shit!" Lisa grinned. "Honey, you will get so you won't be able to live without that nasty taste in your mouth! I know all about that!" Rachel grinned.

"I'll have to use your girl's mouth almost every day now," Leigh promised. "You're welcome to my little toilet!" Cheryl replied.

Mother Teaches Daughter

One weekend, a friend and I were driving around looking for some action. And boy did we find it. We went to a bar and sat down. Nothing was really happening in there so we had a few drinks and left the bar. Outside the bar there was a good looking older lady standing there.

"Hi. How are you doing?" I asked the lady. "Not too good," she responded. "Maybe me and my friend here can make you feel better. Tell us what's wrong." I walked up next to her.

"Well you see, I'm a slut. I love sex in all forms. But my daughter... She's already and I don't think she's even seen a dick before. I was fucking by age eighteen. Maybe you can help her out?" I couldn't believe I was hearing this. A mother asking two guys to fuck her year old virgin daughter. While I sat there dumbfounded, my friend, Jack, replied "Yes!" We all got in my car and drove to her house.

We walked in and went upstairs to her daughter's room. I looked at her sleeping. She was gorgeous. My dick jumped up when I thought about what I was going to do with her. Her mom woke her up and we went back downstairs. "Kelly, these guys are going to show you how to fuck like a woman. You're getting older now and you need to know these things. Okay honey?"

"Okay mommy." Kelly looked so cute. She had long blonde hair down to the middle of her back, her tits were big for her young age, and her ass. Oh my God! She had the most perfect ass I've seen in a long time. "Come over here Kelly." I instructed her. She walked over to me. Jack and I both undid our pants and pulled our cocks out. I saw the look of amazement on Kelly's face. She stood there staring while her mom went over and started sucking Jack's cock. "Now Kelly do on me exactly what your mom is doing." I told her. Kelly got down on her knees and watched her mom. Kelly's mom ran her tongue up and down Jack's cock and took it into her mouth. Kelly nervously did the same to me. It felt very good. She put her mouth over my cock and sucked the best she could, trying to keep up with her mom. Then she started massaging my balls while sucking my dick.

"That's a good girl. Suck my dick baby. Just like a lolipop." For a beginner she was doing a damn fine job. "Good job Kelly. Mommy is proud of you. You're gonna be a good whore." Kelly looked at her mom and smiled. I reached up and grabbed Kelly's tits, pinching her nipple and feeling her young tits in my hands. She looked up and laughed.

"That tickles mister. I like it," Kelly said. Then she went back down on my cock. She twisted her hand back and forth making slurping noises as she devoured my entire my dick into her mouth. Even her mom watched in amazement at how quickly she caught on. I couldn't handle it any more. I had to cum.

"Kelly, do you want to taste my cum?" I asked. She looked at her mom for approval. "It's okay dear. You'll like it." Without warning I shot my load all over her face, hair, and in her mouth. "Swallow it Kelly. Taste it." Her mom was encouraging her. She swallowed my load down. We all waited for a response. Then she smiled. "That was good. I want more." Jack was about ready to cum and he shot his cum into mommy's mouth.

"Okay mommy. Feed that to your daughter. She seems hungry." Jack said. Mommy went over and let the cum drip into her daughters hungry mouth. Then she leaned over and kissed her. I watched the mother and daughter team swap the cum back and forth until finally Kelly swallowed it down. When they finished kissing Kelly came over and started to suck my dick again. "Hold on Kelly. Give me a minute. How would you like to taste mommy's cum?"

"Girls have cum to?" she asked. "Yes Kelly, we do. Let mommy show you what to do." Her mom said. Kelly's mom reached down and cupped her hand on Kelly's breast. She then flicked her tongue across the tips of her nipples. Her mouth and tongue brushed lightly over her daughter's nipples. Kelly moaned in pleasure as her mom reached under Kelly's nightgown to softly rub her pussy. I noticed Kelly's panties getting very wet. Mommy pulled her mouth back. Kelly's tits were soaked with saliva. She smiled and raised Kelly's nightgown up to reveal her soaked panties. She slipped her fingers down, beneath the waistband, and stroked Kelly's swollen pussy lips. Kelly's mom then turned Kelly on her back

and eased her legs apart. As she lay there with Kelly's pussy spread wide open, mommy worked both her fingers and tongue into her daughter's cunt. "Oh mom, please don't stop. That feels so good!" Kelly cried.

Kelly's mom worked her tongue all along her vagina at varying speeds. Kelly then had her first orgasm in her young life. Kelly squirmed on the ground, her mom's face still buried in her cunt. When mom lifted her head from her daughter's snatch, she told Kelly to do the same to her. Kelly gladly turned over and lapped at her mom's nipples. She began moaning loudly so Kelly knew she was doing good. Mom spread her legs open and Kelly shyly started licking along the edge of her pussy lips. Suddenly, mom grabbed Kelly's head and started grinding her mound against Kelly's face. Kelly moved her tongue straight to her mother's clit. She got her first taste of pussy flavor. Kelly had her mom crying in ecstasy. Kelly lapped up all her mom's juices.

"Well Kelly, did you like it?" I asked her. "Oh God. That was so good. Teach me more mister."

"I wanna teach my girl how to talk," Mom said. "What do you mean mommy?" Kelly asked.

"Well Kelly, when you want to get a man excited you need to use the right words. Here's an example. When you're out somewhere with a guy and you want to fuck him, you've got to say things like: Let me see your fucking cock, I wanna suck your big cock, Fuck my pussy, Lick my pussy, I want your cock in my ass now! Say things like that and you'll get any guy you want." I sat and listened to this lady telling her 16 year old daughter to speak this way. I never heard a woman talk like that before. She really wanted her daughter to be a whore.

"Hey mister! Fuck my pussy. Stick your big, hard cock in my tight pussy!" Kelly said to me. How could I resist? "Let her fuck you both," her mom said.

She got down on all fours and waited. I got in front of her and Jack took the back. She started moaning as I brought my cock in and out of her mouth. Jack was on his back licking her pussy. She stroked my dick and flicked her tongue across the tip. She then started playing with her tits. Jack was making her go nuts from the way he was licking her clit. She had her second orgasm.

"Oh fuck yes! That feels so fucking good! Keep fucking me with your tongue mister! Don't stop! Oh!" She screamed as her second orgasm shot through her body. Then I walked behind her and pushed my cock into her pussy. She kept moaning as inch after inch of my dick entered her vagina. I started out slow and then sped my pace up, banging her pussy for all it was worth. I fucked her for a few minutes and then Jack wanted a turn. But he wanted more than her pussy. He wanted that sweet virgin ass. He spread her asshole open and he slowly pushed his cock in bit by bit. Finally he was all the way in and he sped his pace up. Mommy sat on the couch fingering herself, while watching her daughter get fucked by two strangers. Kelly loved having Jack's cock in her ass. Jack and I were both ready to cum. We put our cocks in her face and jacked off. Our cum sprayed all over her face. Kelly's mom quickly ran over and licked our cum off her daughter's face. Soon their tongues met and they again went into a full kiss for at least a minute. Kelly's face was clean by the time her mom was done.

It was getting really late, so Jack and I left for the night. Of course we had to come back to give Kelly more lessons. But I'll save that for another time.

Late Night Play

It had started innocently enough. The youngsters had been wrestling around and one grope led to another. Seeing that both Christee and Frank were eager to continue their education of each other's bodies, I glanced at the clock to see how much time we had. It was still only 10:30 pm. We had about three hours left before Lisa and Tara would be close to getting back.

I didn't want to rush them into taking their clothes off right away, as I felt that might scare them off. So, I eased down onto the blanket with them, trying to conceal my hard-on as I went. "Why don't we just lay down here like you two were a few minutes ago, and just relax?" I said, reassuringly. I sat down crosslegged on the blanket facing both Christee and Frank. Frank began wiping his hand off on his pajamas.

"How much of each other did you two see a while ago?" I asked, trying to sound as if I didn't know. "I didn't see anything!" Frank exclaimed. Christee sat silently, her eyes looking at me then looking down. "Christee?" I prodded. "Well..., I-I saw a bit," she said quietly, "but it wasn't much!"

"I see," I paused for a moment, "Do you two want to see more of each other, down there?" "Yeah!" Frank blurted out. Christee just lay there looking rather uncertain about all of this. "How about it Christee?"

"I... I don't know," she said apprehensively, "I don't want mom finding out. And besides... I'm embarrassed." "Well, I'm not going to tell anybody," I said, trying to reassure her. "We'll just keep it our secret. And if it makes you feel any better, we'll start with Frank."

"Hey! That ain't fair! She already got to see me!" "Now just calm down Frank," I commanded. "We aren't going to do anything if you don't do as I say."

"Oh... alright," he said reluctantly. "Is that alright with you, Christee?" I asked. "Well..., I..., I guess so. But I'm embarrassed for you to see me..., you know...?" "I see. Well, maybe we can work something out about that, OK?"

"O-OK, I guess so." "OK, then. Frank, why don't you lay down on your back, and let Christee start rubbing your chest?" I wanted to ease them into this, and get their curiosity and excitement going again. Frank lay back, his pajama top and pants still unbuttoned. His dick was now soft, and was still covered just below the bottom of the flap. Christee scooted over to him on her butt, and began rubbing his chest. Frank just lay there with his hands behind his head, enjoying himself. I watched Christee as she circled Frank's nipples with her fingertips, and it wasn't long before I noticed that Frank's dick began to poke up in his pajamas again. "Why don't you take your pajama bottoms off, Frank?" I asked, trying to get Christee to get loosened up more.

Frank wasn't shy. He just lifted his hips up and shucked them right off, kicking them onto the sofa with his foot. Christee was embarrassed to look at it at first, but as she continued to caress Frank's chest, I noticed her gaze began to shift down to it, lingering longer each time. Her strokes began to get lower and lower, finally coming to within inches of his dick, but still not touching it. She was still too shy to touch it with me looking on, so I decided to coax her on a bit. "Christee, it's OK to touch it. I'll tell you what to do to make it feel good for him if you want me to."

She nodded her head as she tentatively grasped his dick and began fondling it along the shaft. This caused Frank to stiffen his legs, forcing his hips up slightly. "That part is what is called the penis," I informed her. "At least that's the scientific name for it. Most people call it a dick, or cock. If you look down, you'll see a bag, or sack." She began to run her fingertips down to his scrotum, causing it to shrink up.

"If you feel real gently, you can feel two balls in there. Those are called testicles." She gently probed her index finger into his scrotum, then grasping one of his balls between her thumb and index finger. "When he gets older, that's what will make sperm."

"Oh, yeah. We learned about that in school," she interrupted. "What does sperm look like?"

"Well..., I paused, "I don't know if Frank can make any sperm yet, but it's usually thick and white." I didn't want to satisfy her curiosity solely on Frank. I was pretty sure that even though he probably couldn't produce any sperm yet, he probably could ejaculate. I didn't

want her to know that, though. I just had to take a chance that Frank had not yet jacked off all the way before now. Since Frank didn't say anything, I continued, "Maybe you'll get to see some sperm later on, though."

Christee just looked over at me, still holding Frank's testicle between her finger. "Owww!" Frank yelled. Christee jumped, letting go of his ball.

"You have to be very careful when you feel his balls, Christee. It's OK, though, he's alright. Now wrap your fingers around his dick, and slide them up and down." She gently reached over taking his dick in her hand, and began to stroke it. "That feels real good to a boy. It's kinda feels something like when he's having sex." "Sex feels good. I mean..., for a boy?" she asked. "Oh, yeah! It feels much better than that. And it also feels real good to the girl, too," I replied, not telling the whole truth.

I could see the gears working in Christee's head. She was probably thinking about how good it felt when Frank felt her up a while ago, and also about my telling her that Frank couldn't make any sperm yet. I let her play with Frank a while longer, before springing the next bombshell on her. "There's something else that feels real good to a boy, that feels even more like having sex."

"What?" she asked. "It's when a girl puts the boy's dick in her mouth, and sucks on it. Why don't you try it on Frank?" Her expression changed to a sneer, "What if he pees in my mouth?"

"Oh, he's not going to pee in your mouth. His dick is too hard for that. Why don't you try it? It's not going to hurt you. Just be sure you don't bite him or rub your teeth against his dick, because that would hurt him." She looked down at Frank's dick with uncertainty, still stroking it gently, then back at me. "It's OK., go ahead," I encouraged.

Christee leaned over, stopping her mouth right at Frank's dick. She opened her lips, and without touching his dick with any part of her mouth, slowly put the head just inside her mouth. She then backed off, glancing over at me, then readjusted herself onto her knees. Once again, she leaned over Frank, putting the head of his dick just inside her mouth without touching it with her lips.

Then, slowly, her lips closed until..., finally! Her lips were now wrapped around Frank's dick! Frank's legs stiffened again, thrusting his hips up. Christee pulled back, sucking slightly on Frank's dick as it popped out with a loud "ptthhhppp!"

She eased back slightly, licking her lips, and tasting this new sensation. Again, she went down on him, and since Frank's dick was still relatively small, this time she easily took all of it into her mouth. She closed her lips around it and holding her mouth in one place, began sucking on it much the way a baby sucks on a bottle. Frank's hips pushed up into her face, forcing any remaining fraction of his dick into her mouth and pushing Christee's nose into his balls. She kept sucking on it, pulling back after a few seconds, and again, releasing his dick from her mouth with another "ptthhhppp!"

"That's very good Christee!" I encouraged. "This time, just move your mouth up and down on his dick while sucking on it. You don't have to suck real hard, just a bit. And every once in a while, lick it with your tongue, just like you would with a lollipop." She looked over at me with a smile, pleased that she was doing so well. Then, she leaned over and again took Frank's dick in her mouth, but this time she started at the head. Slowly at first, she eased her mouth up and down on Frank's hard, dick, increasing the tempo to match Frank as he began to hump her mouth.

I leaned back on one arm, and began to rub my dick through my shorts. She was a sight to behold, her panty-clad ass poking out from under her gown, and her long blonde hair swishing back and forth as she sucked Frank's dick.

After a minute or two, Frank began to draw his legs up, bending at the hips. Even though he didn't know what was happening, I knew he was close to coming in Christee's mouth. But I wasn't through with them yet.

"Christee, why don't you take a break and let Frank rub you for a while?" Christee sat up, and I heard the now familiar "ptthhhppp!" as Frank's dick escaped her lips. She lay down on her back, pulling her gown down to cover her panties as Frank began to stroke her chest.

"Don't be shy, Christee," I said, stroking her blonde hair. "It won't feel as good if he has to rub you through your clothes. Why don't you just take your gown off. You can leave your panties on if you want to."

Christee blushed, "Well..., alright. But only if you promise not to laugh. My boobies are not big like mom's are yet."

One Rainy Night

It was raining hard in Frisco. I needed one more chapter to make my night. Studying up a head for finals was bringing me down. I recognized my plight.

Suddenly in the haze of chemistry came a ring, "jello"...

"Son I sorry to bother you but I need a ride..." It was mom and she sounded like she had been busy making up for time lost. It has been hard on her since dad was gone. "...Lotta and I drove up to get out and now neither of us can drive... Seems we had a bit much... be a darlin' and come for us"

"Sure thing mom, let me get dressed and be there shortly. Slightly after 11 at night, I didn't mind the break from the studies. Chemistry was going nowhere for me now.

Lotta was mom's friend and she was trying her best to help mom move on and get over the loss. It seems they were out trying to shag a good time. Now Lotta, Ms. Love, was a great looker. She could wow them in her time... and the years were good to her. Mom was a fox too in her early days by the pictures I have seen. But now, she was dealing with her loss. This caused her to feel less attractive. She really wasn't.

I arrive at Tavern on the Green some 20 minute later. They were easy to find. Two attractive ladies bring a lot of attention. Bellying up to the table, they both were tipsy to say the least. "Sonnnn, can you wait while we weehhhttt til weeh finis' this last drink", mom blurted at me. "Sure I'll get a coke too," I replied. "Lotti, he's a good boy and a good find" explained mom as Ms. Love stared at me with a twinkle... "Sure izz!"

Soon the glasses were empty and we were ready to go. Mom was not the sturdiest on her feet right now and I helped her out with Lotta on the other side. Lotta gave me the keys to her new Cadillac and said she would bring me back in the morning. Being late, I thought of not driving back till morning anyway.

We help mom into the back seat and she collapsed into the seat. And drove off. Making our way down route 101 south to San Jose mom started fidgeting. "Son I don't think I can hold it much longer... pull over." Fearing that mom was going to get sick and in the new car, I felt it would be a good idea. We stopped by the side of the road and there was a stand near by. "Son help your mom out and over there... I have to pee bad."

Ms. Love on one side and I on the other helped the lady that bore me over to the side away from the road. "Son, would you be kind to help me out of my panties... I can't quit bend right now." So I lifted her skirt and Lotta began tugging on her panties. Mom leaned back swaying and I got a full look at Lotta. Her face near my mom's bush and what a sight! I could feel the swell in my pants and Lotta's gaze at me, her attention more on my pants then what she was doin'. The panties were just above the knees and the golden flow started. Lotta fell back as the amber liquid hit her silken blouse and big tits. Mom soaked her panties and Lotta's blouse and finally steady herself.

Now Lotta overcoming the mishap got up and took her blouse off revealing a black laced bra that was bustin' to hold her D size melons. Her nipples were hard and point out as she wiped the pee off with her blouse. I thought right then and there I too would ooze the white love liquid only I fought to gain control.

Mom stepped out of the soaked panties and left them there by the side of the building. I let her dress down and helped her back to the car. The musk of her pussy was drivin' me wild as we help her back into the back seat. Now in the light I could see the snatch and the glimmer of wetness and mom sprawled in the back. I swore Lotta brushed that pussy in front of me to hear mom moan ever so slightly.

Ms. Love moved to the front with me and took off the wet bra. I thought I would loose it before even starting. She looked over at me and noticed the bulge was now a mountain waiting to be released. Like a volcano the steam raising and lava building waiting to erupt. Lotta ran her hand over my bulge and whispered. "Let me release that before he blows." Her expert hand undid my pant and my cock was standing at full mast. Ms. Love bent down and took the head of my penis in her warm mouth. I felt her tits on my thigh and the smell of pussy made me stain. Soon I exploded into Lotta's mouth and she struggled to gulp it all down. It seemed like an eternity and my balls were pumping while Lotta massaged them

gently. Soon, I was exhausted and Lotta was finishing me off by licking the head and a drop appeared. "Ummhhh that was more then I had in a while..." As she nuzzled next to me. Her massive globes in my hands and nipples so ripe ready for my luvin'. She put my hand on her love nest after she slid her pants down. Her shaved pussy was wet with juice, nectar waiting to be savored. I finger her clit as she moaned and my mouth was on her nipple. "Ohhhh don't stopp I'm cummming..." and soon she did. Her love jism filled my hand and I kissed her til she too collapsed.

I regained composure and was ready to move on home. Looking in the mirror I saw my mom looking back her mouth open and her breaths deep. It was then I realized she was cumming too with her hand in her pussy. Her mouth came close to my ear from behind the seat... "Let's go home, I have something I need from you and I need it bad!"

My gaze fell back to Lotta in the front seat. Her left index finger in her mouth just barely and her right finger on her pussy, massaging her clit. A coy smile could be seen... what could these two vixens be up to next...

Blackmailing my Big Sister

Pam and I made a deal. She would be my sex slave for the next two weeks, on Monday and Friday afternoons, and that she would try to get Stephanie in a compromising position for my camera so I could blackmail her too. I promised Pam that we would destroy the photos if she got her friend, Stephanie, nude on the bed together with her, so I could take another flash picture. Then we would blackmail Stephanie into playing along with us for a couple weeks, and then I would destroy the photos. (I didn't tell her about my silent camera, the camcorder hidden in the closet, or the tape recorder I was going to hide under her bed.)

The next day I rode home on my bicycle and got to the house before anyone was there. Mom wouldn't be home for several hours. I hid the video recorder in Pam's closet on her top shelf and my silent camera under a pile of her clothes. I started the two hour tape recorder under her bed and left the room as she got home. I went downstairs with the flash camera in my hand. "Are those pictured of me still in your camera, Bobby?" she asked. "Because we're going to destroy them before you ever get them developed, right?"

I lied, "Sure, Sis. They are still in here. I wish I could see them, though, because you really have gotten so cute." (I didn't tell her there were just some pictures of my bike in this one, which I wouldn't mind losing.) "Well, thank you, Bobby, I'm not sure what to say. I suppose we could be nicer to each other." With that she lifted up her short skirt. "Are these the panties you wanted me to wear today? They felt especially silky since I shaved yesterday. It drove me crazy in school every time I moved or walked." Her confession continued, "See if these are already too wet for our game with Stephanie." She held her skirt higher and walked over to me. I obligingly felt between her legs. "I should have picked out a pair of your panties with the cotton liners in them instead of these. Maybe we should find some others for you before Stephanie gets here." "Good idea." and she followed me up to her room while we reviewed our plan.

We got to her room and she removed her wet panties and threw them in the closet. I was glad she didn't go in. I told her to hold up her skirt while I held different pairs in front of her. I touched her newly bald skin and she flinched back. Then she straightened and said: "OK, I guess you're going to be touching me there anyway, later in our game." So I rubbed her for just a moment when we heard Stephanie's knock at the front door. I got into her closet, out of sight behind her rack of clothes. We left the closet door opened like it usually was. Pam and Stephanie came running up to the bedroom just moments after I got all the equipment rolling. As usual Pam had her radio blaring away. She rushed into the room giggling and holding hands. Stephanie plopped onto the bed and asked my sister if she 'buzzed' last night. "Of course. It was great. That was the best birthday present I could have gotten! How long have you been buzzing, Steph?" "Just a couple months now. A boy in math class gave it to me in a college envelop! I told him I wasn't looking at colleges yet, but he said I might really like this one. When I opened it later I was going to throw it away, but decided to test it first. He gave me a one a few days later, and I was insulted again!... but kept it. That's when I discovered the 'back door.'" She was removing her panties while she talked.

"Let's take all our clothes off this time, Steph." my sister said like she had promised me she would. "What about that brat brother of yours?" she asked Pam. ("Brat Brother" ?! Boy was she going to get it!) "He's at practice and won't be home for two hours." Pam said as she dropped her skirt and blouse on the floor. "Here, help me with this bra." as she tried to reach around behind her.

Stephanie got up and unsnapped my sister's bra and then took off her skirt and blouse. "Now you can help me with mine, too!" and she turned her back to my sister, as I snapped the fifth picture with my silent camera. My sister unfastened her friend's bra and then reached around under Stephanie's arms as if helping her remove it and then brushed her hands on Stephanie's nipples. "Oh, Stephanie, your nipples are hard already! Maybe you should lie back today, and I'll prove to you that I know where the 'magic spot' is."

"That sounds like fun," Stephanie replied. Both girls pranced around tickling each other and getting over their awkwardness at being naked - almost naked, that is. Stephanie still had on her ankle socks, and panties. She sat on the edge of the stuffed chair and leaned back, still

wearing her panties. She raised her knees and spread her legs apart, stretching the thin, sheer fabric of her panties. "Buzz me through my panties until they get so wet you can see through them." she grinned.

I got another picture as Pam knelt down next to her. "That shouldn't take long," she laughed, "They're wet already." She turned on the buzzer and made circles on Stephanie's panties.

A moment of silence except for the radio and buzzer, then Pam said, "These are soaked! Let me help you take them off." Pam stood and pulled the panties off Stephanie's now straight legs. As Steph spread her legs again exposing her bald pussy, Pam tossed the wet panties into the front edge of the closet. (A present for me!) I wasn't sure if Pam would go through with the next part of our plan, but she was being good at staying out of my line of sight. I could see that Stephanie's pussy was glistening as Pam knelt beside her again and took the buzzer. Instead of inserting it as Stephanie was expecting, Pam started kissing her thighs - moving towards her pussy. We were both waiting to see Stephanie's reaction. Without a sound Stephanie just spread her upstretched legs farther apart. Pam began licking her right between the legs. Stephanie had her eyes closed and was massaging her own breasts as my big sister licked her. I was getting some great photos.

My sister inserted the buzzer into Stephanie's very wet, bald pussy while she liked her. I got several more "quiet" photos and knew I was supposed to make my grand entrance with the flash camera, but decided to wait a longer... just to see what they would do, if I didn't stick to our 'script.' It looked like Pam was getting into it. Her left hand was between her own legs.

"Get the one now," said Steph. Both girls got up. I was worried Pam was going to get me out of the closet, but she shot a 'wait-a-minute' glance in my direction. Stephanie got on all fours on the bed with her beautiful bare bottom towards me, while my sister put some lubricant on the buzzer.

(This was better than I could have imagined!) She was moving her fanny around, moaning, when my sister got to the edge of the bed. "I'm so ready, Pam, do them both at once!" She lowered her head onto the two pillows and grasped her fanny in her own hands and pulled her bottom open even more. (Could have shot a whole role on this scene!) As my sister inserted the one into Steph's bottom, she bent lower to lick her pussy one final time.

Flash!... flash... I stepped out of the closet and yelled, "Caught you! You two lesbians, wait till the guys at school hear about this. Wait till they see these pictures" as I held up the camera with six shots of my bike and two of the girls. (My silent camera was hidden in the back of the closet again, and the video camera was still rolling.) Stephanie was bright red - from excitement and embarrassment. She didn't even turn over yet. She was still on her knees with her head lowered to the pillows - just looking at me.

A new idea came into my mind. "Don't move, either of you, unless you want me to show these to your friends!" I walked over and started patting Stephanie on the bottom. She was practically dripping, but didn't move. "Now, let's have some fun." I said. My sister hadn't said anything yet. Maybe she was going to wait to see what I wanted them to do. "Maybe I should get undressed and join the party. Pam, unbuckle my belt." I patted Stephanie on her fanny and asked, "Ready for a spanking, naughty girl?"

She still hadn't said anything. Then, "Uh huh, OK" she said meekly. "What's this?" I asked touching what looked like the end of a small white flashlight sticking out of Stephanie's fanny. I touched it. It was vibrating. I pushed it farther in with a finger and then pulled it slowly out. Pam said, "Just twist it to turn it off."

"I don't want to turn it off yet." and pushed it back into Stephanie. "Ummm" said Stephanie, who still didn't seem to grasp the situation. "You both need to be my sex slaves for the next two months - every Monday and Friday for two months or else I'll tell your friends at school about this and show them the pictures."

"OK." they both said in unison. I was happily surprised that Pam didn't argue about our "New Deal."

Then, instead of spanking Stephanie right away I slipped a finger into her still totally exposed, wet, open pussy while I jiggled the protruding end of the tiny vibrator in her ass. My finger slipped in easily (A dream come true!) I couldn't believe how wet she was.

"Maybe you two should continue," I said as Pam finished removing my shorts and shirt. I was still wearing my underwear. "But first, Sister, Dear, pull off my underwear and kiss me

like you kissed Stephanie!" She did it! She was kissing and licking the sides of it, holding it with one hand while her other hand tickled between her own legs. I was getting kissed on my dick by my sister, with my finger in her best friend! (I hoped the video was still rolling!) I was ready to cum. I didn't want this to be over, so I told the girls to change places. They did it immediately. I told Stephanie to play with my balls and lick my sister, which she jumped into with relish. (I didn't dare have her kiss or stroke my thing - the game would be over!)

Happy Birthday Whore

I had come home from the last day of school, which also happened to be my 18th birthday. I was so excited my day was going so good, my sister (who was 19) and my Mom (who was 38) had promised me the most memorable birthday that I would ever have.

They had been whispering and giggling all week and for all my looking I could not find what their plan was for me. Now let me explain what my small family and me looked like. I was only 5'2 short blond hair, blue eyes and kind of chubby my sister was the real model type 5'8 120lbs dark brown hair and some nice b-cup boobs. I really did not know much about women at the time I knew she was good looking but not sexually hot. And then there was my mother. 5'9 colored dark red hair and sky blue eyes she never told me her weight but I guessed around 160 or 70sh. My Dad had left us years ago. I try not to talk about him any ways back to my story.

So I came home and my Mom yells, "Vicky! He is home - get ready!" "Oh yes! OK!" She yelled back.

Alright by now. I am really excited because they sounded really anxious. "Do I get to have my present now?" I innocently asked and what happened next was the beginning of my hell filled life. "No you brat! Go to your goddamn room and wait" she spat out at me.

So of course I did as I was told. She followed, then locked me in. Now I was confused not much though for the last couple years my mom and sister seem to be all kind to each other but sometimes would just explode on me for no apparent reason. Now that I thought about it it started when my mom and Vicky started to hang out with Cindy. Who was at least 32 she would have been very pretty to me if she did not have such cold eyes and a deep hatred for me. For some reason she never tried to hide it either on some accessions she had even full out slapped me and just smiled as I ran crying to my room, the worst part about it was that my mother did not even seem to care.

After about an hour my Mom unlocked my door and came in. "Alright honey come with me, we made you something."

A smile returned to my face. "OK". She left and I ran out after her, this is when I first started to get scared because she was heading for the cellar but I followed. "Come on baby!" she sounded almost exited. She opened the door and I stepped through. Once I reached the end of the stair case my sister stood there. She had a very frightening face on when she said, "Welcome to your new room."

I heard the door lock and my jaw drooped all that was in the room was a bath tub, a chain bolted to the wall at one end and a collar at the other end, a cabinet, some dog dishes on the floor, and a odd looking toilet that had two cuffs on either side of the bottom and some odd panel in back.

"Do it now Vicky," my Mom stated coldly. Before I knew what was happening my sister ran up and grabbed me. I tried to struggle but I was too weak to young. She was able to put that collar on me she also was able to bind my hands behind my back. By then I was crying I looked up at my mom "what are you doing?"

"For 18 years me and Vicky had to put up with you bitch ass now that you are old enough you will be used as our play thing for the rest of your bitch life!" she slapped me so hard my nose and lips began to bleed. "Vicky lets let this sink in for a bit we will be back in a day or two" my mom stated.

"A day or two!!!" I yelled I had just finished my sentence when... "Shut up you bitch," my sister stated coldly before she ran over kicked me in the gut and stepped on my balls, "Lick my boot and ask for another."

I was lying on the floor and was crying maybe choked out "w-w-what?" She kicked my ribs, "I said lick my boot!" I did not know what else to do so my tongue stuck out and I licked her boot.

I look to my mom for help she was only smiling. They shut off the light and left me there. I must have been there a day and a half. I was able to find my way to the toilet if I need to go but as for food or water there was none. I was about to start drinking out of the toilet like a dog when I heard the door lock unhinge.

I could see three out lines of people coming down the stair well call it a 6th sense but I already knew who the third one was. The light came on. And there was Cindy. "Mom please. I will do anything I am so sorry for being a horrible son please I will be good I promise."

"Of course you will be good if you want anything at all you will, light, food, water you know stuff like that" Cindy replied for her she then looked to my mother "Tell him the rules Lin." My Mom grabbed my jaw and pulled my face close "You do everything that we say you get all those privileges but you will never be let go. I am so sorry my whore, well Vicki hook him up to the toilet."

My sister dragged me over to the odd toilet stuck my head into the bottom of the toilet through the odd panel. She also untied my hands only to lock them in the cuffs. "Vicky get your brother used to his beverage of choice," my Mother stated. I saw my sister lift the toilet lid, pull down her panties and sit, all was black. Then a spray of piss begin to fill the bottom of the toilet soon my face was completely covered I would soon drown if they did not release me.

I thought I heard one of them say "He might die" then another said, "So?" There was only one way for me to breathe again. So I opened my mouth and began to swallow over and over till it was all gone. This was an odd sensation on one hand it was refreshing since I had nothing to drink in almost two days on the other hand it tasted horrible. "Ha! The bitch drank it."

"Pull him out." When I could see the light again Cindy said "Oh what a good boy you just earned your drink for the night. Lin go fill his bowl."

"Yes Ma'am" my mom stepped over to one of the dog bowls hiked up her skirt and began to pee in one of the bowls. "Now to earn your food come here," Cindy smiled at me as she took her shirt off my mom and sister did as well. My mouth again dropped. Her chest was so perfect with huge dark nipples. I instantly got hard and I rushed over or at least as far as my chain would let me. "Come here ladies it looks like our slut likes these babies" my sister and mother did as they where told that when I noticed there tits as well. My sisters where smaller with pink nipples while my mothers looked almost the same but extremely meatier and saggy. I loved hers the most and I stared.

"Go ahead suck on them suck on all of ours." I could not hear who said it for they were not finished before I started handling and sucking on them all of them switching off eventually. Cindy grabbed my hair pulled my hair. "Lin distract him while I go get the toys" my mouth was instantly filled with my mothers tongue fondling mine (my pecker was so hard by now). I began to choke and I could not breath. She had me by the hair now pulling it back I was choking her tongue was almost down the back of my throat.

"That is enough Lin," Cindy patted mom on her neck, "Put this on." My sister and mother now completely naked strapped on some odd things around their waists with a plastic dick where their pubic hair was. "You had your fun. Now its time you feel what it is like to get fucked by 2 women" Vicky said this with a grin. They striped me down and I was forced on all fours. Upon seeing my hard penis my mom laughed and said "How cute. Look at his pee pee." "Do it," Cindy said.

My mouth and ass where penetrated, my mother in back my sister in front both strap-ons where being shoved up to the hilt over and over.

"Oh yes bro suck it 'suck me!" seeing my sister so excited only made me even more horny. "Look he is liking it." Cindy walked over and slapped my ass as she said, "Harder!!"

My mother then grabbed me by the hair and rammed me harder every time Cindy continued to scream and slap my ass. "Harder damnit!!!" Slap. "Harder I said. Treat him like the whore he is!!" Slap.

"More" Slap. "Harder" Slap. "Hurt him" Slap.

This went on for about half an hour. "Ok that's enough pull out of him," Cindy said. "Has he earned some food Ma'am?" my mother asked. "Yea, Vicky go get those apples up stairs," Cindy said.

When Vicky came back Cindy stated, "He did really good go ahead and chew those apples up for him and spit it into his other bowl." My sister chewed the three apples up and spit

them into the other dog dish. "Oh baby you got some on your lips," my mom said. She walked over and began to lick the juice off Vicki's lips moaning as they did it.

My man hood was raging. "Alright one more thing to earn your last privilege, Lin bend over."

My mother did as she was told. "Look at this fat boy!" Cindy removed her pants and I saw a 7in hard dick flop out. I was totally confused her whole body was feminine except for that 7in dick. She walked over to my mother and began to fuck her up the ass "You like that Lin?"

"Oh yes! Ma'am! Vicki lick her dick as it goes in girl."

"Yes mother." Vicki crouched down and began to lick the shaft of Cindy's dick as it went in and out. Hearing my mother groan in painful pleasure had my cock erected to painful levels.

They were all moving in a single motion all that could be heard was the slurping sucking and moaning noises coming from the three of them. "Back off Vicki I am gonna nut" and with a mighty grunt I saw Cindy unload completely into my mother's ass. It filled up so much that it was now dripping out. "Alright boy clean her out with your tongue " she saw they despair in my eyes.

"If you don't wanna stay here all night in the dark you will," Cindy yelled. So I did as I was told. I began to lick and suck the cum out of my mother's ass she moaned in pleasure. My sister grabbed my hair and shoved my face in tighter. "Do it right bitch!" she said after.

"Crush his balls Vicki. I want to hear him cry as he sucks my ass clean," my mother stated with glee.

I felt nail dig into my nuts and the salty taste of cum was going down my throat. I wanted to puke after 15 minutes. I was aloud to stop. "Ok you were a good bitch for today. Vicki suck him off, but don't swallow his nut."

"Yes ma'am" then with my mouth sore a bruised ass and tears on my cheeks my sister began to pleasure me orally. I knew that this was supposed to feel good but my balls were so sore hit hurt when I nutted in her mouth. "Alright let the bitch swallow it."

"Oh please no more of th..." My sister began to french kiss me forcing them cum down my throat. "Alright bitch you are safe till tomorrow. Then you have to earn all these privileges again and every year on your birthday you have to earn your life. Lock him back up."

They dressed retied my bonds and left.

Later Cindy came back down and on noticing I had not touched my food or drink she said something about adding flavor to it so I had to BJ her until she nutted in both of them.

And this was my life for a whole year until...

Making Mother my Slut

Janice sat on the corner of her bed avidly chewing on the crotch of her pussy soaked panties. The taste of her own juices flooding her mouth, Janice thought about her sons words about getting use to the taste.

"Does he really expect me to lick another woman's... pussy!" she thought to herself. "My God what is he planning to turn me into..." She looked over at her son as he dug through the pile of clothes on the floor, picking out his mothers "costume" for the day. As she watched she found her eyes drifting toward his crotch. Her heart fluttered a little as she eyed the bulge beneath her son's jeans. Images of the previous night flashed through her mind...

"God it felt so good... The deep thrusts... the endless pounding he gave my pussy... the feel of my little boy's big dick inside me..." Janice began to suck on the panties harder as her pussy began to drool with desire. Suddenly the taste wasn't so bad, and she even thought the idea of crawling between her bosses long shapely legs wasn't all that bad either.

"What do you think mom?" The sound of her son's voice brought her out of her day dream and she looked at the clothes she would be wearing for the day.

"Mith loopth fin hooneth..." Janice said, as she tried to talk around the wad of spit soaked silk in her mouth. "What? Take the panties out of your mouth you stupid slut," John said laughing.

Janice's face burned brightly with shame at her son's words. One of the things she found hardest to get use to was him constantly calling her a slut. She reached into her mouth and pulled out the balled up wet pair of panties and then stretched her mouth a few times before repeating what she had said earlier.

"I said, it looks fine honey."

"Good. I'm glad you like it... not that it really matters." He said with an air of confidence. "Either way you'd be wearing it today. Now get dressed while I go make a few phone calls."

Janice placed the spit soaked panties down on the bed and got up to change into her assigned clothes. "Ah... ah... that's a naughty girl mom. You forgot your mid day snack on the bed." Janice looked back in confusion. "Wha... Snack?"

John grinned wickedly and walked passed her toward the bed. "Of course mom. I mean, if you don't keep them tasty... they don't make much of a snack do they?" John held up the panties Janice just had in her mouth.

"Oh God...," was all she could think as he came towards her and began to stuff the now cold pair of wet panties between the lips of her shaved pussy. She kept her eyes closed the whole time, till he had managed to stuff them snugly within the moist confines of her cunt. To her shame the feel of her sons fingers probing her cause her nipples to stiffen... a fact she new her son did not miss.

When she opened her eyes she saw him just standing in front of her with a smile on his face. He leaned forward and kissed her sweetly. This caught Janice by surprise, the sudden change in attitude from cruel and degrading to sweet and caring. "You see what happens when you're a good girl mom." John said as he held up his hand to show off all the juice her pussy had drooled onto his fingers as he stuffed her cunt full of the panties.

Janice suddenly understood what he meant. He had given her the kiss as a reward for being slutty enough to get off on his abuse... He was praising her for being a "good whore". She was outraged, humiliated... but still managed to whisper out a "Thank you" to her son before going to put on her clothes...

The outfit was actually quite stylish and tasteful, which surprised Janice. She had expected her son to dress her like a 2 dollar whore right off, but instead he had laid out a mid-length light tan skirt, pearl-white button up blouse, toupe pantyhose, and black flats for her to wear. Even more surprising, he had included one of Janice's old bras for her, so she wouldn't have to worry about going braless today... or so she thought. Upon closer inspection she noticed several "alterations" to her clothes.

The bra was definitely one of her older ones, as it fit very tight and caused, a good portion of her nipples and surrounding tit to "squeeze" out of the holes he had cut in the center of each cup. This made her nipples look impossibly long and hard under the blouse. She also

discovered that moving made the light cotton blouse brush deliciously over each straining nipple.

The cotton panel crotch of the pantyhose had been cut away to keep her bald pussy exposed. Fortunately the knee length skirt would more than hide this fact... unfortunately she realized now, that if her pussy grew wet while she sat, it would quickly show up on the light colored skirt as a wet spot. Something she could not hide at all.

The shoes were also picked for a reason, one she dearly hoped she was wrong about. Her son had chosen the plain black flats not for their conservative looks... but because he planned for her to do a lot of walking instead of driving. He wanted to "show off" his new prize to the world.

Lastly, laying on the bed was one of her smaller dildos, and a butt plug that was much larger than she thought she could ever get inside her. She eyed them for a moment and then picked both up and dropped them into her purse and headed down to present herself to her son. As she passed her mirror, she appeared like the conservative, middle-aged mother she once was... but underneath she still felt like a slut... Her pussy was bare... her nipples tingled with each step and once her son made her shove that huge plug up her ass, she knew her ass would be wiggling as she walked.

Her son had made a very powerful statement to her in choosing the conservative clothes. She now knew that no matter what she wore, she would still be a slut... his slut. The image in the mirror was a lie. It was the "old" Janice Monroe. The typical mother of one and independent business woman was gone forever... and she now knew it. Janice would have to make the best of her new life...

Janice grunted as she stood holding her skirt up around her waist with one hand... and trying to push the greased butt plug up her straining ass with the other...

"It... ugh... won't... ugh... fit... John... It's just too big," she whined as her son watched her lean up against the stair's railing and pushing the huge plastic knob up against her un-yielding ass... "I was afraid of that. That's why I called around and found out where we can get you a few new toys to help "stretch" you out a little.

Janice dropped the skinny buttplug on the floor and turned toward her son. Her stomach suddenly sank and her breath grew short. She had a horrible feeling about just where her son had decided to go to get her new "toys". "John, you don't mean that shop near my work... the one where I bought my other other... umm... stuff"

"You mean where you bought your dildos, and buttplug, and porno magazines, and..." John let his voice trail off. "Yes that is exactly where I mean mom... why?"

"I just don't... I mean maybe we should go somewhere other than..." Janice fumbled to find a way of convincing her son not to make her go back to that sex shop. He knew nothing of what she had done there last time... and didn't dare tell him.

John watched his mom puzzled for a moment. She was hiding something from him, that was for sure... exactly what though he didn't know, but it did have to do with the Sex Shop downtown. "Please John... we can go anywhere else but there... Please.."

"Why mom? Tell me why and maybe... just maybe I'll change my mind."

Janice knew if she told him he would make her go back anyway, and maybe do more than just buy new toys... much more. No, her best bet was to just say nothing and hope nothing happens at the shop this time. Pray she could just get in and out with no hassle

John waited for his mom to say something, but when she just hung her head low and said nothing, he knew she had decided not to argue the point. "Good, now that that's settled we can get going."

"I'll get my car keys..." Janice said in a defeated tone. "Oh don't bother mom. We're taking the bus to downtown... oh and since the plug is too big for the moment... Use the smaller dildo I gave you instead. That way you'll have something to keep you entertained on the ride.

Janice didn't try to argue... she just hiked her skirt back up and began pushing the pink dildo against her asshole till it forced its way in and sank deep into her bowels.

John watched the whole thing and then picked the plug up off the floor. He held it up to Janice's face and just said... "Mom, when I'm done with you, you'll wish your ass was tight

enough to hold this inside without slipping out. He smiled, gave her a peck on the cheek, dropped the plug and walked out the door.

Janice looked down at the monstrous piece of plastic her son had dropped and was worried that he meant what he had just said... But she was scared over the fact that it turned her on.. Janice ran after her son... slamming the door behind her as she left.

Amber's First Time

It was not the first time they had met. It was, however, the first time meeting that Amber knew she was to be taken. She had fantasized how it would happen many times in the weeks after their first contact. The butterflies in her stomach had grown until they now threatened to take wing, to carry her up and away, far from the place they had chosen as their rendezvous. She tried to draw a deep breath into her lungs but to no avail. Her palms were damp but there were other places on her body that were damp as well.

She could feel her own juices near the boiling point between her legs. Daddy had told her not to wear any panties when they were to meet. Had commanded it. Now as she drove across town she wished she had at least brought something to dry herself with. She remembered their last conversation. How much he seemed to be exactly what she was looking for. And he too had seemed so pleased with her, with what she wanted to give, with how much she wanted to please. Now as she drove thinking of him and the command to wear a dress, no panties or bra, she shuddered. Involuntarily she felt the contractions between her legs before she knew what was happening. "Oh my God." She said aloud. "If this is what he does to me just thinking about him, what is going to happen when he touches me."

Amber wondered what would happen once they were alone together. Yes she had talked to him, gotten to know him as well as any of the others she had offered her submission to. But he had refused to disclose his kinks; he had been perfectly up front with the fact that he was kinky, but none of the details. Unlike the others she had met, whom were always more than willing to tell her exactly what they would do once they had her naked. Daddy had been unwilling to even give her a glimpse. Now she wondered if going to him was the right thing for her to do. The nagging doubts were always there. It didn't help that he was so secretive. What it did though was to make it that much more exciting, he was still a mystery to her and the more she thought of him the more she believed he would always remain so. Now she could feel her wetness on the seat beneath her. Daddy had said that he wanted her wet when she arrived. She laughed aloud at that; she couldn't keep herself from being wet if her life depended on it.

She almost turned around. Her mind kept screaming at her, what was she doing? What was this hold on her that he had obtained so quickly? Why did she feel drawn to him as if she had no say in the matter? He had promised that before they became involved sexually he would know all her limits. But they had not had that discussion. Now she worried that like the others he was just using her, telling her what she wanted to hear. But another part of her knew differently, deep inside her. It wasn't in her mind that was racing with a million thoughts a second. It wasn't in her heart, which was beating as fast as she could ever remember. It was deeper still, down in the core of her being. Her soul, and that is why she didn't turn the car around. It was the only reason she didn't run as fast as she could in the opposite direction.

She pulled into the parking lot and saw him standing by his truck. His back was to her, his hand in the open window petting his other pet. She gasped aloud as her body reacted to the sight of him. Once again it reacted with no volition on her part. Once again she felt the wetness creep down her legs. She sifted in the seat and could feel the slickness that had accumulated there. Once again she fought for her breath. She made every attempt to quiet the beating of her heart that sounded to her ears as a runaway freight train.

When he turned and their eyes met, his smile opened up the floodgates. She had to lean back and close her eyes. Let her body have its release. Her body shook, her chest heaving. She knew he was watching her, yet this only heightened the orgasm that had been building all the way here. Amber opened her eyes, he was still smiling and he knew. She could feel it in the way he looked at her, in his smile and especially in his eyes. She rolled down the window because she could not trust her legs to support her. He walked over and bent down so that his face was even with hers. "How's my girl?" He asked. She wasn't even sure she could answer but she croaked. "Good Daddy." Then added in barely above a whisper. "Nervous, but good."

She couldn't remember how she got from her car to his van. In fact when she looked out the window and saw the sign for the exit to Las Vegas she couldn't believe that she had been in a daze for that long. She looked over and watched him as he drove. She could see the kindness in his face, feel the warmth that emanated from him and knew that she had made the right choice. The doubts were still there, but they were subsiding as a calm overtook her. He reached over without looking and took her hand. She was Daddy's girl now and she knew she would give him anything that he wanted. "Daddy?" She asked.

"Yes baby."

"Thank you." She wanted to say so much more, but the words wouldn't come. She wanted to tell him that he could have anything he wanted. That he could take her anytime he chose to. That there was nothing that she wouldn't do just to be at his side.

"For what babydoll?"

"For being you, for wanting me, for everything." She gushed, she heard her own words and knew how pathetic they sounded but she could offer no more. In her frustrations she burst into tears. Her Daddy squeezed her hand and let it go. She felt anguish and a void reopened that she hadn't even known existed in her. The tears fell down her cheeks onto her lap. But he just pulled to the side of the road and stopped. She wanted to tell him that she was sorry, thinking that he was about to scold her. But he put the truck in park and turned towards her. He took both her hands in his and pulled her to him. He kissed a tear away so lightly that she thought she might have imagined it. Then she felt his tongue licking at them. She felt his lips on her forehead kissing her so gently. On her eyelids, her cheeks, her nose and finally on her lips.

"Do you want to turn back?" He asked. "No! God no, I'm sorry Daddy. I'm sorry..." he hushed her with his lips, his tongue parting hers. She could taste her tears as they ran salty sweet down her face. She could feel his hunger for her, as the kisses became more insistent. Her tongue matching his in a dance that only true lovers participated in. Then he broke away and she once again felt the yearning of his touch.

"We'll never get there if we just sit at the side of the road." He turned back in the driver's seat putting the van in gear and pulling out once again into the flow of traffic. It seemed like hours when they finally arrived at his house, though she knew that it couldn't have been much more than an hour. They had made small talk on the way, but the yearning in her for his touch grew stronger with each passing mile.

He opened the passenger door for her and took her hand; she liked the possessiveness of his grip. Together they walked hand in hand toward the front door. He had his keys in his free hand and opened it without letting her hand go. Reached inside and flipped on a light. He guided her inside to a love seat that sat directly in front of a fireplace and had her sit. She watched his back as he built the fire. She was finally here and no matter what happened now she was overjoyed in that fact. Her eyes went down to his butt, which looked so good in his jeans. She could see the muscles of his back straining at the fabric of his shirt and once again without warning she felt her heat rise. Once again she felt the dampness become so much more.

Once he had a fire built, he lit some candles and turned off the lights. He walked over to a small CD-player and turned on some light background music. He went over to a counter across the room and returned with a few pages and a pen. He sat down on the floor in front of Amber putting his hands on her knees and spreading her legs. He looked up at her and she knew he could smell her heat, she could smell herself how could he not? He smiled up at her and asked. "You okay sweetheart?"

"Yes Daddy."

"Were you a good girl for Daddy?"

"What do you mean Daddy?"

"Do you have panties on?" At his words she felt a tingle of warmth that started between her legs and shot throughout her body. "Yes... I mean no. I have no panties on, just as you requested Daddy."

"You don't mind if Daddy checks for himself, do you?" His hands slid up Amber's legs as she shook her head because once again she was at a loss for words. His eyes never left hers as his fingers caressed her thighs. Higher up they moved and she felt as if she might faint. His

hands stopped just inches from her pouting lips, she could feel them pulsing and throbbing to the beat of her heart. "Nice and wet too, just like Daddy likes his girl." He commented as he removed his hands from her legs and lifted her skirt so that he could see if she was indeed bare as he had instructed. "Good girl..." Daddy cooed. "Not only without panties but so wet, such a good girl. You don't mind if I leave your skirt up? You have such a pretty pussy."

"Not at all Daddy, it is your pussy." She knew that he was pleased at her response even though he did not acknowledge it with words. And it was his pussy, as was everything else she had to offer him, she had already made that decision. He picked up the pages from the floor and explained to her that he must know what her limits were. He told her that there were no wrong answers, that this was to determine how her Daddy could best please her. As he read off different activities from the list, his eyes would go to hers waiting for the response. After each, before he would mark her answer down, they would move down her body, taking in the sight of her boiling pussy. He would smile as he saw her juices seeping between her wet lips. Every once in a while he would comment on how good a girl she was. Tell her how much he enjoyed seeing her excitement.

And Amber was excited, far more than she had ever been before. She reveled in his open gaze, the hunger she saw in his eyes. When he had finished the list he looked back into her eyes. "Are you ready to give me your body?"

"Yes Daddy."

"For anything I want?"

"Yes Daddy!" She added with more emphasis. "Anything!" He smiled at her and got to his knees. His hands snaked their way under her legs and he pulled her towards him. His tongue found traced up her lips, tasting her for the first time. He moved up to her clitoris, sucking it into his mouth. She moaned aloud as her body once again took over, once again seeking its own release. Once again she felt the shortness of breath as her body starting trembling. As her body began to shake with the orgasm she felt his tongue, gently caressing her hard bud of pleasure. "Ohhhh Daddy, I'm cumming. Oh gawd, that feels so good."

She panted. She could feel her juices running between her legs and over her tight backdoor. His tongue continuing to play with her clit, his lips sucking it in and out of his mouth. She felt a finger caressing her asshole. Teasing it, sliding just the tip inside and then removing it. She could feel her own juices lubricating it, making it slide in so easily. She gasped aloud as he drove it deep into her. At the same time his tongue moved back between her lips and started hungrily drinking from her well. Probing inside of her as his other hand went back to her clit. Stroking it, pinching it softly and pulling on it.

"Oh Daddy, Oh Daddy, Oh Daddy!" She screamed as her orgasm continued to build. Never before had she experienced one such as this. She gave up trying to count them as they continued to come in waves. Her body now arched up to his mouth. Trying to force him deeper inside of her. His finger continuing to thrust in and out of her forbidden door. His expert fingers continuing to tease at her clit. When he finally pulled away and looked up at her. She was fighting to catch her breath. Trying so hard to keep focus on the face of her Daddy, but she failed to keep that focus.

When she awoke she didn't know where she was; she tried to remember what had happened. She couldn't open her eyes and began to panic. Amber tried to shift her position but realized this was useless. The cuffs only bit into her flesh as she squirmed, trying to figure out what was going on. Then she remembered her Daddy. The way he had made her feel, the orgasm that seemed like just a dream. She thought back on the way he had been so gently and she stopped her fighting at his bonds. If this is what Daddy wants than I do as well, she said to herself. A peace enveloped her like she had never had before. She knew she had been found.

"That's a good girl." He whispered in her ear. She could feel his weight as he climbed atop her. She smiled as he slid inside of her. Claiming what was his.

That was the first time that Daddy took his girl, but it wouldn't be the last. Let me know if you want to hear more about us. This is not an incestuous story but one of love from Father and daughter, Dominant and submissive, Master and slave.

Seducing Mom with Kisses

"I'd really like to give you something extra special for your 18th birthday," said Mom, as we stood in the kitchen in the early evening, "but I don't know what."

Well, I could think of something extra special that I would like to have my mother give me, but I wasn't foolish enough to say it. For years, ever since I had begun to have the slightest inkling of what sex was, I had had a tremendous craving for Mom's big luscious body. Thousands of times I had fucked her and licked her and fondled and kissed every part of her anatomy in my fantasies, spilling gallons of cum through ardent masturbation.

Now I won't lie to you - Mom was not the kind of woman who would immediately cause any man's cock to give a jump. Her hair had begun to turn gray prematurely, and now at 45 she was quite gray haired. Her skin, however, was still quite smooth, and her complexion was a creamy peach. She had big brown eyes that I loved to look into. She was rather tall, about 5 foot 7, and she was definitely on the plump side. She did not have sensational tits or trim ankles or a sexily outthrust derriere. She did certainly have adequate breasts, and her ass was pleasingly broad, and her legs were shapely, even if they were generously full, especially in the thighs. She wore rather short house dresses, in the mode of the day, and tended to be rather careless in the way she sat. She always crossed her legs, and her skirt would ride up, giving an exciting view of her thighs and ass. She was well-proportioned in a large, comfortable way, though with a bit of a belly. But to me - ah, to me, she was the ultimate object of beauty and desire.

"Eighteen is such a special birthday. You should have something that you really want a lot," Mom continued. "Well, Mom, what I really want a lot is a big hug and kiss from my favorite Mom." Mom laughed. "Oh, you can have that anytime," she said. "Yes, but now that I will become a man, I want a real adult kiss. You know, not just a mommy kiss, but a woman kiss." "Well, most mommies do tend to be women," Mom said playfully. "Yes, and my Mommy is a woman I would sure love to get a real woman kiss from. You know what I mean." "Hmm. I'm not too sure about that idea." "Well, OK, but I thought you said you wanted to give me something I really wanted a lot. I guess you didn't actually mean it."

"Now wait a minute!" Mom protested. "Of course I meant it. Uh - you are just joking, aren't you - about the kiss, I mean." "No, Mom, I definitely am not joking. What I would really like most is a big honest-to-goodness adult kiss from my beautiful mother." Of course, that was only the minimum sexual favor that I really wanted from my beautiful mother, but - hey, you gotta start somewhere.

Mom sort of giggled in an embarrassed way. "Aw, come on, honey. Stop teasing." "I'm not teasing, Mom, but I see that you really don't care enough to go that far, so just forget it. Get me some socks and underwear or something, something that just costs money." "Honey, you are really being hard on me. Really, I do want to make this birthday special." She touched my cheek. "Now do you honestly mean all this stuff about an adult kiss?" "All this stuff! Mom, I consider a real kiss from my Mom as more than just stuff!"

She laughed again, obviously at a loss where to go from here. We did kid around a lot, and I knew that she still wasn't sure whether I was serious. "Look, Mom," I said, taking her hand, "I'm just coming into manhood. In another few weeks I'll be out of high school, and God knows where I'll be in a couple more years. Is it asking too much to want just one real heartfelt kiss from the woman who has always meant more to me than anyone else in the world?" Mom turned serious and looked at me tenderly. "And that's what you really want? Honestly?" "I couldn't be more sincere, Mom. That's what I want."

Mom's embarrassment returned. "Well, when did you want this... uh... gift?" (My birthday was less than a week away.) I smiled at Mom. "Well, we could practice up a little bit right now - just so you'll know exactly how I want it, you know." "Oho!" Mom laughed, blushing prettily. "I think maybe you're trying to get more than just one."

"Aw, Mom, I wouldn't pull a trick like that. It's just that I haven't had any experience myself in this way, and probably it will take you a while to get used to the idea of kissing me in an adult way. You do want to do it just the way I really want it, don't you?" Mom laughed again. She

was being a really good sport about the whole thing. I didn't know whether anything at all would come of this, but I was having fun talking to her in this surprising new way.

"Pretty slick," Mom said, "but I guess I let myself in for it." She looked at me for a moment and then said, "All right, big boy. Let's do it." She stepped up close to me and I wrapped my arms around her. She put her warm, soft arms around my neck. She lifted her face to me and closed her eyes as I brought my lips down to meet hers. The kiss was warm and sweet, but Mom kept her lips tightly closed and a little stiff.

"Well, how was that?" She started to step back, but I held her close. "It was really sweet, Mom, but I think it was still more of a mommy kiss. I think that you could do a lot better if you just relaxed and made it softer and longer. Could we try another one?" "How did I get myself into this?" Mom muttered. Then she sort of shrugged as if to say "Oh well, what the hell?" and raised her mouth to mine again.

This time Mom's lips were much softer and more relaxed, slightly parted. Her warm, soft body was pressed tightly against mine, and my cock, which had been rising for some time, pushed against her lower belly. God, she must feel it! I certainly felt the swell of her tits against my chest. This time the kiss went on and on. Mom seemed to be determined to prove that she was really trying and wanted to make me break the kiss before she would. Well, I wasn't about to break it! My heart was pounding, and my head felt feverish with excitement and pleasure. I had kissed a few girls, but God! those kisses were nothing like this! Finally Mom pulled back slowly, almost reluctantly, it seemed to me. She was breathing hard, as was I. "Whew! Now that had to be adult enough for you, wasn't it?" "Oh God, yes, Mom! One more should really do it."

I pulled her back tight against me, though she struggled feebly and protested laughingly, moving her head around to keep me from consummating the kiss. "No fair! Cheat! Cheat!" she cried, but she was laughing gaily as she said it. Then she relaxed again, pushed her delectable body against mine once more, and replaced her soft arms around my neck.

"Oh all right, greedy Gus." And she gave me another nice soft kiss. She pulled away sooner this time, however, but it seemed that she didn't really want to. She was blushing and laughing in an embarrassed way. Later that evening I caught her alone in the kitchen, grabbed her a bit roughly and planted another big kiss on her mouth. She struggled a bit at first, but then relaxed and kissed me back with soft, parted lips. She wouldn't prolong it as long as I wanted to, but she looked at me tenderly and said, "Good night, lover boy."

The next afternoon as I came in from school I approached her more politely. "Just one more practice kiss?" I asked. "I'm not sure I can trust you when you say 'just one,'" Mom said, smiling, but she came into my arms for a nice soft kiss that lasted a long time. The feel of her warm arms around my neck, her tits against my chest, and her belly against my hard cock was overwhelming. Finally Mom pulled her head back, but kept her arms around my neck. "These kisses are getting pretty serious," she said. "Serious? I think they're a lot of fun. Don't you?"

Mom looked at me for a long moment, then answered, "Yes, honey, they are a lot of fun. I haven't been kissed like this since my honeymoon." Then she put her lips back on mine. This kiss actually turned into a series of kisses, getting softer and wetter and more passionate as we progressed. I think that it must have been a full five minutes that we smooched and nuzzled in a very warm, loving way, in a very adult-style indeed, really real woman kisses. I began to be afraid that my engorged cock was going to go off in my pants. God! How could she not feel it so hard against her and actually twitching and throbbing? I was in sheer heaven except for that one fear. I don't know what I would have done if I had orgasmed. But then I noticed that Mom was sort of trembling too now and almost panting. Finally Mom pushed me very decisively back. "I think that's enough practice for one day," she said. "We don't want to wear out our lips before your birthday even gets here."

"Thanks a lot, Mom. I don't know if I can wait until then for some more, though." Mom just laughed in that embarrassed way and began to start preparations for supper. Soon the rest of the family was around, and there was no more chance for play that evening.

The next day I came in at about the same time and found Mom working alone in the kitchen. I came up behind her and put my arms around her waist, my hips against her big broad ass. I began kissing her neck and cheek. She sort of giggled and shook her head. "Here's that

wild kisser again!" she exclaimed. She kept working as I continued to hold her, stealing a kiss on the cheek or neck from time to time. She didn't try to stop me at all. Again my telltale cock was standing at fervent attention, now poking into her ass crack. Finally I started nibbling on one of her ears. "Ooh! That tickles!" Mom cried. She turned in my arms and put her arms around my neck. She lifted her lips willingly to mine. "I guess you need more practice," she murmured. And practice we did, very warmly, very lovingly for several minutes. Then we heard someone else coming and had to break apart hurriedly. I quickly sat down to hide my erection from my sister, who entered the room. The rest of the evening was too busy again for any further contact. My father, younger sister and younger brother were too much in evidence.

The next day offered no real opportunities at all, except for a quick kiss good-bye and hello. Feeling very frustrated and horny, I hung around hoping that somehow we would get a little time alone. At first I thought that Mom was completely oblivious to my desires, but once she looked at me with a sort of amused expression and winked. I knew then that she commiserated with me at least, and I hoped that she felt a bit of longing herself.

The next evening the rest of the family all went to bed at the regular time and Mom stayed up reading a book that she said she wanted to finish. I always stayed up later than anyone else, so this gave me a golden opportunity. After I was sure that the others were all settled down for the night, I approached Mom where she was sitting on the end of the sofa. I sat down on the arm, twisted around to face Mom, and leaned forward to kiss her. This time we didn't say a word. Mom leaned her head against the back of the sofa and let me go ahead with the kisses. She had her eyes closed, but looking down, I could see, down inside her blouse, the tops of her nice soft breasts. I put my arm down around her, brushing across one tit as I did so. Mom jumped a bit at this, but we continued to kiss warmly.

As the necking continued, getting more and more fervent, I wound up practically sitting on her lap. Our mouths were opened farther and farther. Finally I actually felt Mom's tongue and was quick to respond. Soon our tongues were happily playing together, and the saliva was flowing freely. Our mouths and chins were getting very wet. I began feeling a bit too bold at this point, gradually working a hand closer and closer to Mom's tit. I thought that she was aware of what I was doing, and maybe she was, but I made the mistake of acting too soon, deliberately grasping a generous handful of soft breast.

Mom immediately reacted by shoving me off, struggling to her feet and saying that she had to get to bed. I stammered an apology, but she ignored it and headed upstairs, leaving me to curse my unwise impulsiveness and wondering whether I had screwed up the whole relationship. I didn't sleep very much that night.

The next day was the day before my birthday, and Mom greeted me warmly in the morning, even giving me a kiss. This certainly made me feel a lot better. I tried to apologize again about the night before, but she put her fingers on my lips and then kissed me lightly again. I went off to school with a much lighter heart, and even managed to stay awake through all my classes. That night after supper, however, I was so sleepy that I fell asleep on the sofa, and when I woke up, everyone else was in bed - except Mom.

Mom was sitting beside the dining room table, where she apparently had been writing letters. Now she was turned aside from the table and her legs were crossed, her skirt hiked well up, and one delightful full thigh could be seen all the way to her ass. I lay there on the sofa gazing through the double doors at the entrancing sight. Finally I got up and approached Mom. She smiled at me warmly. "I've been waiting for you to wake up, sleepy head."

I knelt beside her chair and tentatively leaned forward for a kiss. Mom responded as warmly as ever, and I moved closer as kiss followed kiss. I was actually leaning against the thigh that she had up across her other leg. Now I swear that I did not deliberately push her skirt higher, but our movements as I put my arms around her waist had that effect. There was an awful lot of bare leg there, very smooth and very soft. The kisses quickly moved on to the deep variety as on the previous night, and Mom seemed especially passionate in the way she nibbled at my lips and licked and traded saliva with me.

Finally we paused for breath, and she laughingly wiped both our mouths with her handkerchief. She had made no move to pull down her skirt, which was now at a shockingly risqué level. I guess I hadn't learned my lesson from the night before, because I impulsively

bent my head to kiss Mom's bare knee. She put one hand on the top of my head, but she made no effort to push me away. Rather it seemed like encouragement. Thrilled to the core, I began to kiss her thigh, gradually moving higher. The skin was so delightfully smooth, soft but firm. I moved my right hand down to her thigh and continued to kiss it. Soon my hand was well up her leg - in fact, grasping her ass cheek. By this time my mouth was kissing and almost licking right up to her very high hemline, and in fact pushing that hemline even higher. I was in heaven! Those thighs had been the source of many hours of fantasy. I loved the way she showed them off, and I could have stared forever at the glorious beauty. To kiss them had seemed an incredible dream. And now...

"Honey," Mom said softly, taking my face in both hands and lifting it up, "Tomorrow is your birthday, the big day. I think we'd better stop for now. Somehow I'll see that you get that gift you want so much. But right now it's bedtime."

I reluctantly let her go, just giving her another warm kiss good night. I went to sleep with the feel of those soft thighs in my head, and I had the most delightful wet dream I ever had.

At last the big day came. It was Saturday, and of course the whole family was home. We never made a very big deal about birthdays in my family. We had a cake for me at lunch time, and I got a couple minor gifts. But I was a bit depressed, because I couldn't figure out how I would ever get Mom alone. I needn't have worried. I found out that Mom had talked Dad into taking the family to a movie that afternoon. I don't remember what the movie was, but it was a big one that everyone wanted to see. Actually I had already seen it, and owing to my status as the oldest boy still at home (I have three older brothers), I seldom went places with the family anyway. Mom was supposed to go, however. But at the last minute she told Dad that she didn't really feel very well, and she thought she had better stay home. She urged him to go ahead, though, and to take my brother and sister. Then I saw her give Dad some extra money (Mom usually controlled the finances) and told him to take the kids out for supper afterward, since she didn't feel up to cooking a meal.

Mom stood at the window and watched the car disappear. Then she turned to me and gave me a kiss and said that she would be back down in a little while. Then she went upstairs. I didn't know what to do. I thought that Mom had set up the whole thing for us to be alone together, but I wasn't sure. Maybe she was really feeling bad. On the other hand, maybe she was expecting me to come upstairs and join her in her bedroom. I thought - God! I thought all kinds of things. I thought that Mom was actually ready to be fucked, but what if I guessed wrong? I sure as hell didn't want to lose what I had gained. I got a Coke and sat down at the kitchen table, trying to figure out what to do.

I was so wrapped up in my dilemma that I didn't hear her coming, but suddenly I looked up and there she was. Mom was wearing a knee-length cotton robe of a fairly thin fabric, the kind that used to be called (for some reason) a duster. As she passed in front of the window, I thought that I could see through it enough to tell that there was no other garment underneath. Then Mom was standing close before me as I still sat stupidly in the kitchen chair. She bent over and kissed me tenderly, very gently, and murmured, "Happy birthday, my darling boy. Your gift is all ready for you."

Still sitting, I put my arms around her just below her hips. She stuck her tongue out and gently and deliberately licked my lips. I responded in kind. "Mmm, you taste good," Mom murmured softly. We went on kissing and tonguing. I moved my hands down to caress Mom's bare knees and then gradually moved them up her bare thighs under the duster. She made no attempt to stop my progress toward her hips. Instead the kisses became more insistent. Finally I reached my goal and discovered, as I had hoped, that she was wearing no panties. I gently squeezed and caressed her smooth ass cheeks, then gradually worked one hand around to the front and brushed the crispy hair at her crotch.

Then she was fumbling at the front of her duster, and in a moment it fell open completely. She took my head and pulled it against her soft, full breasts. I nuzzled into them, enthralled by the soft, firm smoothness.

Then she directed me to one breast and thrust a hard nipple into my mouth. Meanwhile my hands were working more vigorously at her ass and pussy. She spread her legs wider, presenting her mound freely to me. I rubbed the moist swollen lips of her cunt, then thrust a finger tentatively inside.

Mom pushed her hips forward, forcing my finger farther inside. I began finger fucking her, as she responded with her belly, humping her pussy against my hand. More and more frantically she jerked and pushed, bucking her hips to get more and more friction on her clit. Then she was moaning and gasping as she came beautifully, murmuring, "Oh God, honey! Oh God! Oooohhh! Honey, honey, honey!" Her cunt had become very wet and I felt the vaginal muscles twitching and grasping.

After a few minutes of hard breathing, Mom finally said in a sort of thick voice, "But I'm supposed to be giving you the gift. Come on, honey. Take your dear old mother up to your room and fuck her. Isn't that the gift you really want?"

"You bet that's what I want! That's the greatest gift anyone could possibly get!" I exclaimed. We hurried up the stairs. I lifted up the tail of Mom's duster so that I could watch her ass as we went, and she giggled delightedly. In my room I wasted no time yanking that duster off her body, even tearing it a little bit, I'm afraid. Then Mom was just as eagerly helping me to strip off my shirt and pants. "Wait!" she cried when I was all undressed except for my jockey shorts. "Let me do it." She knelt before me and slowly pulled the shorts down, watching as they stretched to the limit to slide over the end of my hard cock. As my inspired rod leaped free, Mom laughed out loud and cried, "Whee! There it is at last! Oooohh! What a beauty! Now I can do more than just feel it poking into me when we're kissing." She laughed delightedly as she took my cock in her hands and kissed the tip of it, nibbling a bit at the head. Then she jumped onto my bed and spread her legs wide. "Here I am, honey!" she cried gaily. "Come and get it while it's hot - and it sure is hot for you, honey!"

Well, I sure didn't need any more invitation than that! But I did stand there just a moment to let my eyes rejoice at that fantastic sight. There was my big beautiful Mom, her nice big tits with their dark nipples standing up hard and long, her full legs with those smooth white thighs spread far apart, her swelling belly curving into her delectable mound, covered with an abundance of dark brown hair, through which the swollen lips of her gaping pussy were peeping, welcoming my cock to come inside.

Then I was upon her. My mother's eager fingers took hold of my cock and guided it to the hairy portal of her wet love passage. "Come on, honey," Mom urged. "Push that beautiful big dick into your Mommy's hungry pussy! Push it all the way in!" I slowly pushed, and my cock sank down that slippery way inch by inch until my balls were right against Mom's ass. Her cunt was amazingly hot inside. God, it felt good! For a moment I just lay there savoring the situation. I actually had my dick (as Mom always called it) deep in my own mother's juicy pussy. The impossible dream of all my adolescent years had somehow miraculously come true. "Oh God, Mom!" I whispered hoarsely. "I love you! Oh God, how I love you!" I was just overwhelmed by an enormous feeling of gratitude and love for this dear, dear woman who was now giving me the ultimate gift that any mother could give to her son.

"Oooohhh, honey, I love you too! Go ahead and show me how much you love me! Fuck me, honey! Fuck your Mommy!"

I knew that I wouldn't last long if I just turned loose, but my wet dream of the night before helped me to hold back a bit. I began to fuck Mom slowly, pulling way out very slowly, then pushing all the way back in. I could feel every inch of Mom's sweet love canal as I moved in and out of her. I put my mouth on hers, and we kissed passionately like the lovers we had become, not mommy kisses - and yet I never felt more like her son than then, when I was fucking her for the first time. This was my lover, my sweetheart, but most of all - my Mom!

Mom moved her hips in exact response to my slow fucking, pulling back as I pulled out and lifting her cunt to meet me as I shoved my cock in. She began to make strange noises with her mouth, sort of a humming and murmuring into my mouth, almost like purring. I found myself replying to this with repeated sounds of pleasure: "Mmmm!" It just felt so damned good to be inside this wonderful big woman!

Gradually we began to pick up the tempo and the forcefulness. When I pushed back in, I would do it a little harder and sort of bore my cock in harder at the bottom. Mom's hips and ass reciprocated in perfect unison. I don't know how I held out so long. My cock felt on fire the whole time, with a tremendous prickly sensation. One of my hands now had a big handful of her big firm ass, while the other was squeezing on a soft tit. Mom had both her hands on my ass, sort of guiding my motions. Finally we both seemed to feel at the same

time that it was time for the stretch drive. I began to thrust into her hard and fast, and Mom's belly leaped up to meet me. Suddenly she cried out in my ear, "Oh fuck me, honey! Fuck me hard now! Give it to me, baby! Fuck! Fuck! Oooohh - Fuck!!"

I began to ram into her furiously, slamming her ass down into the bed, but she bounced right back up for each new thrust, humping her ass for all she was worth. I was really pounding it to her and she was taking everything I had and asking for more. The bed was really taking a beating. There was a "squish - squish" sound as my cock pistoned into her sopping wet pussy. My balls were slapping against her ass on each plunge. She had her knees way up, opening herself to the fullest for my big prick. I felt the heat in my cock build even more, and I knew I was going to come. "Mom," I panted, "I'm about to come!"

Mom sort of screamed at this and her ass just went crazy, leaping and bucking like mad. God! I would never have believed that her beautiful big hips could move that fast! My cock finally just boiled over, and I began spurting my hot juice into Mom's hot cunt. Mom gave a long, sustained, muffled scream into my mouth, and suddenly she stiffened up. Her whole big body, trembling violently, arched up off the bed, lifting us both into the air. For long moments she hung there shuddering, her pussy muscles churning and grasping at my emptying cock, as we climaxed gloriously together.

Then she collapsed under me and we both lay there exhausted, panting into each other's open mouth. Mom was just sprawled out wide open, her legs totally relaxed in a wide spread, her tits spread out on her chest, her lips very loosely open under mine. I lay completely on top of her, just as thoroughly relaxed, my cock, still mostly hard, buried in her overflowing pussy. I knew that the bed had a growing pool of our cum under Mom's ass. From time to time a little ripple, sort of an aftershock, would run through Mom's pussy.

As I slowly came back to my senses, I felt the overwhelming impact of what we had just done. Never would life be the same again. Never would our relationship be that sort of kidding friendship that we had enjoyed. No, something wonderfully new had replaced it. My mother, my own beloved Mom, had given her body to me, had willingly taken my penis into her vagina, had fucked me with joyous abandon! My fantasies of such an event had been great, but to have them come true, true beyond my wildest imagination - ah, God, what a stupendous miracle!

I began to stroke Mom's big beautiful body again, and she stirred under me. "Oh, honey!" she finally whispered. "Oh, honey! That was absolutely the best fuck I ever had in my whole life! Wow! Did I ever come! Oh, honey, you made your mother feel so - so goddamned good!" She shuddered again as she said this, and her cunt gripped my cock again. I had never heard my mother swear before, but I understood. This was something so totally different from everything in her life before that it just demanded a stronger means of expression. "Oh, Mom, thank you, thank you, thank you! This is the most wonderful thing that could ever happen to me! Oh, Mom, I just can't begin to tell you how much I love you! I'm just overflowing with love for my wonderful, wonderful Mom!"

Mom laughed happily beneath me, her body shaking. "I noticed that. We both overflowed all over your bed." Somehow this struck both of us as just being hilarious, since we were bubbling with happiness anyway. We laughed uproariously together. Our laughter shook her pussy and my cock, which began to get harder again. "Ah well, that's OK. We can clean it up and maybe plan for it next time - and the next time - and the next."

We lay and talked for a while, trying to express our love, and wondering about how it had developed in this way. "I knew when we kissed that first time, that you really wanted to fuck me," Mom said. "And when I let those kisses continue, I knew that I wanted to fuck you. And you know, I don't feel guilty at all. I love you more than anyone else in the world, more than the other children, even more than your father, and I really wanted to show you my love in this way."

"You know, Mom, it's funny in a way, but I love you much more now as a mother than ever before. Sure, you've got a great body, and if you don't mind my saying it, you're a tremendous piece of ass, but most of all I think of you as the most loving mother a guy could have." We were caressing and kissing as we talked, and soon we found ourselves back in action again. This time Mom rolled me over and got on top. God, she was a gorgeous sight

as she rose and fell on my cock! She gave me another magnificent fuck. We got up and ate a snack, then hurried back to bed for another quick fuck before the family returned.

From that time on, Mom was my constant lover. She created all kinds of ways for us to have time alone so that we could fuck and suck. And many times a day we would exchange pats and squeezes and fondles in secret. We did some pretty daring things at times when we got carried away by our emotions, but we never got caught.

I stayed in town to go to the local college, got a good job, and eventually even got married - to a girl who was as like Mom as possible. Through it all, we kept our love life going strong, until Mom was well into her 60s. Gradually we ended the physical side of our relationship by mutual consent, but we were always the closest of lovers until she finally died. I miss her a lot, but she left me with some wonderful memories.

I have read some of the stories on the Net about sons who humiliate and degrade their mothers, and they make me very sad. There cannot possibly be any bond stronger than that between a mother and her son. And if that bond can develop into a deep sexual love as well, it is far and away the sweetest and the most exciting kind of love possible. I love my wife very much, but there is no way that I can feel as deeply about her as I did about the woman who gave me life, and gave me love, and gave me her wonderful body so freely and so devotedly. I consider myself to be the most fortunate of men to have had that greatest love for so many years.

1st Mom

I must confess that I have always fantasized about my mother. Freud says that we all do, but with me, it was more overt than normal, I think. She generally has always stayed in great shape by running and exercising, and has a great body naturally. I would often see her come home from exercising, wearing short shorts and a t-shirt, and wonder what she was like in bed, and frequently had masturbation fantasies about her. My wife looks very much like my mother did when she was younger, and I often pretend to myself that, when I am making love to my wife, that I am fucking my mother.

When I was in high school, my dad was working evenings, so if I didn't go out, we were generally the only ones at home. This was no big deal, as most afternoons I had basketball practice, and was out most evenings, either at my part-time job at a grocery store, or partying with friends.

Once, when I came home from school, she was in the back yard, sunning herself. She didn't hear me approach, and I stood and watched her for a long time. She was wearing a white bikini, and had pulled the back up into the cheeks of her ass to eliminate as much tan line as possible. From behind her, I could see wisps of pubic hair out the side of the suit, gliding up to her round ass. The straps of the bikini top were untied, as she was facing down, and appeared to be asleep. She stirred as I approached her from the front, lifting up slightly, exposing the tops and sides of her large, round breasts.

"Oh, Bobby," she said, "I didn't know that you were home already." Appearing a little embarrassed, she tied her top securely, although as she was bent over, her heaving mounds still hung out of the bikini top. She got up, grabbed her towel, and headed toward the back door. "I have dinner in the oven," she explained, "so I thought I might take in some sun." In her haste to cover her top half, she had neglected to pull the bottoms out of her ass, so I couldn't help but stare as it swayed back and forth with each slow step that she took in front of me. I realized that I had a raging hard-on, and took care to keep her from noticing.

When we got into the house, she excused herself to change out of her bikini, while I went to my room to put away my books. As I passed the master bedroom on my way back down the hall, I noticed that the door was slightly ajar, and paused. Looking inside, I could see that she was still removing her bikini, very slowly. As she took the top off, she paused, fondling her breasts. Her delicate hands cupped them, and pressed them together. She then brought her fingers to each nipple, gently circling them several times before pinching each nipple, one at a time. I saw her mouth form an "Oh!" as she continued to massage them. Slowly, her hands glided down over her flat stomach, massaging it as they went along, riding smoothly over the remnants of suntan oil that was still on her body. As her left hand remained on her stomach, her right continued into her swim suit bottom, to her pussy. I could see that she had made contact with her cunt, as she arched her back, looked up at the ceiling, and then pinched her eyes closed. She continued to massage her pussy beneath her suit for some time, then began to slowly remove the bottoms.

Sitting on the bed, she glided the suit down, past her thighs. Her pussy, wet as an ocean, glistened from the light entering her window. Well covered with a silky brown bush, it was parted far enough to reveal a plump set of lips, covered with her juices. As she finished removing her suit, she slid up on to the bed, more readily within my view. Lifting her knees and bringing her feet to her buttocks, she spread her legs completely, to allow her fingers ready access to her cunt. She very delicately caressed the area around her pussy, only occasionally brushing her fiery lips with her fingers, and shuddering each time that she did. Gradually moving toward the center of her cunt, she expertly spread her cuntal lips, massaging them up and down with her first and third fingers. Occasionally, she allowed the second finger to caress her clit, causing her entire body to shake with lust, as she emitted a throaty moan.

Pausing briefly, she reached over to her night table, to get her sun tan oil, and, in the process, moved out of my line of sight. Figuring that she was beyond paying attention to the details around her, I opened the door a little bit further, so that I would be able to see the entire room. The squeak that the door made caught her attention briefly, as she looked up

blankly, but didn't seem to see me. Going back to her oil, she popped the top of it, and applied it liberally to her front, from neck to torso, and began to massage it in. Her entire body now glistened before me as she writhed on her bed, covering her entire body with oil. Rolling over on her hands and knees, she reached back between her legs, and thrust two fingers deep into her cunt, grazing her anus with another. After massaging both holes for some time, she inserted her forefinger full into her ass, while simultaneously finger-fucking her cunt. Her oil-covered tits swayed, as she maintained her balance with her left hand on the headboard while her right had its way with her. She moaned excitedly as her rhythm increased gradually along with her intensity. Her hand was now rubbing her pussy violently, as her hips bucked in time with her fingers. Her huge breasts were now bouncing violently as her body rocked up and down, back and forth.

Her breathing was heavy, and her moaning more frequent and loud. I'm sure that I could have entered the room unnoticed at this time, but I didn't. I continued to watch her until she slumped, motionless to the bed, and left for the living room to turn on the television, so that I could pretend that I had been watching it the whole time.

After a few minutes, I heard her in the kitchen, rattling pans, getting ready for dinner. She called me in shortly thereafter, and I went to the kitchen to eat. Mom was wearing a t-shirt and shorts, and I couldn't help but think about how she looked without them on. It wasn't until she got under the light at the kitchen table that I could clearly see that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples showed clearly through in that light, and I stared at them the entire time I helped her set the table.

Dinner was a casserole that she had fixed, and we exchanged the typical small-talk throughout. She asked about school and work, and I provided the usual, boring answers. When she got up from the table to get more milk, I noticed that the buttons on the sides of her running shorts were unbuttoned all the way up, revealing even more of her long, bronze, smooth legs as she walked. When she bent over to reach into the refrigerator, she seemed to purposefully bend at the waist, lifting the rear flap on her shorts. She clearly was not wearing panties beneath these shorts, and I could see the better part of her round, fleshy left cheek. I was getting harder by the second, and it was difficult to keep from staring at her body throughout the rest of the meal.

I helped her clean up the dishes, and my horniness subsided for the time being. I went to my room to study for a while, and had forgotten about the whole thing, for the time being, when she knocked on my door. When she came in, I could see that she still hadn't buttoned up the side of her shorts. When she sat down on my bed and crossed her legs, I could see her lovely, tan leg all the way to her hip, and she knew it.

"I'm tight from my work-out today," she began. "Would you mind giving me a massage?" I could see where this was going, and immediately got a raging hard-on just thinking about it. I told her I wouldn't mind doing that for her, and approached her on the bed. Sitting down behind her, I began to massage her shoulders through her t-shirt, eventually gliding one side down off of her shoulder. Her skin was smooth and dark, with no tan line, due to her sunbathing with her top down. As I massaged, she rolled her head from side to side. "Mmm... that feels great," she purred, "just let me get this off, OK?" She reached down and removed her t-shirt so that I could access both of her shoulders and her back. Her back was smooth, but defined and tight from working out. I rubbed her back, around her shoulder blades, and she continued to moan in comfort. Gradually, I reached around her sides, and, as she raised her arms slightly to allow me greater access, reached around and began to massage the sides of her breasts. "Oh, yesss," she whispered, "that's very nice." Her back began to arch as I cupped her breasts, much as I had seen her do only hours before. Her firm, ripe melons felt wonderful in my hands, and her nipples grew harder and harder as I continued to stroke them. She leaned back against me as I began to concentrate on her nipples, lying her head back against my shoulders. Again, simulating what she had showed me before, I pinched her nipples, lightly at first, and one at a time, gradually squeezing tighter and simultaneously. Her back continued to arch against me as I enslaved her tits, and I soon turned her around to face me, giving her a deep, wet kiss, a kiss like I had never shared before. Her mouth was white hot as our lips met. We began by just barely touching our lips together, simultaneously teasing each others' mouths. Her hot breath on my face had me

near an internal nuclear explosion, and she knew it. When our tongues met, they gently encircled one another, each occasionally retreating to the sanctity of its own mouth, only to return for more.

As I backed off momentarily to remove my shirt, I got full view of her wonderful body. As she lay back on my bed, she slowly spread her legs, affording me a glorious view of her beautiful pussy. Though my cock was aching to enter that cavern of delight, I could not help but go down for a better look, which was, of course, exactly what she wanted. Her neatly trimmed brown bush was even more beautiful up close, and I noticed her shudder when my warm breath met it. Though she was still wearing her shorts, I was in no hurry to remove them. Sliding the crotch to the side, I could feel that she was soaking wet with desire. I continued to massage her upper thighs, gradually moving my hands up, around her pussy, being very careful not to touch her lips. By this time, her hands were wrapped around the bed posts, her eyes were clenched shut, and her hips were bucking like the finest rodeo bull. When my fingers finally reached her cuntal lips she began to cry out in passion.

"Oh, God, fuck me, Bobby! Please fuck me hard!" I moved my face full into her awaiting box, sending my tongue deep into her cave while sucking her clit for all it was worth. I followed the rhythm of her squirming hips, repeatedly driving my tongue in as deep as possible, and continued to suck all of the nectar that I could get. Suddenly she began a different motion: a shuddering vibration that was as violent as it was wonderful. When her love juices came flooding out, they covered the lower half of my face, and soaked what little dry area her shorts had left. I then climbed back up to face her, and she began to gratefully lick her cum off of my face.

After a few moments of recuperation, my mom was back in action. She lifted up and removed her pants, while I, automatically, removed mine. "Lie down," she nearly commanded. I quickly obeyed. Slowly, she sat down, straddling my eager cock. Her hot cunt felt like fire, as it gradually emerged all of me. Upon swallowing my penis whole, she resumed her earlier hip action, yanking my cock every which way in the process. As she bucked, her fabulous, firm breasts swayed and bounced in time with her hips. I could feel my blood pressure rise, as she lowered her body to mine, and she instinctively knew that I was near orgasm, as she again quickened the pace. Riding at a violent pace now, she dug her fingers into my back, as I continued to drive my cock deep within her. Our by now sweat-soaked bodies slid against each other smoothly until I could hold my cum no longer. Simultaneously, her legs quaked and shivered as she let out another orgasmic scream. She continued to lay on top of me, as we kissed and fondled each other, for the rest of the night. We have shared similar sessions together since then, but I will never forget the first night I spent with mom.

Joshua and his young Mother

It promised to be one of those hot, muggy days such as you can only get in the valley, and I was sweating before I even reached the kitchen. I popped a soft drink from the refrigerator, stepped through the door to the patio, and stopped dead in my tracks.

There, not ten feet in front of me, my young mother was down on her hands and knees, scooping leaves out of the swimming pool, with her pert ass thrust provocatively up in the air. She was wearing the bottom of a persimmon-colored bikini and a loose-fitting, white tee shirt that swooped way down. The outline of her cunt was painfully obvious where the material of the bikini had snuggled up against it and, gazing at her from the rear as I was, I could see her breasts hanging down, like ripe fruit, in the subdued light of the tee shirt.

My jeans started becoming intensely uncomfortable as my cock swelled in appreciation of that tantalizing view, and I knew there was nothing for it... I had to cum. As quietly as I could, I stepped back through the door, set the soft drink on the counter, and took the stairs two-at-a-time. The image of that persimmon-colored pussy seemed to be burned into my retinae and, very suddenly, the idea of plowing my prick into it - long and hard and often - was the only thing I could think of.

I stepped into the bathroom quietly and had my prick in my hand even before I closed the door. I leaned against the sink and closed my eyes, trying to recall every curve and hollow of that beautiful ass, trying to remember every nuance of light and shadow on those marvelous tits, trying to imagine what the warmth and texture of that slit would feel like as my rock hard shaft slid into it. Slowly, teasingly, I began stroking my cock.

Oh, man, to be pushing through those pussy lips right then! To feel that tight sleeve giving way to my swollen cockhead! To hear her moan with pleasure as I impaled her on my throbbing root! I started stroking faster, almost feeling the wetness of her, almost feeling the warmth, then a slight noise behind me broke the thought and jerked me out of my fantasy. My eyes snapped open in alarm, and there in the mirror - arms folded and leaning against the bathroom door - was my mother.

"M... Mom!" I stammered. "How long have you been there?" "Long enough," she answered. I braced myself for the tirade that I knew would follow, and was flabbergasted when, rather than scolding me, she stepped up close and hooked her left arm around my waist. "Here," she said evenly, "let me do that for you."

She took my turgid prick in her hand, and started stroking me expertly, as though she had performed this task a thousand and one times. I started to protest, but the words wouldn't come. The warmth of her hand, the slow, loving rhythm she was using to pump my hard shaft stifled them in my throat. Our eyes met and locked in the mirror - was that a hint of a smile on her lips? Were those her breasts boring into my side? Was that her cunt grinding against my hip? - and I just sort of relaxed and let her do it.

It didn't take long for the loving strokes to overwhelm me, for the pressure to build. It didn't take long for my eyes to clamp shut, for my body to stiffen. And it didn't take long for the powerful spurts of my thick, grey-white jism to erupt across the sink. Mom kept stroking me as I shot, even though my glans was super-sensitive right then, and my body twitched and jerked each time her hand passed over it. She milked me dry with her fingers, squeezing the last, sluggish drops of cum out of my withering prick, and I was almost ashamed to look at her. My legs were shaking from the intensity of the orgasm and I wilted against the edge of the sink.

When she was satisfied that my ejaculation was over, she looked down at a thick smear of my cum in the palm of her hand, raised it to her mouth, and licked it off the way you might lick the blood from a small cut. "Mmmm," she moaned huskily, "that's too good to waste."

She turned then, sat down on the toilet, tugged me in front of her, and took my flagging cock in her mouth. "Mom?" I asked stupidly. "What are you doing?" She didn't answer. Her lips glissed forward and back on the shaft of my prick a few times, then I felt her tongue wiping the residue of jizz off my swollen glans. Amazingly, my cock started to stiffen again in the insistent warmth and wetness of her mouth.

I looked down at her, but all I could see was the top of her head, and, even as I watched, that head pushed forward again until the entire length of my thick rod was crammed into her mouth, touching the back of her throat. And the power her mouth had over me was unimaginable.

The tingly sensation seemed to start right at the head of my dick and radiated out to the rest of my body; a sultry wave of darkness inundated my brain, and the only thing I was aware of were those marvelous lips sliding smoothly back and forth along the shaft of my rigid manhood; the only thing I could hear were the slurpy noises coming from her mouth...

I tangled my fingers in her hair, my hands riding back and forth on her head, and felt the pressure building in my groin again. I felt my cock swell even further in her mouth, and, with a low groan that I couldn't control, blew my nuts down my mother's throat.

Mom groaned, also - happily - and I could feel her tongue squishing my sperm against the roof of her mouth, savoring the taste of it before she swallowed. And she swallowed rapidly. Surge after surge of the thick, white fuck spewed into her hungry mouth, and she chewed lightly on my rock hard crank as the flood gradually diminished. She used her lips to milk the last dregs of cum from my softening cock, then came off the end of it and licked the heavy globules off my shaft. Her eyes were shining brightly when she finally stood up.

She leaned forward then, smiling, and kissed me fully on the lips. I felt a little repulsed at tasting my own cum on them. "God, that was good!" she purred, looking squarely into my eyes. "I haven't had a load like that for a long, long time." "Mom, I..."

"Get that mess in the sink cleaned up," she interrupted me, "then come downstairs. I'll cook you some breakfast." She gave my cock one last squeeze and slipped through the bathroom door as quietly as she had come in.

I sagged against the sink on trembling legs and regarded myself in the mirror. "Jesus," I muttered to my reflection, "imagine being sucked off by your own mother." And, outside the door, my mother heard the words and smiled. It was going to be good.

I came down the stairs slowly, not quite sure what to expect. The whole episode of mom pulling my meat, then giving me the best blow job I'd ever had, was unnerving. There just isn't a whole lot that can be said after your mother drinks your jizz. "Mom..." I started, as I walked into the kitchen, but she held up a hand to silence me. "Let me talk first," she said evenly. She set a dish of bacon and eggs down on the table, and lowered herself into a chair across the corner from me. "Bobby, you know how your father's always on the road, right? You know how he stops by every two or three weeks to drop off his laundry and grab a quick piece of ass..." "Mom!" I groused.

"Oh, come on," she replied. "Let's not be coy with each other. Not now. You know it's true as well as I do. Maybe that's what I get for being a trucker's wife. Anyway, the last time he was home, I found this in one of his pockets." And she tossed a pack of Trojans out on the table in front of me. "What do you make of that?" she asked. I frowned, looking at the torn, foil-wrapped package. "There's supposed to be..." and suddenly I caught myself, about to say something that would hurt her feelings. "Go ahead and say it," she prompted me. "There's supposed to be three of them in there, right? And there's only two." Sheepishly, I nodded. "And what does that mean? I'll tell you what it means. It means that sonofabitch is getting laid on the road, while I'm sitting here at home doing without. And I've got needs, too, Bobby. Every bit as strong as his."

"It's not right, mom." I said, nodding my head toward the pack of Trojans. I was at a loss for words. "What are you going to do?" "I don't know," she said pensively. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about that. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, except I can't really see myself bringing home somebody from the office, or picking up some stranger at a singles bar."

She leveled her eyes at me across the corner of the table, then said what had been on her mind for a long time. "I've been thinking about you and me, Bobby. If we could manage to get together, I wouldn't have to go prowling around like some bitch in heat, you know? It would be right here at home, where it's comfortable and familiar. And I already love you, for Christ's sake. What could be so wrong about it?" I didn't respond. There was just too much to think about. "Don't try to tell me you don't need it as bad as I do," she continued. "I've seen the wet spots on your sheets when I change them. I've seen the girly magazines

under your mattress. Why can't you get it from me instead of some inexperienced, little teeny-bopper under the bleachers?"

"It's against the law, mom," I said finally. "Fuck the Goddamned law!" she blurted. "How are they going to know, if we don't tell them?" And I had no answer for her. How, indeed?

"Look, Bobby," she said, laying her hand on my thigh, "I'm not a prude when it comes to sex, okay? I'll do anything you want anytime you want it. I've already shown you that I'll suck your cock. If you want to fuck, we'll fuck. If you want to eat a little pussy, that's fine with me. If you want to fuck me in the ass, we can do that, too. Anything, anytime, anywhere. And I mean that." I don't think she had any idea what her words were doing to me, and I didn't know how to tell her. "Jesus, mom!" I moaned.

She stopped talking then and squinted at me, trying to figure out what was wrong, and her eyes went wide with surprise when the understanding of it finally hit her. "Well, I'll be damned," she murmured. "You're getting fired up just talking about it!" She slid her hand up my thigh, bringing it to rest on the growing bulge inside my jeans. Deftly, she unzipped my pants and pulled my burgeoning cock out into the open. "This is for me?" she asked, gazing at it dreamily. "Just from talking?" Dumbly, I nodded my head.

"You do have a nice one, Bobby," she purred. "What do you want? More head?"

"No," I croaked. "I want... I want to fuck you, mom! I want to have it in your pussy." She stood up then, hooked her thumbs in the waistband of the skimpy bikini bottom, pushed it down over the flare of her hips, and stepped out of it; one long leg, and then the other.

It was the first time I'd ever seen her pussy; the delicate, pink cunt lips protruding slightly from the soft down at the juncture of her thighs, the tiny pearls of moisture clinging to them, glistening in the morning sunlight. My cock swelled even further in anticipation. "That's funny," mom said softly. "That's what I want, too." Without another word, she stepped across me on the chair, held the engorged head of my member up to the dewy opening of her cunt, and lowered herself onto me with a gasp of pleasure.

I could feel her cunt lips opening up to accept my girth, and the slippery tightness of her as she slid slowly down on my cock. A fraction of an inch at a time, I entered her, and her quim molded around my prick like a tight, oily glove. The sensation of having her hot flesh gripping my rod so tightly sent shivers of delight coursing through my body. "Oh, my God, mom!" I breathed. "This is wonderful!" "Better than my mouth?" she whispered close to my ear. "I... I don't know. It's a different feeling. I don't think anything could be better than your mouth. Does that sound strange?"

"Not at all," she purred. "Men always like being sucked off better than fucking. And women like sucking them, too - having the power to make a man spurt in their mouths whenever they want - but this is what makes a woman cum, Bobby; having a stiff dick or a long tongue rammed up their cunt." "Are you going to cum, mom?" I asked. "Jesus, I hope so!"

She started riding me then, rocking her hips and grinding her clit against the base of my shaft. Her beautiful tits were swaying up and down, a scant inch in front of my face, and, without asking permission, I shoved her tee shirt up and took one, erect nipple between my lips. "Oh, yes!" she groaned. "Suck it, baby! Suck it!"

Her cunt muscles contracted down around my prick when I laved her nipple with my tongue, clasp me tightly, and she started plunging up and down on me furiously, sluicing my rock hard crank in and out of her steaming hole.

It occurred to me that there were other areas on her body that were just as sensitive as her breasts. I slid my hands up her thighs, touching her where we joined, and felt her shudder against me. Then, my fingers wet with her juices, I reached behind her to touch the tight rosebud of her ass. That puckered, little orifice seemed to dilate of its own volition at my touch and, very tentatively, I slipped my middle finger into it up to the first knuckle. "You want to fuck that, don't you?" she asked quietly. I took her hard nipple out of my mouth and smiled up at her. "You said I could." "No one's ever had me there, Bobby," she breathed. "You'd be the first, and it's been a fantasy of mine for years to be fucked up the ass." "Well," I smiled up at her, "do you want to make your fantasy come true?"

Mom gave me a knowing smile, lifted herself off, letting the head of my cock come out of her dripping cunt, shifted forward slightly, and lowered herself again until the head of my turgid

prick was pressing warmly up against her asshole. "Take it slow," she crooned. "Give me time to relax."

The heat emanating from the tight ring of her ass was incredible, almost searing the head of my rod, and I could feel her pushing slowly down against it. Little by little her tight sphincter muscle relaxed and my swollen cockhead eased in past its grip. "You're in!" mom giggled. "You're in!" Very slowly she lowered herself onto me, her breath catching in her throat as my stiff shank penetrated her incredibly tight anal passage. It was an entirely different feeling than either her mouth or her cunt had given me, and I reveled in the new sensation. "I can feel it in front!" she hissed. "It's delicious!" Her asshole was intensely tight and hot, and it took several minutes before I had pushed into her all the way. When we could both feel that the entire length of my cock was imbedded in her ass, we simply sat there, savoring the sensation, letting the waves of feeling sweep over us.

After a long moment, mom lifted herself again - a fraction of an inch - then pushed back down and immediately had a shuddering orgasm. She arched her back, rotating her hips against the immense cock that was shoved up her ass, and clutched me tightly to her. "That is so good!" she purred. "And I've wanted it for so long!" She lifted again, experimenting with the feeling, testing the fit, and started rocking slowly against me, working my cock up and down in the tight sleeve of her ass. She pressed her lips to mine then, her tongue warring with mine, and went into a series of shuddering orgasms, one after another, that made her frantic in my arms. Her breathing was shallow, ragged, and she bucked up and down on top of me, driving the full length of my thick shaft into the mystery of her anal passage with a ferociousness that I would never have expected from her.

"I... I'm going to cum Mom!" I rasped close to her ear. And then it was there: heavy bursts of jism, jetting painfully up the length of my cock, erupting deeply into the heat of her ass, the low animal groan escaping my throat. My head lolled backwards onto the chair as the shock waves of release gripped me, shook me, and mom's head sagged against my shoulder as yet another orgasm seized her body. When it was finished we just sat there, overwhelmed by the experience, dazed by the intensity of it, trying to regain control of our bodies, our breathing. And we didn't talk; there were no words to describe it.

We were kissing passionately, my cock slowly shrinking in her freshly fucked ass, a puddle of cum drooling out of her and into my pubic hair, when we heard the harsh blast of a truck's air horn as it passed on the highway. Mom's eyes snapped open with alarm. "Jesus Christ!" she gasped. "Was that your dad?" "Sounded like it to me," I replied.

We were both aware of his habit of blaring his horn every time he drove by the house, and we both knew he had to drive another two miles to the county road, turn off, then drive the two miles back on the graveled access road. We had, at the very most, four minutes.

"Damn!," she muttered. "We can't let him catch us like this! You take the upstairs bathroom, I'll use the one down here. And, Bobby?" "Yeah, Mom?" "Not a word of this."

She lifted herself off my slippery prick, held the bottom of her bikini against her ass, and sprinted toward the downstairs bathroom. For the second time that morning, I took the stair two-at-a-time.

I washed quickly, stuffed my flaccid manhood back in my pants, and was back down at the front door just as the big eighteen-wheeler pulled up in front. Dad climbed down from the cab, fished his laundry from one of the side compartments, and walked stiffly toward the house. "Can't stay long," he said, setting his laundry bag on the floor. "An hour or so. I've got a dock time in San Francisco that I can't miss."

"You want some breakfast?" mom asked. Somehow, she had managed to get completely cleaned up and dressed in that short four minutes. "Sure thing," he said, giving her a duty kiss. "Bobby, can you wash my windshield off for me?"

I recognized his request for just what it was - an excuse to get me out of the house for a while - and headed for the garage thinking about that partially used pack of Trojans.

By the time I got back to the house, dad was gulping down a plate of bacon and eggs with mom sitting across from him sipping a cup of coffee. He was a real piece of work, dad was: always wearing a plaid, flannel shirt and a Forty Niner's baseball cap so he'd fit in with the other drivers. He had it figured out that, if he brought home a paycheck every now and

again, he was fulfilling his responsibility of taking care of the family. And he couldn't have been more wrong.

"What are you hauling?" I asked him. "Load of furniture from South Carolina," he said around a mouthful of eggs. "Then I've contracted to make a couple of runs up the Alcan Highway to Fairbanks." We feigned interested in his words, mom and I, nodding our heads at the correct times, but neither one of us really gave a damn. We would have two, maybe three, weeks of being alone together once he left again - two, maybe three, weeks of uninterrupted fucking and sucking - and we could hardly wait for it to begin.

He stood up finally, handed mom a check, and stretched his back. "Gotta roll," he said. "If I miss my dock time, I'll be deadheading it till tomorrow." "I understand," mom said weakly. "Bobby, would you get the bag of your dad's clothes from the hall closet?" I handed him the bag, trying to figure out what kind of man it took to drive off down the highway, leaving his wife alone at home, needing him. Needing someone. And then it hit me that I was wrong. Mom didn't need him at all. She had me!

He shook my hand lightly, gave mom another duty kiss, and was out the door.

Mom stood in the doorway like a good, little trucker's wife should, with me close behind her, watching as he walked across to the tractor-trailer rig, climbed in, and fired it up. "So," I whispered close to mom's ear, "did you make love?" Dad couldn't see it, of course, but my crotch was shoved up against mom's ass, and she was rubbing herself back against me ever so lightly. "No. I told him I was having my period. I don't think he'll miss it - not with the game he's playing. Besides," she said, sliding her hand down between us to fondle the growing bulge in my jeans, "when I make love I want it to be for love, not because of some obligation that doesn't mean anything anymore." "I'm glad." "Jesus, you're hard!" she murmured.

Without being seen, she unzipped my jeans and pulled my raging prick out into the air. "I can hardly wait till he's gone," I said. Mom squeezed my cock knowingly and leaned her head back on my shoulder. "It'll only be a few more minutes," she whispered. Softly, slowly, she started stroking my enraged cock, her movements completely hidden from dad's view, and I felt as if I was going to cum right there in her hand.

We watched the truck lurch forward, saw dad give us an off-hand two-fingered salute out the window, and then he pulled away in a cloud of dust. Mom closed the door even before he was out of the yard, dropped to her knees, and gobbled my pulsating cock into her mouth.

I don't know if it was just that she wanted another heavy load of cum in her mouth, or if she was doing it out of defiance to dad, but she wasn't fooling around. Her tongue swirled around my swollen glans a couple of times, danced crazily down my thick shaft, and she started bobbing her head back and forth on it quickly. I rocked my hips against her, fucking into her face every time she came forward, and the sensation her lips were giving me was unbelievable. Again I tangled my fingers in her hair, letting my hands ride back and forth on her head as she sucked me, and the pressure behind my hard nuts built quickly.

Her lips were demanding, impatient, and it was only a few minutes before I felt my balls starting to burst. The blast of dad's air horn came to us, as he was going by on the highway, and mom came off the end of my cock just as the first spurt of cum was ripping up its length.

"Have a nice trip, you bastard!" she yelled at the door, and that first, powerful jet of jism burst against her cheek. She turned quickly, startled, gobbled down my spewing prick again, and took the rest of my load in her mouth. I could feel her squishing my hot jizz against the roof of her mouth, loving the taste of it, swallowing it happily, and I smiled.

Our two, maybe three, weeks of privacy had started. And we didn't intend to waste any of it.

Mother and Son Love Affair

My Mother and I became lovers years ago, just before my 18th birthday. To this day, we continue to love each other and satisfy each other's sexual needs. I have a mild panty fetish, which is really the catalyst that brought my Mother and me together in the first place.

First... let me describe the most beautiful, sensual, and sexual woman I know... Mom. She has shoulder length, chestnut brown hair. Her dark brown eyes are large and warm, and she still has the face of woman many years younger than she actually is. Her breasts are not large, but jut out from her chest with just a hint of sag. They bounce quite provocatively when she is bra-less. She has a nice trim waist, and nice flaring hips, commonly referred to as "baby-making-hips". My Mother's most alluring attribute... is her beautiful behind. Before Mom and I "consummated" our present relationship, I would fantasize each night before falling asleep about what my Mom's ass looked like. It was not too large, but it definitely was round and gave Mom an overall voluptuous figure. Her tummy has just the right amount of bulge to it that let you know she was all woman.

I used to sneak into my Mother's room when she was not home, and look for her soiled panties. The essence of her womanhood always lingered in the crotch of her panties, and occasionally, I would find a stray pubic hair. My mind would be ablaze with lust at moments like this. To find something that had actually been a part of my Mom's vagina. Before Mom and I became lovers, I would take the panties to my room and get totally naked and pleasure myself, as I sniffed the crotch of her panties. The odor was intoxicating to me, and I would be delirious with desire. I would be close to orgasm, and then just before squirting my seed, I'd aim my penis right at the crotch of her soiled panties and imagine that I was actually ejaculating deep inside my Mother. There would be copious amounts of semen spilling out of the head of my penis, and my glazed eyes watched as my ejaculate slowly absorbed into the cotton fabric.

Mom knows of my panty fetish now and even encourages it. After she had caught me spying on her and took me as her lover, I told her how horny she makes me and that I love her used panties. She replied that that she was glad, and that from now on she was going to keep me supplied with all the panties I wanted.

One day after Mom and I had awoken, I was feeling particularly horny and wanted to make love. Mom said that she had a million things to do that morning but would be happy to oblige later in the afternoon. I said okay (reluctantly), and got up to make breakfast. I put on a t-shirt and a pair of boxers that Mom particularly liked and walked around the kitchen with my erection poking out, in the hopes Mom might take pity on me and maybe have a "quicky" before doing her business. No such luck... she did notice though, and said to stay nice and ready for her when she returned. She told me she had a very nice place to hold my erection, until it softened (smile).

After Mom departed, I cleaned up the kitchen, and then thought I'd take the edge off my horniness, by masturbating with Mom's panties. I went into our room (Mom and I share her bed now), and found a sexy pair that were light blue satin, and had a slight yellow stain, where I imagined she had, had to pee, and maybe squirted some out before she got to the toilet. I brought these to my nose and inhaled deeply of full feminine aroma. It was heavenly, and extremely erotic. I didn't want to rush it, but I didn't want to empty everything I had stored in my testicles either. I needed to save some for Mom when she returned. I was enjoying the feeling of touching myself, and rubbing the crotch of Mom's panties against my face, when I heard...

"Why don't you smell the crotch of these panties?"

I jumped, and saw Mom standing in the doorway, holding the hem of her skirt up to her waist with one hand, and massaging her crotch with the other. She was pushing the panties into the cleft of her vagina, and the scene was as erotic as any I could have imagined. "Mom! I didn't know you were here!"

"I know baby, I wanted to surprise you. I knew what you would be doing. I see you found the pair that I peed into, my but you are a nasty boy aren't you?"

"Mom, you look so hot doing that". She continued to rub her mound as she spoke to me, which was paramount to throwing gasoline onto burning charcoal. "Come smell my panties honey, it doesn't get any fresher than this." She coaxed me toward her and pulled the waist of her panties out, and down so that I could see her luxuriant growth of pubic hair and the white cotton crotch of her white lace panties. I gingerly moved toward her and anticipated the wonderful assault on my olfactory senses.

I hungrily buried my face into her mound, and she spoke so wantonly. "Oh yes my son, smell Mommy's hot pussy. Does it smell good baby? Does it make my baby boy want to come in Mommy's panties?"

"Oh yes Mom, I do!.. I do want to come in your panties!"

"Good honey, cause I want you to come in these, the ones I'm wearing right now. Come stroke your cock for me baby... aim it right at Mommy's pussy."

I stood up, and my penis was as hard and bloated as ever. I had difficulty in aiming, so mom said, "wait a second sweetie, let me get the step-stool." She got the little stool and stood up on it and brought her crotch right in line with my penis. She held onto my shoulder for support and kept her panties open for my cock and I started stroking. "Oh Eddie, this makes Mommy so horny, come in my panties and all over my hairy pussy... Yesss that's it baby, it looks so hot and red... does it feel hot honey? Can you smell how wet my pussy is?"

"Oh God... Mom I'm going to squirt... huh... huh... huh..." I watched as the first rope of sperm jetted out of my penis and splashed against Mom's hairy mound, the next 4 or 5 contractions were aimed directly into the crotch of Mom's open panties. She encouraged me to milk it all out and pulled me closer so that my penis was actually rubbing the lips of her vagina. My cock was super sensitive right at that moment and I couldn't stand the intense sensation of it touching anything.

As I was weak kneed and attempting to catch my breath, mom did one of the most erotic things I ever seen her do. With my come pooled in the crotch of her panty, she pulled them up, and began mashing the crotch up into her hole.

"Ooh my baby... this feels so good, I love having a sopping wet pussy, especially when my son's sperm is what's making it nice and wet. When do you think you'll be ready to squirt some more right into my hole baby? Soon I hope, I'm all hot and horny now too, and I need your nice strong cock inside me to take away the ache."

I took my Mother into my arms and began holding her tight and kissing her lips. I held her close and massaged the small of her back, right where the crack of her behind began. The beauty of older woman/younger man relationships, is that both are perfect for each other sexually. Hearing my Mother speak to me in that manner quickly aroused me. She turned and shut the door and locked it, which in itself is turn-on for me, and began to undress me. Not that I had a lot to remove, but it made me feel wanted. She lifted my t-shirt over my head, and then took off her blouse, and then her bra. She slid her fingers into the waist band of my boxers and slowly stripped them off from me. She then buried her face into my groin and massaged the cheeks of my ass, pulling me closer. She grasped my cock and lightly kissed it. Then taking just the head into her mouth and lightly bathing it with her tongue.

"Oh Mom... (sigh)... that feels so good... (moan)..." I quickly hardened, and Mom began licking my entire shaft, mumbling something about the smell of my cock, and how horny it made her. Soon she opened her mouth wide and engulfed my entire shaft, burying her nose deep into my pubic hair. The sensation was ecstatic, I knew that if she didn't stop immediately, I would be pounding my seed into her mouth.

"Mom... I'm.... gonna... cum.... if.... you.... don't... stop." She slowly let my penis slip out of her mouth, and there was a string of saliva connecting my cock and her lips. She gazed hotly into my eyes, and slowly got to her feet. She gently pushed me onto the bed, and stepped back. She reached behind her and unzipped her skirt, and shimmied out of it, and let it drop to the floor. Stepping out of it, she then hooked her fingers into the waist band of her wet panties and began to pull them down. They were still stuck up into the cleft of her vagina, and had to be slowly peeled out. Her eyes were glued to mine, and in a moment she was as naked as I.

"It's time to fuck Mommy now baby, I hope you're ready. My pussy is really hungry, see? See how my pussy's mouth is watering?" She stood in front of me, and held the lips of her

vagina wide open. Her whole vulval area was wet and slick with my cum and the lubrication from her arousal. She crawled onto the bed with me and laid down on her back, with her knees bent. Coaxing me between her thighs, she grasped my penis and then swished her fingers in her pussy. "Momma's gonna make your cock nice and slippery, so you slide into my pussy nice and easy." With that she pulled on my cock to move it closer to her opening and then with the hand that she had been massaging her pussy with, she began wiping the mixture of fluids from her cunt up and down my shaft. Her pussy smelled so hot and musky and I knew that I needed to mate with her soon.

"Oh Eddie... your cock feels so nice and hot. I can't wait to feel you inside me. Are you ready to fuck me baby?" "Ohhh Mom... You know I am, I want to bury my penis deep inside you and let it soak inside you" "Okay baby, then do it... push your penis inside me and keep it there for the rest of the day."

With that, Mom released her grasp on my cock, and brought her knees up to her chest, then reached underneath her thighs and opened her vagina, exposing her hot, wet hole. I aimed my cock with one hand, and braced myself with the other. As I entered her vagina, the sensation of smooth, slippery heat overwhelmed my senses. I slid into her with one thrust, and buried my cock up to my balls inside my Mother's clutching vagina. I didn't want to move yet, as the feeling was what could only be described as 'delicious'

"Oh Eddie... keep your cock deep inside me okay?" She held me tight and began kissing my cheek and lips, and shoulders. She undulated ever so slightly beneath me, and begged me to smother her with my body. I reached under her and held the smooth supple globes of her ass, and attempted to pull myself even deeper inside. She began contracting her vaginal muscles, and said that it was so comforting to have a live, hot cock to squeeze inside of her instead of the fake, rubber one that I had seen her using. We gazed into each others eyes, as we each flexed our sex muscles. We began kissing, lightly at first, and then gradually hotter, and hotter. I started grinding my pelvis against her as she pushed up at me. I withdrew my shaft, and looked at the point we were connected, and it appeared to be dripping with her lubricant. Mom then reached between her legs and played with her pussy, and then pulled me back down on top of her. She rubbed her fingers in my face, and said it was time to really fuck her.

"Here baby, smell what you've done to my pussy. I need to come now honey... make Mommy's pussy come all over her baby boy's cock." When she started talking like that, I began fucking her harder. Since I had already come once, I knew I could last long enough to make her come.

"Oh yeah baby... that's it!... fuck me... harder... harder. Wait for me to come before you feed my hungry pussy okay baby?" "Oh yes Mom, I'm gonna make you come on my hard cock before I empty my balls inside you."

"Yesss Eddie... I love when you talk to me about emptying your balls inside me... and that's just what I want you to do, cream my pussy... ohhh yesss... fuck... me... fuck me... fuck me... I'm... gonna... come... all... over... your... cock... Aiiieeeeee... ooohhhh!!" I felt her starting to come and then I pushed my cock into her as deep as I could and just held it there for her pussy to spasm around. I held her close, and touched her asshole with the tip of my finger, and felt the spasms she was having. I could feel her heart pounding against my chest as she pressed her bosom against me. She purred and cooed about how happy I was making her.

"Oh my darling son, I love you so very much. Mmmm... you feel so good in my pussy. Now, do you have a nice creamy present for my pussy? I think it's time you fed my hungry pussy ...don't you?"

Mom looked deep into my eyes when she asked me that, and my balls were drawn up tight against me, all ready to release their potent load. Her eyes shimmered in the late morning light. She then pulled the covers up over us with her feet, and finished pulling them around our coupled bodies with her hands. We were in our own little cocoon, and she kissed me gently on the lips and said: "The door is locked and it's just you and me sharing our bodies, now my darling son please fuck me with all that is left inside you. I want every ounce of your come squirted deep into my hungry pussy. Look into my eyes when you come baby, I want to see the pleasure I'm giving you."

"Mom you are driving me out of my mind talking like that, I'm going to give you every drop of come that's in my balls. She then pulled the covers even closer around us and started kissing my lips and sucking on my tongue as my cock began to drive in and out of her sopping pussy. I knew it wouldn't take long and she kept panting, "look at me when you come baby, look at me when you come!" "Mom... I'm going crazy... I love you Mom." "Yes my baby, go crazy, feed my hungry pussy baby... mmmmm. Give it to me." "I'm coming Mommy... I'm coming inside your pussy Mommy... Ooohhh God!...

At that very moment, I gazed steadily into my Mother's big, brown eyes as I emptied my balls deep into her clutching vagina. Her pussy spasmed once again as she came with me, her pussy muscles sucking and contracting around my shaft, milking every last drop of semen deep into her hole. She held me tight and then our lips met, in what had to be the most soulful kiss that a man and a woman can share. I can honestly say that I couldn't love anyone, more than I love my Mother.

Following Orders

I'd taken my shower and was sitting at my desk in my pajamas finishing up some school work before going to bed when the Old Man rapped on the door and then stuck his big, square head inside my room without waiting for me to respond. He never waited. He'd just bang on the door a couple times with his ham sized hand and then open it. I couldn't even indulge in my favorite hobby, jacking-off, when he was home.

"Come down to the den," he ordered. "I have a few things I want to talk to you about." Then he left.

I figured it was another review of my duties. He was supposed to leave for Vietnam in two days and he'd made out lists of the stuff I was supposed to do during the year he was gone. It was all there on the corner of my desk. Sheets of duties. He'd had his secretary at the base type up for him. There was a list of daily duties like clean my room, take out the trash, help Mom with the dishes and make sure the house was locked up before going to bed, and there were weekly duties like mow the grass and clean the garage, and there were monthly duties like trim the hedge and check the oil and tire pressure in the car, and there were even seasonal duties like winterize the car and fertilize the lawn. In addition to all those duties there was also a sheet of Do's and Don'ts. Do be home by ten on week nights and eleven on weekends. Don't date more than one night a week, etc., etc.

In the days preceding his departure we had been periodically reviewing these lists, 'directives', as he called them, to make sure I completely understood them. Of course I understood them! What was there to understand? You'd have thought I was 18 and had an IQ in the single digits.

He seemed to think that if I completely understood these 'directives' I'd follow them to the letter. - Wrong.

I had no intention of following them, at least not all of them. Why would I do that? He wouldn't be around to enforce them. Thank God! He'd be off in the jungles of Vietnam. Oh, I'd try to help my mother and try not to cause her any trouble or upset, but I planned to date as often as I wanted, as long as it didn't bother her, and I had no intention of doing such dumb, pointless stuff as cleaning the garage once a week or getting my hair cut every other week! His getting those orders to Vietnam was just about the nicest thing fate could have done for me and I planned to take full advantage of this marvelous gift from the gods!

'Hate' would be too strong a word, but I disliked my father intensely. He made a career out of the Army and was a Major at the time and ran the house like it was one of his Army units. He was constantly issuing orders to both me and my mother and he'd get infuriated if they weren't followed to the letter. Rebellion in the ranks! Stamp it out!

He'd just yell at my mother for her transgressions, but if I screwed up he'd swat me. I missed more than one day of school because of a black-eye that might embarrass the family if I was seen in public. I was big for my age, about six feet and a hundred and sixty pounds, but he was bigger, about six two and two-fifty and it was all muscle. He worked out in the gym for an hour a day and jogged two miles every night before supper, rain, shine, sleet or snow. I didn't want him to get killed over there and I sure as hell didn't want him to get wounded, that might mean he'd be sent home early, but I was overjoyed that he was going. It was the best present I could have gotten, better than all my Christmas and Birthday presents rolled into one.

So I finished the sentence I was reading, got on my robe and then hurried down to the den. I didn't want to piss him off and get swatted for keeping him waiting.

I didn't see my mother around when I got downstairs and assumed she'd already gone to bed. When I entered the den, his den, he was sitting at his desk and motioned me to the inquisition seat, the chair on the other side of the desk. I sat down and waited, reviewing my assigned tasks in my mind in case there was a quiz. For a few moments he just sat there, a scowl on his heavy face, apparently deep in thought, or as deep in thought as he could get, which I figured was about an eighth of an inch.

Then he took a drink from a glass and I noticed that there was a bottle of bourbon and two glasses on the desk. I was surprised. I knew he kept a bottle in the house but he seldom

drank. So seldom that I was afraid to snitch more than an occasional sip for fear the loss would be noticed. Then he did something even more surprising. He poured about a shot of bourbon into the empty glass and handed it across the desk to me. I suspected it was a trap of some kind and didn't reach out for it until he ordered, "Take it! Drink it!"

I did, made the disagreeable face I thought he wanted me to make, like it was the first time I had ever tasted the horrible stuff, and then waited.

He slowly finished his own glass, which had been about half full, and then set it down, looked at me solemnly and then announced, "The sex drive is a very powerful emotion."

It was a surprising statement coming from him but it was hardly a revelation. I certainly agreed, having thought about little else for the past few years.

"I've been thinking about that," he continued, "and the more I've thought about it the more concerned I've become about going off and leaving you and your mother here. You're a male so you have strong sex drives. I know that. I was your age once." Me and my mother and the sex drive? What was he getting at? Did he think I was going to get carried away by my sex drive and rape my mother? Ridiculous! Besides, he was never my age!

"Your mother has a strong sex drive too," he confidentially informed me. Now what? Did he think my mother was going to rape me? That was an interesting idea but even more ridiculous. My mother never even thought about sex. I was certain of that.

"Women do have a sex drive, you know," he added, perhaps seeing disbelief on my face. Well, yes. Girls my age had a sex drive. I could agree to that and even give him examples from personal experience, like the time, in the middle of necking, that Sally Konquist had suddenly, and completely unexpectedly, hopped on my knee and rode herself to orgasm. But my mother? Anybody's mother? Bullshit! Girls got over those dirty desires by the time they're old enough to be mothers.

"I'm very reluctant to go off and leave those drives without supervision, without the problem being attended too," he concluded, looking pointedly at me. How was I supposed to respond to that? I racked my brain trying to figure out what kind of response he wanted. "Dad, you have nothing to worry about," I assured him, not at all sure what I was assuring him of.

Apparently that wasn't the right response because he made a face and vehemently shook his large head. "You're wrong!" he emphatically declared. "There is a great deal to worry about. This year that I'm gone could determine the course of the rest of your life. If you get some girl knocked up, and you have to marry her, that will be the end of your education and your future! You'll be stuck in some dead-end job with a family to support for the rest of your life!"

I suspected that we were about to add "Don't fuck!" to my already long list of Don'ts and started to tell him it wasn't necessary. After all his warnings and horror stories I wasn't about to get some girl knocked up. I had no intention of sticking my cock into any girl that wasn't on the pill. I didn't trust condoms because, in the heat of lust, I didn't trust myself to put one on and I certainly didn't trust myself to pull out in time. So far I hadn't found a girl that I wanted to fuck who was also on the pill and wanted to be fucked and wanted me to do it. I'd certainly looked! Those that I'd dated that weren't on the pill would usually jack me off, like Janet, my previous girlfriend, had done, or, if I was lucky, suck me off, like Sandy my present girlfriend did. That was fine with me. If they weren't protected I didn't want any more than that. I was about to try to explain that to him. Of course I wouldn't have phrased it that bluntly. But when I opened my mouth he waved me quiet.

"No! It could happen!" he adamantly assured me, shaking his head at the prospect of me, at the age of forty, working as a gas station attendant with a bunch of kids hanging on my belt.

"There is also your mother to consider," he soberly added. "She'll be subjected to temptation too. You have no idea what adult males are like. They're as bad as kids your age. Perhaps worse! There are at least a dozen of my fellow officers, men that I know, men with no principles, that I could name right now, that will be after her as soon as I get on that plane. She might not give in immediately, I know she won't, but the temptations will be great and they'll be even greater as the year drags on. It won't be just sex. She'll be lonely. No male company. No one to talk to and no one that seems to appreciate her or finds her attractive. Women need to feel that they're attractive and desirable. What would happen if she weakened and gave in? The family would be destroyed!" he declared emphatically shaking his head in dismay.

He was talking about my mother? My mother? She might stray if she wasn't told that she was attractive and desirable? That was silly, of course, but if he thought it was necessary I could do that. I wouldn't even have to lie about it. She was attractive. Much more attractive than most of the moms I knew, I decided, considering it. I didn't like to think of my mother that way but I tried. She was slim with big boobs. She had a nice ass, a very nice ass. Well, she did. Her face was very attractive. Big brown eyes, a full mouth. Yes, I could sort of understand how men would find her attractive in a sexual way and perhaps try to seduce her. She would never give in, of course. My father was delusional on that score! But if all she needed was to be assured of the fact that she was attractive, I could do that. No problem. I started to tell him that but he waved me quiet again.

"I've given this a great deal of thought," he assured me, "and I've decided that the best plan is to kill two birds with one stone and eliminate the problem. My solution may be a little unconventional by conventional standard, but it will solve the problem." He declared and looked at me and nodded his head as if I understood completely what he was talking about and agreed with him. I didn't. I had no idea what he was talking about. Then he concluded, "I want you to sleep with your mother while I'm gone."

I didn't fall out of my chair, but I could have. Had I heard him right? Of course I had. He wanted me to sleep with my mother! I just stared at him in disbelief, my mind racing. But then I thought I understood. We weren't communicating. To sleep with someone is slang for fucking them. I knew that, but maybe he didn't. That must be it, I nervously decided. He obviously couldn't mean what I'd thought he'd meant. He couldn't mean that! He was using 'sleep with' in the literal sense. "You want me to sleep in your room occasionally?" I tentatively asked. I had no idea what that was going to accomplish but if he thought it was important and my agreeing to it would get us off this embarrassing topic I was willing to try it. "Sure, Dad," I offered. "I can sleep on the floor next to your bed once in a while if you think it will be of some help."

"Oh, for Christ sake!" he muttered, looking up at the ceiling for help. "I don't want you to sleep next to the bed! I want you to sleep in the bed! Let me put this in language you can understand: I want you to fuck your mother!" he snarled slowly and very clearly, glaring at me.

I just stared at him, shocked, flabbergasted, astounded! "I want you to fuck her twice a week, every Wednesday and Saturday night during the time that I'm gone."

I couldn't believe it! I just kept staring at him. It occurred to me that I wouldn't have to add that to my list because I certainly wasn't likely to forget it!

"Look, son," he finally continued more calmly after getting himself under control, "I can understand your surprise, even shock. I know this is unconventional. But I've given it a great deal of thought and believe me it's best for the family. You seem upset by the idea. Frankly, I didn't think it would bother you. In fact, I thought you'd jump at the chance. Most kids, male kids, want to fuck their mothers. I know I did. Yes, when I was a boy I lusted after your grandmother. That may be hard for you to believe because you only knew her when she was an old woman, but when she was younger she was very attractive and I wanted to have sex with her. I admit it. But maybe you don't want to have sex with your mother. OK. I can accept that. But look at it this way, it's for the good of the family and your first duty is to the family. If you don't do it I'm convinced that within a year your mother will have an affair with someone. Some pussy hound will get to her and then, when I get home from Nam, I'll find out about it and then I'll have to divorce her and that will be the end of the family," he concluded grimly.

"But, Dad," I protested, "I don't think she'd do that. She wouldn't have an affair." He just shook his head. "Your loyalty and faith in your mother is commendable but you don't know her as well as I do. She is a very sensuous woman, a woman of strong desires. Now, will you do this for the family or won't you?" he demanded, glaring at me, studying me.

I studied him. He was serious. There was no question about that. "OK. I'll try," I promised.

"Try?" he asked. "You'll just try? You aren't queer are you?" he asked, studying me suspiciously.

"No!" I emphatically declared. "It's just that I don't know how she's going to take it if I start coming on to her," I explained and helplessly threw up my hands. That was certainly some

of it, a big some of it, but it wasn't all of it. I frankly didn't know if I could actually fuck my mother even if she agreed to it. He shook his big head. "Don't worry about being rejected. She and I have already talked this over and she agrees it's the best thing."

"She does?" I asked in total disbelief, my cock stirring at the thought that this wasn't just some crazy fantasy. This might actually happen!

"Of course!" he impatiently assured me. "You don't think I'd tell you to do this if I hadn't squared it with her first, do you? She and I have discussed it thoroughly and she agrees it's the right course of action. She's upstairs in bed right now waiting for you," he informed me with a sly smile. Jesus Christ! He expected me to go upstairs to their bedroom right now and fuck my mother? And she was upstairs right now laying in their bed waiting for me to come and do it? Jesus Christ! Jesus H. Christ!

He saw my confusion. "Look, son, I know I sprung this on you rather quickly and I know it's contrary to everything you've been taught. For years we train you to respect your mother and not regard her as a sex object and now I'm telling you to go have sex with her. I realize it must be very confusing, but you have to do this. I have to know it will work before I can leave feeling that everything will be fine here at home. I need to know that in order to do my job well over there. Do you understand?

I nodded, but I wasn't really listening. I was hung up on the fact that he wanted me to go upstairs and screw my mother and apparently she was upstairs waiting for me to come and do it.

"Good." He poured me another drink, almost half a glass this time, and handed it to me. "Drink this and then just go upstairs and climb into bed with your mother. That's all you have to do. She'll take care of it from there. I'll wait down here. Your mother will come down and tell me when it's over. Take your time. Oh, and don't worry about getting her pregnant. She can't have any more kids," he helpfully added.

I gulped down the drink and wanted to ask for another but he motioned me on my way. I paused for a moment giving him one last chance to tell me this was some kind of sick joke, or perhaps some test to see whether I would do what I was told regardless of how outrageous it was, but he just impatiently waved me on my way again.

If you think I jumped up and raced up the stairs to my parents room following my cock that was sticking out like a divining rod, you're wrong. I got up and in something of a daze slowly walked up the stairs. I had to think this thing out. It was clear that my old man was serious. He really wanted me to fuck my mother and to keep fucking her during the year he'd be gone. But that was crazy! My mother would never agree to that! Well, would she? Of course not! She may have pretended to agree with him just to get him to shut him up about his dumb idea and leave her alone but she certainly had no intention of spreading her legs for me and inviting me to climb aboard. That was obvious, wasn't it? Yes it was! Of course it was!

I was absolutely convinced of that and despite the fact that I desperately wanted to fuck someone, almost anyone, I was almost relieved. Perhaps I was abnormal, but I'd never had any big fantasies about screwing my mother. It's true I wanted to see her naked when I was around nine or ten but that was just scientific curiosity. I wanted to know what women in general looked like without their clothes on. It wasn't personal.

But what if she really had agreed to it? I asked myself as I got to the top of the stairs. What if she not only agreed with it, but thought it was a grand idea? What if she really was expecting me to come in there and fuck her? God! That was an exciting thought! I pictured her laying on the bed naked, waiting for me. And with that vision the divining rod did start to protrude from my pajamas, tented out my robe and eagerly pointed my way down the hall toward my parent's bedroom.

When I got there the door was closed. My knees were shaking, I was short of breath and I had a giant erection. I stood there and tried to collect myself. I got my knees to almost stop shaking and my breathing sort of back to normal but I couldn't get rid of the erection. Down, you fool! I ordered. But, as usual, it paid no attention. Perhaps I had some qualms about screwing my mother but it didn't! What would she think if she saw that thing? She'd think that as soon as my old man gave me the OK I'd run up there all ready to jump her bones. It wasn't like that at all! I wasn't about to try to screw her unless she made it absolutely clear

that she wanted me to do it, and, of course, she wouldn't do that! My cock was wasting its energy. I tried to tell it that but it paid no attention and, when I stood there hesitating, it even tried to knock on the door. I finally reached inside my robe and pulled it up against my stomach and secured it in place with the band of my pajamas. Then, gasping for breath, I lightly tapped on the door.

"Come in," my mother softly called. I slowly opened the door and then hesitantly stepped into the darkened room. From the light coming from the hall I could make out my mother's shape in the bed. She wasn't lying there nude, spread and waiting. She was under the covers. "Close the door," she directed. When I did the room was so dark I couldn't see a damned thing.

"Come over here to the bed," she softly instructed me. I knew about where it was and inched over in that direction in the dark until my leg touched it. "I want to talk to you. Take off your robe and climb in," she told me.

I took off my robe and, not knowing what to do with it, dropped it on the floor. I was grateful that the room was too dark for her to see my erection that still seemed to think something requiring his services was going to happen. I knew it wasn't. She just wanted to talk. She'd said that. "But she asked you to climb in the bed," my cock eagerly pointed out, breaking loose from my pajama belt. I felt around, pulled back the covers and climbed in the bed with her being very careful to stay on the edge of my side and avoid any contact with her. She was over there in the dark on her side. I was on the other.

"So I gather your father talked to you and explained it all to you," she said softly in the darkness. There was a husky quality to her voice that I hadn't heard before. "Yes," I replied. "Well, what do you think?" she asked, sounding tense. "Have you thought about doing what he wants us to do?"

"Yes," I told her in the dark. "Mom, we don't have to do this if you don't want to," I blurted out. "We can fake it. I mean we just stay up here awhile, maybe bounce around on the bed a little to make some noise, and then you go down and tell him we did it."

She was quiet for a moment and then declared decisively, "No. We can't do that. I can't lie to him. I don't tell lies. In part because I'm so bad at it. He'll know it if I try to lie to him. I told him I'd do it, so we have to do it." Then, after a pause she got up on one elbow and asked, "You don't want to do it?" She sounded surprised and almost... what? Hurt? Yes, hurt. Surprised and hurt. Then she added, "The only reason I agreed to this is because he assured me that it was important for you and that you'd be eager to do it. He said all boys want to do it with their moms."

"Mom, I do want to do it!" I emphatically assured her, speaking for my cock which had broken loose from my pajamas and was tenting up the blankets. My mother was still up on one elbow and I couldn't be sure, but my eyes were adjusting to the darkness and it didn't look like she was wearing a nightgown. I thought I could see a bare breast. "It's just that I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do just because Dad says it's best for me." I forced myself to say. My cock tried to bite me and ordered me to shut up.

"It isn't just for you," she replied laying back down and covering the bare breast. "It's also for me and your father. He's convinced that while he's gone I'll give into my sexual frustration and have an affair. I don't think I would, but I suppose it's possible. At any rate I don't want him worrying about it all year and then plaguing me with questions and accusations when he gets home. He's very possessive and he thinks I'm weak willed. I guess I am. I let him talk me into this. Anyway, if we don't go through with this he'll be convinced I'll be unfaithful to him, and, when he gets home, he'll be convinced I've been unfaithful to him, whether I have or I haven't. Knowing that, I think might be. I might be unfaithful to him. I doubt if our marriage would survive either that or his suspicions. This way is better. I won't be tempted and he won't be suspicious. As he says, it's unconventional but, if it doesn't bother you, it's probably for the best. So, have you ever done this before?" she asked in a throaty but rather business like voice, turning toward me in the bed. "Have you ever had sex with a girl?"

"Not really," I admitted. "Girls have done it with their hands and mouths, that's all." She got up on her elbow again, exposing her bare breast, and looked at me. "Girls have sucked you?" she asked, surprised. "Yes," I confirmed, trying not to stare at her breast.

"Really? I've never done that. Your father doesn't approve of that sort of thing. He thinks it's perverted. So, I can teach you and you can teach me," she said and reached over under the covers and slowly slid her hand down across my stomach until it ran into a major obstacle, my erect cock. She took hold of it. He was so excited that I was afraid he might blast off at the mere touch of her hand, but he didn't.

"Good lord!" she muttered, sliding over next to me. "You certainly do want to do it!" She slid her hand up and down its shaft. "God you're big!" she whispered excitedly in my ear. "I had no idea you were so big! I've thought about your cock," she absently admitted, stroking me. "I've wondered how big it was when it was erect, but I had no idea it was this big! You're as big as your father, maybe even bigger. Do you want to touch me?" she asked, and without waiting for my affirmative response took my hand and put it on her chest just above her breast. I'd been right. She wasn't wearing a nightgown. She was naked under the covers. She slid my hand down to her breast.

It was the biggest, softest breast I'd ever felt. My hand was shaking but I tried to fondle it gently and then squeezed the large nipple the way Susan liked me to do. "Oh, that feels nice," my mother whispered. "Do you want to suck it?" she asked eagerly.

It was a great idea and I desperately wanted to take her breast in my mouth, but not right at that moment. The whole thing seemed like a fantastic, wonderful wet dream and I just wanted to get my cock in her and fuck her as soon as possible, before I had an orgasm from sheer excitement or woke up. There was also the horrible possibility that my parents might, at any moment, come to their senses and put a stop to everything. In my mother's case that seemed very unlikely. She seemed to be as into this as I was, but my father was another matter.

At any moment he might change his mind and come barging into the room, jerk me out of their bed, swat me a few times and order me to my room. So I didn't want any delays, but she clearly wanted me suck her breast so I reluctantly but eagerly leaned over and took it in my mouth and worked on the nipple with my lips and teeth while she groaned with pleasure. "Bite a little but be gentle," she needlessly instructed, working faster on my cock.

I finally had to reach down and push her hand away. "Mom, I'm getting too excited," I explained. "If you keep that up there won't be anything to tell Dad." I added, going back to her breast. It felt like the nipple was growing in my mouth. It was certainly becoming harder. She took my hand and moved it down across her stomach to her crotch and her thick thatch of hair. She had more hair than any of the girls I'd fondled. She spread her legs to accommodate me and, despite the fact that my hand was shaking with excitement, I found my way through the tangle without any problem and located her labial lips. She was very wet and my fingers slipped in easily. She moaned when they entered her. I felt around and located the little button that Susan liked me to play with and lightly fondled that. My mother gasped with pleasure. I couldn't believe I was fingering my own mother, but I was!

"This isn't the first time you've done this," she gasped between moans. "No," I admitted taking my mouth away from her breast. "Do you do this with Susan? Do you play with her clitoris this way?" she asked in a throaty voice.

"Yes," I admitted. "Does she suck your cock after you do this?" I was shocked that she used the word 'cock'. I didn't want to reply to the question but I did. "Yes."

"God! I can see why!" she muttered, raising her hips to meet my fingers. "Do you lick her cunt too?" she excitedly asked, thrusting against my fingers. "Sometimes," I reluctantly admitted.

"Will you lick mine?" she gasped in a whisper. "Of course. Do you want me to do it now?" I asked, ready to slide down. "No. No," she muttered, bucking up rhythmically from the bed. "God, I couldn't take that right now! Some other time. Lick my cunt some other time."

"Sure." "Promise? Do you promise? Nobody's ever done that. Do you promise?" she demanded.

"Of course!" I wanted to kiss her but I wasn't sure whether I should or not. What the hell? I was doing everything else! I kissed her and she seemed eager to respond and met my tongue with her tongue and sucked it in her mouth.

After a few moments she broke away and gasped, "I think we'd better do it now, right now! I'm too excited! Doing this with you is too exciting! I can't wait any longer! You just lay there

and I'll climb on top of you," she ordered and hurriedly threw back the covers and straddled me.

She eagerly took my cock, quickly fitted it in the opening of her cunt and then sank down on it. "Oh God! Oh my God!" she muttered when it was all the way in.

"Oh God!" I muttered too. Perhaps it's a family saying. I'd never felt anything so grand! Even Susan's mouth wasn't that good! I felt like I was home, like I'd found what I'd been looking for ever since I'd discovered sex. I was like Columbus, Balboa and Magellan all rolled into one. I'd found exactly what they were looking for and I'd done it without even leaving home. My cock wanted to come immediately and stake out this new land as his but I managed to put him off. After that initial thrust my mother slowly moved up and down groaning with each stroke, while I tried to concentrate on the presidents of the United States and remember them in order. When I got to Jefferson she started gasping rapidly and moving faster. I tried to think faster.

"Play with my tits," she whispered. They were bouncing above me. I wanted to touch them, to love them, but was afraid that if I did I'd come immediately. "Play with my tits!" This time it was an order.

Concentrating hard on Monroe I reached up with both hands, grabbed them and alternately squeezed them and pinched the hard nipples. "Oh Christ!" she moaned and I felt her hand slide down between us and realized she was fondling her clit. She was muttering something under her breath and I figured out with shock and added excitement it was a string of dirty words. "Fuck! Cock! Cunt! Prick! Fuck! Cock sucker! Mother fucker!" They were words and phrases I'd certainly never heard her use before that night and some I didn't even know she knew.

I struggled to concentrate on the presidents. When I got to Fillmore she suddenly groaned loudly, gasped, "Fuck me, son! Fuck your mother! Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Ohhhh!" and it felt like her vagina clamped on my cock and was sucking the sperm out of me.

"Fillmore!" I gasped as I lost control and pumped into her. When it was over she slowly climbed off and lay down beside me, apparently exhausted. "God, that was good! Too fast, but good!" she muttered, breathlessly. "I should have slowed down but I couldn't. It was too exciting! I've thought about it too much, fantasized about it too much. Was it good for you?" she asked a moment later.

"God, yes!" I confirmed, barely able to talk. "You've thought about doing this? I mean before Dad suggested it?" I asked, astonished, when I got my breath back.

"Well, yes," she languidly but reluctantly admitted. "I suspect most mothers think about having sex with their sons once in awhile," she lightly explained. "Most of them would never admit it, but they do. Of course, I've thought of it a lot more since your father started talking about it. But I never, ever would have done anything if he hadn't talked me into it," she quickly added. "But thank God he did! That was wonderful! By the way, you did amazingly well!" she declared, patting my thigh. "It's hard to believe this was your first time. I thought it was going to be 'wham, bam, thank you mam', or in this case 'thank you, Mom', but you controlled yourself and even waited for me to come first. Your father seldom does that. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" she asked suspiciously.

"Yes. No, I haven't. That my first time." I confirmed, getting my breath back. "Well, tomorrow after he leaves we can do it again and take our time," she said and then added, "Who, or what, is Fillmore? When you came you called out 'Fillmore'".

I chuckled. "He was the thirteenth president of the United States. To keep from coming too early I was trying to concentrate on presidents. I got as far as Fillmore."

She laughed. "Well, review them because tomorrow I want you to get as far as Lincoln." She reached under the covers and playfully touched my cock again. "God, you're almost hard again!" she declared, taking hold of it. When she did, it immediately grew. "You are hard! You could do it again!" she whispered excitedly, stroking it. After a moment of fondling she suddenly let go. "No. We'd better not. Your father is waiting. We don't want to keep him waiting and we certainly don't want to make him jealous. He might change his mind about all this," she warned with a chuckle, but she was serious. "We can do it tomorrow. You'd better go to your room now, because I have to go down and report that we did it. God, how we did it!" she added exuberantly.

"Mom," I asked, before getting out of bed, "Is this normal?" She lay quietly for a moment. "No. Mothers and sons having sex is not exactly normal. Not exactly uncommon, but not normal," she admitted, and then added with a forced chuckle, "It wouldn't be so exciting if it was normal. I found it very exciting, didn't you?"

"God yes!" I quickly assured her. "I can't remember being so excited and I certainly wouldn't have felt that way if it was just plain old normal," she declared with a soft laugh.

I laughed too, glad she felt good about it. I certainly did. "But that's not exactly what I meant. I meant when other men are sent to Vietnam, or are gone for a long time, do their sons and wives do this?" I was thinking about the other boys I knew that had fathers in Vietnam. Were they all screwing their mothers? "Is it bothering you?" she asked, concerned. "Do you feel guilty about it? I don't feel guilty," she declared. "In fact, I don't feel guilty at all," she added, sounding a little surprised.

"No. I don't feel guilty. I was just curious," I told her honestly. "Well, I don't know for sure what other people do. This isn't the sort of thing people openly admit to, or talk about, but I know it isn't all that unusual for mothers and sons to have sex. That sort of thing goes on all the time whether the family is in the military or not. Since your father and I have been in the service I've certainly gotten plenty of hints that other military wives sleep with their sons when their husbands are off on lengthy assignments and I know for a fact that some of them do. Your father didn't dream this up on his own. Do you remember Colonel Gage?" "Sort of."

"Well, he had a very attractive and sort of flirtatious wife and a son that was a little older than you. Matthew, Matthew Gage. Anyway, Colonel Gage was a good friend of your fathers and when he was assigned to Vietnam he told your father that he had instructed his son to keep his wife sexually satisfied. I'm sure that's where your father got the idea. But Colonel Gage didn't think of it either. He got the idea from some friend of his that told his wife and son to sleep together while he was gone. However, I doubt if many military men specifically tell their sons and wives to do it, keep each other sexually satisfied, but I know it happens with or without the husband's approval. I mean you can't lock up a woman with normal desires and a teenage boy with raging hormones in the same house for a year, even if they are mother and son, and not expect that something might happen. It does happen. There's always plenty of gossip and sometimes you can see it by the way the wives and the sons interact in public. They don't act like mothers and sons. They act like lovers. By the way, we have to be very careful about that. We have to try very hard to act normal. And, of course, you can't tell anyone," she warned me, very serious. "I won't!" I vehemently promised.

"Go now," she told me, getting out of bed and putting on her nightgown. "We can do this again tomorrow afternoon after we say goodbye to your father at the airport."

"I thought we were only supposed to do it twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays," I reluctantly said from the door watching her and wishing I'd gotten to see more of her nude.

"That's your father's schedule, not mine," she told me with a sly chuckle and then added, "Tomorrow afternoon I want to learn how Susan does it. I want to learn how to suck it." That got me instantly hard again and kept me hard all the next day.

As it turned out mother was a slow learner and had to practice repeatedly. After overdoing it in every conceivable position and fashion the first few days after he left we finally settled on a loose schedule of once a night on week days, and twice, day or night, on weekends. As I say, it was a loose schedule and we usually did it more than that. It was a great year! The best of my life but it came to an abrupt end the day my father got home a year later. That was the end of it. I tried to tempt my mother a few times when he was out of the house, but she gently rebuffed me. We were just mother and son again.

At first I was hurt. No. I was devastated! How could she do that? Turn me off that way? I was a better lover than he was! She'd told me that dozens of times. I knew how much she liked sex. They only did it twice a week. With me she could do it every day, or six times a day if she wanted to, and occasionally she did. With me she could do oral sex and I knew how much she liked that, not only having me lick her off, but sucking me off. Sometimes she came just doing that. So how could she just stop and cut me off that way? How could she end it so easily?

I finally realized she could end it easily for the same reason she could start it easily. She wasn't following the dictates of her own desires either at the beginning or the end. Even

though she'd admitted that she'd wanted to do it, wanted to have sex with me, her son, and had fantasized about it, she never would have acted on that impulse if my father hadn't told her it was OK. He said it was all right to do it, so she did it.

When he got home he said it wasn't all right anymore so she stopped doing it. And even though we'd broken one of the cardinal moral rules, one of the basic social taboos, I don't think she felt any guilt about that at all. I know I didn't and still don't. But why should we? We were both just following orders.

A Daughter's Secret ?

Jacen rammed his cock into his sister's small ass, sliding deep inside her vagina as she moaned through the red ball gag fastened into her mouth. The twins coupled inside a large, six-sided room, the floor bare and the walls composed of interlocking mirrors. Jaina knelt before her brother, her head and breasts pressed against the cold metal floor, her arms bound behind her back with thick leather cords. Jacen thrust into Jaina again, making fresh tears of pain glimmer in her eyes as he obscenely fucked her tender pussy. Jacen smiled with cruelty, his hands squeezing and slapping his sister's firm buttocks, then spreading her ass cheeks apart so he could see his hard cock pump in and out of Jaina's tight slit. Jaina moaned weakly, her sensuous lips writhing against the ball gag while her legs shook helplessly. Jacen pulled Jaina's head back by her long, brown hair, making her grimace with pain as her exposed breasts trembled with each erotic thrust. Jacen fucked Jaina's sweet pussy until he climaxed, his cock spewing its creamy seed across Jaina's buttocks and bare back in a sticky spray. As Jacen climbed to his feet, the lights dimmed, signaling that the show was over.

Jaina wobbled to her bare feet, then slid out of her loose arm bonds to unfasten the leather harness around her head that held the ball gag inside her mouth. The Jedi girl worked her jaws loose, then wiped ineffectually at the cum drying on her smooth ass.

"I'll be glad when we finally get enough credits to leave this dump," sighed Jaina as she made her way to the exhibition room's exit.

"I think it's kind of fun," grinned Jacen with a leer before he gently slapped his sister's left buttock. Jaina shooed her horny brother away, then walked down a dim hallway to the room they both shared. Activating the single light, Jaina grabbed a small towel and went to the small shower set in one of the walls. Jacen pulled on a black robe, then plopped onto a couch, watching Jaina's shapely form as she washed the sweat and jism from her nubile body.

"Jaina! Get your cute little ass out here and serve drinks!" shouted Adrik through the closed door of the room.

"See! You don't have to serve drinks!" pointed out Jaina while she washed her hair.

"Hey! I'm building you a new lightsaber!" retorted Jacen defensively before he pulled the small box containing the nearly assembled weapon from under the couch to continue working upon it.

"You better be! I'm getting sick of customers pinching my ass! I think I got a bruise last night!" said Jaina as she left the shower to towel dry her rich mane.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch," murmured Jacen.

"I heard that," growled Jaina while she rubbed her hand in her brother's short hair. Moving to a beauty cabinet, the young Jedi girl combed out her tresses, then applied a fresh coat of red lipstick to her pouty lips. After painting her eyelids bright blue, Jaina slipped her nude body into a skintight rubber body suit with fishnet panels along the sides of her legs, over her back, and along her cleavage. Jaina tied stiletto-heeled shoes to her small feet, then gathered her hair in a single ponytail adorned with a bright red bow.

"You look good enough to eat," said Jacen huskily as he rose to his feet, then wrapped his arms around his beautiful sister's waist.

"C'mon, I'm late already," whispered Jaina while she sprayed a brief mist of perfume between her small breasts. Jacen growled softly as he kissed the nape of his sister's neck, his right hand sliding between her rubber-encased legs. Jaina felt her pussy grow warm as her brother slowly rubbed her crotch.

"Shit! You're insatiable!" exclaimed Jaina as she broke away from Jacen, her breath coming in sharp gasps while she tried to slow her pounding heart.

"What can I say? You're my love goddess," smiled Jacen affectionately.

"Finish my lightsaber," replied Jaina with her own warm smile before she opened the door to their room and stepped out into the shadows. Jacen sighed with longing, then returned to the couch, resuming his work on the incomplete lightsaber.

Tenel Ka watched her cockpit controls carefully as the Shadow Chaser emerged from Hyperspace and began its approach to the barren planet. Touching the Force briefly, the Jedi girl sensed Jacen nearby, compelling her to plot a landing course before increasing power to her ship's sub-light engines. The ebony-skinned, sleek vessel descended gracefully past the planet's atmosphere while Tenel Ka scanned the world for signs of life and technology. She narrowed her grey eyes when she found a settlement not very far away that indicated a fair level of technical advancement. Adjusting her course, Tenel Ka sailed across the dry dust and cracked earth until she could just make out the town against the horizon. Tenel landed her ship as quietly as she could, then descended the exit ramp, her ivory tooth lightsaber fastened securely to her belt as she began her journey by foot to the native settlement.

Jaina slid agilely amongst the tables of Adrik's Emporium, evading grasping hands, claws, and tentacles from nearby patrons. The Jedi girl bumped against the bar with a gasp, her breasts heaving from the load of the heavy tray and the effort of escaping the leering customers. A squid-head bartender took the empty glasses and mugs, then replaced them with refilled containers.

"Table four, the one with the muscle men and the Hutt," wheezed the squid-head curtly.

"That's not a Hutt," retorted Jaina while she leaned against the bar, her hand pointing to the single horn that jutted from the head of the corpulent alien.

"Whatever, just go serve the drinks. He tips big," said the squid before he shooed Jaina away from the bar with his long, glistening hands.

Blowing a stray lock of hair from her forehead, Jaina swayed seductively towards the four-legged fat alien and his several bodyguards. The Jedi girl gasped in surprise when she spotted a humanoid wearing Mandalorean combat armor standing behind the obese customer. The bodyguard's armor was jet black and polished to a fine sheen. He cradled a sawed-off blaster rifle within his arms, just like the notorious bounty hunter, Boba Fett. Jaina recovered her poise, then set her laden tray on the table, carefully passing out drinks to the table's occupants. The Hutt-like creature leered at Jaina with his wide, catlike golden eyes. Jaina kept her eyes downcast until she finished serving the table, then she prepared to make her escape when the alien said something in a deep, guttural language.

"My master wants you to table dance for him," said the armored bodyguard through his helmet's filtered speaker.

"Uhh, sorry. I just serve drinks. Let me get one of the dancing girls over here," replied Jaina fearfully while she looked back and forth for one of the bar's entertainers. The alien motioned to his bodyguard, who deposited a bulging bag of credit chits on the edge of the table near Jaina.

"My master is willing to pay quite handsomely," said the bodyguard mechanically.

Jaina stared at the bag of credits, more than enough to keep the X-Wing fueled for some time. Swallowing loudly, the Jedi girl put her tray on another table, then climbed on top of the wide table's surface. The fat alien devoured Jaina with his huge eyes as she began to sway to a slow, throbbing beat of music. Jaina moved her small hips sensually, sliding her hands down her slick thighs while she pursed her moist, painted lips and closed her eyes to small slits. The young girl turned around, giving the alien a great view of her smooth ass as she moved it in circles, hypnotizing him with the play of her flesh within the confining rubber. The fat alien licked his huge, slimy lips, groaning with pleasure as Jaina caressed her tight ass, then teasingly rubbed her crack with a long, delicate finger. Jaina moaned seductively, her skin burning with arousal as she let the music control her body, her hips moving back and forth while she ran her hands through her shiny hair and blew a kiss at her admirer.

Fascinated with each sway of the lovely girl, the alien began to hum softly, his bloated chin expanding even more as he stared at Jaina and projected positive emotions. Jaina groaned with ecstasy, her crotch growing wet with lust as she fell under the spell of the alien's humming. The Jedi girl fell to her knees on the table, then placed her hands on the table as well while moving her buttocks temptingly in front of the alien. The armored bodyguard released a sharp knife from a wrist sheath, then bent forward to slice open Jaina's rubber bodysuit, exposing her moist pussy. The fat alien rumbled with pleasure as he leaned down to sample Jaina's cunt with his thick, dripping tongue. Jaina moaned huskily, her mind still

lost in the throes of the humming, while the alien licked up and down her pussy, his sticky saliva coating her soft labia and inner thighs as he inhaled her aroused, musky scent. The corpulent alien grabbed Jaina's swaying hips, then kept her still while he began sucking inside her slit, drinking her honey. Jaina groaned, her small hands squeezing the edge of the table as her customer slid his tongue into her vagina, tasting her warm, inner flesh until fresh cum gushed from her fuckhole.

The fat alien leaned back, then pulled Jaina on top of himself, extending a long, glistening phallic limb from his rolls of blubber. Jaina sat on the alien's cock, her brain fogged by his beguiling hum while he thrust deep into her pussy, filling her young womb with his shaft of meat. The Jedi girl groaned with uncontrollable lust as the alien slid his small paws over her flat stomach and pert breasts. He tore open the front of her bodysuit, freeing her tits so he could fondle and squeeze them in his oily hands. Jaina leaned back against her fat lover, her legs outspread as the alien fucked her tight, little pussy. The other patrons of the bar watched silently, some fondling their own cocks while they watched the t'landa Til pump his engorged tool into the beautiful young girl. Jaina moaned, her back arched and breasts thrust out into the grip of the Til as her cunt squished wetly with each pump of his member. Finally the alien orgasmed, releasing a torrent of jism into her vagina until it overflowed out of her pussy lips and dripped down her rubber-garbed legs.

The Til released his hold on Jaina's body, allowing her to smack limply onto the table where she lay on her belly, her limbs twitching as she shuddered from the pleasure of the Exaltation hum. The Til rumbled something at his bodyguard, then slowly turned around to leave the Emporium. The armored man grabbed Jaina's limp body, then threw her over his shoulder before he spun to follow his master. The squid-head bartender wiggled his fingers in agitation, but did nothing to stop the Til and his powerful escort as they departed.

Jacen reclined within the couch, fiddling with a last minute adjustment to Jaina's new lightsaber when a loud knocking disturbed his concentration.

"Jacen! It's Adrik! A t'landa Til just kidnaped Jaina!" exclaimed the fat club owner urgently.

Jacen swore as he tossed the lightsaber away and rushed to open the door. Adrik tripped inside, sweating profusely.

"Why didn't you stop him?" spat Jacen angrily. "You crazy? He had a Mandalorean Knight with him!" sputtered Adrik in terror. "That Knighthood was destroyed by the Jedi a long time ago," scoffed Jacen.

"Well, this guy had the armor, and it was in perfect condition. He had a blaster just like Boba Fett and everything! Someone said his name was Black Asp."

"Which direction did they go in?" asked Jacen while he fastened his own lightsaber to his belt, then moved to begin pursuit. "East, into the Wasteland," replied Adrik quickly.

"Give me the money you owe me, I need it now," ordered Jacen with a frown that brooked no argument.

"Al..alright, I'll go get it," said Adrik before he fled from the room.

Jacen paced the room tensely, hoping the Til hadn't discovered his X-Wing that also lay somewhere in the Wasteland. The young Jedi Knight failed to notice the door to the room open and a female form emerge until Tenel Ka grabbed him from behind and hugged him in a vice grip with her one strong arm.

"Miss me?" whispered Tenel Ka softly into Jacen's ear before she spun him around and slapped him loudly across the face.

A Daughter's Secret

Chapter 1

The dark and cold grabbed me and held me prisoner for a moment as the phone rang. Shaking my head to clear the cobwebs, I finally found the lamp switch and light flooded my bedroom. Taking a deep breath, I picked up the phone and heard a voice ask, "Mr. Lanford, Mr. Lanford, are you awake?"

Pausing for a moment, I replied, "Yes this is Lanford. Who is this?"

No sound came from the earpiece of my phone and I started to replace the phone in its cradle when the voice said, "Mr. Lanford, this is Sergeant Marion Street. I'm afraid I have bad news Sir."

Daring not to breathe, I started to ask what this was all about, but before I could say the words, the voice went on, "Mr. Lanford, your son Jeremy and your daughter-in-law Beth, died in an automobile accident. Your daughter Leann is in critical condition but is hanging on at the present time. Do you understand Mr. Lanford?"

Shaking my head and rubbing my eyes, I tried to digest what she had said; but it seemed as if someone was playing a bad joke on me. I asked Sergeant Street, "Sergeant, You did say Sergeant, didn't you?" The voice answered, "Yes Mr. Lanford, I did, I am calling you from Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Lanford, your son and his wife were fatally injured in a traffic accident. Do you understand Mr. Lanford?"

Shaking my head yet again, I replied, "Yes I understand. What about Leann? What is her condition? You said she was critical, how bad is she?"

I heard a muffled sound as if the person speaking to me were clearing their throat, then, "Mr. Lanford, Leann is a minor and as the surviving relative, you must try to get here as soon as possible to give the hospital permission to do additional surgery on her. She will be taken care of until you get here, but the surgery shouldn't be put off more than a few more hours. Can you get here in a few hours Mr. Lanford?"

I was becoming more awake by the second and responded, "Yes, Yes, of course, I'll leave here within the hour. I have an aircraft, I'll fly there directly as soon as I can get to the airport, probably no more than 2 hours at most." Pausing to think, I asked, "Could you have a Squad car pick me up at the airport by 3:30 am?"

Hearing what I thought to be a sigh, "Yes sir Mr. Lanford, we'll have a car waiting on you when you arrive."

Hanging up the phone, I hurriedly began dressing.

I drove helter skelter to the airport and parked next to the airport office. Rapidly, I wrote a brief note explaining where I was going and what time I expected to arrive. I would have to file my flight plan once I was airborne. Running across the open space to my hangar, I opened the large sliding doors until I was sure I had enough room to taxi out, then hurriedly did a quick and dirty walk around then slid across the cockpit and under the left control wheel already preparing to start the engine. My mind was awl as I went through the start sequence and lowered the flaps to 20% as I flipped the switch to illuminate the darkness beyond. Minutes later, I began my takeoff run and raised the landing gear and flaps at nearly the same instant I became airborne.

Reaching for my GPS; I mounted it onto my yoke and rapidly found the course and brought the nose up to a steep angle of attack as I climbed out of the Ohio valley.

It was then the tears began to fall and my heart finally found the time to become broken and weep as I wept in the darkness of the night sky. The two of the three people that mattered to me the most were gone forever and my daughter was going to lose her life if I didn't make greatest possible speed.

It was some time before I regained my composure and could file a coherent flight plan. I noticed over my left shoulder, the break of day had begun chasing the shadows of night in the east. Funny what you notice when everything is dark and times seem as dark.

Leveling off at 28,000 feet, I set the prop and throttle for best possible speed and my GPS indicated I had attained 325-mph ground speed. At 3:10 am, I raised the KC airport and

received permission to land, slowing to just a bit over 170 mph, I entered the last leg of the landing and lowered the flaps to 25% and lowered the landing gear. I saw an emergency vehicle approaching as I taxied to the hangars. I taxied to a grassy area a little beyond them and stopped to tie down the aircraft. Someone said, "Sir, Sir, We'll take care of that for you, please get in the car, the hospital is waiting on you sir."

For the next several days, I slept and ate at the hospital as my daughter struggled for her life. Slowly as the days and hours passed, she began to grow stronger and although she had a very long way to go, seemed strong enough to do whatever was necessary, considering what she had been through.

Finally, after countless trips by plane and car on the 450-mile journey from my home to the hospital, Leann was released to go home with me to recuperate. I had decided I would drive her home, the fall weather would have been pretty choppy and I wasn't sure how well she could tolerate flying under those conditions.

Leann was asleep when we arrived home, so I picked her up as if she was a small child and carried her inside. I couldn't help but notice the fact she had matured into a beautiful young woman since I had last seen her. At about 5' 4" and probably 110 lb., her breasts seemed much too large for her small frame. I felt a stirring in my loins as the thought went through my mind, but shook it off and admonished myself. She was my daughter.

Placing her on the daybed I had gotten for her, I carefully sat her crutches close enough she could reach them if need be. One last glance, then I turned and went into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Many days passed until Leann could walk unaided although she seemed to have acquired dependence for having one crutch nearby just in case she needed it. Otherwise, she seemed well able to find her way seemingly anywhere she wanted to go.

Chapter 2

My wife and I had gotten a divorce last year and Leann had remained in her custody. After a long fight with ill health and diabetes she had passed away suddenly last fall, leaving Leann with the choice of finishing the school year in Missouri or coming home to live with me. Leann had decided to stay with her older brother until the school year was completed the following spring.

The days passed, I continued working long hours in my consulting business and quite honestly, Leann's needs grew less demanding as she managed to gain strength and the healing process helped her to stand unaided although scar tissue on her left leg and thigh must have bothered her.

We hadn't spoken about the loss of her mother other than my saying that I knew she missed her mother very much. I couldn't find the words to speak of Leann's sister-in-law and my son. So we just spoke as father and daughter about innocuous and predictable events common to us.

Having lived in Kansas City for the first 15 years of her life, she had no one she knew well enough to call a friend in Dennison. Her limited circle of acquaintances consisted of 2 young men and a young lady who accompanied their parent to my office and spent the time we were in conference idly chitchatting with Leann on most occasions more or less rounded out her social life.

So it was kind of an eye-opener when she announced out of the blue that she wanted me to take her to dinner. I swear it hadn't occurred to me she needed to get out for a change of scenery! I am so used to working all the time; her needs and wants in my existence consisted in providing an adequate variety of foodstuffs. She had found some of her mom's old clothes she had left with me and I was amused to see her dressing primarily in matronly housedresses.

I thought over her request and decided we would take a trip. I hadn't been out of the house and away from the business much for several months and a change of scenery would do me good as well.

The following morning we drove into town and Leann spent the morning buying jeans blouses shorts, tanktops, halters, undergarments and other needed clothing. We found a steak house we both thought sounded good and had a leisurely lunch before returning home.

The following morning, we loaded our luggage in my plane and we pointed the nose south for a much-needed vacation. As we flew along, I tried to start a conversation several times, which fizzled out after just a few words. I decided it wasn't that important and concentrated on tweaking the autopilot and managing the fuel system, prop, and engine speed for optimum performance.

I began to become aware that Leann seemed to be staring at me and finally I asked her what was on her mind? Smiling at me, she asked, "Dad, do you love me?"

I smiled back and said, "Why yes, of course I love you. What prompted that question?"

A long silence ensued and finally she said, "You never tell me. In fact, we don't talk about us much. Why is that Dad?"

Clearing my throat, I tried to give a suitable answer and realized there was none. Looking at her I said, "I haven't been much of a father to you, have I Leann?" Unraveling my thoughts I went on, "I suppose I've done a very good job as a provider, but less than good job being a father!"

I was shocked to see a tear starts its journey down her left cheek and with a smile she replied, "Oh you've been a good Dad, you just haven't been the kind of Dad I need." I must admit, my confusion was very apparent. Treading lightly, I asked, "What kind of Dad do you need honey?" Softly she replied, "Do you really want to know?"

To myself, I thought, "Now what the heck does that mean?" aloud I asked, "Why don't you tell me Leann and I'll see if I do."

Chapter 3

Thoughtfully, Leann said, "Dad, let me talk and explain without interruption OK?"

I agreed. Pausing, Leann began. "Dad, I've loved you as long as I remember. I've also been in love with you as long as I can remember." I started to speak and remembered I had agreed to listen. I merely said, "Go on honey."

"When mom and I lived with you, I wanted to be to you as mom was to you before the two of you began disliking each other." Pausing she went on, "I wanted to be the one sleeping in your bed, whispering in the dark to each other, telling each other secrets." With a queer voice, she continued, "Most of all, I wanted to be the one in your arms, making love to you, thrilling you, do you understand?"

For the first time in my life, I had a slight desire to be dead. I kept thinking, "Oh my god, she's insane. She's stark raving nuts."

To my utter consternation, she plunged on, "Dad I haven't thought of you as a parent for a long time. I see you as a man. A virile, handsome man. Powerfully intelligent, nearly alone in your ability to comprehend truly complex ideas. You can do things other men just dream about. You pilot a plane, travel all over the world, but you're gentle and loving in your treatment of others. You have charisma and men as well as women have eyes that look on you with desire."

My mind was in overload as she spoke, I barely remember her telling how much she desired me and wanted to be in my arms at night. How her dreams of us consummated her waking thoughts and I began to realize I was overwhelmed by her words and frankly I was speechless. On and on she spoke and an odd thing began to happen, I began to evaluate her as a woman instead of as my little girl. It was almost as if I had been wearing blinders and for the first time I noticed the ripe swell of her breasts. The curve of her hips, tiny waist, and broad yet feminine shoulders.

Sunlight over her right shoulder shone through her honey-blond hair, forming a halo that seemed to glow of its own accord. I examined her brow; delicate nose that looked so much like mine; and as I gazed at her lips, realized how succulent they appeared. At the tender age of 15 she had become a woman while I wasn't looking and the thought was devastating to me.

My world was neatly turned upside down, and to my embarrassment, I became aware a bulge had begun to appear in my slacks. Leann noticed also and wordlessly extended her hand to caress my tumescent member through my slacks. Her touch was as if electricity had coursed through my hard cock. I hadn't been with anyone for several months and though I was only dimly aware at first, I saw her unbuttoning her blouse and releasing the catch of her

bra between her breasts. Two golden tanned globes tipped by generous pencil eraser sized nipples sprang forth. Releasing her seat restraint, Leann leaned towards me as she unzipped my trousers and insinuated her hand inside to retrieve my straining Dick. The sensation nearly caused me to ejaculate, but somehow I managed to hold back. Suddenly the cool moist feel of her lips engulfed my throbbing member and I held my breath as Leann began moving up and down from the tip to base. Though I was gasping for air, I felt her mouth release my cock and looked at her pleadingly. Smiling softly, Leann said, "Don't worry Thomas, I intend to suck you dry, but first I wanted you to know that I love you and I'm yours to do with as you desire." Bending over to retake my hard cock, I reveled in the feeling she gave me as I felt the cum making my nuts rockhard and my dick began to swell hopelessly as I felt the semen making a dash into her mouth.

Nothing I had ever felt before felt as it did as my daughter sucked and swallowed my cum down her beautiful throat.

Chapter 4

Landing at the New Orleans airport; Leann straightened her clothing and wordlessly we went through the maneuvers. Ground control put us through before we parked and shut the aircraft down. The two of us held hands as we made our way to the Avis counter where I had a reservation for a car.

I had become a member of a club specializing in vacation resorts and the condominium was plush to the point of being absurd, but we managed to stifle our laughter until we closed and locked the door. Leann lost little time figuring out how the drapes over the windows and sliding glass door worked and soon Fresh Ocean air wafted it's way into our room. Walking to the stereo system, Leann found some very beautiful instrumental music and with a sigh, lay down upon the sofa languorously. I stood for a moment looking at her; taking in her beauty and still wondering how I had missed her being a woman. Conscious I was staring, Leann unbuttoned her jeans and began scooting them down over her hips. Her panties were pulled down as well and the sight of her golden thatch and the delicate pink of her nether lips presented themselves to my gaze.

Crossing the room, I helped her remove her jeans and panties as Leann put one leg on the back of the couch and the other fell to floor as she raised her hips slightly to present her pussy to my gaze. I suddenly realized I had moved my face within a fraction of the space between her legs and hardly realizing, pressed my tongue against her now swollen pussy lips and began running my tongue up and down her slit, pausing only briefly to suck her clit on each stroke.

"Ohhh Thomasss, ohhh honey, don't stop honey, my beloved, please make me cumm!" she moaned as I suckled her clit and insinuated my finger inside her hot quim. Her body tensed and the cheeks of her bottom clenched as she orgasmed, "Ohhh God. God, I'm coming, you're making me cummm darling! Ooohhh shit, I'm cummminggg honey!"

My hard cock leapt within the confines of my slacks and I hurriedly dropped my trousers and found a condom I had put in my luggage. Although I hadn't thought I would be using it on my daughter, I was delighted when she took it from my fingers and hurriedly opened it to slide it down over my aching cock.

"Ohhh Honey!" she cried, "Please put it in, hurry honey, I want you inside me darling. I want to feel that big giant all the way inside my pussy". Pressing the head of my cock against her slit, I felt her press back to help me get inside. The lips of her pussy opened and I popped inside and had to stop. Too tight. She was really wet and I could feel her pussy moving inside of it's own accord, but I couldn't get it any farther in than the swollen purple glans.

Leann said, "Don't stop, push it in, God I need it so bad." And with that she pulled my hips to help me go deeper. Locking her legs behind my thighs, she strained and puffed, "Oh God, I want it inside, don't worry about hurting me, just push it in, don't worry about it, put it inside." Still I strained and then wonder of wonders, she began to relax and slowly, very slowly, my throbbing cock began to go inside a fraction of an inch each time she thrust against me. Her soft velvety cuntal channel gripped my throbbing cock tightly as I slowly plunged inside. Finally I found my cock head stopped at her hymen and having nearly as much outside waiting to go inside.

She panted, "Wait, Wait, I'll be ready in a second, mmm God that feels good Thomas, oh fucking you will be so good."

Suddenly she pulled my ass closer and with a pop I felt her hymen give way. Leann screeched, "Oh God that hurts!" I started to withdraw and she stopped me.

"Wait a minute!" she said. "Give me time to get used to it, it's beginning to feel good again honey!" I said, "I have an idea, wait a minute, I'll be right back dear!"

Hurrying into the bathroom, I found a small bottle of vaseline and returning, put a goodly amount inside her pussy lips and swabbed it generously over my cock. Kneeling down between her thighs once again, I placed the head of my cock against her pussy lips and found the going easier than before.. Maddeningly slow, my cock began going deeper until she cried out, "Ohhh darling, I feel you against the back of my pussy, God you are filling me up. Oh honey, make me cum. Don't stop stroking me."

I began slowly long-stroking her pussy as we kissed deeply and with each stroke the fluids from her tight pussy helped to lubricate and the vaseline made the going easier. With each stroke, Leann met my thrust with one of her own. After several minutes, I sensed and felt her pussy walls beginning to spasm tightly against my now rockhard cock. She breathlessly said, "Ohhh darling, I'm going to cum now. It's so close, deep fuck me honey, give me that awesome cock, all of it beloved. Ohhh God, God, God, I'm cumming, I'm cummmminng."

At the same instant, I felt my balls draw up and semen involuntarily rush out the end of my cock; filling the rubber until I thought I would faint.

We collapsed together and Leann murmured, "I love you darling." I replied, "I love you too my precious one."

With a sexy smile she said, "Honey, I'm ready for another fuck. You ready?" I laughed and said, "Yes dearest, I am!"

The next two weeks were like a dream. The last few years have seen her grow into a mature, beautiful companion and lover. I hope it can go on forever.

End

Daddy's Little Darling

Part One

It was the swimsuit that did it. Yes, when you get right down to it, everything that happened between me and my daughter Lisa that summer started with the damned swimsuit.

It was early June. I was in the living room watching television when Lisa walked in. She had just turned fifteen that spring, and there was no denying it any longer - Lisa was becoming a woman. Fortunately she had inherited her mother's looks; thick black hair that cascaded around her shoulders, an angelic face with wide, dark eyes and pouting lips. She was slim but fleshy, with the last remnants of her baby fat filling out her hips and giving her the same rounded, sensuous body that her mother had had, when her mother had still been around.

Lisa's mother was one of the sweetest gals I'd ever known. It's what made me fall in love with her, and that was really what broke us up in the end. June was beautiful and she could never say no to anyone, which is why I came home one day from work to find her in bed, her mouth full of the UPS deliveryman's cock. Luckily Lisa was at school that day, and by the time she came home, June and the UPS guy were gone. Lisa stayed with me, which is what all of us wanted, even June (although she'd never admit it), and together the two of us built up a pretty nice life for ourselves.

When Lisa got old enough to take on responsibility for the household chores, she went to it readily enough. Unlike most girls in their teenage years, Lisa didn't seem to mind doing her share of cooking or cleaning. In fact, she took on those duties with such youthful enthusiasm that I felt rather pampered. I think she enjoyed being the woman of the house, and to tell you the truth, so did I. Her mother had never liked doing these chores, and you could tell; the house was always a little disheveled no matter how much she claimed to work at it. With Lisa taking over, the house was always spotless when I came home at night. It was a good feeling, coming through the door and seeing a pretty, smiling face greeting me with a hug and a kiss. It made me wish sometimes that Lisa would never have to grow up, that she would stay as she was and take care of me forever.

But little girls always do grow up, and Lisa was no exception. But I hadn't realized just how much she'd grown up until that day she came into the living room, wearing her new swimsuit. "How do you like it, Daddy?" she chirped brightly, doing a little spin in front of me. The minute I laid eyes on her, I was riveted. She was wearing a white one-piece, strapless, cut high on the hip. The thin, clinging fabric stretched tight over her body, proudly displaying her plump round breasts, their half-scoops peeking up over the edge of the suit, molding against her hips, and showing me a good portion of her slim, young legs. As she spun I caught a whiff of her perfume, a light flowery scent that was almost as intoxicating as the very sight of her.

I must have gasped or made a noise, because Lisa smiled and blushed a little bit. "Is it too much?" she asked tentatively. I tore my gaze away from Lisa's voluptuous body and forced a thin smile to my lips. "Well... it's very nice," I managed, "you look very pretty in it."

Lisa beamed, and turned again, giving me a close-up view of her perfectly rounded ass. The swimsuit rode up her behind, and I could see most of her creamy, pale bottom, as well as the crack of her ass. I was wearing only a t-shirt and shorts, and I could feel my cock stiffening at the sight of her, daughter or not. "I just hope you aren't going to let any of your boyfriends see you in that," I said in a dry throat.

"Oh Dad, I don't have any boyfriends," she said. With that, she bounced off to the back porch door. "Sherry and Ruth are over," she called out. "I'm going swimming with them, okay?"

"Okay," I called out to her, unable to resist turning in my chair to catch one last glimpse of her beautiful teenaged ass bobbling as she trotted outside.

My cock was harder than ever as I sat there, unable to keep the images of Lisa out of my head. She was my daughter, for Christ's sake! That thought dampened my animal lust for a moment, but before long I began to picture my beautiful daughter frolicking in the pool with her friends, her swimsuit wet and slick...

"Water," I whispered to myself. "Water. I'm thirsty." I got up and strode over to the kitchen, telling myself I wasn't doing anything wrong. I was just getting a glass of ice water, and if the refrigerator was right in front of the big picture window facing the swimming pool, well, that was just a coincidence.

I got my water and stood for a while, looking out at the backyard where my daughter and her friends were playing. The three of them were wearing their swim suits and splashing around in the pool. Sherry and Ruth were attractive enough, blonde and brunette respectively, but they were no match for my Lisa. Lisa outshone them all, and as I watched her jumping off the diving board and getting out of the pool, adjusting her suit as she did, I felt myself harden again. This time I took my cock out of my shorts and began stroking. As I did so, I finally allowed myself to think the dark thoughts that I'd been repressing. Thoughts of Lisa, and of myself, doing things to her.

I imagined myself out there with her, straddling her as she lay face-down on a blanket, rubbing suntan oil onto her bare back. I pictured my loving hands gliding gently down, to her lower back, massaging her youthful flesh, and moving still lower, to her gorgeous ass, as she moaned with delight and brought her rear end up to greet me. I kissed her ass cheeks as I pulled her suit off, and spread her thighs apart, revealing her moist pussy to me. I took my cock in my hand and slid it into her, gradually, slowly, savoring every exquisite moment. And then, when the agony grew irresistible, I rammed my cock home, into my daughter's sweet, willing cunt...

With a hoarse cry, I came all over the kitchen counter, the semen spurting thick streams onto the grey formica countertop. I pumped my cock dry, imagining myself coming into Lisa's little pussy instead.

When I'd finished, I looked up to see Lisa looking at me. For an agonizing moment I thought perhaps she'd seen what I had done. Then I realized that the window was too high to allow her to see anything. Lisa smiled and waved at me. Sighing with relief, I raised my hand (the one that wasn't covered with come) and returned her wave.

As usual after stroking myself off, I immediately felt guilty about what I'd done... or rather, what I'd been thinking of doing. Lisa was not only my daughter, she was also the sweetest, gentlest girl I'd ever known. The thought of defiling her like that, of depriving her of the chance to grow up like a normal young woman merely to satisfy his depraved desires, made me shudder.

And still... the thoughts, once planted, took root, and there was nothing I could do about it. On this day I had begun looking at Lisa in a different way, and I could see no way to change that. All I could do was to try and act normally, and hope that these aberrant feelings would fade with time.

The next day, I went to visit with my next-door neighbor, Harry. Harry's daughter, Jane, was in Lisa's class, and I'd met Harry during one of those open house nights at the girls' school. We'd become fairly good friends over the years, borrowing each other's tools when we needed, babysitting for each other, that sort of thing. Harry was also a single parent, his wife having left him years ago, so we had a common bond.

I spent the better part of the afternoon in Harry's kitchen, shooting the breeze and knocking back a few beers. After a while, the conversation turned to the subject of our children.

"That Lisa's turning into a fine young woman," Harry said, his voice a little slurred with the beer we'd been drinking. "She's a pretty little thing, isn't she?"

"That she is," I said, not exactly stone cold sober myself. "Seems like it was just yesterday she was a toddler bouncing on my knee. Now she's all grown up."

Then Harry looked me in the eye and said something that turned my blood cold. "Have you enjoyed her yet?"

"What?" "You know what I mean, Jack." "Are you asking me if I've... touched Lisa?" Harry laughed, snorting. "Yeah, I guess that is what I'm driving at. Shit Jack, your girl's a fine looking little piece, don'cha think? She's even prettier than my own girl. Don't tell me you haven't thought about -"

"Harry," I said quietly, "You're my good friend, and I know you've been drinking, but you'd better shut the hell up real quick here before I let you have it."

Harry just grinned. "You gotta get yours trained, like mine. You know how they are at this age. They start gettin' hot pants, runnin' around town with every Tom, Dick and Hairy Dick, if you know what I mean. Gotta keep 'em down on the farm, you know?"

Good friend or not, Harry's drunken ranting was pissing me off. If anyone else had said what he'd just said, I'd have knocked his teeth onto the floor. In fact, if he'd gone on for another minute, I probably would have done just that. But Harry lifted his head and called out, "Jane! Get in here right now!"

Jane walked into the kitchen. She was a cute little blonde girl wearing a silk blouse and a wispy skirt that blew up around her legs, showing off her slim, nyloned thighs and calves. When she saw me she smiled shyly, then turned her attention to her father. "What is it, Dad?" she asked amiably, but with a touch of nervousness in her voice. No doubt she knew he'd been drinking. "I was just about to go to the movies with Sher - "

"Come here," Harry commanded, and his daughter went around the table to him. Harry looked at me with a devilish twinkle in his eye. "Now this one," he said, "I've trained, and trained well." With that, he slipped a hand up his daughter's skirt and began roughly fondling her ass. He hiked her skirt up around her hips, and I could see his fingers kneading her bottom, which was covered by a lacy pair of red panties.

"Look at this," Harry remarked, his hands all over his little girl's ass, "she's got whore's panties on." Then, to Jane, he said, "You're going out so you can be a whore for your boyfriends, is that it?"

Jane shook her head. She was afraid, but there was something about what they were doing that felt familiar, as if it was a regular ritual of their household. Still rubbing Jane's ass, Harry said, "Because you know who your little pussy belongs to, right?" Jane nodded.

"Then tell me," Harry said, "I want my friend Jack here to know, too." Jane looked at me briefly, and whispered quaveringly, "My pussy belongs to you, Daddy."

"That's a good girl," Harry said gently, and turned Jane so that she sat on his lap. "See what I mean, Jack?" he asked, grinning. "Yeah," I said hoarsely. My cock was throbbing in my pants as I watched this perverted play going on. In all my years of knowing Harry, I'd never suspected that he was up to something like this. I was shocked... but more than that, I was aroused, unbelievably so, by what my friend was doing to his own daughter.

Harry now had his hands up Jane's blouse, and was fondling her budding tits. "They're still a little too small to have real fun with," he remarked casually, "but they'll grow." Now he plunged a hand down the front of Jane's skirt, and began stroking her pussy. Jane closed her eyes and began moaning softly as her father rocked her back and forth on his lap.

"Um, I think I should go," I muttered, getting up. Harry waved me back down. "Don't leave yet," he said. "The fun's just starting. You want a piece of this, don't you?"

I looked at Jane, leaning back against her father, whose hands were on her tits and snatch. Her wavy blonde hair spread out against Harry's chest, and she looked so tempting like that, totally helpless.

My cock was raging. I'd only had a couple of women since June and I split up, and I'd almost forgotten what a woman's cunt looked like. Harry only had to see the look in my eye, and grinned his devilish grin again as he lifted Jane off of his lap and ordered her to her feet.

"Like the girl said, her pussy belongs to daddy," Harry said, "but you can have the other end if you like." He looked down at Jane, who was looking up at her father with half-lidded eyes that were filled with a curious mixture of dread and desire. "Would you like to give uncle Jack here some lovin'?" he asked. Jane looked at me and nodded. "Would you like me to?" she asked timidly.

My head nodded itself. At that point I felt totally disconnected, out of control. The blood pounded in my head and in my cock, and neither knew what it was doing, but knew only what it wanted.

Jane leaned over my lap as I sat in the kitchen chair, and unzipped me. My cock nearly struck her as it leaped out of its confines and stood at full attention, its head nearly purple.

Meanwhile, Harry stood behind his daughter and lifted her skirt up. I could see her bare ass peeking out from her skirt, and my dick hardened a bit more. Then I felt Jane's lips touch my cock. She kissed my throbbing hardon all over, from head to shaft, little wet angel kisses that nearly had me creaming all over her face. Jane seemed to know when to stop, however,

and she pulled back just before the crucial moment. Smiling up at me, she parted her lips and went down on my cock, taking the rigid meat into her soft, warm mouth.

I groaned as I felt my dick sliding between her lips, her rough tongue running over the sensitive flesh. Behind her, Harry had his own cock out and was rubbing it between Jane's ass cheeks.

I stroked Jane's pretty golden hair as she dutifully sucked my cock. I imagined Lisa's face there in place of Jane's, and that enflamed my passions further. Grabbing hold of Jane's head, I pushed her roughly down on my prick. She gagged a little as my cockhead hit the back of her throat, but her father had taught her well, and was evidently no gentler than I was, for she accepted my vicious thrusting with ease.

I saw Harry looking down at this with undiluted pleasure. No doubt it gave him pleasure to see his friend using his daughter as trashily as he himself did. It gave him pleasure to see his little girl acting the whore. Harry was pumping his cock in and out of Jane's pussy now, squeezing her ass cheeks as he rammed home again and again. Jane's whimpers of pleasure were muffled by my fat cock.

Once again I imagined my own sweet daughter's mouth loving my prick, and this time the image drove me over the edge. With a guttural cry I shot my load into Jane's mouth, pulling out only to pump more of my cream onto the little girl's face. All the while, I pictured Lisa's face as I covered it with my spunk, and her angelic smile as she licked it off of my cock.

Harry brought himself off a minute later, his prick spasming as he sprayed his daughter's ass with his jism. Jane went on her knees in front of us as we stood and wiped our dicks off on the areas of her face that weren't covered with my semen. Then she sucked us off once more each, to clean us off. Harry patted Jane on the head. "That's a good girl," he cooed. "Now go on and get yourself cleaned up. It's almost supper time."

Jane nodded. "Yes, Daddy," she said. She looked at me once again. "Did you enjoy me?" she asked, a shy smile on her come-streaked lips.

"Yes, God help me, I did," I replied, and Harry broke out laughing.

Part Two

That night, Lisa and I decided to stay home and watch a movie. She wanted to watch 'Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade' for about the zillionth time, and I was still so zonked and satisfied by that afternoon's encounter that I was in no position to deny her.

When she joined me on the couch, I was gratified to see that Lisa had decided to wear something more reserved than the swimsuit she had worn the day before, just a flannel nightgown that went to her knees. I was feeling guilty enough for having masturbated while watching her, and I felt that the best thing to do would be to put those nasty thoughts as far from the front of my mind as possible.

Still, as we watched Indiana Jones survive one deadly threat after another, I couldn't help but steal glimpses of my daughter's lovely legs. I saw a thin gold anklet around one slim ankle, and my heart skipped a beat. Somehow just looking at Lisa's legs was turning out to be a more erotic experience than seeing her nearly naked had been the day before.

Lisa, for her part, was oblivious to the depraved urges of her old father. She snuggled up against me towards the end of the movie, when sleep began to overtake her. I felt her warmth and smelled her sweet perfume, and had to hold a pillow over my lap to hide the growing erection that threatened to poke out from my pajama bottom.

By the time the end credits ran, I heard soft, regular breathing next to me. I looked over, and saw that Lisa had fallen deeply asleep.

I shifted over, intending to get up and let Lisa slide down onto the couch, but as I did so her head slid down the length of my body and ended up in the vicinity of my left hip. I froze. Lisa's face was just inches from my crotch.

I don't know why I did what I did then, it was such a reckless thing to do. But I sat back down on the couch, at an angle so that Lisa's head rested on my hip, and let my cock spring out from my pajamas. Her sleeping face was now so close to my naked prick that her lips nearly touched the shaft.

I began slowly stroking my cock then, my free hand reaching down to stroke Lisa's hair as gently as I could. The sight of my beautiful daughter's face right up against my prick was

exciting beyond belief. It was more than I would ever have dared to do, except that my encounter earlier that day with Harry and his daughter had emboldened me. If Jane could be trained to accept her father's cock, perhaps Lisa...?

But for now, I was content to merely jerk myself off with my sleeping daughter's head in my lap. Her face looked so innocent, so pure, that the temptation was great to just plunge my cockmeat into her mouth and damn the consequences. The consequences, however, were too great to risk anything so foolishly bold. I loved Lisa more than anything else in my world, and I would do nothing to throw that away. At least, not unless I thought I could get away with it.

Lisa shifted a little, but otherwise remained fast asleep. Meanwhile, I pumped my cock with increasing ferocity, imagining that flesh thrusting in and out of my little girl's mouth, her virgin pussy. Finally, I could stand no more. I let out a little groan as I came, my semen bubbling up like water from a hose, large drops of it landing on Lisa's cheeks and lips. As I pumped the jism from my cock, I worried suddenly that Lisa might choose that time to wake up, and find her father's come all over her face.

I quickly smudged the semen with my thumb, wiping off what I could and smearing the rest so that it blended into her smooth skin. There was one thick goblet of cum on her puffy lower lip, and that I pushed into her mouth. She made a little face as she reflexively swallowed it, and I felt a warm rush of pure depraved pleasure as I realized that, if nothing else, my daughter had gotten her first taste of cum from me.

With careful haste, I put my penis away and stood up without waking my daughter. I lifted her up from the couch and carried her to her bedroom. She stirred a little as I lay her down on her bed. She put her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. "G'night, Daddy," she said blearily, and fell asleep again.

"Goodnight, honey," I replied, and kissed her back, on the lips. I stood to leave, thinking myself sated for the day, if not for the rest of the month, but as I did so I looked at Lisa once more.

If not for my raging, unconsummated lust, I would never have believed it, but my cock began to grow hard again as I looked at my sleeping daughter. Her flannel nightie had hiked up around her waist when I laid her down, and now I could see her white cotton panties, and her beautiful legs that were spread as if beckoning me to their dark center.

Unable to stop myself, I reached down and ran a finger along her inner thigh, and into her crotch. Ready to pull back if she so much as stirred, I slipped my hand underneath the thin fabric of her panties and felt her pussy, the soft downy hair barely covering her lips. My other hand went to her breast, and kneaded the firm, yielding flesh beneath the flannel of her nightgown.

My cock was rock-hard once again as I molested my little girl while she lay sleeping in her bed. Part of me told myself to get the hell out of there before she woke up, but the stronger part of me resisted. So I stood there, rubbing her pussy and tits, while my daughter lay dreaming what were no doubt erotic dreams.

With my cock poking out of my pajamas once again, I pulled Lisa's panties down, slowly, carefully, and off until they dangled from one ankle. Then, once again with exquisite care, I spread my daughter's thighs until I could see the pink flesh of her vagina opening before me like a flower. I leaned down and touched her pussy with my tongue, savoring the salt taste. Until now, I had only fondled her, as any horny father might do with his unsuspecting daughter. But now I was crossing a line, and I could never turn back. Nor did I want to.

I looked up. Lisa was still fast asleep. I'd known she was a deep sleeper; some mornings the alarm didn't wake her, and I had to shake her roughly by the shoulders before she'd stir. With a new confidence, I lowered myself to her sweet snatch once again and this time licked it, burying my face in her musky scent. My tasty little girl, I thought, and parted her pussy lips with my tongue.

I did this for several minutes, until finally I'd had enough, and wanted something different. I looked around and found a small bottle of hand lotion on her bedside table. I put some lotion on my cock, which was now raging again as if it hadn't just emptied my balls a mere hour hence, and knelt between my daughter's open legs.

I rubbed my cock head between her saliva-slickened pussy lips, and pushed it a little ways in. It felt like heaven, having my cock inside my own daughter's cunt, even if it was only an inch. It was enough, knowing that I was tasting the fruit of my own loins, defiling this innocent little girl without her knowledge. All the warm, fatherly feelings I'd had for her bubbled up, but now they were tinged with lust, and became something perverse... and incredibly erotic.

I pushed my cock in a little bit more, and had to fight to control the urge to ram it all the way in, to wake my little girl up by the act of deflowering her. Instead I thrust in and out by inches, enjoying what little I could of her sweet, delicious flesh. I stifled my delirious moans with my fist as I neared another orgasm.

Then I felt Lisa stir beneath me. Shock ran up my spine, and I froze. Lisa turned her head from side to side, as if caught in the midst of a strange and frightening dream, and then opened her eyes slightly.

"D...Daddy?" she mumbled, sleep fogging her voice. "Whatcha doin', Dad?"

My terrified brain scrambled for words. Here I was, kneeling between my daughter's legs with my cock quivering inside her pussy, and I was supposed to explain myself? "Um... D-Daddy was just m... making sure you were okay," I stammered, blushing furiously. What the fuck did I just say? I had no idea. I just hoped it would make sense to my daughter's half-asleep mind.

"Daddy, are you fucking me?" my little girl asked in a small, faraway voice. My heart thudding, I answered shakily, "Y-yes." Lisa mumbled something unintelligible and then moaned softly. "Mmmm... feels good." My cock twitched when I heard those words. My heart in my throat, I ventured, "Do you want me to keep doing it, baby?"

Lisa nodded. "Yeah..." she moaned again, "don't stop, Daddy." With that, I pressed my cock in deeper, until I felt my little girl's maidenhead resisting any further passage. "This might feel uncomfortable for a second, princess," I whispered softly. "Okay, Daddy," Lisa murmured, smiling. She spread her legs wider for me.

The thought that I was about to deflower my own daughter filled me with hot, boiling passion. I thrust firmly and felt the resistance crumble as my daughter let out a surprised gasp. I slid fully into her, my hands on her waist, thrusting her pussy onto my cock. "Oh, Dad!" Lisa gasped, coming more awake.

I pushed harder now, my thrusting more regular, and Lisa's moans began to rise in pitch with my own. I lay almost on top of her, her legs up around my shoulders as I fucked my daughter with all the passion with which I had once fucked my wife. "You're such a good little girl, Lisa," I managed between groans.

"I just want to make you happy, Daddy," she replied, her legs tightening around me. I fucked Lisa until I felt an orgasm shudder through her, and she cried out with ecstasy. The culmination of her pleasure drove me onward, and soon I found myself ready to explode.

"I'm going to come, baby," I gasped. "Come in me, Daddy," Lisa moaned. "I want to feel your seeds inside me."

Anything for my little girl. With a tremendous cry, I spilled my seed deep inside my daughter's virgin pussy. My muscles strained as I pulled her hard against me, my cock shoved up as far inside Lisa as possible without hurting her. I didn't think I would have much left for her, but as it happened, there was plenty. When I pulled out, after what seemed an eternity, creamy white pearls seeped from her wet snatch. I pulled Lisa to me and I kissed her long and deep, like husband and wife instead of father and daughter.

Lisa and I fucked and sucked each other all the rest of that night, and the whole rest of the summer, too. She enjoyed playing the part of Daddy's Little Whore, and I of course enjoyed it as much. When I came home from work she would greet me wearing only an apron, and she enjoyed teasing me as she served me my meals like that, slapping away my grabbing hands and acting the demure innocent. Later, of course, she would drop such pretenses and submit to her dear father's every lustful whim.

It wasn't long before I brought Lisa over to Harry's house, to join them in a little four-way father-daughter action. Harry and I would jerk off as we watched our little girls go at it, and then when they'd had enough fun we would step in, trading our daughters back and forth all night.

One day near the end of the summer, Lisa asked to go to the movies with me. "Sure," I said, "What do you want to see?" Lisa shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "They're always changing the movie down at the theater I want to go to."

I knew instantly what she meant. She wanted to go down to the X-rated movie house on the south side of town. "Are you sure?" I asked. So far we'd kept our antics in the house, or among friends. I wasn't sure I wanted to risk exposing my daughter to any unsavory elements. "Sure," Lisa said brightly, lust gleaming in her once-pure eyes. "I can handle myself. And even if I can't, I have my strong daddy to protect me."

So we went down to the porn theater. Instead of seats, the theater had long rows of leatherbound couches, like the seats in the booths at Denny's. There were quite a few men there already when we got there, but Lisa was the only woman. Most of the horny bastards looked up with glee when Lisa, who was of course an attractive young woman, entered, and they started pumping their cocks with renewed vigor.

I sat down, and Lisa immediately sat down on my lap. "I like this movie, Daddy," she said, loudly enough for everyone to hear. At once, like jackals moving in for the kill, the shadowy figures rose from their seats, wanting to get closer to what was no doubt going to be some hot action.

Lisa lifted her skirt, revealing nothing underneath but a gleaming snatch. She raised herself a little while I pulled my cock out of my pants, and then lowered herself down, leaning forward so that my prick could have easier access to her pussy. I eased into her, grunting a little as the funny angle bent my prick in new ways. "This feels good, Daddy," Lisa moaned as she went up and down on my cock, "but my mouth feels lonely."

"Maybe some of these gentlemen would like to help you out with that," I said, and immediately a group of slobbering, sex-starved men began moving toward us.

Lisa feigned surprise, although of course we had worked all this out before we'd come here. "Are you sure, Daddy?" she asked. "I think so," I said, playing the part of the hesitant but permissive father, which of course I was, although these horny bastards had no way of knowing that. If they had, they probably would have creamed themselves before they even touched my daughter. "Remember," I told her sternly, "you're Daddy's whore. Your pussy belongs -"

"I know," Lisa said, "my pussy belongs to Daddy."

Now a line had formed on either side of my daughter. She looked up at the first of them, who stepped eagerly to her, looking at me a little nervously as he did so. But I said nothing as Lisa eagerly swallowed the man's cock and began sucking in earnest. The man didn't take long to come, and soon he plastered my little girl's mouth with his semen. As he staggered away, another one, this one old enough to be Lisa's grandfather, stepped up with his cock erect and ready for her attentions. She gave them willingly enough, and soon he too went away dazed and satisfied.

Meanwhile, Lisa continued pumping up and down on my cock. Despite a twinge of jealousy, I was aroused as hell watching these strangers defile my daughter's mouth with their pricks. Before long, I burst inside her, my come coating Lisa's cunt walls and leaking back out onto my crotch. I reached up to fondle her tits, and found a pair of hands there already.

Lisa was sucking off another man, who was kneading her breasts with polite care. "Suck me, you whore," he breathed. Lisa, ever the obedient girl, complied cheerfully, and soon the man cried out, filling her mouth with another load of come. As man after man stepped forward to fuck Lisa's mouth, I marveled at my daughter's appetite for cock. I felt a funny sense of pride, too. I had taught her well.

Finally, Lisa had her fill, and I had her get up and wipe herself off as best she could. Some of the men who'd been at the end of the line complained, but one glare from me silenced them. We left the theater, me dabbing cum off the front of my pants and Lisa with a cum-eating grin on her face. The guy behind the ticket counter stared after us in disbelief as we walked away.

Since then, our lives have gotten more stable, a little less wild. We've moved out of the small town where we lived, and in our new neighborhood everyone knows us as husband and wife. They know nothing of our dark little secret.

Some people would condemn me for what has happened between me and Lisa. They would say that what we are doing is an unnatural sin, a perversion of nature. But I love Lisa with the love of a father for his child, and I also love her with the passion of a husband for his wife. The way I see it, we have the best of both worlds.

The end

A Sons Promise

During the year I turned 18 years old, my dad lost his job at the local factory. Before he had met mom, he had been a truck driver for about 5 years, but had quit when he discovered she was pregnant with me and worked at that factory everyday to be close to mom. Now, he had no other choice but to go back out and drive those long roads to bring an income into the house.

"Now, you mind what your mother says," I remember him saying on the day he left. "Do exactly as you are told and make sure that nothing bad happens to your mom." I promised him with all my heart that I would. Mom and I stood there while he drove away. He wouldn't be back for about a month at a time, and poor mom was already crying. She hugged me tight as he disappeared down that road.

That night, mom couldn't sleep very well. I heard her get up alot and pace around the house. Finally, she gently knocked on my door and asked: "Will you come sleep next to me? I am so used to having your dad home that I can't fall asleep without someone else in that bed with me." I mumbled "sure," and crawled out of my bed. I walked with her to the bedroom and laid down in bed with her.

She whispered "thank you" as she laid down next to me. I felt a warm shiver go all over my body. I could smell her perfume, but not as I always had. There was something else that I wasn't aware of in that smell now. I turned over and finally fell asleep. I woke up to feel my mom hugging me close and to my cock, which had swelled. Luckily, I had been laying on my side so it didn't touch her. Night after night for a week she tried to sleep alone, and night after night I ended waking up on dad's side of the bed, with a raging hard on.

One day, I was forced to finish myself, because my balls had built up so much sperm during that time they were hurting when I walked. I just tried to think about this girl Krista, in my school who had the hottest body ever. But my mind (more like my cock) kept drifting back to mom. Nine days after dad had left, I discovered why I was so frustrated.

See, I woke up at an odd time for me. Usually, I sleep like a log. I had been in the middle of a really erotic dream involving Krista riding me on top. My eyes opened slowly, but the image of a female on top didn't dissolve. In fact, it was beginning to feel extremely real. It was dark, so I had to wait a bit until I could make out the face. It was mom, and she was bucking her hot cunt against my cock. I could feel so much wetness on it, I knew she must have come several times by then. Her eyes were closed, but I could read how turned on she was from the rest of her face.

I got so excited inside! To know that my mom was doing something so dirty to her only son just made me want to fuck her right then and there... so I did. I waited until I knew when she would move upward from my cock. At that point, I pressed my cock up at the same time and it went inside. A wet, slurping sound occurred as all of my teenage meat stabbed inside her experienced cunt. She let out a cry of surprise and total pleasure. Her eyes opened wide and looked at me in wonderment. But I kept on fucking her cunt, and finally she just closed her eyes again and fucked along with me. My eyes were better adjusted to the lack of light in the room, and I could make out the curvy shapes of mom's desirable body. Her 34dd breasts bounced over me. I reached out with my hands and played with them. She moaned with pleasure and I felt her cumming again. She made no effort to stop, and neither did I.

She leaned closer to me, pressing those breasts against me. "Suck them, suck them like you used to when you were smaller," she demanded out of me. I began to suck as she rode me faster. Soon, I tasted something coming out of her nipples. It was milk! She was still lactating after all these years. I greedily continued, swallowing her healthy milk down.

She rolled us over so I was on top now. I began to kiss mom like the horny whore she was being for me. I suddenly was filled with the desire to lift her shapely legs over my shoulders and fuck her like no tomorrow. As I did this, I sank deeper inside. I felt her hungry cunt swallow my flaming cock and mom again cried out in pleasure. I fucked her until I came. I felt my cock twitch and bounce up and down inside while throwing my spent seed everywhere in her cunt.

"You are sooo good to your mommy," she said to me. "Promise me that tomorrow you will invite two of your friends for a overnight stay." I wanted to say no, but I heard my dad's words in my head saying: "Mind what your mother says. Do exactly as you are told," and then me promising I would. So, I agreed.

The next night, I brought my two best friends Will and John. There was a note on the door outside telling us to just come on in and go upstairs. We went up there and went to my mom's bedroom. There she was, on her bed spread out with a vibrator inside her cunt. My friends were dumbfounded, but my mom set them on the right track. She shut off the vibrator, came over, dropped down on her knees, pulled out all three of our cocks, and took turns blowing one while stroking the other two with her hands. Each of us grabbed the back of her head and made her deep throat us. Will couldn't wait anymore, and walked around behind mom. He pushed her forward and worked his cock into her waiting pink hole. She had to let go of my cock to prop herself up on her hands, but she kept John in her mouth. They began fucking my mom from each end. I just stood back and watched, gently stroking myself. They fucked her good! It was so hot to watch, that after five minutes I decided to get the family video camera to tape the action. I crawled onto the floor and aimed the camera so I got some good shots of Will's cock working it's way around my mom's cunt. I also got some shots of her deep throating John... she even swallowed his balls in her mouth with his cock! Mom was a pro, and she was really enjoying herself. Soon, they came inside her. Mom pulled out John's cock and let it hit her face while she kept her mouth open to catch some of it. Will just piled his cock so far inside that when he came, my mom twitched with his cock, too. I had to quickly switch from front to back to catch all the good shots I could manage on the camera!

"I want both of you to double stuff me," she eagerly told my friends, who weren't about to argue. Will climbed inside her asshole and began to polish his cock in her chute, while John began digging his cock inside her thickly cunt. She moaned and groaned unlike any porn movie I had ever watched! I just kept the camera rolling, zooming in occasionally to get close ups.

They continued to fuck her good and hard, grabbing her breasts from behind. I went up front to get some shots of what they looked like and mom took my cock into her mouth again. After awhile I moved away so I could go get some more shots with the camera. No sooner had I got back there, they were cumming again! Will again buried his cock deep inside my mom's asshole and came hard. John came partly inside her cunt, then sprayed the rest on the outside. John then just moved into my mom's ass with Will and began to fuck her there! I zoomed in as he pushed it inside next to Will's cock so my mom could always remember that moment and see it whenever she wanted. She let out an enormous cry of undeniable pleasure and she came four times in a row!

I almost missed it because it happened so fast! They fucked my mom's plush ass, each of there cocks going in and out at different times and speeds. They managed to fuck it for almost an hour. Occasionally, I would either go in front so my mom could suck on my cock or I would go back and finger fuck my mom's cunt with my free hand. Finally, they came one last time.

Will pulled out and started cumming on her ass at first while John buried himself deep, then Will went back in and finished cumming inside while John sprayed the last of his seed on her ass. What a sight! Her lucious ass and cunt, so full of cum it ran out and down her middle alongside the cum that was splashed all on the outside. My friends announced they were tired and going to my room to rest. But I was too busy fucking my cum-soaked mom to notice. I fucked her until I came in every hole twice!

Mom and I fucked every night after that. When dad came home, he fucked mom while I masturbated in my room or peeking through the doorway. During the weekends my dad wasn't home, I got to invite from 2 to 6 of my friends to my house to fuck my slutty mom, and I got to fuck her after they were finally finished filling her with cum. I kept my promise to my dad. Mom was well taken care of.

All Bases Loaded

It started quite by accident a few weeks ago, assuming my husband Jeff had gone off to work and my son Robert had gone off to College and that I had the house to myself. I hadn't bothered to wear anything on my journey from our bedroom to the bathroom for my morning shower. I took my usual leisurely shower, humming and singing quietly as I soaped my still trim body. I worked out quite regularly so even though I'd just turned 39, I felt I still had an excellent figure, an opinion widely shared if the whistles I got walking past the local building site was any guide.

Finishing my shower I toweled my body almost dry, then started to towel dry my hair as I opened the bathroom door to return to my bedroom, only to nearly bump into someone in the corridor! I gave out a huge scream, thinking it was a burglar or worse still a rapist, then heard Robert's voice calling out "It's ok mom, it's ok, it's only me, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." and his voice trailed off. My fright quickly disappeared as I saw that it was indeed Robert, and the reason his voice had trailed off quickly became apparent. He was standing in the middle of the corridor, eyes almost bugging from his head as he stared at me - or more precisely stared at my totally naked left breast! With the towel held up to my hair by my right hand, that side of my naked body was covered by the flapping towel, but the left side was not, so my breast was clearly exposed to his sight. I could have done anything, rushed back inside the bathroom, hurriedly dragged the towel round my whole body or even taken off in a mad dash to my bedroom, but all I did was stand there, looking at him and allowing him to look at me, and a curious heat started to rise inside me. Gosh, it was a long time since I'd seen that sort of expression on a man's face when he looked at me! That half reverence, half lustful sort of look!

Of course I told him off in no uncertain terms for scaring the daylights out of me, and what was he doing back anyway, why wasn't he in College, but I made no attempt to move and no attempt to cover up. I found I was really enjoying his almost glazed stare! He finally managed to mumble something about a four week break from the College, and his face started to turn a bright pink! I suddenly pulled myself together and knew it was time for me to make a move, so I spun away from him and walked off down the corridor - but I didn't rush! I literally felt the heat of his eyes as they focused on my swaying, naked ass as I walked away from him, I may even have given my ass an extra swivel or two before I turned into my bedroom door, but it wasn't really intentional!

Once I was inside the bedroom, the heat really hit me, and I found myself standing in front of the mirror looking at my own naked body and feeling the shivers and shudders running through it. My God, that incident had actually turned me on! That was crazy, and so, so wrong, I tried to tell myself, but I don't think my body was listening! Married now over 20 years, Jeff and I had settled into the normal marriage routine. We were comfortable with each other more than passionate, and I guess tended to take each other for granted more than we should, but all I knew was that it had been a long time since my body had reacted in such a powerful sexual way, and to my own son! Maybe that would be the end of it, just a silly incident that would never happen again, and perhaps I genuinely forgot what Robert had said about being away from College. But the next morning I once again went for my shower without bothering to wear any clothes.

It was only at the very end of my shower as I was about to leave the bathroom that it suddenly came to my mind and I hesitated, thinking perhaps that I'd better wrap the towel around me fully to move back to my bedroom. Then part of my mind said lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, and an impish part of my mind said even if it does you loved it the first time, maybe the next time would be good too!

So I found myself emerging from the bathroom still with the towel hanging from one hand and covering very of my naked body, and felt quite deflated when I didn't bump into anyone! I glanced around, but saw no one, so started to walk off to my bedroom. I was halfway there when I realized that I was no longer alone. I felt those eyes on my ass again, as strongly as I'd felt them yesterday and I knew that Robert was watching me, probably from the doorway of the lounge room. I didn't turn round, or give any indication that I knew he was there, but I

did stop and bend down as if I'd found something on the carpet that I needed to pick up, and I stayed that way for a brief while, giving him a full on view of my tight naked ass, and I thought I heard a slight groan, and I grinned. This was crazy. I was teasing my own son with glimpses of my naked body and getting a huge sexual kick out of it!

I sat at the dresser in my bedroom, staring at my face in the mirror, trying to work out what the hell I was doing and why I was doing it. Maybe I just needed a excitement in my life, maybe I just needed to feel that I was still beautiful and sexy, maybe I just needed to know that I could still turn a man on. I mean I hadn't needed to exercise those talents since my courting days over 20 years before, and I remembered how much I'd enjoyed the flirting and the teasing, the kind of things that you seemed to lose as you settled in to married life. I wasn't bored, well, not exactly. I just needed to know that I was alive, and perhaps I felt my son was a nice safe target, whatever it was, I found myself putting on some very brief shorts and a thin T-shirt and leaving my bra firmly in the drawer before walking out to the kitchen - and Robert - to have breakfast. My breasts were firm enough to go without a bra, but I did have nipples that tended to explode outwards at the first sign of turn on, and when I entered the kitchen and greeted Robert and saw his eyes widen at the realization that I wasn't wearing a bra, my nipples did exactly that and Robert's face immediately took on that look from the day before, that half reverence, half lustful look - and I loved it.

The next few days seemed to follow the same pattern. I'd take a shower, walk semi naked back to my room while Robert feasted his eyes on my naked ass, then I'd put on some sexy or semi revealing clothes and wear then around him for the rest of the day, turning him on like crazy and turning myself on as well, but things never stay the same for long, and on the fifth day, the Friday, they changed quite dramatically. It started off the same, I walked naked from my room to the bathroom and started my shower, but only a few minutes into my shower the bathroom door opened and in walked Robert, holding a towel in his hand, but otherwise completely naked! "Oh, I'm sorry mom" he blurted out, "I didn't realize you were still here", but he made no attempt to leave and no attempt to turn away either. I never bothered with the shower curtain, having it closed made me feel claustrophobic, and I was facing the door at the time he walked in, so he was now feasting his eyes on my naked body from the front for the first time. Once again I could have covered up or pulled the curtain shut, but I did nothing, just stood there and let him look, and even though it all happened in a fraction of a second, it seemed to happen in slow motion, and I watched his eyes drink in my ripe, firm breasts, then drop to my juicy pussy, then return to my breasts. At the same time I was feasting my eyes on his naked body for the first time since he was a small, and marveling at the man he'd become, using the excuse of the water cascading over me to lower my head so he couldn't see the hot hunger that had come into my eyes as I gazed at his gorgeous cock! And as the seconds ticked by it started to get even more gorgeous! thickening and lifting slightly.

Afraid he might suddenly become aware of his thickening cock and rush out with embarrassment, I smiled at him and responded to his opening words, "Well I am still here as you can see, and a long way from finishing, but since you're here anyway, why don't you do my back for me" I said, and not waiting for a reply, turned my back to him and held out the piece of soap behind me. There was a moment's hesitation and I didn't think he was going to do it, then the soap disappeared from my hand, and in a slightly gruff voice he said "Do you want me to do the whole back or just the top?" I grinned to myself. "All of it please" I answered, and bent forward slightly to give him good access. He began at my shoulders and then moved down my back, rubbing the soap on to his hands first and then rubbing his hands over my back, and it felt good. A fast, perhaps, but good, but when he reached my waist and started to move below onto my ass, the tempo slowed considerably, I shifted slightly, bending more from the waist and opening up my legs a bit, and his hands seemed to move into a hypnotic caress mode rather than a wash mode - and I was on fire!

He seemed to spend much longer on my ass than on my back, but I wasn't complaining. I was loving his touch, loving the way it was making me feel and I had great difficulty holding back the low moans that were threatening to erupt from me. Eventually, however, I guess he felt he couldn't linger there any longer and moved on down the back and the outside of my legs all the way to my feet, then moved slowly back up again, this time along the inside of my

legs. The significance of that didn't strike me until he reached the top and his hands were gently stroking my inner thighs, and quite accidentally of course his thumb would brush ever so briefly across the lower section of my pussy. I nearly jumped out of my skin the first time it happened, and he quickly stopped and moved his hand away, but it soon came back, and this time my knees seemed to dip a bit of their own volition so that his thumb brushed over even more of my pussy. God, part of me was wishing desperately that he'd just ram a finger deep inside me!

I knew then, that it was time to call this to a halt before I made a complete fool of myself and exploded. So I waited for his hand to move away slightly and I straightened up, exclaiming "Mmm, that was really lovely Robert, anyone would think you've been practicing." That brought a rather nervous sounding laugh, and I turned around to face him, understanding immediately why he was totally red faced and looking almost haunted. He was sporting a massive erection!

God, I was stunned - and incredibly excited - to see how big and thick his cock was, it was absolutely beautiful! As good, or even better than any cock I'd seen before, including his father's, and I was shocked with the sudden realization that I wanted it! Wanted his beautiful cock in my mouth and in my pussy! But I didn't show any of this in my face or in my eyes. In fact I didn't even indicate that I was aware of his erection at all. I smiled at him and thanked him and told him that I really enjoyed him washing my back and perhaps he'd like me to do the same for him in return. I thought for one horrible moment that he was going to pass out, he went so red, then he mumbled a thanks but no thanks, and I moved around him, still smiling at him and grabbing my own towel walked to the door, where I turned once more before leaving "Perhaps I can do your back for you some other time, I'd really love to" I said, putting a lot of extra meaning into that, then turned and left.

Although I went through the ritual of wearing sexy clothes and flirting with him that day, all I could think of was the sight of that glorious cock, so big and thick and how it would feel sliding into my pussy, it's even possible I was turning myself on a lot more than I was him! But any thoughts like that went completely out the window just before Jeff returned from work. I was standing at the kitchen table getting the food ready for dinner, when Robert walked in. He came right up behind me, slid his arms around me and said "I know I shouldn't say this, and you'll probably be very angry with me, but I can't hold it in any longer. I think you're the most beautiful and sexiest woman I've ever seen!" His words went through me like a bolt of lightening and I felt my pussy start to tingle. "You don't really mean that Robert" I finally managed to gasp. He groaned and his hands inched up and actually cupped my breasts, sending fire racing right through them. "Oh yes I do mom, oh I know I haven't seen many women" - a slightly nervous giggle came from him - "certainly not like I saw you this morning! But its more than seeing, it's about how you make me feel" he said. I gulped, suddenly feeling very dry in the throat, and his hands continued to move slowly over my breasts, turning my sensitive nipples into veritable bullets trying to pierce my T-shirt. "How do I make you feel, Robert?" I asked hoarsely.

He groaned loudly, and his lips brushed across my ears. "Oh God, mom, you turn me on so much, I just want to reach out and touch you and..." He groaned again as his hands gripped and squeezed my breasts. I waited a moment until his grip eased, and then I turned around, forcing him back a step. I could see the hunger and the lust in his eyes and I wondered if he could see the same in mine, because that's how I was feeling. I placed my hand on his chest, and just for a moment moved it in a caressing motion, then I reached up and brushed my fingers over his lips. "Your father will be home soon, so we'll have no more of this sort of talk" I said. "Thank you for what you said, and for what you did this morning and just a few moments ago, it's been a long time since a man has touched me with such gentleness and with such desire, or even looked at me in that way. I know your coming into the shower wasn't an accident" - he had the grace to look a abashed - "but I didn't mind because I like you seeing me like that, and I liked seeing you naked too" Now he looked quite stunned. "And you weren't the only one turned on! We've always been pretty honest with each other which is why you felt you could tell me what you were feeling, what you were desiring, and I'm being just as honest with you! Yes, yes, it will happen because I want you sexually every bit as much as you want me!"

He looked totally stunned, and he looked even more stunned when I said "Your father will be going to the baseball game tomorrow, are you going with him?"

"No, I was intending to stay home" he said. I smiled, and reached out and cupped my hand over his bulging cock in his shorts, then slid it further down to cup his heavy balls. "Good, then bring this gorgeous bat and these delicious balls to my room and we'll see how many bases you can fill, how many home runs you can hit. I can promise you one thing for certain, you won't be striking out tomorrow!!" Then I turned and walked out of the room, leaving a very horny, very puzzled and very excited son behind as I went to change into something more discreet for my husband's homecoming.

Then it was Saturday and Jeff had gone off to the Baseball game, and there was no sign of Robert. He'd left before I'd got up and hadn't returned, perhaps my honesty had totally freaked him out, perhaps I'd gone too quickly and frightened him away.

Then he was there! Standing at the kitchen door, a flushed of face. "I'm sorry mom" he said, "I just couldn't stay around this morning, every tick of the clock seemed to be taking an hour, I couldn't stand the suspense." I grinned and walked across the room and slipped my arms around his neck and kissed him for the first time, a slow, deep kiss that started gently and ended up passionately, then I pulled away. "All that matters is that you're here now" I said and slipped my hand down to cup his hard cock. "And I see you've brought your bat." He grinned hotly, and brushed one hand across my breasts, then down to press against my pussy for the first real time. "And I see all your bases are loaded and ready to go" he said. "Ready, willing and able" I growled teasingly, taking him by the hand and leading him to my bedroom, where I kissed him deeply and passionately once again, and within the context of that kiss we managed to clear the field of all obstacles, and totally naked, collapsed onto the bed.

For a moment we lay apart, gazing at each other's naked bodies. Robert telling me what gorgeous tits I had and me telling him what a gorgeous cock he had. Then we began to manually explore each other's bodies, but we'd already been building for this for too long, since that first accidental meeting outside the bathroom, and he wanted to be inside me, and I wanted him there with a desperation I could hardly believe.

So a few moments later his cock was nudging the lips of my pussy, then edging slowly inside. Oh God, it felt so good, so thick, so hard, so hot, and watching it sliding into my pussy drove me wild, and then the hotness and tightness of my pussy around his cock was driving him wild, and he was thrusting faster and faster, deeper and deeper. "Oh yes, Robert" I cried out, "that's so good. Fuck me Robert, fuck me good. Mmmm yes, so good, deeper, harder, oh, I want you so much, fuck me, fuck me!"

And he did. Ramming his big dick deep into my pussy, almost bouncing me off the bed, and I lunged up to meet every thrust. "Oh Momma, oh Momma" he cried out. "You're so hot, so tight, I can't hold back, oh God, I'm fucking you, I'm ramming my dick up your cunt hole. Oh God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming." And with that yell, his cock exploded, shooting gallons of hot cum juice deep into my pussy, filling me to overflowing, and I was exploding too. My pussy pouring molten lava onto his thrusting cock, and he kept on thrusting and thrusting. His cock not seeming to diminish in the slightest, and once again I exploded in an orgasm, and then again. Oh God, it was such a long time since I'd been fucked like this, and I couldn't deny it, there was an extra element, an extra thrill, knowing it was my son's cock pounding into me, my son's cock bringing me such ecstasy!

Well, we didn't quite touch every base that afternoon, there was one I was holding out for later. No one had ever fucked me in the ass, but I knew Robert was going to, and he knew it as well. It was our promise to the future, sometime, his gorgeous cock was going to pop my ass cherry, but only when I said so. In the meantime, I promised him as much sucking and fucking as he could handle. Maybe more than he could handle, because I'd rediscovered my own hunger and horniness, and if I wasn't going to get satisfaction from my husband Jeff, I thought at least this way I was keeping it in the family - but Robert had different ideas, as I found out the following Saturday when he turned up for his game - with a spare pitcher!! but that's another story.

A Bad Day

What a day! I get to wake up to a corrupted file system, a crashed computer, no OEM for my OS CD to restore, a lost report, and a longing for sexual relief. However, I didn't know that it would eventually turn out better.

It all started when I woke up this morning. I had been doing some rather important school-work on my computer and grew tired, so I saved and let the program run all night. And when I woke up, my computer was frozen and refused to boot into Windows 98. I tried to salvage the information through another OS on a separate partition, but to no success.

Distraught that I had no report for my literature assignment due that day, I went and took my usual morning shower. This time, however, I accidentally walked in on my beautiful 20-year-old sister, Marian. She's a very shapely woman, though not too tall at 5'9". She has beautiful, long, blonde hair and a body to die for. Her curvature is astonishing as her 35C breasts take shape, going down her slender body and curving lusciously at her hips, to her perfect, full, firm buttocks. Her breasts firm and lightly tanned, her areolas just larger than silver dollars, and her nipples large and very, very pink. I don't think I've ever seen a more exciting a sensual body in my life! Moving to her blonde muff, cleanly and neatly shaved except for a small path above her woman-hood. As I stood there staring at this magnificent site, she looked back toward me and screamed.

"Aaahhh! What the hell are you doing there Jim?!" She exclaimed in a slight tone of embarrassment and confusion. I turned my head and replied, "Oh, shit. I'm sorry Marian... I wasn't thinking straight. My report got lost and... I wasn't expecting you to be home today. What are you doing here?"

She drew her breath as she wrapped a towel around herself and blurted, "My ex fucking boyfriend Ron was cheating on me, so I left that son of a bitch and asked mom if I could stay home from school." I kept my face hidden as she said, "It's okay, you can look now. I'm decent, not that you didn't enjoy your little show."

I just stood there with my face beet red, sweaty and flushed with an all out hardon and replied, "I really am sorry Marian. I... I..." my words ended as I was too horny to explain myself. She stood there tapping her foot as I just kept my face, and cock, hidden as best as I could. She finally speaks up and says, "Well, you wanna get out of my way so I can get some clothes on? I'd rather not stand here and watch you hide your face and hold your crotch while I'm standing in a fucking towel, you prick." And with that, I simply move away and began walking shamefully to the closet to get a towel. When I returned to the bathroom, Marian was collecting the rest of her things and stormed past me while muttering under her breath, "Pervert."

Now with all of this that just happened, I'm aroused, guilty, and fascinated. I had never seen my sister as the full-blown hotty that she is! I couldn't keep my mind off of the wonderful display I had witnessed this morning. All I could think about was how fucking perfect my snotty older sister had become.

So, now I'm heading home from school after getting in shit loads of trouble in several classes for day dreaming. And to add insult to injury, I have to face Marian when I get home. What a fucking drag. My feelings are already hurt, my self-confidence is destroyed, and worst of all, I think I'm getting a case of blue balls. As I slowly drag myself home, I notice something. Mom's car is still gone and there's another car at my house. So I walk in like I always do and look around, assuming it's one of Marian's friends when I hear, "You fucking son of a bitch! Get the fuck out of here now! I don't ever want to see you again! You got that?!" followed by the loud crash of a door slamming and glass breaking. Marian was screaming at someone, so I dropped everything and ran back towards Marian's room. I stop as I come to the door and open it. Marian is sitting on her bed crying her eyes out as this guy tries to walk past me.

I stand in his way and ask; "Who the fuck are you, and what the hell did you do to upset my sister so much?" He answers, "I'm Ron, and I just told your bitch of a sister that I've been cheating on her for almost a month. How do you like that, tough guy?"

I cock my head side to side, look him dead in the eye and say, "You know something, Pal? I don't like your attitude. So I suggest you get the fuck out of here before something really goes bad."

He looks back at me and says, "Fine with me, you just gotta get out of my way." So I move aside to let him through and exclaim as he walks towards the door, "Hey, if I ever hear you calling my sister a bitch again, I'll cut your fucking balls off and feed them to you, got it?"

With that he simply huffs, mumbles something under his breath, and storms out of the house, slamming the door. I walk over to Marian and kneel a little, watching the tears run down her face and listening to her now softening sobs and ask her, "Are you OK? Did he hurt you? Cause if he did I swear I'll.." She cuts me off and says, "No, I'll be okay, and no he didn't lay a finger on me. Thanks for caring for me, and thanks for defending me." and gives me a hug. I return the hug and gently pat her back and tell her, "Any time sis, any time." She asks me to leave the room, so I did.

A few hours later I get a phone call from our parents. Mom and Dad decided to take a weekend retreat and were leaving us the house for the next three days. I thought to myself, "Sweet. Fucking sweet. Maybe I can get a couple of friends to come over and we can watch some movies and shit." So I make a few calls, no luck. It's Friday night, and everyone but me has a girlfriend to party with. So I decide I'll ask Marian if she wants to come with me to rent some movies. As I knock on the door gently, I listen for signs of activity. There is none. So I crack the door a little to see if she's asleep, and there she is. Stretched out on the bed with nothing but a long T-shirt from what I can see. I stare for a couple of seconds and whisper her name a few times. I decide that she's out and get my stuff together to go rent some movies.

Guilty, yet still feeling horny from that morning, I decide to rent a sci-fi horror movie and a porno. I rent Pitch Black, and some porno that looked promising. I get some munchies and a pack of Black 'N Milds and head home. I get out of my car and unlock the door, setting the movies on a small table near the door and tossing my coat onto the sofa. I head back to Marian's room once again and knock to see if she's awake, once again, no answer. So I crack the door open again to see if I woke her and to my surprise, she was still sleeping. I look a little closer and her nightshirt was risen well above her breasts, and I saw her soft cotton panties, her vaginal contrasts perfectly defined by the snug cotton. Bam, instant erection. And God, did it hurt stretching my tight blue jeans. Fixed on her cotton covered love hole, I begin to rub myself a little, then reality hits. I decide it's time to watch that porno that I just rented, not that I needed any more stimulation.

So, I walk awkwardly out into the living room, get the tape, pop it in the VCR, and lounge in the sofa. I fast forward through all of the beginning bullshit until the actual movie starts. So I unzip my pants, turn the volume up a little, and pull my hard 7" out of my boxers. This movie was fucking hot, and I just imagined myself doing that to my sister. I stroked myself slowly as to not blow my load soon. Then I got a guilty, yet very aroused smirk on my face. I knew that thinking of my sister like that was wrong, I'm not stupid. I know what society accepts and what it shuns. Still, simply thinking of penetrating my sister was giving me a guiltful pleasure. I lay my head back on the couch, listening to the moans the woman is making on the movie, and stroking myself. I'm just getting ready to shoot my wad onto myself when I hear footsteps and a gasp. I stop and shoot up while turning my head to see what it was. Fuck! It was Marian! And there I am, standing there with a hardon, my hand around it, and looking at my sister. "Oh no." I thought. "She's going to fucking freak and tell everyone, shit! God fucking damn it all!" To my surprise she just stands there, staring at my swollen organ. "Quickly! Say something!" I thought. Then she goes, "What are you doing, wait, don't answer that." and giggles a little.

Wham... what a fucking pain. My heart falls through the fucking floor and I stand there with an embarrassed look on my face and say, "Err... uhhm... Marian... uhh... you're... I mean, you can't be... I... uhhh... I thought you were sleeping?"

She just stands there, eyes fixed on my crotch and says, "I was, I heard something and came to see what it was. Then I find you here with a porno on and your friend in hand."

Now I realize I still haven't put it away, so I quickly tuck my dick in my pants, zip them up, shut the movie off and eject it. I turn and look back at her and say, "Marian... I can't explain

this. I just... fuck, I... I can't explain anything right now, excuse me" and start rushing to my room. I close the door and lay face down into my pillows. I just stay there, really hot and really embarrassed. Suddenly I hear a knock at the door. "**Knock* *Knock* *Knock*... Jim.. Can I come in?" Marian queries.

"If you're going to try to make me feel any worse about this, no!" I exclaim, face still buried in my pillows. Marian opens the door and walks in, closing the door behind her and softly says, "Jim, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to walk in on you like that. Why do you have to do that anyway? You're cute enough, you should be able to get laid."

Grumbling, "Jessica broke up with me and I haven't gotten laid in two months, apparently she spread a bunch of rumors about me and now none of the girls will really talk to me, much less date me." I reply. Softly she says, "Really? Wow... What a bitch. Look, Jim, I didn't mean to call you those things or yell at you this morning either. I was just so embarrassed and surprised that I simply went off. Can you forgive me?"

With a slight sigh of relief, and some self-confidence restored, I reply, "Yeah, no problem. If you don't tell anyone about... uhmm... you know. My length, or lack of it." Giggling, Marian replies, "Jim. 7" isn't really small. You're pretty well endowed, if I do say so myself. And I won't tell anyone anything you don't want me to. I promise."

Slowly I roll onto my back, sit up and look her straight in the eye... "Really? You think I'm well endowed?" With a shy grin and sly expression she blurts, "I sure do. I wish my boyfriends had cocks even close to the size of yours."

Feeling quite a bit better about myself, I look at her and decide I need to let her know what got me into that ordeal to begin with. So I look at her and ask her to sit next to me. She carefully, yet promptly, sits next to me on my bed as I begin to explain. "Marian. I don't want you to get freaked or anything; I want to be honest with you. And most of all, I don't want to destroy our relationship. So, please don't think poorly of me for what I'm about to tell you." I said. She sheepishly replies, "OK. What do you have to tell me?"

With a deep sigh, followed by another I gather enough courage to blurt. "Marian. After I saw you this morning, I couldn't stop thinking about how drop dead sexy you are. I couldn't stop thinking about your body, and envying everyone who's ever slept with you. Then before I rented the movies, I snuck a peek at you and rented that porno to fanaticize. After I got back, I checked to see if you were awake yet and stared at your breasts for about five minutes. So I went out there to relieve what had built up, so to speak." I quickly cover my face and mutter. "There, I said it. Please don't hate me, even though I know you already do now."

She smirks and pats me on the back and whispers to me, "I've got a secret for you, too. I've snuck peeks at you while you were masturbating before, it turned me on. In fact, I was standing there for a while before I made any noise." With a confused expression and a once again raging boner I ask, "R... re... really? ... But... You said in the bathroom..." Cutting me off she says, "Like I said, you embarrassed and startled me. I've had a secret attraction to you for a while now. I used to fanaticize about you while I'd masturbate. I thought you'd never accept me as a woman, rather than your sister, but judging by that cock or yours I was mistaken."

Embarrassed yet smirking I bashfully tell her, "I only thought of you as my sister until recently. Then all I could think about was how bad I wanted you."

Slowly she leans over and kisses me. My lips meeting her subtle, full, luscious, red lips. It was bliss, all I could do was sit there and let her lips touch mine. She began to probe my lips with her tongue, slipping it between them once and a while. Marian certainly was a skilled kisser. I finally gathered a little courage and began to return the favor, this was all that she needed and she opened her mouth to mine and her tongue darted in. Wrestling my tongue, then me wrestling hers. She held one side of my face as she leaned on the bed with me. I slowly began to get bolder and let one of my hands to begin exploring her body. Running it through her hair, down her cheek, along her back and finally down to that oh so perfect ass. She continued to prolong the kiss as her hand left my cheek and went to my thigh where she began to rub. My dick was throbbing and so constrained by my jeans that I begged her to unzip them before it got bent or something. She unbuttoned my pants then slowly unzipped them.

Relieving my aching member from the constraints of them and leaving it only constrained by my boxers. She began to run her hand to my swelled love tool and caressed it. I moved my hand below her smooth buttocks and slowly began to pull the back of her T-shirt up. She quickly reached back and grabbed my hand while smiling. She stood up and pulled the shirt off. "Are these the breasts you liked so much?" She said as her twin 35C's stared at me, pink nipples at full attention. Meekly I nodded, as she sat back down and looked deep into my eyes and gently whispered to me... "Go ahead, take me. I'm yours." With that I placed my hand on her left breast, gently cupping it and lifting it, twisting that hard pink nipple and circling it with my index finger. "Hhhmmm... That feels good." She responded. I positioned myself to get my lips closer to her huge, young, firm breasts, and began to lick them. She began to run her fingers through my hair as I licked and suck her left nipple, eventually moving to the right one, trying to give them both equal attention.

"Oh yeah... mmm... oh, lick my nipples. Suck them, devour my tits!" Marian moaned.

I slowly worked my hand over her wet, cotton covered muff and began to massage it while she played with my stiff cock. Forgetting any second thoughts I had I began to move my hand under her now soaked panties. She softly moaned and asked me to get undressed, so I did.

I quickly undressed while she took her panties off and lay on my queen-sized bed. I position myself next to her and began tongue lashing her nipples once again. "Ohh... Yes... more... unnnngh..." she moaned as my hand began rubbing the love button nestled between her legs. My tongue assaulting her full breasts, my hand pleasing her hungry snatch, her hand tugging at my cock. I looked into her eyes and smiled as I said, "Get toward the edge of the bed, spread your legs, and lay on your back."

She complied without hesitation, then said: "You ready to give that beautiful cock to your big sisters hungry hole, are ya Jim?" I replied, "Almost, I've got a few things planned first." She just smiled and rested her head as I positioned mine between her legs. The smell alone was almost enough to make me cum right there. I stared into her waiting cunt, then moved in and began to lick her swollen nub. "Ohh... ohh God yes... mmm... I like that! Oh yeah, eat your big sister out! Make me cum on your face, Jim!"

Marian moaned excitedly as I gave her swollen clitoris a tongue-lashing. Traveling her soft, puffy, pink, sweet vulva, tasting her sweet love juices and then beginning to tongue fuck her while tracing her clit with my thumb. "Ooohhh yes! Oh God it feels so good! Oh Jim! Don't stop! Please! Don't stop!" She gasped and moaned as my tongue and thumb worked simultaneously at her muff. Her breathing became heavier and she began to buck her hips wildly. I worked furiously to meet her wriggles and bucks, then she began to moan louder.

"Ooohhh! Oohh yeah! Ohh, eat me Jim! Oh fuck yes! Eat me Jim! Eat yor big sister! Oh God I'm cuuummmiiiiinnng!!!" Marain screamed in ecstasy. I could feel her pussy trying to milk my tongue, her sweet fluids oozing onto my tongue and me greedily lapping them up. She bucked and writhed wildly until her orgasm began to subside. When she caught her breath enough she went, "Fuck me, Jim! I need that cock in me! Don't make me wait anymore! I want your cum mixing with mine!"

I got up and she slips up on the bed, I crawled over her and positioned myself directly above her opening. With one hand, I probed her soft, steamy slit until I began to slip in. Inch after inch became buried deep into her steamy cunt. My dick twitched and throbbed at the feeling of her tight, hot pussy. Her vaginal walls like fine velvet along the shaft of my dick. Her muscles grabbing it, trying to pull it in further. "Give it to me Jim! Fuck your big sister hard!" She cried, so I shoved the last 3 inches of my cock into her hot fuck hole. She moaned with joy as we were finally united. I knew I was going to shoot my load into my sister. I knew it was wrong, but I didn't care. All that I wanted to do was fuck her until we couldn't move. Slamming my hard cock into her, and withdrawing rapidly, then back into her. Our bodies colliding making a slapping sound. Moans filling the empty house. Love juices seeping from between us, sweat rolling from our bodies, her muscles twitched and contracted as if they were trying to milk my hard dick for all it was worth. I looked into her eyes as my body began to shake and yelled "Oh God yes! Oh sis! I'm cuming! I'm cummming!"

And I began to shoot my seed deep into her throbbing snatch. My dick pulsing with each squirt of sticky semen. My ass twitching and writhing. She wrapped her arms and legs

around me, holding my tight into her body. Swear rolling off of me as my orgasm subsides and the last bits of my jizz are milked by her greedy cunt.

Breathing heavily I collapse next to her. She looks toward me and kisses me and smiles while saying, "That was great, Jim. I love you. I love you so much little brother." I smile and kiss her back and say, "I'm glad you enjoyed it as much as I did. And I love you too."

For the next few minutes we kissed and relaxed, then we both fell asleep, entirely satisfied.

A close Bond

I remember that night in July like it was yesterday. My sister and her husband had separated and I had been helping her with projects around the house like the yard mowing, landscaping and maintenance. I would drive up on Friday night and stay until Sunday afternoon most of the time. She lived about seventy miles away and it was a great place to get away. Plus, I was single, so I didn't really have anything better to do. I figured I could do most anything she needed done better and cheaper than anyone she could find in town. She had a nice, small house way out in the country, miles away from "civilization". I had been up there to help with things three weekends in a row until one Friday night, everything changed.

I pulled up to her house about seven-thirty that evening and she greeted me outside as usual. Usually her greeting also came with a hug and a kiss on the cheek, but this time she kissed me on the lips. Not a quick kiss either; this one lasted for a few seconds. Mildly startled, I backed up for a minute and wondered what had just happened. She just laughed and said, "My, aren't we a bashful this evening."

I almost felt the redness of my face as it blushed out of control. "I just wasn't expecting that," I said. "What's so wrong with a sister kissing her brother?" she continued.

I guess she was right; it did seem harmless. We went inside for a nice steak dinner she had fixed. After dinner we sat on the couch and watched TV for awhile. We were both drinking cold Heinekens to break the heat of the awful summer weather. By ten o'clock, we were both getting a buzz going. All of a sudden my sister reached over, grabbed me, and kissed me passionately on the lips. Again, I was startled. Being a bit intoxicated though, I leaned over and returned the favor. She smiled and stood up in front of me.

I had never really thought of her in a sexual way, but I couldn't keep from noticing what a gorgeous body she had. Firm tits and an ass to die for, she stood there in a pair of skin-tight jeans and a short T-shirt that showed off her cute belly button. She had long dark brown hair and a light complexion. We were eight years apart in age; I was twenty-three, she was thirty-one. "You seem awful surprised by those kisses; would you like another surprise?" she playfully said. I was already too far gone to turn back now. "Go for it," I suggested.

She then pulled off her T-shirt and stood in front of me with just those jeans and a lacy, white bra. Her tits must have been a D-cup, at least. She reached around behind her and undid her bra, letting them bounce free. "What do you think of these?" she inquired.

What could I say? I was just about speechless, but I said to myself, "What the hell?" I stood up and reached out, cupping these perfect tits in the palms of my hands. Sis moaned in delight.

"You know, it's been a couple of months since I have been with a man," she said. "Oh, is that what you call him?" I said with much sarcasm. She giggled at that remark. I couldn't stand my brother-in-law and she knew it. He worked all the time and was never at home with her; that made me angry and that's what drove them to their separation in the first place.

"Oh, that feels so good," she continued to moan. "I'll bet you have a surprise for me, don't you?" She wasn't prepared for my surprise. I had a raging hard-on that was just aching for attention. She knelt down and unzipped my fly as I was still standing. Then, she pulled my jeans down off of my feet and reached up for my briefs. As she pulled the elastic top down, all nine inches of me sprang into view. "Oh God!," she exclaimed, "It's huge". I had always been "popular" with the girls; especially in high-school. I never thought I would impress my sister the same way.

At that moment she began to lick and stroke my massive cock. She would put the head just inside her mouth and caress it ever so gently. "Ah, that feels great," I said. "This is nothing compared to what waits for you, brother," she said passionately. She continued to stroke and lick my cock, but still never really sucking it. She was just being so gentle and loving; I almost couldn't stand it. "Let's go to the bedroom," she said in a warm tone in my ear. As we walked down the hallway, I knew this would be the hottest night of passion I had ever experienced; I just had an awesome feeling. My cock began to swell even more and it felt like it was about to burst at any second. We stood in front of her large wall mirror and

tongue-kissed for what seemed like hours and all the while, she continued stroking and teasing my endowment.

She turned her back to me, with my cock pressing against the ass of her jeans. I reached around her and undid her button and zipper. Her jeans fell to the floor. When she stepped out of them, I slid my hand down the front of her white lace panties and began to massage the great wetness between her legs. She began to moan with excitement as I fingered at her swollen clit. I was so turned on by my fingers brushing through the mound of soft brown hair that covered her pussy. All at once, she wheeled around and grabbed my arms and dragged me over to the bed, throwing down on my back. My cock was standing straight up like a telephone pole. She crawled on top of me and pushed me into her wet love canal. She had the tightest pussy I had ever felt. It was like the finest velvet, caressing every inch of my manhood.

"When you are ready to come, tell me," she said. I figured she was worried since we weren't using any protection. As she rode my cock like a bucking bronco, I started to feel a guilty. I wondered if I had pushed her into a weak moment that she would regret in the morning. I wondered if this would ruin the close bond we had always had. "Your cock is sooo big," she began to moan. "I've never been fucked like this." I had to agree; I hadn't been laid in two months, but this was the best sex I had ever had in my entire life. I maneuvered her over on her belly, and then assumed the doggie-style position. Her pussy juices were pouring out all over the bed. I could feel myself getting close to a climax as my balls began to tighten and tingle with a burning sensation as I continued to pump away at my sister's warm pussy. I lasted for ten more minutes after slowing down to savor the moment.

"I'm almost there," I shouted in hot anticipation. Hearing that, she pushed me out of her and slammed me on my back again down onto the wet sheets of our passion. Then she did just what the doctor ordered. She took my glistening shaft in her mouth and began to suck it hard; sucking off all of her own juices in the process. Her mouth was even hotter than her pussy had been. I had never had such an awesome blowjob in my life and I could tell she really enjoyed it. I could also tell she had practiced quite a bit. I could feel the pressure in my balls building and I knew it wouldn't be long before it was all over. She sucked for another five minutes, which seemed like hours, and then my cock erupted.

My cum started gushing into her mouth like a water-hose. She kept right on sucking and pumping as my cum filled her mouth. Occasionally, in between spurts, she would pull my cock out of her mouth and let my cum shoot all over her beautiful face. Then she would stick it back in her mouth and suck it like mad. My cum kept flying out in long, white ropes; gushing like the geysers at Yellowstone Park. She sucked and milked me completely dry. Some of my juice had escaped her lips and dribbled down onto my balls. She licked all of it up. It felt like I had cum a gallon's worth. "Your come tastes so sweet," she said, as she licked the remaining drops from her fingers, "It's just like honey."

I had just fucked my sister and it was mind-blowing. Even better, she loved it too. We soon fell asleep in each other's arms. I awoke the next morning to another incredible blowjob. This time, it was real soft and sweet; she didn't suck it hard like before. She licked and stroked my big cock and when I told her I was getting ready to cum, she made me squirt it all over her face and her huge tits.

Then she took me in her mouth again and began to suck me until I was hard again. She must have sucked my cock for a good twenty minutes before I blasted another load of my "honey" in her sweet mouth. "How are we ever going to stop this, brother?" she said.

I was in complete love. There was only one problem; it was my sister. Guys aren't suppose to have feelings like this about their sister. Was something wrong with me? But how could I let the best cocksucker in the world get away? That evening, we got in bed again and she laid down, flat on her back and put my cock between her big tits. As I slid my cock between her tits, she would lick the head of it every time it reached her mouth. I could feel the surge of cum building in my balls again. I started jerking my cock for all it was worth and Sis opened her mouth wide to catch her treat. When I came, it splashed all over her face, in her hair, and on her tits. Then she took my cock in her warm mouth and sucked out the last of my juice. I had never seen a woman so "hungry" for cum.

When I got ready for the drive home on Sunday, I said, "What about your husband?" She quickly replied, "Oh, I don't think he will be coming back now". I felt the bulge in my jeans start to grow again. "Before you go, I have one more thing for you to do," she said with a smug grin on her face. As I stepped back inside, she pushed me down onto the couch and unzipped my fly, pulling my cock free yet again into her hot mouth.

"You really enjoy this don't you?," I asked. "Don't you?" she said. "I love the taste of your come. I have never tasted come as sweet as yours. I could suck you forever".

I guess now that is so; I didn't drive home on Sunday and we both called in sick for work on Monday and Tuesday as we continued to explore our great new relationship. Every session ended the same way, with my sister gulping down a load of my hot, creamy cum, and sucking every last drop out of my cock. I have since moved into that country house, but I never get much work done; we are always too busy doing what we do best. And I have changed jobs so I don't have that seventy mile trip anymore; I work right here in this town and Sis and I pose as the perfect married couple.

Brian and Amanda

Brian held his breath as he peered inside his house from behind the tree row. He dared not make a sound, lest he draw attention to himself... and to what he was doing.

He never imagined that after his nightly jog through town he would find himself where he was. He definitely preferred running at nighttime. It was cooler, there was less traffic on the streets, and he had noticed one additional benefit: the ability to see inside people's houses late at night. He had, on more than one occasion, caught a glimpse of someone walking around naked inside their house. He had even managed to spy upon a young, beautiful lady in the heat of self-pleasure.

He had damned near tripped over his own feet that time. He had just rounded a corner in the secluded Whittington Oaks residential addition. It was roughly midnight, and all the other lights on the street were dark already, so the light coming from a side window of a lovely Cape Cod had caught his eye. As he approached the house, he had taken notice of the light, and gazed into the window.

He realized that he was looking into the bedroom window, as he could see a large dresser, mirror and bed. He was about to continue jogging on by when his eye caught a movement. As he slowed his pace, he saw a flash of long blond hair that tapered down to a tanned, round ass and thighs. He blinked, thinking that he was hallucinating, but when he opened his eyes, she had turned around, giving him the full Monty view of her pussy. Brian stopped dead in his tracks.

Looking around for anyone else who may have been watching, he saw no one. His hands were trembling, his breath still heavy from his run. Curiosity and adrenaline got the better of him, and he silently glided into the yard beside the house. There was a small fir tree about eight feet away from the window, and he crouched behind it. What he saw inside kept his attention like a moth to a flame.

The blond woman he had glimpsed was completely naked. She was young, probably late 20's to early thirties, and absolutely stunning to Brian. She had huge, high breasts with dark brown nipples the size of silver dollars, which were standing out from her tits at full attention. She was moving around in her bedroom, obviously preparing to go to bed. She had left the window open, and the cool air had obviously tweaked her nipples into full alert.

Brian felt a stirring in his jogging shorts, followed shortly by a straining feeling against the fabric. As he continued to watch the girl in the window, he could hear her humming to the stereo in the background. She closed her eyes and started to gently sway with the song, moving her tanned hips back and forth. She began to run her hands up the sides of her body, leading a trail from her hips up her rib cage, then across the underside of her luscious tits. As her fingers trailed under her nipples, she reached up with her thumb and forefinger and began tweaking her nipples.

This had gotten Brian way too excited by this point. His cock was practically ready to let itself out of his shorts, and by this point he had been lightly stroking it absentmindedly. Not being able to stand it anymore, Brian pushed aside his shorts and let his cock spring free. It was already leaking precum out of the tip, so he began to slide his hand up and down, spreading the lubrication all around.

As he continued to watch the girl in the window, she had gone from lightly tweaking her nipples to roughly pulling on them with her right hand. Her left hand had slid down to her cunt, which Brian could now see was completely engorged and aroused, topped off with a pubic mound that was nicely trimmed into a "V" shape. She began to rub and pull faster, and Brian could tell that she was about ready to cum. He began to pull on his cock, matching her movements with his stroking.

Finally, the girl leaned back against the dresser and began to plunge two fingers in and out of her dripping cunt. She began to moan, increasing her tempo and intensity on her motions, until finally she threw her head back with a scream. She quickly removed her fingers from her cunt and ground them against her clit, and as Brian watched her bring herself to the brink of an orgasm, he too was about ready to explode. What he saw next he never forgot.

About 5 seconds after she had taken her dripping fingers out of her cunt and began to rub her clit, she suddenly spread her legs and gripped the edge of the dresser with her free hand. She screamed out, and suddenly Brian saw a gush of liquid came squirting out from her pussy in a stream that went about 2 feet out. She began to shake her blond mane back and forth, continuing to gush out an amazing orgasm that lasted for a half-minute.

This was too much for Brian - he had heard about women having squirting orgasms, but seeing one right before his eyes pushed him over the edge. He felt his balls tighten, his breath catch, and then his own cum started shooting out. He was cumming so hard that he almost fell over when he had squeezed out the last drop of his juices. He caught himself of a branch of the tree, but in that process, it snapped another branch. The blonde lady suddenly stood up and looked around at the sound. Brian quickly stuffed his still swollen cock back into his shorts and sprinted back to the street, taking a path leading back in the direction that he had been coming from. He risked a quick glance back at the girl's window to see that she was walking over to her window to peer out, but by that point, Brian had become a shadow in the night.

Brian had kept up with his voyeuristic activities since then, and had never gotten caught. However, nothing had really matched the intensity of that night until tonight.

Since Brian had come home from his second year of college for the summer, he had noticed that something had changed about his sister, Amanda. At some point, Amanda had gone from being his annoying, bratty sister to a more mature and attractive creature. She was 18, a senior, and was heavily involved in school activities. She, like Brian, also enjoyed running, so she had the smooth, supple body of an athlete. Amanda had also been blessed with long, straight dark hair that came to the middle of her back and piercing green eyes, almost the color of jade. Her teenage skin blemishes had cleared up finally, and her self-confidence was strong enough that she carried herself in a more mature manner.

She had gone to pick up Brian at the airport when he had come back from college, and he almost hadn't recognized her, the change had been so drastic. In fact, when he got off the terminal ramp, his eye had been drawn to the long, dark mane, thinking about what a hottie that one must be. When she finally approached him, his jaw almost bounced off the tarmac when he realized it was his own sister. She had run up to him, seeing the expression on his face, laughing!

She gave him a big hug, and kissed him on his cheek. As she pulled slowly away, his mouth was still agape. She asked him if he had recognized her, and Brian told her that he had noticed her, but he didn't realize that it was his sister when he did! She smiled, gave him another kiss on the cheek, right beside his mouth, and said that she was glad to have surprised him. She also said that she would have to ask what was running thru his mind before he realized it was her someday. Brian blushed, gave her a crooked smile, and told that she didn't want to know. She grinned back at him, held his gaze for a few seconds, and told him not to be so sure about that.

From that point, Brian had been very aware of Amanda's newfound image. He found himself sneaking glances at her when she would come in from her run. She would come back to the house, her long dark hair tied back in a pony-tail with a few wisps of hair that had become stuck to her long neck. She usually wore a t-shirt, and it would be completely soaked by the time she returned, so that her nipples would pop right out once she stepped inside the air conditioning. He could tell by his furtive glances that she had huge nipples, as they would stick out through the sports bra, through the t-shirt and still stick out about a quarter of an inch. Every now and then she would catch him sneaking a peak, and she would just smile and walk into the bathroom for a shower. Brian went to bed more and more often thinking about his sister's new spirit and sensuality, then when the image of her rock-hard nipples jutting out entered his mind, he would jerk himself off, sometimes twice.

He would imagine his sister, naked in front of the mirror, just like his first encounter that night long ago. He imagined himself caressing and kissing every inch of her body, burying his face in her pussy, making her come all over his face like the blond lady had done. However, he had never had the opportunity to see her naked yet, although he began to think more and more that his sister wanted him to see all of her glory. That brought Brian to where he was tonight.

Amanda had left on her run about an hour ago, and he had been sitting outside, drinking a beer. Their parents had gone on a weekend getaway, so Brian and Amanda had the house to themselves.

It was almost dark by the time she came jogging up the sidewalk. She stopped and began to walk around to cool down. She saw Brian and walked over to him. She put one of her long legs up on the step beside him and began to stretch out. Normally, she wore spandex running shorts along with a t-shirt and an athletic bra, but tonight he noticed that she was wearing regular shorts. When she put her leg on the step beside him, his eyes were automatically drawn to her shorts, which were now exposing her crotch. He realized that she was not wearing any underwear, and that he could see her pussy not 12 inches from his face. He could also smell her scent, a mixture of sweat, musk and perfume that caused his cock to stir once again. He quickly took another drink of his beer and glanced up at his sister's eyes.

She smiled and held his gaze for a few seconds. She had a knowing look in her eyes, perfectly aware of what she had just done. She then pulled off her t-shirt, leaving just her sports bra covering her nipples, which were standing straight up in the cool night air. Brian's cock was almost fully erect at this point, so he just kept his knees bent in front of him. Amanda said that she was going in to take a shower, and Brian just smiled and nodded.

About five minutes later, Brian heard water running in the downstairs bathroom. This was odd, because Amanda usually took her showers upstairs. That, and the window downstairs, even though the bathroom faced into a row of trees, was always closed. Realizing that he was hearing water from the outside, he quietly walked around the edge of the house to the bathroom. His breath caught as he realized that Amanda had opened the window.

Brian, his pulse racing, made the decision. He quietly snuck over behind the row of trees until he could see the bathroom. As he looked inside, he saw a vision like no other sight he had seen before. His sister, Amanda, was absolutely beautiful, he realized at that moment, and she was standing completely naked in front of the window. She briefly stuck her hand in the shower, and was still waiting for the temperature to come up, Brian thought.

He had been right about her nipples - the areola were about the size of a quarter, but the nipples themselves were standing straight out about a full half-inch. Her tits were large and firm, swaying only slightly as she moved around the bathroom. Brian marveled at his sister's body even more. Her ass was perfectly round, tanned... and no tan lines. And her pussy had a small patch of neatly trimmed dark hair. She was smiling, for some reason, and she went back to check on the water temperature again. It must still not have been right, because she didn't climb in. She began looking into the mirror at herself, Brian noticed, and then the incredible happened.

Amanda took her hands and began running her fingers around her nipples. She stroked around the edge, grazing her fingers across the buds sticking out. Brian could see that she was getting really aroused, as she began to get flushed around her neck and chest. Amanda then trailed her left hand down to her cunt and began stroking her clit lightly, back and forth. Since the window was not far away from the trees, Brian could hear the sound of her moaning, along with the wet sounds of her fingers sliding in and out of her hot, quivering mound.

Brian realized at that moment that he had a rock-hard erection, and that he had to do something about it. He pulled his cock out from his shorts and began to gently rub the head. He also took a step forward to get a better viewpoint.

By this point, Amanda was on the brink of her orgasm. She was rubbing furiously over her clit, and her fingernails began to dig into her nipples. Her breath was coming in gasps, her eyes closed with concentration. Brian took another step forward, out from behind the tree. As he did, he stood there, sliding his hand up and down his steely rod, staring at this incredible vision of his sister. He closed his eyes briefly, enjoying the sensation he was feeling on his cock, when suddenly he heard his sister stop moaning.

His eyes snapped open to find Amanda standing at the windowsill, staring at him working his cock. He stopped, speechless, caught. Amanda looked deeply into his eyes, then at his cock, then back at his eyes. She smiled, then she asked if Brian liked what he was seeing.

This snapped him out of his silence. He stared her straight in the eye and told her that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Amanda paused for about a half second, leaned forward out of the window, and told Brian to come inside right now.

Brian raced inside, tripping over the steps to the house, finally reaching the bathroom. Amanda opened the door and stood there in front of him, completely naked and her breath heaving. She said not a word, but reaching for him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. Brian received her tongue in his mouth like it was meant to be there, and he began to run his hands up and down her back and buttocks. He squeezed her tight ass, and she moaned in delight. Brian began to kiss down her neck and around to the other side.

Slowly, Brian began to slide his tongue down her chest to her firm tits. She was cooing and moaning and he, at long last, took one of her enormous nipples in his mouth for the very first time. He ran his tongue around it, biting it gently. She grabbed the back of his head and held it against her and he continued to nibble and suck on his sister's tits. His hand drifted down to her pussy, fingers tracing the wet folds that awaited him there. She was so aroused that her juices were practically dripping on his hand. Taking his mouth briefly off of her rock-hard nipples, he looked Amanda in the eye.

She returned his lust-filled gaze, smiled, and asked her to eat her out.

Amanda leaned back against the vanity, spreading her pussy lips apart with her fingers. Brian could see that her clit was as large as her nipples, and was sticking out from the wet folds of her perfect pussy. He knelt in front of her, and ran his tongue from the bottom of her slit up to her clit. She shuddered on top of him, and grabbed his head, pushing him deeper into her hot cunt. She smelled both sweet and musky, and it was the most arousing scent Brian had ever known. He buried his face in his sister's pussy, licking and sucking like a ravenous animal. She squealed and moaned with ecstasy, and thru her heaving, gasping breaths, she told him to stick his fingers in to her.

Brian was completely under his sister's spell by this point, so he took two fingers and slid them into her dripping cunt. He began to slide them in and out quickly, at the same time keeping up his licking and sucking of her clit. Amanda's eyes rolled back, and she began to arch her back, sticking her titties straight out. Brian reached up with his free hand and began to pull at her nipples again while continuing to lick, finger and suck Amanda's cunt.

Suddenly, Amanda's cunt began to tighten around his fingers. She screamed for him to take his fingers out and lick her clit as hard as he could. Taking out his fingers, he doubled the intensity of his tongue strokes on her clit. He glanced up for a moment to find Amanda staring at him through a lusty haze, smiling. Her breath started to come in gasps, and she cried to Brian to look for a surprise.

At that moment, Amanda began to scream, grabbing his hair. As he continued to lick her clit, he felt her pussy swell underneath his mouth. All of a sudden, a gush of liquid came shooting out of his sister's pussy, spraying all over his face and hands. Within a split second, he realized that it was not her peeing, but her having her own squirting orgasm. In the back of his mind, he remembered the blond in the window having the same kind of intense orgasm, and now his very own sister was coming, gushing her love into his mouth. He was so turned on that he buried his face in the stream to continue licking and sucking her for full two-minutes, until she grabbed his head and told him to stand up and stick his cock all the way into her stomach.

Brian stood, his rock hard cock standing straight out. She grabbed it and guided into her convulsing pussy, groaning with pleasure and Brian buried himself to the hilt. There was no time to be wasted, as she began to grind her hips against his cock. He returned the favor, pumping his cock in and out of his sister's pulsating pussy. He looked up at her and they started kissing voraciously, tongues intertwining while Brian's steely prick was banging all the way into his sister's cunt.

He felt her pussy beginning to tighten again, and began pumping his sister even faster than before. Her eyes locked onto his, and she wrapped her legs around his waist and he rammed his cock into her cunt over and over again. Finally, he felt the walls of her cunt start to pulsate, and he felt another rush of her warm, gushing cum beginning to shoot over his cock. Kissing his sister, he took his lips away from hers only long enough to scream with

pure ecstasy as his cock began to pour his hot, steaming cum deep into his sister's womb. Their juices began mixing, her orgasm shooting out and his cum shooting in, lasting for what seemed to be an eternity, until they finally slumped together on the vanity, panting and gasping for breath.

As Brian looked up into his sister's beautiful face, she gazed lovingly back at him, stroking the side of his face with her fingers. At that moment, they realized that they loved each other more than ever before... and that they still had two more days left in the weekend...

My Sexy Sister Nicole

This is a true experience which happened 5 years ago now. I hope you enjoy the story as much as I did the experience. Please feel free to email me with your comments. I welcome any reviews, especially from female readers. My sister Nicole was the sexiest thing I ever saw in my life, growing up in a small household proved difficult with just my mum and my sister. My mum and dad had broken up a year before this experience took place, leaving me growing up in a household of women.

My sister was eighteen at the time and I just was fifteen. I had always been a small kid and people always thought I was about a couple of years younger. My sister Nicole however, was every guy's dream. She had long blonde shoulder length hair big blue eyes which you could just stare at all day, and what a body! She had a body like a porn star, built for fucking! I reckon she must have been at least a 34C-28-34. I cannot remember the number of times I had jacked off over her each night, it must have easily run into the hundreds and hundreds, she was a Babe!

I would sometimes look through her bedroom keyhole and see her getting ready to go to the gym. I could never see any further down past her breast's which would always annoy the hell out of me, as the keyhole was a funny shape. Although sometimes I would catch a glimpse of her perfect stomach, which was tanned a golden brown and had absolutely no fat at all. How I fantasized about what her pussy looked, smelled, and tasted like, I bet she had a beautiful pussy just like the rest of her body.

I would always wait impatiently for Sis to come home from the local gym and take a shower. Luckily for me she would never take a shower at the gym, as she said the women there would always stare at her. If you saw my Sis you would know what I mean.

Sis would always get undressed in her bedroom and wear a dressing gown into the bathroom leaving her sweaty gym gear in a pile on her bedroom floor, along with her dirty thong panties. I would wait for her to lock the bathroom door and would then run greedily into her bedroom and pick up her dirty panties, which would still be wet and sticky with her freshly coated pussy juices. I would lock myself in the other bathroom downstairs and sniff at her panties savoring the sweaty fishy smell for as long as I could, before greedily lapping at the insides, which would be covered with her deliciously sticky pussy juices. I would always lick them until they were clean, taking precious care not to miss any of her juices. I would then always have to hurry back and make sure I replaced her panties before she finished her shower, otherwise there would be hell to pay!

Nicole also had the most perfect breasts I had ever seen. They were both the size of a pair of large melons, each one perfectly round and perfectly formed with nipples that looked like small bullets. They would always bounce up and down when she came running down the stairs, even when she was wearing her sports bra. Mmm, how I fantasized about freeing those titties and sucking each one greedily in my hands. Little did I know that all my fantasies were going to come true very soon!

It was October the 5th and it was Nicole's nineteenth birthday. She was going out that night with her friends from high school, about ten of them altogether. I heard them talking about going to some new nightclub in town, and how they were going to find her a sexy guy. Believe me my sister didn't need any help in getting men, men just drooled over her where ever she went. She had just broken up with her boyfriend Mike about 3 weeks before, so her friends were going to find her a new bloke. I thought to myself, it's going to be some lucky bastard's night tonight, little did I realize that the lucky bastard would be me!

My mum had also made plans to go out that night with her boyfriend Dave, who was picking her up at 9.00 PM. My sisters friends would be coming round at 9.30 PM to pick my sister up, so it would just be me on my own tonight. I decided to jack off to some porn videos as soon as my mum and sister had left, so I didn't mind being on my own.

I went into the living room and sprawled out on the sofa in my shorts and T-shirt, which is what I normally wear around the house. About 10 minutes later my mum came down, "Are you sure your going to be all right on your own tonight honey?" "Yes mum", I replied as she walked into the living room. She was obviously making an effort for Dave tonight, she was

wearing her tight black outfit, and looked really sexy. "You look nice mum", I replied. "Thanks honey, I thought I'd better make an effort as Dave's taking me to a really posh restaurant tonight". Yeah, I thought I bet that's not all that's going to be on the menu tonight. "Remember if there's an emergency or something call me on my mobile, ok?" "Yes mum", what on earth could go wrong in one night I thought? "I might be back late honey, so don't wait up ok?" "Ok", I replied.

I heard a horn sound outside as Dave pulled up in his new BMW, "Dave's here mum!" I shouted, "Yes I know honey! Remember to call me if anything happens," "Yes mum" I replied, now go! She kissed me on the cheek and then left through the back door. Thank God! I thought, another ten minutes and my sister's friends would be here. I would finally be able to jack off to my porno movies, my cock was starting to twitch at the thought of it.

What the hell is Nicole doing I thought, she must have been in her room for about an hour and a half. What seemed like eternity, I finally heard her bedroom door open and footsteps as she came down the stairs. I pretended to be watching TV as she casually walked into the living room. The sight that greeted me was enough to shoot my load there and then! My sister was dressed like a slut on heat!

She was wearing the sexiest outfit I had ever seen! She was wearing the shortest black figure hugging skirt which I had ever seen, barely covering her perfectly tanned round ass. It started to ride up her cheeks as she bent over to pick up her earrings off the table. As she bent over, I caught a glimpse of the smallest and skimpiest white thong I had ever seen, riding up her ass cheeks & hugging her pussy as if it had been sprayed on. Christ! I thought I would love to stick my tongue in there! I definitely won't be watching any porno movies tonight I thought to myself! The sight of my sister gave me an instant boner, which I quickly covered by grabbing a cushion and shoving it over my dick. Luckily my sister didn't see anything.

"So what you doing tonight squirt?" my sister asked playfully. "Just watching telly, nothing much" I replied. Little did she know that my evening would be spent jacking over her in her skimpy skirt and sexy white thong!

It's a shame you're not eighteen otherwise you could have come out with me and the girls, now there's a thought, my mind started having images of her friends, some of who were absolute horn babes, just like Nicole, God I would love to fuck them all!

"That's all right sis" I replied maybe in a few years time. "Ok, I'll take you up on that" she replied smiling her beautiful white smile back at me. As she walked over to the window to see if her friends had arrived, I couldn't take my eyes off her gorgeous hour glass figure, her skirt looked like it would tear off her ass if she sat down! It left nothing to the imagination. As I tried to tear my eyes away from her ass, I looked down at her beautiful long golden tanned legs, which just seemed to go on forever. The fact that she had high heels on made them look even longer! God how I would love for her to wrap her legs around my neck; it would be pure heaven. I would have given anything to see her beautiful pussy, let alone fuck her! The only reason my friends came round, I'm sure was to see my sister. The house seemed to be packed in the summer with my friends, especially when sis was wearing her little hot pants and bra.

I desperately needed to go and jack off over sis, and couldn't wait any longer. "I'm gonna take a shower sis," I said as I got up off the couch trying carefully not to drop the cushion which would have otherwise exposed my raging cock! "Ok squirt", she replied.

I made it into the bathroom and threw the cushion concealing my raging cock to the bathroom floor. I pulled off my T-shirt and shorts and my circumcised cock immediately sprang out pointing towards the ceiling, all 7-inches of it. I turned on the shower and immediately jumped in. Straight away I started to wank myself silly over the sight of my sister in her sexy outfit. After about 10 seconds I started to groan and shot a thick creamy load onto the side of the shower curtain. God that felt good.

I quickly rinsed off my spunk from the shower curtain, careful not to leave any evidence behind. Just as I stepped out of the shower I heard my sister shout, "I'm going now squirt!" "Ok!" I shouted back, have a good time, which I'm sure she knew she was going to have, as she was dressed like a slut!

I threw my bathrobe on and went down stairs into the living room again, it was all-quiet just me on my own. I pulled out my porno video, which I had carefully hidden beneath a loose floorboard under the fireplace, and stuck it in the video player. I watched the video for about an hour, whilst jacking off a few more times and decided to call it a night. I carefully hid my porno video back under the fireplace making sure it was out of sight, if my mum had ever found it there would be hell to pay! I trundled upstairs to my bedroom and crashed out on my bed. I dozed off for what must have been a few hours.

I awoke later on to the sound of a car pulling up outside. I looked at the clock on my bedside table, it said 3.15 am. I pulled off my duvet and walked over to my bedroom window, I looked outside and saw my big sister being held up by two of her friends, one under each arm. She looked pissed out of her head, and her friends were finding it funny as sis found it difficult to stand, let alone walk.

I crept out to the top of the landing and listened quietly as I heard the front door being opened. I heard one of my sisters friends say, just put her on the couch, you don't want to wake her mum and brother up. With that I heard the door shut quietly and laughter as her friends got into their cars and drove off. I went back to my room and laid down again, it must have been about 10 or 15 minutes later when I thought that's odd, I haven't heard sis come up to her room yet. I crept back onto the landing and went to my sister's room, she was not there, she must still be down stairs I thought to myself. I quietly crept to my mum's room and opened the door a little, my mum wasn't back either. I crept down the stairs quietly and made my way to the living room, the curtains were still open and it was a full moon. I looked around until my gaze fell on the couch, what greeted me was the sexiest sight I have ever seen, my cock within seconds sprang to life and popped out of my bath robe which I was still wearing.

Sprawled out on the couch was my sexy sister, she was lying down length ways with one hand across her face, the other lying on the floor. Her legs were parted slightly with one lying half on the floor near her hand, and the other over the armrest. I looked down at my throbbing cock I had never seen it so big and red, it seemed to be moving up and down on its own accord. I grasped it with my left hand and gently moved my hand back and forth taking in the beautiful sight before me. I looked down at my cock as I felt some pre-come ooze out, which I quickly rubbed back into the shaft.

I crept over quietly with my cock still in my hand over to sis, I knelt down by her face and pushed aside her blonde hair. "Sis" I said quietly, there was no response. I moved closer to her face and was overcome by the strong smell of booze, she was seriously pissed. I shook her gently by the arm, which then fell to her side. "Sis" I said a little louder this time, still no response. I removed the bathrobe which I was still wearing and was now in the nude, my thick cock just inches away from my beautiful sisters face. I patted her gently on the face and still there was no response, just to be on the safe side I slapped her face gently to which I heard her mumble softly in a slurred and drunken voice.

This was a dream come true! I looked towards the ceiling and said out aloud "Thank you God!" My sexy sister was sprawled out in front of me absolutely pissed out of her head and I could do what ever I wanted to her. My cock was starting to ache with pleasure now, as I fantasized about what I could do to my big sister.

I gently pulled the couch forwards and went round the back, it was one of those couches which could be used as a spare bed. I unhooked the clamps at the back and let the back drop out. Moving round the front, I pulled the couch forwards a little more until the back hit the ground with a thud. I looked back at sis to make sure she wasn't waken up by the noise, good I thought, she was still out. I grabbed one of her legs and moved sis around so she was lying down with her legs facing me and her arms sprawled out behind her head. I still could not believe my luck, there she was in her sexy skin tight mini skirt I had seen her wearing earlier that evening, still wearing her high heels.

I moved up towards sis and patted her on the face again, still there was no sound. I then started to unbutton her blouse my fingers trembling as I undid each button slowly, from fear of waking sis up. There before me confined in her sports bra were the most beautiful tits I had ever seen. I moved my hand carefully underneath her back and undid the strap holding her bra together, I heard it pop open easily. Pulling the bra down, I gently moved each arm

out from underneath the strap and tossed the bra on the floor. My sister's tits were absolutely beautiful and tonight they were all mine. I cupped each breast in each hand and gave them a squeeze, they felt nice and firm and were perfectly round just like a pair of large melons. Her workouts down the gym were definitely paying off I thought.

I bent down and placed my mouth over her left breast running my tongue around her nipple whilst sucking it greedily. I massaged the right tit with my other hand. I carefully watched her face all the time just to make sure she didn't wake up. I carried on sucking each breast greedily in turn for about half an hour, before I decided to move up closer. I placed a leg over each side of her waist, in a kind of squatting position. My cock looked like it was going purple and needed to be seriously relieved very soon. With my cock in my hand I massaged my sister's beautiful tits with my swollen purple head, one at a time to start with, then both together.

I then cupped each of her breasts and pushed them both together to make a mound. I then proceeded to slide my aching cock between each tit, as if I was fucking them. I carried on for as long as I could before I shot the thickest jet of come I had ever seen all over my sister's beautiful tits, I groaned out aloud in pure ecstasy. I quickly moved back down again and greedily massaged all of my spunk into both of my sister's tits. I was surprised at just how much of it there was, it was very sticky and creamy, but after a few minutes it was all massaged into sis's tits.

I crawled off sis and knelt on the floor again, the best was yet to come I thought greedily, my friends would give their left nut to be in my position now. I placed a hand on each of sis's tanned golden thighs and moved my hands upward towards her pussy, hitching up her mini skirt in the process. I parted her thighs gently and froze as I heard sis mumble again. "Its ok sis" I said quietly, your baby brother is going to fuck you like the slut you are. With that I moved my hands towards her skimpy waistband holding up her white thong panties, and slipped a finger under each side. Gently I pulled down the skimpiest thong I had ever seen, just barely big enough to cover her pussy. I pulled off her panties and placed it to my nose, I sniffed it greedily. It smelled exquisite, a fishy, tangy and sweaty kind of smell all in one. Whatever it smelt like it smelt delicious and good enough to eat, now I realized why my friends always joked about a woman's pussy smelling like a fish. But I didn't care it smelt divine to me, my sister must have been dancing all night to get this hot and sweaty. I ran my tongue down the inside of her panties tasting the sticky contents, it tasted delicious a sweet and tangy taste, I licked at it greedily until her panties were clean.

As my gaze turned down towards sis, I gasped in shock and amazement!, Sis had a shaved pussy! I couldn't believe it, my big sister actually shaved her pussy! Of course I absolutely love a shaved pussy, but I had to admit , it was the most beautiful shaved pussy I had ever seen. And I had seen quite a few in porn mags and in my porn videos, I felt like I had died and gone to heaven!

I grabbed sis's left leg and placed it on my left shoulder, I grabbed her right leg and spread it out a bit more. Her pussy seemed to open up like a juicy flower, with beautiful pink lips and a slightly darker shade of pink inside. Without wasting any time I greedily moved my mouth towards my sister's hot juicy pussy glistening in the moonlight. I stuck my tongue inside and ran it up and down the length of her shaved pink wet slit. It tasted sweet and tangy, and smelt slightly fishy, to me it tasted absolutely delicious! . I lapped at her pussy greedily for what must have been at least an hour, drinking her sticky pussy juices like an Ethiopian who hadn't eaten in weeks. I stopped every once in a while when sis started to squirm around, when she stopped squirming I greedily carried on lapping her sticky pussy, savoring the tangy sweet taste until my mouth and chin was dripping wet and sticky. Sis tasted delicious! It was like tasting the forbidden fruit, I was addicted to eating my sister's beautiful pink pussy. While eating my sister's pussy, my cock had sprang back to life again and was once again bursting to be relieved. I stood up and said out aloud, I'm going to fuck you now sis, good and hard you slut! I quickly ran upstairs into my bedroom and pulled out a pack of condoms I had hidden in my wardrobe. I grabbed a pack of six and ran back down again. Good, sis had not moved she was still in the same position, legs spread open, tits hanging out. I knelt down again between her tanned thighs and pulled a condom out of the pack. I carefully unwrapped it and proceeded to pull it over my aching cock. The condom was very tight over

my cock, as I had never seen it soo big! Then again how many men get to fuck their sexy slut of a sister!

After a few minutes of fiddling around, I finally managed to slide it over the entire length of my aching cock. I carefully moved closer towards sis's slippery wet pussy, and gently guided the head of my throbbing cock towards the entrance of her pussy. To my surprise my sister's pussy was unbelievably tight! Gently I eased my aching cock inside, an inch at a time and then pulling back, and pushing back in again. My sister's pussy felt beautifully velvety and warm, and very slick with her pussy juices still overflowing from her cunt. Eventually after about 5 minutes, I had all of my 7-inch cock buried deep inside my sister's sticky, juicy pussy. I was in pure heaven as I slowly pumped back and forth greedily savoring the warm sticky sensations around my cock. Gradually I built up the pace, I watched her face anxiously in case she started to wake up, surprisingly sis remained in her drunken slumber. Thank you girls for getting my sister soo pissed! I said out aloud. I pumped back and forth harder and harder, it felt soo good being inside my big sisters pussy, it felt like a tight warm slippery glove wrapped around my cock. I was in heaven! I never wanted to pull my cock out, I didn't care if she had woken up! I carried on fucking sis for what must have been a good 15 minutes looking at her face and down at my cock, covered with her sticky juices. It suddenly dawned on me that sis had probably been fucking Mike as well (her ex boyfriend). I looked down at sis greedily and a wicked thought entered my mind, one which almost made me shoot my load there and then.

I stopped fucking sis, and slowly but reluctantly pulled my cock out of her sticky pussy. I look down at my cock, which looked huge! The condom was covered with her delicious sticky juices. I quickly ran upstairs and went into sis's room, I turned on the light and looked around her room. Quickly I opened all of her drawers in her dressing table and her wardrobe, please, please, I thought to myself let sis be on the pill.

Jumping over the bed, I pulled out the draw from her bedside table and looked inside, still nothing, where would she put it I thought? Just as I was about to go into the bathroom something caught my eye stuck to the back of the bedside table on the inside. And there it was! A packet of birth control pills sellotaped to the inside where no one could see. I was in heaven my mind started to race, as I knew I could fuck my sister without a condom on and not have to worry about getting her pregnant! My mind went wild at the thought of it, my cock instantly started twitching like mad and started to ache painfully.

I ran back downstairs two at a time, almost tripping over the last step. Sis was still there, she had moved around though so she was now on her side, Shit! I thought, I'm gonna have to move her again without waking her! Slowly I knelt down in front of sis, gingerly I pulled her right shoulder around and she flopped down on her back again. With my other hand I parted her legs again to make way for my engorged and aching cock.

This is it I thought! I finally get to fuck my sister properly! My cock started to ache like mad, I could feel the spunk in my balls building up and wanting to be released. Kneeling between her thighs, I tried to pull the condom off my cock, it was very tight and slippery. In the end using both my hands I managed pull it off, it was on soo tight. As I pulled it off it made a loud snap noise. I threw it to the floor and greedily guided my unprotected cock towards my sister's hot juicy pussy.

I eased in the head gently, God! It felt soo good, my sister's pussy was soo slippery and warm, I couldn't wait any longer and plunged all of my 7 inches deep inside her. I didn't care if she woke up! I fucked sis like a wild animal, I held both her arms down forcefully as I fucked her hard, God knows how she didn't wake up! I fucked and fucked her like mad. I could smell a slightly fishy aroma in the air from her pussy juices combined with my cock juices which drove me mad and I fucked her even harder. This was it, I was starting to come. I could hear my thighs slapping against her bare pussy, and a loud squelching noise as my cock pounded in and out of her tight slick pussy.

I grabbed each of her ass cheeks and with one huge plunge stuck all of my 7 inches inside her pussy as deep as it would go. At the same time I pulled her ass cheeks towards me penetrating her pussy all the way to my balls. With one loud groan I emptied my balls deep into my sisters hot sticky pussy. For some unknown reason I bit down hard on her shoulder as I shot my load deep inside her. I was in pure ecstasy and was amazed that I managed

not to wake her! I came several times inside sis like a bullet out of a gun. Each time I pushed my cock inside as far as it would go, all the way to my balls making sure every last drop went deep inside her beautiful pussy, god it felt good! I never wanted to pull my cock out ever again. I really didn't care if she was on the pill, I would have loved to get my sister pregnant.

I lay on top of sis breathing heavily for what must have been about five minutes, my exhausted cock still buried deep inside her. I looked up at her beautiful face and thanked God that her friends had got her so utterly pissed. I slowly pulled my semi-erect cock out from her hot sticky pussy. I looked down and saw my cock glistening with my sisters pussy juices, it was a beautiful sight to see. As soon as I pulled my cock out of sis, what seemed like gallons of my spunk poured out freely from sis's pussy. God it was a beautiful sight!

I just lay there looking at my sister and could not believe that I had finally got to taste her delicious pussy and fuck her in the same night! I quickly picked up the white thong that I had thrown on the floor and wiped sis's pussy with it, trying to clean up as much of the mess as I could. With great difficulty I then managed to put her sports bra back on, which seemed to be a size too small, but eventually I got those beautiful tits back in and buttoned her shirt back up. I sniffed her panties once again and devoured the fishy tangy smell that was coming from them. I decided to keep them for myself as they were covered in her pussy juices and tasted delicious. Carefully I pulled sis's skirt back down which barely covered her pussy and ass, and grabbed a blanket from the cupboard which I threw over her. Good I thought, she didn't wake up once and I had finally got to act out all of my fantasies in one night! What more could a guy ask for? I knew my sister would never let me see her in the nude, let alone eat her out and fuck her in one night! I knew that this was definitely a one off and would never happen again, but still I had her soiled panties to remind me of the experience.

I grabbed the used condom off the floor and also put it carefully in my bathrobe pocket along with her panties, so I could sniff and jack over it in the morning. I looked back at sis for one last time and then quietly made my way to my bedroom before mum came back. I fell into bed exhausted and didn't wake up till the morning. I didn't hear mum come in that night, but she came into my room in the morning with my mug of hot chocolate and asked if I had a good time last night. I just replied yes, but little did she know that I got to fuck the sexiest bitch in the whole world, her daughter, my sister! If mum ever found out I knew that I would definitely be disowned from the family, but I didn't care, I finally got to fuck Nicole.

Nicole woke up later on in the afternoon, "Did you have a good night sis?" I asked, "Shut up squirt!" she replied. I've got a fucking headache, and I'm sore down there she said pointing to her pussy. "Well it must have been a good night then" I replied. With that sis got up and went upstairs to take a shower, she didn't say anything about the fact that she had no panties on. Maybe she thought she gave them to some lucky guy in the night club, little did she know that I had them under my pillow, still fresh and sticky with her delicious pussy juices. Unfortunately, I never did get my sister pregnant that night, a month went by and she obviously had her period, otherwise all hell would have broken loose. As my mum is not the kind of person to take things like this lightly.

As for me, I still jack off over my sexy bitch of a sister every moment I get. She is still the horniest and sexiest bitch I know. I sniff her panties every night and jack off over them, I can't wait till her next birthday. I just pray that her friends will take her out and get her drunk so I can fuck her brains out and eat her delicious shaved pussy again. Who knows?

Dan and Bonnie

Dan stopped the lawnmower and wiped the sweat from his brow. If any of the girls from his school had seen him, they would have been impressed. Clad only in shorts, the 18 year old had a lean, tan body - well muscled in an athletic, non-bodybuilder way. His wavy, dark brown hair set off an open, handsome face. All in all, a package that you'd think would have the girls all over him.

But, Dan was a quiet, studious type, whose lack of self confidence caused others to tend to overlook him. Oh, he had plenty of friends, but no one would have considered him to be one of the popular group in school.

As he prepared to restart the lawnmower, he looked towards the house where his year-younger sister, Bonnie, was sunning herself. Dan felt a wave of confused emotions. This weekend was the first time their parents had trusted the two of them to be home alone. However, they made it clear that the teens had to show their responsibility by taking care of a list of chores. Dan was hard at work on his, but Bonnie was lazing away in the sun.. If she didn't do her share, both of them would suffer.

There was another cause for Dan's confusion. For years he and Bonnie had been extremely close. His friends couldn't understand how he and his sister got along so well, never seeming to fight. But he felt having his sister for his best friend was the most natural thing in the world. So he had been shattered when, about a year ago, Bonnie suddenly started treating him like he was some kind of dork. She began hanging out with a wild crowd and put him down as totally uncool. While she was smart enough not to let her grades go in the tank, she no longer joined her brother as a regular member of the honor roll.

Shaking off the remembered pain of her seeming betrayal, Dan resumed his work. He finished cutting the lawn and switched off the mower. "I thought you'd like some lemonade." Startled by the voice, Dan spun around. There before him was an incredibly beautiful, sexy girl in a tiny bikini, holding out a glass of lemonade. Dan felt his cock begin to stiffen, then felt embarrassed as he suddenly realized it was Bonnie. He had always been vaguely aware of the fact that his sister was pretty, but in the surprise of the moment he had for the first time seen her as just a woman, rather than as his sister. Like Dan, Bonnie was tall (about 5'8" to his 6'1"), tan, and slender. Her legs were long and firm, with well turned but not excessively muscled calves and full, well formed thighs. Her little bikini top clearly revealed her nicely shaped breasts. She had a very pretty face in an all-American girl next door way, and while her dark brown hair was currently pulled back in a pony tail, Dan knew it was long, shiny, and silky, with just enough wave to keep it from hanging too limply. Like him, her green eyes were an attractive complement to her dark coloring. Now he understood why his friends were always awkwardly asking about her. She just might be the best looking girl in the school.

"Sure, thanks!" Dan quickly began to drink the lemonade to cover his unease. He hoped she hadn't noticed his physical reaction. "I know we need to do our chores or Mom and Dad will never let us stay here alone again. I'm sorry I was just laying around while you were working so hard. Still, I thought the chores would go faster if we helped each other rather than just doing our own. No, don't say it! I don't expect you to help me with all of mine, since you've already done so much of yours. But if I could help you out here this afternoon, then I'll take care of most of my cleaning this evening and you can relax and watch TV"

Dan didn't quite know what to say. He wanted so badly to believe that this was the Bonnie he had known all his life rather than the hurtful girl of the last year, but was afraid to let his guard down. Still, what she said did make sense. "Why don't you help with the weeding while I trim the hedge? I'll just put the mower away and get out the tools."

"No, I can wash off the mower for you and put it away. Consider it the first installment on working together. Go get the tools and by the time you get back, I'll be ready to help."

The rest of the afternoon was amazing to Dan. He felt so warm inside to have his sister helping him out. Yet, he was bothered by the strange new feelings that kept hitting him. When he glanced down at Bonnie where she knelt pulling the weeds, the tiny swimsuit was all but unnoticeable. It was almost like a naked girl was kneeling beside him. He

wanted to rearrange his half hard cock, but didn't want her to see him, or to leave a telltale mark of dirt on the front of his shorts.

Finally they were done. Bonnie smiled at him and said, "I think we both really need a shower." "Go ahead, I'll put away the tools."

"Okay!" Bonnie trotted off to the house. He couldn't believe how good she looked as she moved, nor how he could be having these thoughts about his own sister. Just when she seemed ready to reinstate their friendship he was likely to drive her off with lewd looks and lustful thoughts.

As he entered the house through the patio door, Dan suddenly stopped short. There, lying in front of him, was the top of Bonnie's bikini. He slowly turned and locked the door, then walked forward and picked up the top. Unthinking, he lifted a cup to his face. He could still feel the warmth of the breast that had so recently filled it. His knees shook slightly as he started to climb the stairs. Then he was brought up short again as he recognized the other half of her suit lying on the step above him.

He picked up the tiny panty and raised the crotch to his nose. As he breathed in the musky scent his cock rose to full erection. In a daze, he noticed that the shower seemed much louder than usual. When he reached the top of the stairs he understood why. The bathroom door was wide open. He stood, stunned, in the doorway, still holding the swimsuit in his hands. He could see the blurred shape of his sister's body through the shower door.

Suddenly, the shower door began to slide open. Before he could think to jump away, Bonnie stuck her head out. "Hurry up and get in here before the water gets cold! And just throw my suit and your clothes in the hamper. I'll need to start a load of laundry after we're done." Her head disappeared back into the shower and the door slid closed.

Dan couldn't believe it! Had Bonnie actually asked him to shower with her? And what did she mean by "after we're done"? Done with the shower? Or done with something else? He couldn't think at all, but zombie-like walked forward. He pulled down his shorts and underwear in one motion, his turgid cock leaping free. He was momentarily embarrassed by the thought that she would see it, but then took a deep breath and, quivering from head to toe, stepped into the shower.

Bonnie's back was toward him. "Take the soap and wash my back, please!" He began to rub the soap over her soft shoulders and her smooth back. A short lean forward would have allowed him to look down her front, but he refrained. Reaching the small of her back, he paused. "Keep going! I got so sweaty that every inch of me needs to be washed clean!"

He moved down over the globes of her ass. They felt so good sliding soapily under his hands. As he moved towards her thighs, he resisted the urge to slide his hand into her crotch. Washing down her legs he marveled at how perfect they were, how any boy would be ecstatic to touch legs like these. "I think you're ready to do my front."

Bonnie turned around. To Dan's relief, she looked at his eyes, rather than dropping her gaze to his cock. He, however, couldn't resist letting his eyes travel down her body. Her breasts were incredible! Medium sized and perfectly shaped, with smallish brown up pointing nipples that were erect in their centers like two pencil erasers, they reminded him of a model he had seen in some Playboys. He had thought that Joy Behrman had the best breasts in the world, but now felt that Bonnie was in a first place tie.

As he dropped his gaze lower, he was amazed at the sight of her thick mass of black pubic hair. He had gained the nickname "Bush" ever since his own pubic forest had sprouted. Now he saw it ran in the family. He couldn't believe how much sexier it was than the trimmed and shaved pussies he saw in the magazines that he and his friends snuck from their dads and older brothers.

He moved forward and began to wash. Her breasts felt incredible, the hard nipples poking delightfully into the palms of his hands. Her firm stomach quivered slightly as his hands passed over, exciting him all the more. He built up a thick sudsy foam in her pubic hair, then quickly shot the back of his hand across her pussy, still too shy to actually probe with his fingers.. Finally, he washed the front of her legs and feet.

"I washed my hair before you came in. I thought it would make things easier. But now, it's your turn!"

Bonnie turned him around and began to wash his back. He couldn't believe how great it felt to have her hands rub his back, his ass, and the backs of his legs. He began to tremble again as she turned him around and lovingly washed his face. Her hands on his chest and stomach felt even better than on his back. She skipped over his genitals to wash his legs, then returned, carefully washing his scrotum. It was the first time any woman had seen or touched his balls since puberty, but it felt so right that his embarrassment was gone. Finally, she gave a quick wash to his erect cock.

Then she made him bend forward and she washed his hair. She took some shampoo and washed his thick mass of black pubic hair. She turned him around and let her shampoo slickened hands come around his body and take hold of his cock. He could feel her breasts pressing against his back and her pubic fur rubbing the back of one thigh. Quickly, she began to pump his cock, and unsurprisingly, just three strokes brought him to orgasm. He pumped shot after shot of thick white semen against the shower wall. She turned him again, and gave him a deep and passionate kiss. His first, he couldn't imagine that the lips of any other girl in his school could possibly taste so good. Then she rinsed him off, turned off the shower, and stepped out.

Dan followed. He had not noticed the two thick towels when he had come in, but now Bonnie took one and began to dry him from head to toe. When she finished, he took the other and returned the favor. The new sensation of touching her body through terrycloth was as exciting to him as it had been to touch her through soap. Instinctively, he took her earlier kiss as an invitation. His cock stiffened again as he dropped the towel and swept her up into his arms.

For a moment he considered carrying her into their parents' room, and then to hers, but in his inexperience he didn't know if there would be any telltale signs. So he took her to his room. If anyone got into trouble with their parents, he wanted it to be him.

Dan laid Bonnie on his bed. For a moment he just gazed at his incredible sister. Then he leaned forward and kissed her. He let his lips slowly slide down her body. He nuzzled her chin, her neck, and the hollow at the top of her chest. He kissed down between her breasts, then slowly circled them with his tongue, finally arrowing in on her nipples. He sucked each one briefly into his mouth, marveling at the erotic feel of their firmness against his lips and tongue. Now he moved down, nibbling her stomach, skipping her pubic area to kiss and lick her legs. He tried to remember every hint he had ever read in a magazine as he nuzzled and licked the soft skin behind her knee.

Finally, he moved back towards her crotch. Bonnie parted her legs, giving him full access to her pussy. The thick black covering was so sexy, it turned him on so much more than if it were shaved or trimmed. This was the pussy of a woman, not a little girl. Hungrily he dove into her muff, his tongue seeking her labia and clit. He probed with his fingers as he licked and nibbled with his lips. He could feel her juices flowing onto his face and fingers. His heart pounded in lust and passion.

Now he moved back up her body, kissing all the way until he once again locked her lips. Taking his cock in his hand, he probed her pussy with the tip, finally finding the hole. He pressed softly and was rewarded as the head popped in. He slowly eased forward until he was stopped less than half way into her vagina.

Startled, he pushed back and looked at her. He never would have contemplated doing this if he hadn't been sure that she had long ago given her virginity to her wild friends. "Bonnie..."

"Please don't stop!"

"But Bonnie, I didn't know!"

"Oh, don't you understand, Dan? I always wanted you to be my first! That's why I've been so mean to you the last year. I thought because you are my brother, it couldn't be. I wanted you to hate me, so that I wouldn't be tempted. But watching you outside today I felt so full of love for you that I knew I had to have you. I knew I wanted to give myself to you; to let you be my first!"

"But Bonnie, this is the first for me, too! You deserve to lose your virginity to someone who knows what he's doing!"

"Dan, do you really think anyone else could show me more love than you have today? I know it's the first time for both of us - that's what I want - that's what feels so right!"

With that she wrapped her legs around his ass and pulled him towards her. He felt her hymen begin to give way. Now he gave a hard thrust and felt it tear as he buried himself to the hilt. She gave a brief cry of pain, but then smiled up at him. It was the most beautiful smile in the world! Filled with love, he began to slowly pump his cock in and out of her tunnel.. It felt so great! He was happy she had masturbated him to climax in the shower, because he wanted this to last as long as possible. Something inside must have agreed, because he was able to go on and on despite the stimulation of her warm, soft, wet, gripping pussy on his pistoning cock. They kissed again and again as they moved together in their passion.

Finally, he could hold back no longer. He drove in as deeply as he could. Just as his cock began to pulse in orgasm, he was rewarded by the feel of her pussy clenching him as she orgasmed too. Despite his earlier come, he still was able to pump shot after shot of his semen deep into his sister's body. Finally, exhausted, he collapsed on her, their lips linking in one last, tired, lingering kiss. One thing they both knew: this was going to be one great weekend!

Caught by Ana

I recently experienced the most embarrassing moment of my entire life. I've always been into pornography and all that, but it had never gotten me into any trouble until one day.

I was at my house and I had just sifted through my younger sister's lingerie drawer and grabbed the one pair of panties that she owned that really turned me on. They were the sexiest thing I had ever seen and I had always fantasized about seeing my sister Ana in them with her body pressed against mine.

I slipped them onto a blow up doll that I had and proceeded to fuck the doll as if it were my sister. The feeling of those panties against my balls as I had sex with the doll was one of the most erotic things I've ever felt. Thrust after thrust I rammed the doll and moaned my sister's name with each one.

Right as I was about to blow my load all over Ana's thong, she walked into the room. My face turned beet red as we both looked at each other without saying a word. Then she hesitantly said, "What are you doing with that doll and my panties?" I felt so low and I just replied, "What does it look like I'm doing?" She shook her head and left the room. I sat there contemplating what to say to her as I would soon have to face her out in the living room. My fears were alleviated as she said the first words. "If you don't tell me all your other secrets, I'm going to tell all my friends including Jodi, the one you've always wanted."

I replied, "I don't have any more secrets. What you just saw was a stupid impulsive act." Ana grinned slyly and said, "Then what do you have hiding in that trunk in your room that you always keep padlocked?" I tried to lie but I didn't want anyone else knowing what she saw so I was forced to open up my secret trunk for my curious sister. It contained all my porn videos, a few magazines, and my personal diary, which she grabbed right away. That was the one thing that I didn't want her to see because it contained an entire section devoted to her and my fantasies about her.

She perused this carefully and then began to question me. "You really mean all that, don't you?", she asked. "I guess," was all I could say.

Then she said, "I know you're quite embarrassed right now so how 'bout I cheer you up."

"What do you mean?" I said sheepishly. Then Ana grabbed my journal and said, "Since you've written things in here that no one else has ever said to me, I feel I owe it to you to fulfill some of your fantasies for you." I couldn't believe what I just heard but I wasn't going to argue. She led me into the bathroom to take care of step one. I had always wanted to see her with a shaved pussy so she was more than willing to oblige me. She grabbed a pair of shears and clipped her pubic hair shorter.

When this was done, I applied cream and shaved every last area of her pussy bald. I rinsed it off and licked it up and down to test for smoothness. Ana then said, "Knock that off, we'll get there later." Then, she took the yellow thong that I loved so much and placed it at her feet and told me to slip it on her. I did this without hesitation and when I hiked it up past her waist, I gently rubbed her freshly shaven pussy lips right through her panties. She didn't discourage this, so I rubbed her pussy until she felt like moving on to the next step of my fantasy.

After that session, my sister let me live out my next fantasy, which was to massage her while she pleased me. I rubbed lotion all over her body and she made me take my shorts off. I so wanted to insert my cock into her lubed vagina but every time I got close, she would pull away and stroll around the room to tease me with her gorgeous figure.

Finally, Ana looked into my eyes and said, "I've slept with a lot of guys who don't mean anything to me but you're my brother and I love you, so I don't see why we can't have sex."

I agreed. I knew it was wrong, but I wanted to fuck her more than anything in the world so we moved on. She slipped on some silk stockings that went up to her inner thighs and that was all she wore. I got on top of her and we lustfully looked into each other's eyes and began.

I slipped my cock into her and she kept moaning my name each time I pounded her pussy. It was great but I was so aroused that I had to blow my load after about two minutes so I pulled out and shot my cream all over her sweet titties. She began to giggle at the fact that I didn't

last very long, but I told her I had been waiting my entire life for this moment and couldn't hold back.

I laid back and she rolled over on top of me and we embraced each other's naked body and waited until I was able to go again...

Beach

There was a score, no, twenty-three, of us older teenagers, chaperoned by my sister, on the sandy shore. I had the real hots for her, I can tell you - if she was five years older'n me. I saw that she had begun to sniff the air and look odd.

"What'sa matta, Sis? You look sick." I thought she was suddenly dizzy. I really didn't want her being sick so that my party would be spoiled for her.

"Walt, come up to the house with me, soon's we can." she murmured into my hot, hot ear.

"Fake a cut, or a splinter. Then... it would look like I was helpin'..."

"I got ya, Sis," I whispered back, "OK!"

"Oh, hell! I've got a splinter in my foot!" I muttered after a few minutes. "I'm gonna go up to the house to see can I take it out, 'n' put somethin' on it." There was an odd smell in the air, not like marsh gas, but like... sexy sweat, sorta. No one looked up, they were all busy trying to make out.

I started across the beach, limping almost too much. As I passed Sis, she said, "Walt, I'd better help you up to the house; wait a sec". I helped her up and I smelled her damp bikini - and something else; she smelled like summer sunshine, heat and - that odd scent.

Sis "helped" me over the knoll, until we were out of sight in the big house and on the second floor, into the suite Leila and my brother had. They even had their own kitchen and livingroom. Grandmum and Grandad had never let me go in there while my brother was away, but Sis said, when I hung back, "Come aw-n, all I'm doin' is helpin' you get a 'splinter' out of your foot! The bandages are in here. Besides, Gammie and Granda are away for a month, 'n' Gene's out of the country - 'n' it's your party, 'n' I'm in charge, right?" She grinned, and I felt real warm.

"Yeah, Sis, right. Don't think any of the gals and guys'll come up, do you?" I asked, hopefully. She grinned.

"Not with the booze I left down there, they won't. I saw Cherie and Ralph find it and let the rest know! If they want to pee or make out they'll go in the bushes!" The way Sis said that made me think she'd planned this. That got my prick even harder. She was kneeling in front of me, pretending to look for the splinter, I guess, her head down. I could see the tops of her rounded breasts, all but the nipples. She looked up at me, a strange look on her face.

"Walt, I *really* feel sorta - funny. Did you smell anything strange at the beach?" she asked me, licking her lips. I saw one hand sneak to her crotch.

"No - yeah... I did! Sis, it's just... well... are you... kinda... real *bothered*, like me?" I rubbed on the bulge in my trunks - couldn't help myself, I was so horny.

"Yeah, brud," she said, shaking her head, "I am kinda... hot. There was some kinda smell that made me feel really... funny... just before I told you to fake the splinter. So you smelled it?" She leaned even farther forward, her bikini top falling away from her breasts. I could feel my rod pulse with desire. I *know* she did that deliberately.

"Geez, Sis ... God! you have pretty breasts! Can I..?"

"D'you wanta ...? O! yes-s-s.." She slipped off the bra part of her bikini and sat up extra straight. I leaned forward and almost fell off the chair. Sis caught me, hauled us upright, and hugged me real tightly, her hands on my buns: as she did so she rubbed her pubes against me, and she felt my hard-on. She grinned again, really teasing us both, I guess.

"Hmm. Got something there? Pull off your trunks and let me look. God, you're big! Nice! My! Look at it jump! I'm gonna taste it!"

She was kneeling, just like that, licking all around the tip, and great God, how good that felt. I saw that she was fingering herself around the bottom of her bikini again.

"Can I - do sompin' more for ya, Sis?" She took her mouth from me, but held onto the base of my cock. We were breathing hard. "N-not yet, not... quite... yet, but try lickin' me, too, if you want."

That was dumb, but I guess we were both so excited by then that she didn't think that I'd have a hell of a time getting to her tits with her sucking at my cock! Then I had another think about what she'd said. I lowered myself to the floor (Sis didn't stop licking and sucking!) so I could lie down on my back; then I wriggled around and she put her knees on either side of

my chest, still sucking on my prick, and I pulled her bikini strings loose, and her butt down to me. Sis had really nice pubes, with puffy lips. She was already wet as I started to lick her. Her pubes were shaved and I could lick her lips and inside them without hair in my mouth - golly, she tasted good! When I touched her clit, she began to move her hips so that I had to move my head to keep up with her, and that made my butt move... and... she moaned and said,

"God! Walter, I've waited so-o... uh-uh-u-h... I'm comin' a'ready, I'm comin', oo-h, Wal',... that's good, u-h-u-uh!" I felt moistness all over my face and licked and licked at her some more. My prick was about ready to explode when she said, "Turn around, quick, Walt! No matter 'fyuh come in me, the babe'd look enough like Gene... damn' guy can't get a hard-on when he's home!" I didn't realise what she'd said until I had slipped my dong deep inside her, and my tongue was busy wrestling with hers. I pulled back a bit from her face, seeing to my surprise, but with no slackening of the building excitement within me, that she was crying. I licked at her tears, and she suddenly smiled.

"Oh, Walter! You're such a love! Don't tell anyone about Gene cheat'n on me, please! You must like tasting my cunt, 'cause you're really good, you're soft and gentle. Do it some more after we... ohmigod... I'm gonna... again, Walt! I'm gonna ... I... I'm... com'min' a-ga-a-ain ... push hard, bang into me... fuck me... hard... come... ooooooh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh, so go-od," she said, as we climaxed, then finally relaxed in each other's arms.

After a bit she chuckled, "Migod, Walt, we never got off the floor!" and she started laughing. She wriggled herself free of my leg - I was pooped - and helped me up. There was no sign of our activity, thank God.

"C'mon in the shower; remember the splinter? We've gotta wash that off, Walt, my boy ... and a whole lot of other things, too! But you're a damn good fuck, brother, 'f you are only eighteen."

"You know I'm older'n that, Sis! You even gave me a birthday present."

"What? I didn't know I gave you... shoot! I didn't give you any present!" She looked at me suspiciously. The bulb lit, "Aw, you are a tease! Yeah, I guess I did."

"Come on, dry off, I'll put a Band Aid on. Which foot did you limp on, d'you remember? It might get hurt again! You better believe there'll be a next time, buster! You're too good to waste!"

Sis had me a hard on again, just the way she smiled and rubbed against me. She was still as hot and bothered as I. We finally got into our swimming things, although every time I started for the stairs, she kept interrupting me to kiss me, and I kept unfastening her bra to lick her nipples! They stayed hard, still, like my dick. I really wanted to go down on her again, and she must have wanted me to, so we got on her bed and she was sucking me while I sucked on her clit. Took longer, but when we came! Boy!

We had to go back, though. We'd been gone a helluva time, and the other youngsters'd be wondering what we were doing. Actually, they were probably doing exactly what Sis and I had been doing. I think Sis thought so, too, 'cause she grinned a lot as we approached the beach. There was laughter in her voice as she hollered, "Here we come, ready or not!" She broke out laughing, and so did I. "Ready or not!"

Do as Aunty Says

My dad's family has always been close. Our house almost always had one of them staying with us, either his parents from Melbourne, his brother from Perth or one of his sisters who all live here in Brisbane. Sometimes when mum and dad went away for a holiday and didn't want my older sister or me with them, one of dad's sisters would stay with us. I considered this extended family as quite normal until last year, just after my 18th birthday.

Mum and dad were going to Tasmania for one of their 2 week bush walks, and they had asked Aunty Sue to come and look after the place and make sure that we did not get ourselves into too much trouble. My big sister Shelly had had a massive party the last time no one had been around and it had taken weeks to clean up and fix the damage, so this time dad said Aunty Sue was going to 'look after the place'. After Shelly dropped mum and dad off at the airport Aunty Sue laid down the rules, no parties, no late nights and no friends over when she was out. Shelly and I both groaned as we had hoped to have a small pool party the next weekend. Well, all went along quietly (or so I thought), but I noticed that Aunty Sue and Shelly were getting along better than I had ever thought possible.

That night I had to get in the middle of the night for a piss. While I was in there, I went through the laundry basket as I often do, looking for my sister's underwear, the smell sometimes was enough to make me want to jerk off. This time, there were Shelly's undies, and some of Aunty Sue's one as well. Aunty Sue is a lot younger than my dad, and at 26 gets on well with both Shelly and I. Aunty Sue's undies had a large wet spot in them that smelt heavenly! On the way back from the toilet, I stopped by Aunty Sue's bedroom door to see if I could get a peek at the of the body that had made that wonderful smell.

The door was not closed properly, so I pushed it slightly to see what was happening. As I started to open the door, I could see a familiar blond head face down on the pillows, and as I opened it further, I could see that it was Shelly, naked, with her butt in the air. I peeked around the corner, and there was Aunt Sue, naked as well, but with her fingers up Shelly's pussy, and licking her clit.

As I watched the two of them, my cock started to get harder and harder. I had heard of girls doing this, but never seen it. Shelly started to moan louder and Aunty Sue was tonguing her faster and faster. I started to rub my 8 inch cock, milking it slowly but firmly. My cock had never been so hard, and I had never been turned on so much. Shelly started to milk her own tits, circling her nipples and pulling them hard. Aunty Sue placed a finger on Shelly's other hole and slowly started to fuck her from both ends. It was too much for Shelly, she let out a scream and her whole body shook.

Suddenly Aunty Sue's face was covered in liquid, I thought at first that Shelly had pissed on her during the orgasm, but as Aunty Sue started to lick it off and rub herself, I realized that it was Shelly's cum. I couldn't help myself, I moved back out into the hall and beat myself faster and faster. I felt my cum move up my cock and suddenly I was shooting cum all over the wall!

I was scared that either Aunty Sue or Shelly would come out of the room, but I couldn't help it. I moved back to my vantage point at the door. Shelly was licking Aunty Sue's tiny 36A tits, while her own large ones (36DD from her bra size) rubbed the wiry hair over Aunty Sue's pussy. I had a fantastic view of both their juicy pussies, Shelly's still wet from the finger fucking, and Aunty Sue's, just starting to glisten in the soft light of the room. I let my hand drop back to my limp cock and started to stroke it. Shelly was licking her way down Aunty Sue. In lazy circles she was working her way down to the wiry hair between Aunty Sue's legs. Aunty Sue was talking gently to Shelly, telling her that she was doing fine, telling her not to hurry but to take her time. As Shelly made her way down, she slipped off the bed and knelt down between Aunty Sue's legs. Shelly was on her knees with her pussy pointed straight at me. My cock was rock hard again, and I could smell the sex in the room. I moved into the room, still stroking myself, I had to get closer and touch both those pussies!!!

As I got closer to Shelly, Aunty Sue must have seen me. She said gently, 'Shelly, that noise at the door has finally come in. I want to put him to use as well'. I almost died! They knew I was there all along!

Aunty Sue told me to carry on stroking myself, but to stand behind Shelly and rub it up and down between her cheeks, over her clit and arse. I did as I was told. The wetness felt sooo good. Shelly must have liked it as each time I was over her clit, she gave a push back, almost as if she wanted my cock in her. I had never fucked a woman before, a lot of fingering at parties and suck, and even had a girl give me head once, but this was different. My cock was longer and thicker than I had ever felt if before.

Aunty Sue was telling Shelly to gently suck her clit, and starting to moan lowly. Shelly was thrusting back against me on each stroke. Aunty Sue asked Shelly "Shelly, do you want that cock in you dear?"

Shelly groaned "Ohhh yes, please Aunty Sue, ohhh, I want that please." Aunty Sue told me to move forward and to let Shelly push herself on. I move forward about 6 inches, and the next time I stoked my cock up, Shelly pushed back hard, taking all my cock in a single lunge and letting out a deep long sigh. I almost came there and then. Aunty sue told me firmly that I was not to cum yet, and that she would tell me when. She then took Shelly's head and placed it firmly back between her legs.

Shelly was pushing back hard as I pushed forward, and each time she pulled away, Aunty Sue would pull Shelly deeper into herself. Aunty Sue started to cum, moaning, and shaking. "Ohhhh, ummm, cum, my ones, cum, cum with me cummmmm." Shelly started shaking and quivering. Her pussy clamped hard on my cock which made my balls complete their work and I started shooting load after load into my sisters cunt.

We stayed like that, Shelly in Aunt Sue, and me in Shelly for what seemed like hours, but was probably only five minutes. Aunty Sue looked at me with a odd look and said that it was her turn!

Aunty Sue told Shelly get off the floor and to lie on her back on the bed. Aunty Sue took my limp cock in her mouth. She started to lick all the cum off it, and was making sound like a kid with an ice cream. I started to get hard again and she took me deep into her throat. I became rock hard with that.

Aunty Sue then climbed on top of Shelly in a 69 position. She started to lick Shelly out. Aunty Sue told me to get behind her and to put my cock up her cunt. I did as I was told as Aunty Sue started to rock backwards and forwards. Aunty Sue was no where near as tight as Shelly and I had to hold myself to stop falling out. As I thrust in and out of Aunty Sue, I could feel the wetness getting more and more. It sounded like slurping! Suddenly Aunt Sue told me to pull out and put my cock up her other hole!

I had no hesitation and did as I was told. Her arse felt much tighter and I would feel myself working up to cum again. I told Aunty Sue I was getting close to cumming. She reached between her legs and fondled my balls and told me not to cum until I was told. I tried and tried to hold back.

Shelly by this time was starting to cum again. "Ohhh, Ahhh, Aunty Sue, I'm cummminggg." Aunty Sue kept licking her and thrusting against me. Suddenly Shelly screamed. "Ahhhhh." She went totally rigid and I could see her eyes roll back in her head.

Aunty Sue told me to reach forward and to grab her nipples. I did and was surprised to find that they were about an inch long. Aunty Sue started to buck harder and harder. I couldn't hold back. I cried, Aunty Sue, I'm gonna cum!! Aunty Sue reached back and took my cock out of her arse and put it in her cunt. She cried, "Cum my toy cock cum!" I shot load after load of cum into her wet pussy, more cum that I thought possible. Aunty Sue let out a low groan and collapsed on top of Shelly who stirred slightly.

Once again we just lay there for a while. Aunty Sue then kissed Shelly and myself deeply. We were all too tired to do anything else and we fell asleep in Aunty Sue's bed.

In the morning, Aunty Sue brought Shelly and me breakfast in bed. I reached out for her, but she slapped me back. She told me that that was enough for one night, and that tonight she would start Shelly and me training in earnest!!!

I may let you know what happened, but lets just say that it was the start to a mind blowing two weeks and that Aunty Sue, Shelly and I are now very, very, very close!!

Mother and Daughter

Katie and her mother had spent the afternoon shopping. It was Katie's first trip home from college since her mother's divorce. Tess Markowitz was 36 years old, she'd gotten pregnant at 18, as a result she look more than Katie's older sister than her mother. Both had short blonde hair, light skin and deep blue eyes. Katie was 5' 6", just a fraction shorter than her mother's 5' 7". The most obvious difference between the two was breast size. While Katie was a respectable 34c, Tess filled out a 40d, something Katie was always jealous of.

They had just finished lunch at a small sidewalk cafe and were making small talk as the busboy cleared the table. Katie's eyes followed the young man's body as he walked back into the cafe.

"What a cute ass," She whispered to herself, forgetting for a moment her mother's presence. She was sure her mother hadn't heard her, she was busy watching him walk away too. "I'd like to fuck him." Katie's mouth dropped open at her mother's statement. "Mother!" She said in shock. Then they both laughed. They were still both laughing as they drove away from the cafe. Katie couldn't remember the last time she saw her mother in this good mood. It had been a long and vicious divorce, Tess had spent too many years married to a man she never should've married in the first place - baby or no baby.

Katie actually felt awkward seeing the sexual side of her mother. She knew she saw other men now, just as she was sure she wasn't living a life of chastity. But this was the first time she had ever seen her mother in a state of arousal. Her cheeks were flushed and her hand had found its way between her legs. Then again Katie thought to herself, if she hadn't had to drive her hand might be between her own legs.

All the way back to the house they talked about the guy at the restaurant and what they'd like to do with him. It was all in fun, of course, but Katie found it exciting too. She found the heat between her legs spreading outward. It had been much too long since she'd been laid. "Look at your nipples," Mom teased. "You're so hot their sticking out." Surprisingly Katie wasn't embarrassed by her mother's observation. "So are yours," She quickly shot back. Well what are we going to do about it?" Tess asked.

A second later, Katie was shocked to realize that her mother's hand had moved from between her legs and was now stroking Katie's thigh. Never in a thousand years could she have imagined her mother being interested in another woman. Much less her own daughter. Yet it took only another second for her to respond.

She reached down and lifted her mother's hand and guided it to her own wet crotch. She was pleased when her mother didn't pull it away. Not a word passed between them as they finished the remaining minutes of the ride in silence.

Leaving the packages in the car as they arrived home, both women quickly moved into the house. Katie was no sooner in the door when her mother pulled her into her arms and kissed her. Not the motherly kiss she'd become accustomed to but the hot passionate kiss of a lover. She felt her mother's tongue enter her mouth and quickly slid her own out to meet it. Tess's hand quickly moved down Katie's back and slid into the back of her shorts. Katie responded by pulling open her mother's blouse and exploring the delights within. Her breasts were heavier than Katie's, the nipples larger. Tess moaned into her open mouth as she fondled them. Katie's hand slid down to her hips and pulled her mother closer, working a thigh between her legs. She could tell the older woman's pussy mound was super wet. "Let's go up to the bedroom." Tess whispered as she pulled away from her daughter.

Katie released her mother reluctantly and followed her up the stairs. They undressed each other and stood naked, as if they were seeing each other for the first time. Their pubic hairs were the small golden blonde, proof that they were both naturals. Small clear droplets of cum already clung to Tess's mound. Tess licked her finger and then traced up and down the center of Katie's bush. Her gaze was as exciting to Katie as the wet finger between her legs. Unable to wait any longer, Katie took hold of her mother and pulled her to the bed.

They rolled back and forth, mother and daughter, kissing deeply, nipples together, bellies touching and mounds grinding together. When Katie was on top, Tess slid her hands down her back and pulled hard against her. The other did the same as their positions did the

same. Katie then remembered a trip taught to her by one of her girlfriends back at college. She pulled her mother's plump cheeks apart, then pushed them back together, rhythmically. Then she used her fingertips to tease her puckered anus. Tess moaned at the touch.

"Yes... Oh yes..." She gasped. "It feels so good." Needing no more encouragement, Katie knelt behind her mother and teased her again. First with her fingers, then with her tongue. Katie buried it deep in her mother's rectum while she pumped to fingers in and out of her dripping pussy.

"That's it," Tess hissed, as she rocked back and forth. "So good! So fucking good!" Hearing her mother talk like that helped push Katie over the edge, but she was determined to hold back longer. She knew her mother was close, she wanted it to build to a rousing climax. A few minutes later she felt Tess's rectum clamp down on her tongue as her pussy pulsed around her fingers. She plunged her mouth into her mother's box and was rewarded a second later with an explosion of girlcum which saturated her face. Katie hardly had time to recover her composure before her mother maneuvered her onto her back. Immediately Tess had her face between her daughter's legs and went to work on her. Her head bobbed up and down as she tongue her through one orgasm after another. Tess couldn't remember having ever come so much. Her mother seemed insatiable, unwilling to break contact with the woman she had given birth to.

Finally Katie managed to pull her up and kissed her. They spent long minutes liking the cum off each others faces. Then they just laid there naked, talking, and exploring aspects of each others lives that they had never dared before. They would make love many times before Katie returned to school, but nothing would ever match the intensity of this first time. Still it never stopped them from trying.

Rachel and Her Mom

Terry sat at her desk double-checking the numbers that her staff had already triple checked. This was nothing new for her; she always went the "extra mile" for her customers. That's why at age 34, she owned her own accounting firm despite being a single Mom - or maybe because of it!

She had given up a lot to get to this point. Her life was her business and her daughter - else mattered. It was her daughter she was thinking about as she pushed the numbers away from her eyes. Could it be she'd just turned 18? It didn't seem possible. Eighteen was a wonderful age. An age young ladies like to experiment with their bodies and young boys cocks. She should know she had been consumed by her sexual desires at that age herself. She never even thought of using protection and the net result was Rachel, her beautiful daughter.

Terry was beginning to worry about Rachel. Hoping she would not be consumed by sex like she was. It had happened to her twice already and she swore it would never happen to her again - the all consuming need for sexual gratification that is. It nearly ruined her life both times but she was able to overcome it, to defeat its hold on her despite its wanton hold on her. Even now, just thinking about it made her pussy walls crave its pleasures once more. She was going to have to have a talk with Rachel about this possible genetic defect. She had to warn her to be leery of its addiction. Not to fall under its spell. A spell so powerful that nothing else in life mattered - only that special warmth between your legs and that wonderful release that only an orgasm could bring.

Terry had loved sex from the very beginning. She loved everything about it. Unfortunately, she could not control herself once she started having it. It was like a drug to her - a drug she couldn't resist! The only way to avoid its addiction was total abstinence. Getting her own business started and ensuring its success had helped her stay sex free and away from its addiction. But now her business was flourishing. She didn't have to spend so much time looking after every detail, checking every number, calling every client personally - it just wasn't necessary.

Now was the time to start spending more time with Rachel. At 18, Rachel was every bit as beautiful as her mother was. In fact, many people thought they were sisters and not mother and daughter. Both women had beautiful blonde hair. However, Rachel's was just a tad longer than her Mom's. Moreover, both had the same deep blue eyes and hourglass figure. A mature woman, Terry was proud of her 35C-24-36 frame. Rachel, still filling out, was only one bra cup size smaller. At 5' 8" respectively, they posed an appealing site, turning heads wherever they went.

Terry didn't like to show off her body but Rachel loved to flaunt it. Then again, Terry wasn't trying to get noticed by men or get their cocks hard. Rachel's didn't have a steady boyfriend. This was a good thing because she realized that a daughter's selection of a boyfriend seldom turned out to be anyone their mother would approve of at age 18. It was like they had to pick out the biggest prick in the bunch and flaunt him at their mothers. It's exactly what Terry had done to her Mom at that age!

Mike, Rachel's father, wasn't a sweet guy. That's why she started dating him - to piss off her mother. He showed what a sweet guy he wasn't when she got pregnant, never once giving her an ounce of support - financial or otherwise. In fact, he moved out of town right after and Terry hadn't seen him since. A true ass hole Mike was.

Ass hole or not, Terry certainly enjoyed his cock. From the first time she saw it, touched it, tasted its hot sticky emissions, she was hooked. Of course it just wasn't Mike's cock she craved - she wanted any cock!

It started simple enough. She was 15; about the same size as Rachel was now (35B-22-35) and how the boys noticed her. She kept her hair long, much longer than Rachel's was now in fact. Long enough to almost touch the top of her ass. Lots of guys asked her out but her mother simply wouldn't let her date. Her Mom had said the boys just wanted her body not her mind. When she met someone who respected her as a young woman, then she would be allowed to date.

Trouble was her mother would never approve of any boy she wanted. No matter whom she mentioned or brought home to meet her parents, the results were always the same. He's too this or too that. His parents weren't strict enough or from the wrong part of town. So Terry just quit bringing boys home. When Mike began to get aggressive towards her, she fingered she'd sneak around with him to teach her parents a lesson.

Mike couldn't keep his hands off Terry from the start. Stolen kisses in the hallways led to rendezvous in the park. The first time he was alone with Terry his hands roughly fondled her breasts. Mike, figuring that really turned on the cunt, was so bold as to take her hand and place it on his cock. He rubbed his cock up and down over his pants, guiding her hand until she caught on. When she did, he started tonguing her mouth while he rolled her left nipple between his thumb and index finger. As he felt her melting to his touch, he brushed her hand away, unzipped his fly, pulled his hard cock out, and then placed Terry's hand back on it.

As soon as Terry's hand circled Mike's big hard cock she spurted cum from her pussy. She knew what an orgasm was, having gotten herself off a zillion times in the last month or two. But this one was much more powerful. The feeling of that warm monster in her hand did things to her pussy even her own fingers couldn't do. She was already lost in lust as her tongue played with Mike's and his hands pulling at her nipples was better than she could have ever imagined. She was going to love getting felt up. She didn't realize how a pair of hands on her breasts could make her whole body tingle with warm pleasure.

As Mike released his cum, she felt it fall on her skin for the first time. As he was mumbling something to himself, Terry had turned away from him and secretly licked some of it off her forearm. A salty and not much of a taste but the erotic musky smell to it gave her pussy another rush. When Mike zipped up and left without so much as a "thank you" or "goodbye," she rushed home, stripped and jumped in the shower. Two orgasms later she came out.

A couple of days later after school, Mike got her to follow him to the back of the stage in the gym. He started kissing her and playing with her tits again almost immediately. He said he needed something more than his cock jerked off and that she would have to pleasure his "fucking" cock in a new way. Once he touched her tits, Terry was willing to do anything as long as he didn't stop playing with them.

When he did stop, it was only to drop his pants and tell her to suck him off. She and her girlfriends had discussed blowjobs before. It seemed all the girls were giving them to their boyfriends except her. For this reason, she kind of knew what to do. The rest was imagination and nature taking over. When her lips encircled his 8-inch cock for the first time, she wondered how she had managed to live without having one in her mouth for so long. Pleasuring his cock with her mouth made her want to finger her clit while she was doing it - so she did. She even managed to cum twice before he shot his load down her throat for the first time.

God, how she loved cum in her mouth. Some of it got out that first time but after that, she never let any escape. For the next several weeks, Terry sucked Mike off daily, sometimes more. Before school, after school, while he was driving her around, anytime and place was suitable for sucking him off. To be sure, there was no limit to the big juicy loads Mike would give her. And his big heavy loads were exactly what she craved!

However, that's about all he would give her. He hardly talked to her except to tell her where to meet him. He wasn't sweet or kind and pretty much only cared about his own needs. Terry didn't really care. She didn't like being around Mike that much anyway, except for the sex. Oh how she loved the sex. Had anyone else wanted any from her she would have gladly obliged but everyone was afraid that Mike would kick the shit out of them if they even went near her, so no boys even said hello to her.

All Terry knew or cared about at this point was her incessant need for cock and cum. Therefore, when Mike brought two of his buddies along one day to watch his slut suck him off, she couldn't help but suck them off as well. She must have had five or six good cums that afternoon and still craved more. It was virtually all she could think about, sucking cock and having her tits sucked on and played with. She always managed to cum more than Mike and then had a few more in bed at night or in the shower as she replayed the days sucking events. She didn't know how she could go through a day without a cock in her mouth at least once.

Mike loved his blowjobs. It gave him such a feeling of power to make one of the best looking chicks in school suck him off every day. He'd even let his buddies have a treat although he figured they just watch and jerk off. It surprised him when his slut so wantonly went for their cocks after finishing him off. It got him so hard again he was able to get another blowjob after she finished with them. Man, that girl was into cock sucking.

Mike figured it was time to fuck the slut. Show her what a real cock up her tight cunt would feel like. So one day after school in the back of the stage he commanded her to remove her panties and lay on the mat. He told her he was going to fuck the shit out of her and she was going to take his 8-inch piece of meat without complaint.

No way Terry was going to complain about getting fucked. She'd been waiting for it, craving it almost, waiting for him to take her like the fucking whore slut she was. She had already popped her cherry with various items so her pussy was more than ready for some cock meat. It was a good thing; just thinking about getting fucked got her wet because Mike never was into much foreplay. He just jumped on her, fucking her until he shot his load in her, then got off and left.

Getting fucked was ruining Terry's ability to concentrate on anything else. Her schoolwork went down the toilet going from an "A" student to barely passing. She didn't want to do anything a normal teen wanted to do - all she wanted to do was fuck! She was even thinking about asking Mike to bring his two buddies to their next coupling so she could fuck their brains out as well.

You see, Terry was never satisfied despite cumming with Mike. After he finished, she always wanted more. Her pussy needed to be fucked, fucked, and fucked some more. Even more than Mike could give. She should have wondered what was wrong with her but she didn't. She never thought wanting cock so badly was abnormal. That she should think of other things. One of which was having Mike wear protection.

Getting pregnant might have saved her life from a far worse fate. She regained her focus on life again and stopped the sex cold turkey. Her parents were far more forgiving than she could have ever imagined. They would help raise the baby. She would finish her education. There would be no discussion.

And so it went. She told Mike and he hardly ever spoke to her again saying she was such a slut that he couldn't be held responsible. She didn't mind, she wouldn't want her to know that her father was such a dick-weed, dirt bag. She became of a single mind in raising her and getting a good education so she could provide for her. The same single-mindedness her sex drive had. She studied hard, completing with top honors despite doing six-months of home study.

After , she applied for every scholarship she could find and secured enough money to go to the local college full time. In this fashion, she had enough time to study and look after her daughter. Her parents where there for her and Rachel every step of the way. After graduation, her dad even invested in her business venture and all their hard work and efforts where richly rewarded. Now Terry and Rachel lived in a big house with a big pool and her dad was able to retire and do all the traveling they always wanted to do. Her single-mindedness of having a successful business coming through 10 fold.

But this single-mindedness almost caused her to fail at college as well. She let her guard down just once and fell into her "I need to cum and damn everything else," routine once again. This time it was with a woman. She figured this would be OK. After all, she couldn't get pregnant again. However, she forgot about her sexual craving. Once she tasted pussy she was once again consumed by having it like she once was about having cock.

An older woman who lived near campus seduced her. She got a tippy one night at a party and the next thing she knew she was sharing her breasts with another woman. Then all her sexual urges she had been suppressing came roaring out. She loved having her pussy ate out by such a soft and beautiful creature. Vibrators and dildos replaced the hard cock she once craved. Instead of the joy of sucking cock, she began to enjoy sucking on a clit. Moreover, she fell in love with the tenderness - something that was totally missing in her previous experience.

The ceaseless petting and fondling made her want to stay in bed with her partner all day. Unfortunately, as with Mike cock she became obsessed with eating pussy. Once again, she

forgot she had a life to live and could only focus on satisfying her carnal lust. Her partner took advantage of her lustful ways, introducing her to other lesbians and bisexual woman she knew. Terry loved being shared. She would sometimes have three or four partners a day - sometimes even at the same time.

Of course her schoolwork suffered to the point that she went from the Dean's List to many an incomplete. Basically, she was going to lose all her scholarships if she didn't shape up. Her biggest failing though was neglecting Rachel. No longer did she take the time to play with her daughter. Hell, sometimes she wouldn't even come to see her for days, oftentimes staying with one of her lesbian lovers.

Once again her loving parents came to the rescue although she didn't consider them so loving at the time. Her dad sat her down and reminded her of her goals and aspirations. He told her she made a mistake once and was falling into the same old trap once more. However, this time he wasn't going to rescue her. He told her he'd made an appointment with his lawyer to start custody proceedings against her. If she wanted to throw her life away, well they would take Rachel and raise her as their own.

Terry never knew her parents had no intentions of taking Rachel from her until much later. It was just their way of snapping her out of her sexual fog and back to the reality of her life. It worked too! The mere thought of losing her precious Rachel made her realize she had to take stock in her life again. Since then, Terry had walked the straight and narrow as far as sex was concerned. She finally figured out she had to live without it because it so easily consumed her. So, her business consumed her instead.

Terry was hoping she hadn't passed on her sexual urges to Rachel. She kept putting off talking to her about it. She knew she needed to and today was going to be the day. She got up from her desk, grabbed her keys and left for the day - nearly shocking every employee in the place. Well, they'd just have to get used to it. Work wasn't everything.

Rachel didn't know her mother was on the way home. She didn't mind spending a few hours home alone after school each day. It gave her time to fantasize about fucking Tim. Tim was the class hunk. He was Jamaican, already over six-foot tall, very buff, and his accent had all the girls in his class swooning. He had other assets as well - like that huge bulge in his pants. Being a normal teen, Tim seemed to be in a constant state of erection and the huge monster under his pants was hard to hide when aroused.

Rachel's best friend Betty had told her that Tim had a crush on her. Although she couldn't believe that Tim would like her over Betty, she started to have fantasies about him from that point on. At school, Tim was very cordial to her always taking the time to say hello and smiling at her constantly. However, she always was so nervous around him she acted like a fifth grader - just laughing and giggling even while he was trying to invoke an intelligent conversation.

But at home when her mother wasn't around, she could lay on her bed, close her eyes and become the most suave and sophisticated woman on the planet - just for Tim and that big monster hidden under his pants.

She had discovered the joys of masturbation one night at a sleep over at Betty's. Betty had stolen an erotic magazine from her Uncle's house and they read it cover to cover. It contained many pictures of women exposing their pussies and touching their clits so it was a natural thing for Betty and her to see what it was all about.

She loved looking at Betty's pussy more than her own. Betty was African-American and had a nice purple hue to her cunt lips. Rachel felt a craving to touch and fondle those lips from the very first time she saw them. It was Rachel's idea to touch each other's clit after they had stroked their own. She discovered she loved sucking and biting Betty's hard black nipples while she stoked her to one orgasm after another. It wasn't long before the stroking and fondling led to pussy licking and object fucking. Eventually, they both busted each other's cherry with a small candle.

However, as much as Rachel enjoyed the taste and smell of Betty's cunt and her fingers thrashing her pussy, she had a strong desire to feel and taste a hard cock. She's never seen one of those except in that magazine. Her and Betty had practically worn the pages out looking at the hard cocks in it; most of which were big and black! Rachel was particularly fond of the pictures of the women with cum spewed all over their faces.

It was Betty's idea to give all the cocks in the magazine a name. Rachel named her favorite one "Tim." It was huge - a full nine inches the caption had read - and very black! She often wondered how such a big thing could possibly fit in a pussy. Then she remembered that if a baby can come out of one, a big cock should have no trouble going in. At least with the right lubrication.

Rachel had read every book she could get her hands on concerning sex. Most of them OK all of them, (other than her one erotic magazine) where technical in nature. Yet, they were good enough for her to understand how a hard cock and a wet pussy were a perfect match. That's when she started her experimentation program after school. She would lie on her bed and masturbate with different size objects. Of course she started with her fingers, then a small candle, then a bigger one before moving on to bananas and cucumbers.

Each item was her "Tim" for the day. She would think about Tim fucking her while she pinched her nipples and stroked her clit. When she was wet enough, she slowly inserted the object du jour and rode it to climax.

The object du jour for this day was a large candle. It was thick, a good 3-inches thick at the base and 10-inches long with a tapered end. She'd seen it in the store on the way home from school and immediately thought of it as a perfect "Tim." She then raced home to try it out. She was already fucking herself with total abandon when Terry walked through the front door.

As she opened the door Terry thought she heard Rachel crying out in pain from her upstairs bedroom. She instantly thought Rachel was in some sort of trouble or pain and was about to call out to her when she heard the sound once more. It was clearer this time. It wasn't a cry from pain - it sounded just like a moan of pleasure!

Could her sweet innocent Rachel be fucking some horny teenager? If she was, was she going to be like me - a slut for any cock or pussy? Was she a nymphomaniac? As Terry walked up the stairs to Rachel's moans of pleasure, her old sexual feelings came gushing forth. How had she managed to live without constant fucking all these years? Why couldn't she control herself enough to enjoy sex like other humans did? Was too much sex a bad thing anyway?

All these thoughts rushed through Terry's head as she slowly made her way to Rachel's bedroom. At the top of the stairs, she turned her head to the left and could see that Rachel's bedroom door was partially open. Terry silently crept towards that door. Her pussy was getting hotter and hotter as Rachel's moans of pleasure flooded her ears.

"Fuck me Tim, fuck me hard! Give me your big black cock! Give it too me deep. God I love it. Fuck me faster, faster Tim."

Wasn't Tim that big black Jamaican boy on Rachel's school's basketball team, Terry thought to herself? So that was it. Rachel had fallen for a black cock."

Terry immediately wanted to see it. Wanted to see a black bone ramming her lily white daughter's pink cunt.

"What's the matter with you," Terry said scolding herself. "Are you jealous? You need to go up there and break it up before Rachel ends up like you. Wanting nothing but a hard cock in her pussy all day long and ending up getting pregnant because of it."

She had been so stupid. She'd waited much too long already to discuss sexual desires and urges with Rachel and if she didn't do it soon they both would be paying the price. Terry knew she wouldn't be able to get Rachel to entirely quit wanting cock once she got the taste of one. Maybe the best thing to do was get Rachel on the pill so at least she wouldn't get knocked up. Yes, she would have to do that no matter what.

Terry had finally reached Rachel's partially opened bedroom door. She hugged the wall, arms spread against it for balance, her head facing outward and turned towards Rachel's door. "Oh Tim it's so big but so, so, good. Fuck me all day with your hard cock. I need it so bad." Terry's face was getting red with anger. How could her Rachel be so wanton - fucking some horny teen right in her own bed? At least she had the decency to fuck in a car or somewhere more private when she was her age. Thinking again, no she didn't. Hell, Rachel was like her!

Yet, there was something strange about this fuck session. Terry couldn't hear the bed bouncing any or Tim grunting or talking or anything else for that matter. Terry listened more

intently. She could hear some motion on the bed but if a big black teenage hunk was fucking Rachel he wasn't going to be to gentle once he got started. The bed should be really bouncing from the force of his cock pounding into Rachel's sweet cunt. But it wasn't. She should be able to hear Tim's savage grunts and moans. But she couldn't. She should be able to hear Tim's responses to Rachel's cries to be fucked harder. But none were forthcoming. Yes, now Terry understood. Rachel was fucking something, not someone.

Terry peeked through the crack in the partially opened door to confirm her suspicions. They were instantly confirmed. She could easily see Rachel lying naked on the bed. Her legs were bent at the knees; their position allowing her feet to be squarely planted flat on the bed. With her feet planted, she was using them to thrust her pelvis up into the air as her right hand thrust a huge black object into her very wet cunt.

Terry was transfixed. She couldn't move. All she could manage to do is move her hand very involuntarily to her left tit and start to squeeze its nipple. She could feel her pussy start to tingle then throb as she watched Rachel wiggle her ass sideways and all around on that black object. She could tell Rachel's pussy was soaked with pussy juice because each time she pulled that object out of her cunt it was gleaming with cunt juice. It was big, yet slide so easily into and out of Rachel's still young tight pussy.

Terry's pussy was really quivering as she watched Rachel move her left hand from her tit to her clit. Rachel then began to thrust her hips even harder into her fake black cock while her left index finger savagely rubbed her clit. Rachel was really close to getting off. Terry couldn't believe how fast and how much of that black chunk of whatever Rachel was moving and taking. The longer Terry watched, the hotter her own cunt got. Finally, she just couldn't stand the ache in her pussy any longer. She was wearing a pants suit and she just had to get to her cunt. It desperately needed stroking. It needed something, anything pounding into it. All she had where her fingers but they would have to do.

She must have looked silly standing against that wall, pants and panties down around her ankles, legs spread wide and three fingers whaling away at her cunt. She was so hot and horny now she had just slid down the wall landing with a thump as her bare ass crashed into the hardwood floor. Terry didn't even notice. She was just staring intently at her own pussy now, lost in her own world. Nothing could detract her until she came. Nothing that is accepts her own bare-ass daughter looking down at her from her doorway.

Rachel has just experienced a tremendously satisfying orgasm and was coming down from its intense high when she heard the thump. A minute earlier and she would have been oblivious to it - lost in her own lust filled world. However, as she started to descend from her sexual Mt. Olympus, her senses started to return. And they had returned enough to hear the thump in the hallway but not enough for Rachel to put something on before she investigated. Rachel was positive it was just the cat banging on her parent's bedroom door. The cat just love to lay on their bed and would keep banging away on the door until someone opened it. She figured she might as well get up now and open it because the cat wasn't going to stop banging.

What Rachel saw when she reached the hallway stunned her. There was her mother, sitting on her bare bottom, pants and panties down around her ankles, her head bowed and very focused in watching three of her fingers flying in and out of her pussy. This couldn't be real. Mother's didn't do this sort of thing.

Frozen for only a moment that seemed like an hour, Rachel screamed before realizing what she had done. "Mother! What on earth are you doing?"

It was as if she had now become the parent, or at least it sounded that way. However, Terry hardly even reacted to her daughter's scream. Lost in her sexual fog, already discovered, she wasn't moving until her orgasm released her mind from its clutches. She didn't have long to wait.

Knowing her own daughter was watching her someone added more erotic flavor to her act of self-gratification. It sent a new flow of hot cunt juice swirling around her fingers as they feverishly massaged the insides of her cunt walls. It was building now. Starting from her toes and making its way up to her gut before circling back, gathering speed, then bursting through her vagina and releasing waves of pleasure through every fiber of her body.

It was over. Terry had never experienced a more powerful release from any masturbation she could remember. It had been so long since she had done anything sexual that she had awakened every sexual fiber in her body as if they were born again. Yes, born again and strengthen from their repose and now ready to take on the world of erotic madness once more.

Rachel not knowing what to do but now knowing that her mother must have been spying on her, slammed her door shut and flung herself on her bed and started weeping. She felt ashamed, hurt, confused, lost, and a million other things she couldn't understand. "How was she ever going to face her mother again?"

"How was she ever going to face Rachel again," Terry thought as she finally picked herself up off the floor and headed to her own bedroom.

She had to gather her thoughts and go talk to Rachel. The quicker she did so the better it would be. If she let it fester like open sore, it would only infect their relationship with gangrene that only an amputation could cure. No she couldn't risk losing Rachel. She had to set things right. But what should she say to her? How could she even start the conversation? Terry had no clue or experience. Maybe it was best if she just went in Rachel's room and started talking; let her true feeling out. Then again, maybe if she held her tight enough all the wrong things would be right again.

"But what exactly where they doing wrong," Terry thought? Rachel was masturbating, not a big deal. At her age, it wasn't an unusual thing to be doing. Learning about your body and its new sexual feelings that awaken something wonderful within shouldn't be considered wrong. Too many parents tell their ren it is and it screws them up for the rest of their lives. No sex wasn't an evil thing. In fact, it is one of the most fantastic gifts Mother Nature had given us humans. It should be enjoyed and cherished!

Terry had certainly enjoyed every stroke of her pussy playing and after so many years of going without one, certainly cherished her orgasm. Her sexual fibers where back and looking for more stimulation. No, there couldn't be anything wrong with her desiring sexual pleasure once again. Maybe she could have picked a better time and place, but there was nothing wrong with the act itself. Now all Terry had to do is explain that to Rachel. Terry knew Rachel must have been having all kinds of wild thoughts running around in her brain - most of which she couldn't possible understand. "Too bad our minds where not simple enough to understand," Terry thought to herself. Then she laughed, as she was finishing that thought, "I guess if they were that simple then we'd be too simple to understand them!"

Complex or not Terry figured she'd better at least try. She had removed her pants suit then changed her soiled panties. She then decided to wear a matching bar. Not wanting to dress further, she threw on her robe, tied the ends and proceeded to Rachel's room.

Terry saw Rachel lying on her bed face down - she was still naked. "What a beautiful ass Rachel had," Terry mentioned to herself. Nice firm rounds cheeks all wrapped in that ful tight pliable skin. If she wasn't her daughter, that ass could really turn her on.

"How could you think that? What kind of incest perverted creature are you Terry?"

A creature with an aching in her loins. And certainly one who needed the comforts of another woman's pussy right about now. It seems Terry's not so simple brain and lustful body where not on the same wavelength. The conscious part of her brain was telling her it was wrong to lust after her own daughter. However, the subconscious part was allowing her sexual fibers to tingle her most sensitive areas.

Therefore, as Terry approached her naked daughter she was turned on. Turned on more than even her conscious self realized. The smart thing to do would have been to leave the room and come back when her sexual fibers had been less aroused. However, when it came to sexual arousal Terry's history had never included doing the smart thing - she pressed forward and sat on the edge of Rachel's bed.

"Rachel honey I think we need to talk. You know how much I love you and would never do anything to hurt you," Terry said as she placed her left hand on Rachel's bare back and started to run it up and down her spine.

Rachel loved the feel of her mother's hand on her back. She was very glad to hear that her mother still loved her even after her wanton display of self-gratification she had shown her. It never dawned on Rachel that her mother could have felt the same way. No, as she was

lying on her bed she figured her despicable display of lewdness had forced her mother into a sexual frenzy. Her mother never had sex and she figured all that pent up sexual energy must have been released when her mother caught her with her "Timmy" buried deep in the bowels of her hot cunt.

And it was hot. So hot - one of the best she had ever given herself. She sure picked a fine day to discover the hottest way to fuck her own pussy. Hell, she could still feel it tingling and pulsing even now - especially with her Mom's hand running up and down her spine.

"Mmmm," Rachel moaned in spite of herself. "That feels good Mom and I know you love me. I love you too Mom. I'm so sorry Mom. I didn't mean to be so raunchy. Please don't hate me Mom. I won't do it again, just don't hate me," Rachel finished breaking out in tears.

"Hate you! Honey I could never hate you. Look at me Rachel. You have nothing to be ashamed of. You did nothing wrong here. If anyone should feel bad it's me. I should have left you to your privacy."

"What are you saying Mom. Having sex with yourself is OK," Rachel asked seriously as she turned and faced her mother exposing her right breast to her.

Terry got a lump in her throat when she saw Rachel's breast exposed to her but she managed to say, "I'm saying it's not wrong honey. Everyone has these sexual tensions that just build up. Masturbation relieves then. It makes you feel good. It's quite normal and a natural thing to do. You shouldn't feel bad about it. After all, I was doing it to as I'm sure you noticed."

"If you weren't watching me do it, would you have done it Mom? I mean, do you do it too all the time?"

"When I was your age I sure did. Perhaps I wasn't quite as inventive as you demonstrated but I had my moments. As far as your other question, that might be a bit too personal for me to answer," Terry said as she moved her hand from Rachel's back to her side close to her exposed breast. "Come on Mom. I have no one to talk with about sex. We obviously both seem to like it. You can tell me, can't you?"

"OK, I suppose so. No, I haven't been masturbating at all. Haven't for years."

"Why not. I mean if there is nothing wrong with it. I know you don't date. Don't you have these 'urges' you need to, well, take care of?"

"I must admit I've been suppressing them. That's why when I saw you I kind of went overboard. It just got me all hot and bothered and the next thing I knew... Well, you saw the next thing now didn't you."

"Yes but why Mom. I mean how did I make you that way," Rachel asked as she sat up on her bed her breasts and pussy now fully exposed to Terry?

"You're quite a beautiful young woman Rachel. I couldn't help it that's all I can tell you."

"You really think I'm beautiful Mom?"

Terry was almost in a trance like state now as she stared at her daughter's young vivacious body. Looking intently at Rachel's marvelous melons Terry said, "You're so hot looking, so very, very, beautiful. I love looking at you."

"Gee Mom, I never knew."

Terry couldn't hear her daughter's reply. She was much too captivated now by Rachel's raw beauty to pay attention to the outside world, even if the outside world included Rachel's own voice.

"Your breasts are exquisite. I bet all the boys want to touch them," Terry said as her left hand roamed up Rachel's side and stopped on the outside of her tit mass.

"They are so perfect," Terry continued as she moved her hand further onto her breasts closing in on her daughter's nipple.

Rachel could feel her mother's hand moving towards her nipple. She knew her mother probably shouldn't be touching her this way but she sure didn't want her to stop. If it was OK for Betty to touch her breasts, then why not her Mom. After all, she loved her mother. Besides, her breasts were telling her it was OK and so was her now dripping pussy. Her clit was in a fit. She wanted to touch it. Yet, she decided to just let her Mom lead the way.

Terry's hand slowly crept along Rachel's tit until her fingers finally found her nipple. It seemed to quiver at her first touch. Its hardness confirmed to Terry that Rachel liked the feel of her hand on it.

"Rachel honey, do you like it when Tim touches you like this," Terry asked probingly. "Tim hasn't touched me Mom."

"It's OK honey, you can tell me. I won't be angry. I want to share our sexual feeling with each other. Come on, has Tim ever done this to you," Terry asked as she took Rachel's nipple between her thumb and forefinger and rolled it around between them.

Rachel moaned deeply from the pure pleasure of her mother's touch before she said, "he's never touched me mother. I just get so nervous around him, I don't think he'll ever ask me out."

"You have no reason to be nervous. You're so beautiful. I'm sure he'd love to be doing this to you," Terry said as she moved her mouth to Rachel's left nipple and began to lick its tip very lightly. "Oh mother your giving me goose bumps." "Should I stop?" "Please, no. They feel wonderful."

Getting a nod of approval, Terry took Rachel's nipple fully into her mouth. She sucked on it like a hungry baby. As she was sucking, she loosened the sash on her robe and parted it.

Rachel was staring wide-eyed at her beautiful mother as she caressed and kissed her breasts. When she saw her mother open her sash her hands went instinctively towards her mother's breasts. The satin bra covering then felt smooth to her touch and Rachel could feel the hard nipple between the material just begging for her touch.

Rachel began to touch them as her mother had done to her - tweaking them between her thumb and forefinger. She could here her mother's throaty erotic gurgles as Terry continued to mouth her daughter's nipples, one after the other. Back and forth she went, trailing her tongue across Rachel's cleavage as she moved across her tit chasm.

Rachel now desperately wanted to feel her mother's breasts against her hand - skin to skin. Luckily, her Mom had on a bra that fastened in the front. When she found the clip, she nervously tried to undo the clasps with one hand - she needed two. Bringing up her free hand she finally was able to let her mother's breasts escape from their bindings. Terry's rich full mature breasts where now expose to the dear teen's hands. Although Rachel's breasts were anything but small for her age, she still couldn't wait for her to mature like her Mom's. Her Mom's nipples were more distended than hers were - most likely from breast feeding Rachel as a baby.

And breast-feeding was exactly what Rachel had on her mind at the moment. "Mom, let me suckle you like I did when I was a baby," Rachel asked in a wanton low uttering.

Terry didn't answer. She simply released Rachel's tit from her mouth. She then had Rachel position herself with her head in her lap with a pillow underneath for support and to raise her head to her slightly drooping breasts. Terry then took her right breast by the nipple and stuck it in Rachel's mouth. "Suckle Mom baby, suckle Mom's hard nipples!"

Rachel took both her hands and surround Terry tit mass with them as she suck quite contentedly on her mother's engorged tit. Terry felt bad that she didn't have any milk to give her daughter. It seemed like she wanted it so badly. Maybe she should get pregnant again so she'd have some milk to give her. Then she thought of another way. She had read where if a woman's nipple is constantly sucked, it would begin to produce milk. Maybe if she got a breast pump she could start producing.

Then she thought, "Listen to yourself, you sound just like an old cow!"

Smiling to herself at that thought, Terry stroked Rachel's hair and forehead as Rachel bit and teased her tits. That is until she glanced sideways and saw the glistening juices matting down Rachel's blonde pussy hair. Terry leaned to the left some and extended her left hand just enough to find Rachel's wet pussy. Rachel spread her legs more to give her mother ample room to find her clit. Being an expert clit finder, it didn't take Terry long to locate it.

As soon as she found it, Rachel's mouth enveloped as much of Terry breast mass as she could take into her mouth. Her clit was so hot and horny that she immediately started to buck against Terry's finger. Terry knew Rachel was burning with sexual desire. She also knew the best way to release it.

To be sure, Rachel's pussy wasn't the only one needing relief. Terry's was soaping wet and needed sexual attention as well as attested by the massive wet spot on the bed that Terry was sitting on. To help in the relief process, Terry pulled Rachel's mouth from her tit.

"Honey, let's please each other in a different way. You do to me what I'm going to do to you, OK?"

"Yes Mom, I know what to do." Terry was curious about this statement. She had no idea that Rachel had learned to eat pussy by sucking on the vivaciously purple pussy of a foxy black girl. Although Rachel had never "69'd" she certainly knew how to fulfill her part.

However, Rachel had no idea how good her Mom would be at it. Her mother sent her pussy to new heights that the less experienced Betty had never taken her to. She was so lost in her own pleasure that she found it difficult to concentrate on sucking her mother's own blonde cunt. Of course Terry sensed this. She was more than satisfied with giving her daughter pleasure at the moment and she was very content with just the light occasional flicks of Rachel's tongue across her clit.

Terry knew it wouldn't take long for her daughter to cum. She pressed her tongue deep into Rachel's love channel. Someday this channel would love having hard cocks stroke it to pleasure, its muscles gripping the cock skin trying to milk it to extract its heavy cream. But today she would have to be content with Terry expert tongue and fingers. Terry continued to manipulate Rachel's clit and love channel with her fingers, mouth and tongue. Her fingers were rapidly fucking Rachel's channel now as she sucked on her daughter's clit. Rachel lost all contact with her Mom's pussy and it was all she could do to keep from fainting from the erotic bliss she was receiving. Her cum was building now. Starting in her toes and firing up and around her body before letting go in a powerful rush.

Terry could feel her daughter cumming as well. As she began to release her cum, Terry removed her fingers and replaced it with her tongue and mouth. She was using her mouth in a vacuum like sucking action to extrapolate as much of her daughter's cum into her own mouth as she could. Rachel couldn't believe the feeling this was giving her and just after her cum hit, the vacuum action caused her to release a second powerful wave of orgasmic bliss and cum down and through her cunt hole.

"Mother, oh mother, suck me, suck me, suck me more," Rachel screamed! "Oh holy fuck, I'm cumming. This is so fucking good. Oh Mom you're the best, I love you! Oh god don't stop sucking me."

Breathing hard like she just ran a sub four minute mile, Rachel tried to catch her breath as her Mom rolled over, spread her legs and began to fondle her own pussy.

"Watch me play with my slut cunt Rachel. Oh how I love having it touched and fucked. When you're recovered dear, I want you to fuck me with your big "Timmy." I want you to fuck your mother just like I saw you fucking yourself. You've got mommy's cunt so hot. I just had to get myself off. I now I want you to get me off."

As Rachel talked to her daughter, her fingers were busy manipulating her clit. She had spread her legs out as far as they would go and spread her cunt lips wide to expose her clit to Rachel's view. She then took her index finger of her other hand and was rapidly rubbing her "pecker-headed" clit.

Rachel had placed her large black candle in a drawer beside her bed; she hadn't even taken the time to clean it from her own bout of pleasure with it. Rachel doubted that in the state her mother was in, she most likely would enjoy that fact.

When she removed the candle from the drawer she said, "Look mother it's still covered with my pussy juice!"

This did indeed bring a smile to Terry's face - a very big smile. "I want to feel your juice in my cunt just like I did in my mouth. Do me Rachel. Fuck my cunt like you fucked your own. You hot looking cunt, you know you want to stick that big black cock in my throbbing cunt. Don't make me wait Rachel, stick it in me and fuck me with it. Just like you fucked yourself. Give it to me - I need it now!"

Rachel liked the idea of getting her mother off with her "Timmy." However, she loved the idea of her mother now treating her like a sexual equal. She wasn't calling her "honey," or "dear" or "my girl," she was calling her by her given name. Moreover, she loved the tone of her voice - demanding that she give her pussy the attention it craved vice that sweet begging tone. It was as if they were equals in this erotic adventure.

Rachel placed her black "Timmy" near her mother's love entrance. She pushed and was amazed how easily it went in. She found that her mother could easily take nearly its whole

length. Not knowing exactly how much to push it, she only slipped in about an inch pass what she herself could take before she withdrew it and started a slow steady stroke.

"Come on bitch, give me more of that black cock. I can take it. Give it to me deep," Terry commanded.

Terry's cunt felt stuffed but she knew she could handle a lot more and she wanted it deep. As deep as it would go. She place her right hand on Rachel's and helped her pushed that black toy deep into her cunt until only two-inches on the tapered end were left exposed.

Rachel got the message and she withdrew the long black shaft and pushed it back to the same point as Terry has shown her.

"Now faster Rachel, fuck me faster with that big cock." Rachel quicken the pace, but it wasn't fast enough yet. Terry moved her ass up to meet Rachel's thrusts much as Rachel had done with her own hips earlier.

"More, more, more, fuck me more," Terry was yelling. Rachel again increased the speed, this time twisting the candle and rubbing it against Terry's clit as she rammed it in the older woman's cunt.

"My how good her black toy felt," Terry thought. "Now if she could only have the real thing. Oh how she had missed having a hard cock in her."

Terry knew she would need a hard cock and soon. She could feast on Rachel's pussy day and night, and she might just do that, but she needed that stiff bulge between a man's leg in her cunt. Fuck, how she craved a man's cock.

Rachel's pussy started to catch fire again as she jammed that black object into her Mom's cunt. Not knowing why, she turned her body around so that her pussy was directly over her Mom's face as she continued to stroke her mother's cunt. She was so horny, she started rubbing her own clit again before Terry had a chance to get her fingers buried in her young hot pussy again.

"Rachel take "Timmy" out of my cunt."

"Why mother you haven't cum yet. Don't you want to cum? Cumming is so great!"

"Oh Rachel, of course I want to cum - need to cum. But I want it in my ass. I haven't had my ass fucked in so long."

"Your ass mother?"

"Yes my ass. Now spread my pussy juice all over my anus. Yes just like that. Now turn that big boy around and push it home." Rachel turned the tapered end of the candle towards her mother's anal opening. First, she dipped the tapered end in her pussy to ensure it was full of juice and then as instructed, placed it in her mother's anal opening and began to push it in. It went in easier than she expect, although not like it did in Terry's pussy.

It wasn't long before Rachel had a good stroke going in her mother's ass. As she stroked her ass with Timmy, she was also using her other hand to squeeze and pull her Mom's clit. All the while, her own pussy was getting a scorching finger fucking itself.

With all the ass stroking, clit manipulation, and finger fucking going on, Rachel and Terry were both ready to cum again.

Terry was first going off in waves after waves of beautiful sweet flowing cum. Rachel quickly followed. Hot, sweaty, and exhausted they hugged, kissed, and then fell asleep in each other's arms.

Rachel was the first to rise. She was going to a school play with Betty later and needed to shower before she left. Terry awoke when she heard Rachel step into the shower and close the door. A shower would feel good. A shower with Rachel might feel even better.

As Terry stepped into the bathroom, she could see the outline of Rachel's nude body in the glass shower door. Why hadn't she noticed how perfect Rachel's curves were before. Any young man would love to bury his cock in any one of her holes.

Terry opened the shower door and stepped in. They both had so much they wanted to say to each other but neither knew where to start - so they started with a kiss. A sweet soft long kiss and each other's hands fondled each other's ass cheeks.

As they broke the kiss Terry was the first to speak. "I take it this is not your first experience with a woman?"

"With a woman yes, with a girl no." "Can you tell me who the girl was?" asked Terry. "Betty."

"Yes, I figured as much. She's your best friend and very beautiful as well. Would you mind sharing?" "Mother!"

"OK, OK, I'm only teasing."

"So you don't mind that Betty and I have fooled around."

"Why of course not. Why would I mind? A jealous maybe, but I don't mind at all."

"Mother, I can't possibly be having any more sex than you've had."

Terry was washing Rachel's back as she relayed her sexual history to her daughter. Not all the graphic details, just a rough overview - like how when she had sex she couldn't stop herself from having more and more at the cost of everything else until she finally had to cut it out of her life cold turkey in order to be a success.

Her mother was certainly a success but Rachel couldn't quite comprehend how she could have given up sex all these years. She just couldn't fathom the power it held over her. She only knew that she loved it and wanted it more each day. She also knew that Betty would have to play second fiddle to her mother anytime her mother wanted her. Sex with her hot beautiful Mom was the hottest she'd ever thought possible. Even now after having two or three great orgasms the mere touch of her mother's hands on her skin was driving her to ecstasy once again. Her body was awash with erotic tingles as Terry washed then kissed ever inch of her shoulders and neck.

Terry's body was once again reacting to her daughter's beautiful soft body. She wanted to bring it more pleasure as this would, in turn, lead to her own physical gratification. But this time it was different than most. This time she had the strength not to continue. Maybe there was some hope for her after all.

"Rachel dear, isn't it about time you were getting ready to go to the play. I have just enough time to fix you something before you go. I wouldn't want you to miss out on any school activities on my account."

"Thanks Mom, but no need to fix me anything. Betty and I will catch some fast food on the way," Rachel said as she stepped out of the shower and started drying herself.

"Oh Rachel, I know I don't have to remind you of this, but I feel I must."

"Don't worry Mom, what is private between us will be private between us."

Terry figured that about summed it up so she just told Rachel to have a good time and then kissed her goodbye like most parents would. Terry then made herself some dinner, had a wine and curled up with a good book. She went to bed just after Rachel got home. She didn't sleep right away because all she could think about was that big black "Timmy" that was in her pussy earlier. Moreover, she was thinking how she could get a real "Timmy" into her bed. A boy that both her and Rachel could share.

She was glad that Rachel was still a virgin but it was getting close to the time when Rachel would need to experiment on cocks and not pussies. What better way to teach your about sex with a man than to show her yourself how a mature woman handles a hard cock? Hadn't she already shown her how much fun sex with a mature woman could be? Terry was positive her performance this afternoon was ten fold the experience she could have had with Betty. Yes, Terry would have to somehow invite that Jamaican boy over here and show him the party of his life.

Later that evening, Terry woke when she felt Rachel slip into her bed.

"I can't sleep Mom. Can you just hold me."

"Sure honey, come here and snuggle up to your old Mom."

Rachel did just that. She snuggled right up against Terry right breast, placing her cheek against it. She then did her right arm across her mother's chest and held her left breast in her hand then fell fast asleep. When Terry woke bright and early, Rachel was already busy suckling her nipples.

"Oh baby, you better stop that or I'll liable to cum!"

"That's the point Terry. I want to make you cum. You were so good to me yesterday, I just want you to lie back and enjoy the pleasure I'm going to give you."

Terry rather like having Rachel call her by her first name. It gave credence to their mutual erotic affair. Made them equals in it. Made her pussy long for Rachel's tongue!

"As I remember, it was a mutual affair, Rachel."

"But it was more special to me. Now I know you feel I'm a young woman and not some silly teen," Rachel said as her head moved slowly down towards Terry's triangle.

"Yes, a young lady. You know what we should do young lady?"

"What's that Terry?"

"Be partners on a big cock. I want to show you how to suck one and to grip it with your pussy lips so hard that it makes your head swim."

"Oh Terry, I would simply love that!"

Rachel now had her head buried in Terry wide spread pussy. She tried to suck the woman's clit just like the lady had done for her the day before. The person lying on the bed was no longer her mother; at least not at this moment. During sex, she was going to be her lover, Terry. All other times she would be Mom.

As Rachel ate Terry's cunt, she began to imagine what it would be like to have her lover teach her about sex with a man. She envisioned them both sucking a long black cock, each taking turns on it, just like Terry was explaining to her as she lapped her hot twat. One could lick his balls and shaft while the other caressed and sucked his balls. Terry could then help guide that huge cock- mass into her cunt. She would tell her how to ride it as she fondled her nipples and rubbed her clit. She could see Terry cupping his ball sack as that black monster slowly stroked in and out of her wet pussy. Yes, it was going to be wonderful to learn about sex from her new lover, Terry!

Terry was wondering what Rachel was thinking about as she watched her ravish her hot cunt. Terry was telling her everything they were going to do together to enjoy fucking cocks. The more she told, the harder and faster Rachel sucked. Finally, Rachel took her clit and held it between her thumb and forefinger and jerked it off like a cock. It was a great feeling made better by watching Rachel do the same thing to her own clit at the same time. Yes, Rachel was jacking off two small cocks at the same time making them both cum simultaneously. She could only imagine how much fun they were going to have with a nice big real one - or two!

Later that week Terry was looking at ads people had posted on the bulletin board at their local market. To her surprise she found one written by Tim, Rachel's Jamaican potential stud. It was an ad about his looking for work, mostly lawn and yard work. Terry had a nice garden out back that badly needed some weeding. It seemed like a perfect way to entice Tim into their web of sin. She'd call him and asked him if he would be interested in the job. He said he would. He was sure going to be surprised by her payment plan.

It was all set. Tim would gladly do the work that Saturday afternoon. That morning, Rachel and Terry went shopping. They bought the sexiest, tiniest bikinis they could find. Afterwards, Terry stopped at the local adult store to get a small vibrator and a double-headed dildo. Now the two lovers were ready. All they needed was a willing cock. With these two hot, incredibly beautiful and horny women, what cock wouldn't be!

Terry greeted Tim at the door. She was wearing a low cut thin white halter top and no bra. She had Rachel suck her nipples to an aching hardness just as Tim was ringing the bell. Her hard nipples were virtually poking out through the top and their darkness could easily be seen through the thin material. She finished her erotic look with a very short, tight fitting black shorts made out of the same thin material. Terry intentionally didn't wear any panties. Her pussy was already dripping in anticipation and had sucked that thin material right up into her wet cunt. It was quite the look especially in her five-inch heels. It was perfect!

Tim couldn't believe what greeted him at the door. He had the "hots for the beautiful Rachel, but this, this utter vision of a sexual woman made him forget that Rachel even existed. He was captivated by the fullness of her big tits. Shit, he could even see her hard dark nipples poking out through her top. His cock came alive as he took all of her in. His cock wanted to be that material that was already trying to invade that hot cunt of hers. His cock was raging from the few. Still staring he didn't realize how engorged with blood it had become. It's nine inches fully extended and creeping out of the top of his jeans. It's large banana like thickness straining against her tight pants.

Terry noticed and almost started to drool over its large mass. Rachel noticed it and she was standing on the stairwell, 50 feet away. Ten to 15 seconds passed before anyone said anything to anybody.

Placing a hand on the back of her head, Terry shifted her chest to the left and then the right and said, "Like the outfit? Don't be shy, if you think it's too much say so. I need a man's opinion."

Coming out of his stupor and loving being called a man Tim answered in his best Jamaican accent, "Ah man, it's lovely. It's a good thing all the super models aren't here cause you'd make them all jealous with your true beauty!"

His sexy sweet voice about melted Terry on the spot. She could feel those big brown eyes of his looking down and feasting on her dark nipples. She wanted to rip her top off and expose herself to him. She wanted to have him bury his head in their softness. Her pussy jumped from the sound of his voice. She felt it gush with wetness. She felt that wetness run down her inner thigh.

"Ah Rachel honey, why don't you show Tim where the garden is and I'll be right along."

What Terry had to do is clean herself up. She rushed to the bathroom and wet a face cloth, removed her soaking wet shorts and started to clean her pussy juice from her cunt. However, this only made her pussy hotter. There was only one thing to do that might help. Seeing that Rachel and Tim were already gone, she ran bottomless up the stairs, jumped on her bed, spread her legs wide, reached for the vibrator she had just bought, and plowed it into her cunt.

It only took a very few strokes to get herself off. She continued on though, getting herself off a second time just to ensure she could keep herself together for later. When she was finished, she put a mini-pad into a pair of cotton panties then covered them with a new pair of no so tight shorts. Not as sexy but they didn't have to be for the next phase of the operation.

Terry then went out to join Rachel and Tim. Tim was busy ogling Rachel almost as much as he was Terry earlier. No wonder because Rachel had worn a white blouse over her bikini bottoms. She had tied the ends of the blouse together at around her navel. She had the blouse virtually all the way unbuttoned. Like her mother, she was also bra less. As she walked with Tim, he could actually see her full breasts swaying inside her blouse and at various points one hard nipple or the other would swing into his view.

Now standing still, Tim was craning his neck to catch a glimpse of them again. Tim was crazy about tits. All manners of tits, big ones, short ones, fat ones, small one, they all turned him on. At this stage of his life, he was in a constant state of arousal. Everyone thought he was a big stud, but in actuality, his only sexual experience was sucking on one tit while on spring vacation. Even then, he had cum prematurely while sucking on it and the older girl he was with had called him an immature twerp and left him. Besides jerking off three, four and sometimes even five times a day, that was it for his sexual experiences.

His cock was so hard right now he felt he was going to shoot his cum standing right here if he didn't get to work soon. Man these two women were some good looking babes. He'd give anything to be able to see those big tits of theirs up close and personal. God how he wanted to stroke his cock right now. He just wanted to cum so he could work in peace.

Terry had now returned to give instructions to Tim. She advised him to change into a bathing suit to do his work because it was hot. She advised him there were extra suits in the cabana (she had placed some there just for him) along with a shower on the outside wall when he needed a quick rinse. A small utility bathroom was housed on the inside. Terry again noticed the size of his cock straining at his shorts.

"Maybe it would be a good idea to change Ms. Leary."

"Please, call me Terry."

"OK Mrs. Leary."

"Terry."

"Yes, Mrs. Leary, I mean Terry."

Tim thought it would be a good idea to change. Maybe he could use the bathroom to jerk off real quick to get rid of the hard on that hurt so much. He closed the door to the cabana and removed his shorts. His huge black boner slapped against his belly. He spit on his hand a few times for some lubrication then started to pump his cock as he visualized Terry's and Rachel's tits. It didn't take long for him to blow his load all over the sink. Before he had a chance to clean it up, he heard a knock on the door. Tim, in a panic now, cum all over the sink and his hands, quickly wiped them on a towel. He saw the bathing suits in the changing

room and quickly put one on. His cock had gone soft after the knock through sheer fright of being caught with "cock in hand." It was a good thing too otherwise it would have stuck up out of the tiny suit he was wearing. No time now, it was off to work.

He passed Rachel on the way out, muttering, "all yours" as he passed by. Rachel held her tiny bikini top in her hand as she entered the cabana. Terry shortly followed holding hers.

"What's that smell mother? It's kind of musty like."

After a investigation Terry answered, "I think it is Tim's cum. Look here," she told Rachel pointing to a big wad of still wet cum lying on the edge of the sink. "Shall we have a taste?" Terry asked. "How does cum taste?" Rachel replied. "See for yourself," Terry responded as she picked up some of Tim's wad and offered it to Rachel.

Rachel stuck her tongue out and Terry placed a large amount on it. She then took the rest in her own mouth before placing it on Rachel's. Their tongues swirled together, mixing Tim's cum together again and lashing it over their taste buds.

"It doesn't taste like much of anything I've tasted before. But the smell and feel of it in my mouth turns me on," Rachel proclaimed.

"Me too! But let's follow through with our plan. It seems to be working so far. A while longer and you'll be tasting his cum straight from that big black hose of his. Did you notice how big and thick that thing is?"

"Yes I did. And I'm still wondering how it's going to fit in my tight pussy."

"You took the candle, you can take his cock. Don't worry about it. Now, getting it in your ass will be a problem but not your pussy. However, we can always look for other cocks to satisfy our anal urges."

"Your anal urges mother dear."

"I seem to remember you cumming quite well when I reamed your ass with my finger last night."

"Yes, but you had your tongue buried in my pussy too so that might account some for the orgasm."

"But you liked it didn't you?"

"Yes, I love everything you've done to me."

"Including our golden shower scene."

"Especially that!"

Terry hadn't planned on that one. It's just that she was reading an erotic story via the Internet and came across one on this subject. The author had made it so hot that when she heard Rachel taking a shower she just marched in there and told her she had to try something. She told Rachel to fondle her clit. As she was willingly doing it, she started to pee. Of course Rachel's hand made the pee spray everywhere but that was the fun of it. When Rachel tried to remove her hand, Terry grabbed it and kept it there. Then she kissed Rachel while her hot piss splattered all over them. When she was finished, Terry told Rachel about the hot story. Rachel got out of the shower and went to read it herself. A few minutes later she returned, told her mother to squat down, then sprayed Terry's breasts with her own hot golden spray. Afterwards, they had showered and went to bed having to make love for hours to quell their nasty erotic passion.

That nasty erotic passion was just further sexual fuel for the action they wanted to conjure up today. Having stirred their sexual fires with their manner of dress and now with the taste of fresh cum, they changed into their revealing bikinis hoping to spur their prey into shooting his hot white love juice in a more direct manner - they wanted his fresh cum in their mouths and cunts!

Once changed their plan entailed constantly showing off their hot bodies to Tim. Their large pool was situated a mere 50 yards from Terry's garden. Terry hadn't had a lot of time to spend on it; mostly it was her way of relaxing on a Sunday. Now that she decided to cut the time she spent mothering her employees in half, she would have plenty of time for cultivating the soil and tending Rachel's bush.

Rachel had chosen a dark red bikini while Terry's was yellow. Both of them combined didn't have enough material in them to make up one pair of shorts. They were very similar in design, both having only a strap to cover their respective asses. Both girls had to shave their

pussy so their hair wouldn't protrude from the frontal covering. Rachel had actually shaved hers bald while Terry just left a muff above her clit.

As for the bikini tops, Rachel's covered the bottom of her tit fairly well but only had a string connecting the right side to the left. The cloth was also cut deeper on the outer sides than the inner. The affect was a large amount of cleavage and when she bent over, her nipples would be visible. On the other hand, Terry's was so small it barely covered her aureoles and nipples. In fact, that's all it covered. All in all, they were perfectly designed for getting a maximum tan and attracting men. Swimming with them would only cause them to uncover the small portions of tit flesh that was left.

Armed with their hard cock inducing swimwear, the girls departed for the lounge chairs by the pool. Mean while, Tim was working up a good sweat in the garden. Trying to stay focused on the work at hand and embarrassed about his episode in the cabana, he did not look towards the pool for sometime. However, he knew those hot bodies where there. He could hear them chatting away. After an ample amount of time, he decided to take a glance their way.

Both "hotties were stretched out on their chairs, more in the shade at the moment than sun. He couldn't see a whole lot from the distance he was at, but he could certainly tell there wasn't much covering them. Then he saw Terry stand up and walk towards the diving pool. The board was on the end closest to him and she was walking in his direction. He knelt down quickly and pretending to pull some weeds he had already pulled. Just kind of flipping them in the air as he sneaked a peek at Terry's body.

"Holy fucking shit," were the only words that came to mind! "Was this fucking woman fucking hot or what man? What great tits! Even better than I though before."

Tim's cock became instantly aroused at the sight of Terry hot body. When she turned around and stood on the diving board, facing her ass towards him, Tim gulped and his cock head bend the elastic in his suit and snuck its head out. Bending his head down again, Tim could see its pee hole smiling up at him. It must have been smiling at Terry's nearly bare ass. If he were an ass man and not totally into tits, he would have cum into his belly button at the sight of her tight ass and shapely legs. He needn't worry. As expected, when Terry dove into the pool her flimsy top flew off. It didn't bother her any. She swam to the far end of the pool then back and climbed the latter near the diving board, tits fully exposed for Tim enjoyment.

Terry knew Tim was watching despite his pretense otherwise. She had been keeping one eye towards the boy all the time. When she finally saw him glance their way, she acted quickly telling Rachel, "It's show time!"

Tim couldn't believe the show he was getting. He could actually see her long hard nipples protruding from her silver dollar size dark aureoles. They bounced and jiggled as Terry climbed the ladder with her bikini top in her hand. When she raised both her hands over her head, one crossed over the other, then stood on the balls of her feet as if her hands were pulling her body skyward; well it was almost too much for him. He couldn't help but stare now. He couldn't move - hell he couldn't even breathe. Oh, this was so much better than those pictures in his dad's magazine.

Knowing that Tim had the perfect view now, Terry lowered her hands and replaced her bikini top without ever moving from the spot facing Tim. Only when it was back on did she move back to the chair.

Tim needed a cold shower. He certainly couldn't work with his cock sticking out of his suit. He made his way to the cabana. Unfortunately, the shower was on the outside of the cabana and not the inside. There would be no cock stroking now despite his desperate need to do so. The shower did feel good though. He hadn't realized he was burning up. He should have used some suntan lotion. After rinsing off, he ambled off towards the girls hoping to borrow some lotion from them. He never did make it back to the garden.

Rachel grew nervous in anticipation as Tim approached them. She knew it was going to happen. Her Mom had planted the seed now it was time to take advantage of its germination. This was no time to act like a 5th grader!

"Hi Rachel, would it be OK you think if I borrowed some of your sun tan oil. I think I'm beginning to burn."

"Burn? But you're already tan," Rachel stated naively.

Tim laughed then said, "Yea that's what everyone thinks but us brown folk burn just like everyone else. The red just doesn't show up against our natural color."

Rachel felt kind of stupid again. She even managed to say something to him this time and it still came out wrong. However, it was a natural mistake for a prissy white chick to make. Still, she should have put two and two together. After all, she'd seen Betty use sun tan oil often enough. She never questioned her using it before.

"Well, ah, let me put it on for you. It's the least I can do for asking such a stupid question."

"OK but only if you promise not to feel stupid." Rachel was smiling widely now. More that satisfied that she was able to gather herself and not say anything else non-intelligent. Terry liked this gentle giant more and more. He must have had a great upbringing. He was so polite. He always seemed to say the right things. Besides, he was also hard working and industrious - two qualities she admired the most. Yes, it appeared he had many admirable qualities. Now the question was how many times could he cum in a few hours. She couldn't wait to find out! Rachel had Tim sit on the edge of her lounge chair. She got behind him and began to rub the oil onto his shoulders. As she rubbed she noticed that her breasts were swaying back and forth so she push them into Tim's back, her dagger like nipples sticking into his smooth muscled brown skin. Tim felt the daggers. He tried to take his mind off them but wasn't having any luck. His huge fat cock began to grow. He put his hands over his lap to hide it and to try to move it to the side so it wouldn't slip out the top of his suit. Rachel finished his back then got off the chair telling Tim to lie down so she could finish the job. Tim didn't want to move from his current position and expose his tremendous bulge to the girls.

"Come on Tim, lie down. I can't finish you off if your going to sit like that."

"It's OK Rachel, I can do the rest myself."

"Nope, a promise is a promise. Besides, I'm enjoying it."

"Go ahead Tim, lie down. Don't be embarrassed. We certainly understand the state you're in," Terry chimed in. "You do Mrs. Leary?"

"Terry. Call me Terry. Of course, we women get horny too you know. Look at Rachel's nipples Tim. I'm sure you noticed they are like daggers. That's the tell tale sign a woman has been excited sexually."

"Are you sure this is the proper conversation for us to be having," Tim asked. "I do believe it is dear. Better to say what it is than to try to hide things. People surely waste too much time trying to hide their sexual desires. A mean a spade is a spade and should be called that way."

"What," Tim questioned Terry? "I mean men think about women sexually and women think the same way about men. When they do, cocks get hard, cunts get wet, and nipples grow erect. What's the big deal? It just Mother Nature's way of letting each other know they are interested."

"Come on Tim, lie back. I'll be quick I promise then we can go for a dip."

"Won't it wash off?"

"No it won't wash off in the pool. It's formulated to stay on." Reluctantly, Tim laid down. His hands still firmly crossed over his hard cock. Rachel tried to get him to move his arms but Tim was not going to budge. When Rachel finished she took Tim's hand and led him to the deep end of the pool. Rachel dove in. She was hoping her top would come off when she hit the water but it held firm. When she realized it was still on as she neared the bottom of the pool, she quickly flipped it over her breasts. When she surfaced at a point where she could stand, the top was over her neck, but her breasts were free for Tim to see.

Tim jumped in soon after Rachel and didn't see her flip her top off. When he surface he saw Rachel brushing her hair back. Her top had come off.

"Holy shit he thought. They were so fucking great! What the fuck had he done to deserve the show he was getting? Seeing two outstanding pairs of tits in one day - fuck he must have died and gone to heaven!"

He stared at them. Hell, he didn't know what else to do. His cock grew more, its big head once again peeking out its top. He stood up. The water level was just below his balls. Rachel opened her eyes and saw Tim staring at him. Then she saw his cock head peeking out and stared at it. Hell, now she didn't know what else to do.

Terry figured that the way these two were staring at each other, she had better say something before they both turned to stone.

"Rachel honey, I do believe your top has come undone. I'm sure Tim appreciates the view but maybe you should put it back on."

Rachel didn't appear to have heard a word Terry said - she was motionless.

"Did you hear me honey? What are you staring at?"

Rachel lifted her right arm and pointed to Tim's crotch. His cock had now grown so big that a full two inches of it was sticking out of his suit. It was thick and round and the wet material of his suit had wrapped itself tightly around it. Its true girth now could be determined as if it were not covered at all. Terry stood and walked over to a spot where she could see what Rachel was pointing at.

"My word, look at that monster. Tim, I can't believe you've been trying to hide that black beauty from us."

Terry's words got Tim back on track and his arms quickly covered his black pole.

"Well Rachel and Tim you guys might as well go skinny dipping now. Hell, he's seen your tits and you've seen his cock, or at least the best part of it, so why not?"

Rachel wasted time removing her bikini. As soon as it was off, she started splashing water at Tim, urging him to remove his suit.

"Come on Tim, it's only a flesh. What's there to be afraid of?"

"You sure it's OK Terry."

"I'm positive," Terry said as she removed her bikini as well.

"There now you're the only one left not in the natural state. Be a sport Tim, once you get with it you won't feel uncomfortable at all."

Slowly Tim removed his suit. When his black beauty was finally release, all Terry could do is gasp at its girth. She had never seen one that big and thick before, never mind trying to stuff one up her cunt. I guess she had been right about one thing anyway - it was never going to be able to take it up her ass!

As Terry had predicted, the more Tim swam and played in the buff, the more comfortable he felt about it. By the time took a break and sat on the steps near the shallow end of the pool, his stiff cock was now only semi-rigid.

It didn't even grow much as Rachel and Terry took up positions on either side of him.

"Tim dear, you think you could do me a favor," Terry said.

"Sure Terry, I'd be happy to. Hope it won't take long because I got to get back to the garden or I won't finish before supper."

"Tim"

"Yes?"

"Fuck the garden, it can wait." Her guttural tone told Tim not to question this command. So he asked, "All right, what's the favor then?"

"Let me suck that black beauty of yours."

"Huh?"

"Let me suck your big cock Tim. I want to suck your cock, is that clear enough."

"No Tim, let us suck your cock," Rachel chimed in.

Before Tim could answer, Rachel had his cock in her left hand. When Tim opened his mouth to offer whatever protest he might have had, Rachel took the opportunity to shove a tit into his mouth. The moment he felt that tit, Tim was theirs forever.

Tim's cock started growing even before Terry's hand wrapped its sultry fingers around it. Her bright red nails glistened in the sunlight as her hand now moved up and down on his cock.

"Look Rachel, it's starting to grow so nice and hard for us. We want to get it nice and big before we put it in our mouth. With a much smaller cock, I could take it in its flaccid state and make it grow with my tongue. That is very erotic, feeling it swell in your mouth. But this monster is much too big for that. Here, now you touch it baby."

Rachel turned, her tit popping out of Tim's mouth, and wrapped her hand around her very first cock. It felt so hard and it was so big, her small hand could hardly cover its entire girth. She stroked it up and down. How could she ever give it back?

Terry was looking back at Tim. The poor boy was in utter ecstasy but his hands were empty. She knew their breasts fascinated him so she figured it was time to satisfy his curiosity and

put those hands to good use. Terry also figured he was liable to blow his load soon after he started playing with their tits. However, that might be a good thing. Then she could spend lots of time instructing Rachel in the art of cock sucking before he blew his load again. After that second cum, then he'd be ready to mount his bitches and fuck both their pussies raw before shooting once more

Terry took one of Tim's hands in hers and lifted it to Rachel's tit.

"Feel it Tim. Feel how soft its skin is. It's like velvet isn't it; yet, it's so firm. Feel its nipple. Feel how hard it is. It's so horny. It wants to be sucked and nibbled so badly. Why don't you put it back in your mouth? And don't worry about cumming. It's OK. We want you to cum. We want you to cum over and over. We'll give you all the help you need."

Tim still couldn't believe this was really happening to him. Knowing he didn't have to worry about prematurely cumming somehow made it easier not to cum so quickly. Hopefully, he could even kiss and suck Rachel's wonderful bobs for more than a minute before he released his semen. Actually he lasted nearly five.

Rachel's pussy was on fire. She needed something in it to quell its heat. Jerking Tim off while his mouth was licking and sucking her sensitive nipples was just too much. Sure Tim wasn't the expert nipple sucker her Mom was but what he lacked in know how he certainly made up for in enthusiasm.

Terry knew how Rachel's pussy must have been feeling. It was important that this afternoon be dedicated to Rachel's cunt. Making it love cock by having it cum as much as possible. Today was a day for showing and ensuring Rachel had as much fun with a hard cock as humanly possible? Oh sure, Terry planned on getting off along the way but that was secondary to Rachel's pleasure.

With that in mind she instructed Rachel to stand up on the lower step. Rachel didn't want to let go of Tim's cock but she figured something more interesting might be about to happen. Tim was hanging it there but Terry knew it was only going to be another minute or two before he blew his load and she didn't want it to be wasted on just a hand job. Cum needed to be splashed onto hot skin or into hot pussies, mouths, or asses not fettered away in some pool. Now that Rachel was standing she told Tim to lean back. Then she had Rachel lean forward and she placed his cock between her firm young breasts.

"OK Rachel, press your breasts together with your hands like this," Terry said in demonstration.

"That's right honey. You got it. Now use your fingers to squeeze your nipples and move up and down on his cock. Use your tits like you were just using your hand to jerk him off. Titty fuck him Rachel. Made him shoot his cum all over your tits and face."

Rachel started to titty fuck Tim. She loved the look of utter pleasure on Tim's face as she moved up and down on his cock. Her tit squeezing action added more pleasure to the action. Then Rachel saw her mother move over to Tim's face and kiss him. It was a long sensuous tongue-swapping kiss. Rachel moved faster on his cock. Terry released Tim's tongue from her mouth and moved up to give him her right nipple to suck on. She wanted him to be nibbling on her as he shot his cum onto Terry. For her own pleasure, she had begun to finger fuck herself while she was kissing Tim. Now that her tit was in his mouth, her fingers were flying into her cunt hole. Yes, she was going to have her first cum right along with Tim.

Tim was ready now. It was one thing to have a tit in your hand or mouth but much more pleasurable to have a pair straddling your cock. Just the sight of it could make a guy cum. However, the sight of Terry's big tit in his mouth, Rachel's titty fuck, plus seeing Terry finger fucked herself put his cock into overload. It was rushing up now. He didn't even try to hold it back for more pleasure. It would be pleasurable enough without it. With a tremendous explosion he had never felt before, Tim fired his cum.

"Fuck, here it comes," Tim said as her release Terry tit from his mouth.

"Oh fuck I'm going to cum too," shouted Terry!

"Splash it on me Tim, splash it all over me," Rachel demanded.

But Rachel wasn't quite prepared for the extraordinary amount of cum that Tim was delivering. The first wave slammed into her shin. As she bent her head, the second wave

covered her mouth, nose, and cheeks. As she began to rise up, the third voluminous load splattered onto her tits and started to drip off.

Terry noticed that Rachel had stopped moving on Tim's cock as it started to spray its seed. After his third load gushed out, Terry saw that Rachel had actually moved off his cock. Still in the throws of her own orgasm, Terry was still able to move over and grab Tim's cock and continue to jerk it. A second after her hand performed the first jerk; Terry's mouth circled his cock head just in time to catch Tim's fourth release. Much smaller than the first three, Terry was easily able to suck it all up. She continued to milk his cock until the very last of his cum had leaked out. She even placed the tip of her tongue into his pee hole to ensure every drop was out.

By this time, Rachel had rolled over and was just watching her Mom suck Tim's juices dry. Her face and tits were covered in cum. She didn't know what to do next but she was sure her Mom had some uses for it. Some of the cum was beginning to run down her cheeks. She caught this in her hand and brought it up to her mouth and licked it off.

When Terry was finished with Tim's cock, she moved over to Rachel. Rachel moved up until she was nearly out of the water. Terry started to lick Tim's cum off of Rachel's face. Tim just coming out of his orgasmic bliss, and still very hard, could only stare at the wanton mother eating the cum off her baby's face.

"Tim honey, this is a participation sport. Watching is hot, but involvement is much hotter," Terry said to shake Tim out of his trance. "What should I do," Tim asked?

"Suck Rachel's tits. I know you love that. Clean all your cum off her chest. Don't give me that funny look. You'll love it once you start. Once you finished, move your head down to her pussy and start playing with her clit. Poor Rachel hasn't even cum yet and we're both one up on her."

Not really sure that he wanted to lick up his own cum, Tim moved to Rachel's breasts and started to suck on them.

Then a voice inside him said, "Hey, there is much more sexual pleasure on its way if he just would follow what Terry was telling him. Moreover, other afternoons like this might be forthcoming if he proved himself, so don't blow a good thing at the start. If she wanted you to eat your cum, then eat it. Shit, she was loving it why shouldn't you."

From that point on, Tim would blindly obey. The older woman sure knew how to have fun. Besides, anything he could do to or with Rachel had to be good. He began to eat his cum. It wasn't bad at all. He cleaned Rachel's tits like a pro before moving his head down to her pussy. Now Tim had never even seen a real pussy up close. He wasn't quite sure what to do once he got down there. However, Terry came to his rescue just in time.

"Here, let me show you what to do," Terry said.

Rachel had already spread her legs in anticipation. Terry unfolded Rachel's labia and pointed to the clit hiding at the top.

"Now Tim, Rachel is extremely wet. Go ahead and put your index finger between her open lips. That's to see how wet she is. We want to make sure our finger is nice and wet when we rub her clit. You see, her clit is just like your hard cock. It loves to be fondled, squeezed gently, and sucked. Watch how I rub it Tim, up and down and circling around. Next, I squeeze it ever so gently between my thumb and forefinger. You see her face Tim; she really loves this. We can even jerk it off like your cock," Terry said finally as she showed him how.

"Oh Terry don't stop. I need to cum so bad," Rachel said unable to keep her hips still.

"OK sport you better get her off. She can't wait any longer."

Tim started working on Rachel's clit just as he was instructed. While he was doing it, Terry was working her own index finger in and out of Rachel's cunt hole.

"OK lover boy, bend down and take her clit between her juicy lips and squeeze it between them," Terry said as she removed her finger to give Tim room.

After he seemed to get the hang of it, Terry told him to put his own finger in Rachel's cunt. He did so slowly and awkwardly at first, but he soon caught on. With his finger now fucking Rachel's cunt and his mouth giving her clit a blowjob, Rachel soon flew over the edge. She released her own giant amount of cum. Tim could actually feel it begin to stream out of her cunt. Her cunt was oozing cum and without even being told he took his finger out and stuck

it in his mouth. He next moved his face to the point in Rachel's pussy where her cum was flowing and began to lap it up with his tongue.

"Well Tim is certainly a quick study," Terry said to Rachel after she had come down from her orgasm.

"I think we should all repair to the parlor mother so we can get more comfortable."

It was a good idea so the three of them marched to the house with Tim between the two ladies and his arms around both. His massive cock had not yet lost any of its hardness and still poked straight up and out and they walked along. Tim kissed one girl then the next as they all strode along.

Once inside the house, Terry told Rachel and Tim to wait for her in the parlor. When she returned, she told Tim to sit on their big leather chair. When he did, Terry sat on the floor near him putting down a brown paper bag she brought with her.

"OK Rachel. Remember how you saw me suck Tim's monster cock just after he shot his load on you?"

"Yes and I wanted to try that ever since."

"Well now's the time."

Terry began to instruct Rachel in the fine art of cock sucking. Rachel was an apt student - a real natural. Terry showed her how to cup and fondle his balls, how to put their sacks gently into her mouth. She told her the importance of keeping the cock shaft nice and wet and how to squeeze and suck the head with her mouth while working her hand up and down the wet shaft. Up and down Terry's mouth went over Tim's huge cock head. Up and down she worked her hand. When she felt a dryness, she would release the head and wet the shaft again and start the process all over again.

They shared Tim's cock at first. Alternating mouths on it. Pausing to kiss over it. Spitting on it. Jerking it. Making it dance to their rhythms. Eventually, Terry was confident that Rachel knew exactly how to do it so she just laid back and observed. After a minute or so of this, she stood up and had Tim eat her pussy while Rachel continued on with her succulent blowjob.

What Terry liked most about her body was its ability to quickly build to one orgasm after another. Within minutes of having Tim's large tongue in her pussy, she was ready to cum again. Rachel had also picked up this trait from her mother. She already knew that it would be possible for her to cum just from sucking cock.

To be sure, sucking Tim's cock was a real turn on. She loved the feel of its hardness in her mouth and would soon discover the joys of giving head in the most unlikely places - like blowing Tim in the principals office or while waiting for a street light to change. However, those were erotic moments yet to come. She couldn't see the future and was only concerned, for now at least, with wanting him to cum in her mouth so she could lap it up like her mother did. She knew she was going to cum soon as well. To speed the process up, she had begun fiddling her clit as she sucked Tim off.

Terry was about to cum herself and she held Tim's head tight against her loins as she released her cum. It always felt so good to cum. Her whole body seemed to enjoy it. Now that she had started cumming regularly again, she wasn't ever going to stop until she was buried six feet under.

After cumming, Terry felt it was time for an extra. She opened her brown bag and told Rachel to stop for a minute. When Rachel did, Terry coated Tim's black beauty with a nice coating of pineapple sauce - the kind you put on ice cream sundaes. As the sauce dripped down around his very aroused cock, Terry added whip cream. Then she placed a cherry on top and told Rachel to have a treat.

Rachel soon gobbled it all up and no sooner had she finished than Tim's breathing became rushed and he started pumping his hips into Rachel's face. Terry knew what was soon to follow and instructed Rachel to remain calm and let the cum hit the insides of her cheek so she could control the flow of cum down her throat better. Her mother's instructions didn't quite prepare her for how quickly Tim gushed out his cum. In milliseconds her mouth was full of it. She tried swallowing as fast as she could but simply couldn't keep pace. It started to leak out her mouth before she gagged on it and some of it even went up her nose.

Terry couldn't help but laugh. "It's OK honey, Tim has so much it does take some getting use to. You'll get better the more you do it. As they say, practice makes perfect!"

The girls' next move was to make some popcorn. "What's the popcorn for?" Tim asked. "We're going to put on a show for you Tim. The best way to enjoy a show is with popcorn and a soda isn't it."

"I guess so."

Rachel and Terry commenced to put on one hell of a show for Tim. They kissed feverishly, sucked and fingered each other's cunts, manipulated and squeezed each other's nipples and their own. It was so exciting to Tim that he just sat there - unable to do anything but stroke his own cock. If he tried to eat the popcorn, he certainly would have gagged on it. The girls had each cum twice already during their performance. However, they were saving their biggest orgasm for the show's final act.

The finale included the double-headed dildo that Terry had purchased earlier in the day. Tim had not seen anything like this in any of his dad's magazines. Both girls were holding the long rubber object in the middle and sliding an end in and out of their cunts.

"Tim I hope you'r enjoying this because that black stallion cock of yours is going to be taking the place of this rubber hose in the not to distant future."

"Rachel I'm about to cum again. It's so fucking good I can't help it. Here I go, shit! I fucking love cumming!"

Rachel was getting close herself but didn't want to cum with the rubber Tim; she wanted the real Tim. Therefore, she removed the dildo from her cunt and positioned her pussy over Tim's hard cock as she faced away from him. Terry looked on but could tell Rachel had everything well in hand. Tim's cock is what Rachel had in her hand as she lowered her cunt towards the tip of its head.

"Easy now Rachel, don't try to take too much too soon."

Terry hadn't realized how wet her daughter's cunt was. She was a virgin but only in a technical sense. Days of fucking herself with various objects had made her pussy more than ready for the ride of her life. She lowered her cunt onto Tim's blackness and to the surprise of everyone, a good seven inches of Tim's monster was quickly buried in Rachel's young pussy. Rachel loss all control in a very short amount of time. Soon she was riding her black stallion.

"This was as close to heaven here on earth that anything could possible be," Rachel thought. It was even more pleasurable than her mother describe. Then again, how could anyone possibly describe this kind of pleasure?

Rachel was screaming wildly in pleasure, "Oh mother this is so fucking good!"

Her tits were doing a dance as they bounced against her chest. She placed her hands under them for support so they wouldn't hurt. Plus, she enjoyed pulling their nipples out straight as her pussy milked Tim's one giant utter. Rachel then started to cum. She kept the pace of her fucking up through one cum, then another quickly sprang forth before she finally yielded and slowed down.

Tim was far from cumming yet. Having had so many thus far, it would be awhile before he shot again. Sensing this, Terry lay on the floor and spread her legs wide.

"Rachel it is mother's turn now."

Rachel got off Tim's cock and Tim quickly got between Terry's legs and with Rachel's cum surrounding his tool, entered Terry's wet pussy. Even Terry couldn't believe how full she felt. Though more mature than Rachel, she was surprised she could actually take all of Tim's cock in her.

Tim noticed that Terry's cunt wasn't quite as tight as Rachel's but the good news was he was able to get all his cock into her so that the base of this shaft was rubbing on Terry's clit with each stroke. He balanced himself with his arms and rocked his hips into her. The many times fucked Terry knew how to match his hips stride for stride.

Terry fucked Tim's cock for a full ten minutes before she shot off. As soon as she did, Rachel pushed Tim onto his back and she started on him. When she came, Terry returned the favor. By the time Rachel got on Tim's cock one more time, the boy was ready to cum. Rachel's pussy could sense its release and she squashed her hips down hard so that her pussy was taking as much black cock as it could.

When Rachel felt him explode into her cunt, she exploded right along with him. Then she fell off and all three lay exhausted on the floor until they regained their strength.

An hour later, they were still in various stages of recovery. Tim was spread out on the couch, while Rachel was likewise on the leather chair. Terry was curled up on the love seat near by. Tim finally rose up and declared that he had to go to the potty.

"Can we watch?" Terry asked.

"You want to watch me pee?" Tim questioned.

"Oh we want to do more than that!" Terry declared as she winked at Rachel.

Gloria

Gloria was happy to be home. She just finished her second year of college and was home for the summer. Her mother Janet could use the company. Gloria's dad, Janet's husband, left Janet 3 years ago for another woman. Janet had a hard time getting over it.

Gloria had another problem she had to face. How to tell her mother she was gay. She tried to tell her last summer when she was home but always backed out at the last minute. This summer she vowed she would tell her.

Janet came into the kitchen. "Want to go shopping today, Gloria?" she asked. "We have a new mall now. We can shop till we drop." "OK mom, sounds like fun. By the way, did you take my advice and start dating? Dad's been gone 2 years now. You got to get along with your life."

"Don't start that again, Gloria. I'm doing fine." "In other words your not dating," Gloria said. "Look at you. 38 years old, a body to die for, and your setting home letting the world pass you by. OK, I won't bring it up again, but I wish you would get out and enjoy yourself." "And that's just what we are going to do," Janet laughed. "We're going shopping."

As they were driving to the mall her mother asked Gloria how her social life was going. "The boys at college must be hounding you to death," she said. "Look at you. You're so beautiful. I know how horny those college boys can get. You must be driving them crazy." Well I can see this isn't going to be easy to tell her I'm gay, she thought. Nothing is ever easy I guess.

That night while laying in bed, Gloria's thoughts turned to her mother again. I wonder if she masturbates. I wonder if she's masturbating right now. Gloria thought of her mother laying in bed fingering herself. Gloria lowered her hand down to her pussy and caressed her clit. She was picturing her mother fingering herself and it was getting her hot. Her fingers were moving more rapidly. Oh god, I'm fingering myself thinking about my mother. She was past the stopping point. Her fingers were now slipping into her wet pussy. Faster and faster, picturing her mother in rhythm with her. She felt her orgasm swell up in her. Her hips were bucking the air. "Aghhhhhhh," she groaned out loudly. She hoped her mother didn't hear her in the bedroom next to hers. She had just cum with the most wicked fantasy she could imagine.

The next morning Gloria had made a decision. She told her mom she had to run an errand and was going to use the car. She drove downtown to a suit rental agency. She inquired about renting a man's tuxedo that would fit her. They assured her they could. After some alterations she rented a suit. She went to a men's store and bought a mans hat. That evening she asked her mother if she would like to go out for dinner. "Sure," her mother replied. "Well dress up real nice mother, I told her. The dinner will be on me. Think of it as the date I'm always trying to get you to go on."

Her mother laughed. "Ok, we'll make a night of it," she said as she went off to get ready. Gloria went upstairs and put on the tuxedo. She had to pin her long blonde hair up so it would fit under the hat. She looked in the mirror. Not bad, she thought. I'd make a handsome young man. Her mother was in the living room when she came down. "What in the world are you wearing?" her mother asked in amazement. "I told you I was taking you on a date and I thought I should look the part," she replied." Her mother laughed, appreciating the effort her daughter had went to make her point.

They returned home about midnight after having a wonderful dinner. They even danced several times as her mother good-naturedly went along with the charade. As they pulled into the driveway and parked the car Janet spoke up. "Would you like to come in for a night cap, sir?" she asked mockingly. "It's the least I can do for showing me a most enjoyable night." "I'd be delighted," I said. They entered the house.

Her mother spoke: "Gloria, I had a wonderful time even though it was a off beat. I'm tired. I'm going to bed." "May I walk you to your door?" I asked, still acting out the charade. I took her by the hand as we walked upstairs. At her bedroom door I paused. "How about a good-night kiss, madam?"

She smiled and reached up to kiss me on the cheek. I put my hand behind her head and pulled her lips to mine. I could feel her body stiffen as the kiss became prolonged. She was

trying to pull away but I held her tightly. I forced my tongue into her mouth. I heard her moan. Her body relaxed as my tongue invaded her soft, wet mouth. My hands were now cupping her the cheeks of her ass. I pulled her to me as I thrust my hips into her. A long moan came from her as she felt the huge dildo I was wearing. My mouth pulled away. "Lets go to bed mother," as I opened her bedroom door and led her in.

I pushed her down on the bed. As she looked up at me I removed my hat and shook my long blonde hair free. I then removed the jacket and shirt freeing my full, round breasts. Then I lowered my pants. Her eyes were now riveted on the 10 inch dildo that hung heavily from my crotch. She began to mew. "Ohhhhhhhh." She set up on the edge of the bed. I pulled her lips to the head of the dildo. She instinctively opened her mouth and began licking the head. "It's so big," she cried. "Soooo big." She opened her mouth and took the head into her mouth. I pulled her head firmly as the dick slid into her mouth. It was now to her throat. She tried to take it all.

I withdrew the rubber dick and pushed her back on the bed. I lay next to her as my hand slid under her skirt. I found her soaking wet pussy. My fingers were pressing the crease of her pussy lips. She was moaning loudly now. As my fingers slipped under her panties and entered her cunt her whole body shuddered. "Arggg" she cried. My pussy was soaking. This was the hottest I had ever been in my life. "Mother I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to fuck you in your cunt till you can't cum any more. I'm going to stick this big dick up your ass and make you beg for more."

She came. A long drawn out groan emitted from her lips. "Ughhhhhh." After her orgasm subsided she just lay there. She didn't resist when I removed her blouse, skirt and bra. What beautiful tits, I thought as her heavy mounds fell from her bra. She was moaning. "This is wrong Gloria. So wrong. Please, we have to stop."

I lay down next to her and wrapped my lips around her one of her long, thick nipples. I sucked like a baby, pulling it with my teeth and bit her until she winced. I pulled myself on top of her. "No Gloria, we must stop." I felt her spread her legs submissively as I guided the huge dildo into her cunt. Her pussy made a sucking sound as the first 3 inches slipped in. Her hips slowly began to grind. "Mmmmmmm," she moaned. My thrust were more rapid now. Her rhythm was mine. The dildo forged deeper into her cunt. She now had the full 10 inches buried in her hole. Her hips were humping in abandonment as she groaned and moaned in delirium. I heard her scream. "I'm going to cummmm. Ughhh ughhh ughhh. I'm cummiiiiinnnggg."

The pussy juice flowed from her like a river. Gush after gush exploded from her. Here come another orgasm. "Ahhhggg." She couldn't get enough. I continued driving the full 10 inches into her aching hole. Then I heard a low guttural sound emitting from her throat. "Guhhhhh." She was cumming again with such force it was almost primitive. We lay there a long time the dildo still buried in her. She finally spoke: "Did you cum with mommy, girl?" "Yes mother, I did. Many, many times."

"Good," she said. "I'm tired now and want to sleep. Tomorrow you can keep the other half of your promise. You will, won't you?"

"Yes mother, I will."

Suddenly another orgasm racked my body. The thought of fucking my mother up the ass with this huge rubber cock sent waves of pleasure juice gushing again from my aching, swollen pussy...

The Pregnancy

Sheryl was pregnant during last year with our daughter. During that time, she was always very horny. She wanted to fuck almost constantly from the third month on because of the high levels of hormones the pregnancy caused. At first I was able to keep up, but at some point during the end of her fourth month I was beginning to wear down from her constant sexual cravings. I was at my rope's end, until that one night.

We had just finished a marathon like session of some straight out sex, in which I at one point had to slap her ass as I fucked her from behind. My cum was still flowing out of her as she said "Boy, I sure could go for some more of that!" I almost rolled my eyes in front of her. I politely declined, reminding her that I had to work in five hours and if I didn't get what rest I could I would surely fall asleep at my job. I mentioned if she wished to talk to me, that was ok. Sometimes if I concentrated on her voice as she talked I could fall asleep.

"Ask me anything," she said. She said this when she had no other worthwhile conversation piece. So I thought about it, and then remembered a question I had wanted to ask her for a long time. I'd suddenly remembered that for a long time I had the hots for a cousin of mine. I ended up approaching that cousin about it, and it had ended in a 69 position (she wanted to save herself for marriage). So, I asked the question "Have you ever had the hots for one of your relatives before?"

She hesitated, and then she said "Yes. My five older brothers. Every last one of them. I was such a tomboy when I was younger and I always did what they were doing. When I turned the age I started developing, I noticed I had sexual feelings towards them. I tried to ignore it at first, but it became hard to. Sometimes when our parents would leave for somewhere and all of them would be at home I wished that all of them would have come to me and just fucked me silly. Of course, it never happened."

I was pleasantly surprised to receive this information, since she related with such sincere honesty. I was also relieved to hear it because of the fact that it gave me the best idea in a long time. The next day on my break at work, I called each of her brothers and talked to them. Since they all knew me and got along well with me, they were happy to hear from me. I was quick to find after I asked them if they had ever had the hots for Sheryl that the resounding answer was "Yes, but we never did anything about it." I then explained the current situation at home with her constant sexual cravings and then asked how willing would they be to help out. A couple of them answered right away, and the others asked me if I was kidding first. I reminded them to be at our place on Saturday, our wedding anniversary.

I asked Sheryl to dress up in her bridal gown that day. I had it changed to meet her current size with no difficulty. I kept her busy upstairs with things like a couple of slow dances and so on while her brothers were busy setting up downstairs. When I brought her downstairs, she was speechless. There was a mattress on the floor with plenty of pillows and her brothers walked up to her and surrounded her. They began to kiss her and grope her. At first she wasn't responding, but soon she relaxed and just went with it. They slowly helped her get out of her wedding dress. Her swelled breasts expanded and contracted as she was touched everywhere by her brothers. They just ran their hands all over her body.

She was getting fingered by one brother as the others continued their exploration with their hands. She rode the fingers inside her cunt back and forth. Soon, all the brothers had their hands there, fingering her. She slowly lowered herself to the floor as they continued rubbing all around her opening pussy. She was enjoying it a lot, and in no time she was on the mattress while being double stuffed in her cunt while blowing the remaining three brothers. It was wild! I just sat back and watched the scene lay out before me. It was nice and equally exciting to not participate but to just watch.

Her pregnant stomach hung down as she was on all fours, and her cunt was certainly open as her brothers began to take turns fucking it. They all had long cocks, and my wife certainly seemed to enjoy them. I watched as they pumped their hips at full speed to saw her cunt back and forth. Each brother was careful not to cum, changing speeds. They even drove their cocks in ways I hadn't tried before. But then again, she was pregnant and her cunt was so loose it must've allowed their meat to move all around inside of her like a churning stick in

a butter barrel. Then they would switch and a new brother would begin where the other had left off. They pulled her close as they possibly could. Sheryl was loving it, as she began to moan and groan sounds I wasn't aware she even knew how to make!

They laid her down on her back. Then two brothers stood on each side of the mattress and held her arms and legs while the remaining one positioned himself to her cunt. They lifted Sheryl up off the mattress, then they swung her back and forth onto the remaining brother's cock. It made wet sounds as her brother's ramming rod drove deep inside her womb. The motion drove his cock deeper than she had ever felt before. She was certainly enjoying something new as she let out a sound similar to a bark. The brother fucking her began to drive his hips faster and faster inside of her. She began to scream as her loose pussy began to quiver, and she let out her cumming scream as she sprayed her brother's long member with her saucy cunt juice. They then laid her back down because her limbs were starting to hurt, but this time two of her brothers held each of her legs while the others took turns banging her pregnant slit. I began to stroke my cock hard as I continued to watch.

Unbelievable! Then they managed to fill each of her holes with their cocks. The slapping noises got louder as they fucked her good and hard. There was my wife, being banged by her brothers and living out her desires all at the same time. She matched every stoke they gave to her, her hungry cunt gobbled their cocks up as her mouth sucked them dry and her ass pulled them deeper inside her. Then they each started to cum. It wasn't at once, but it was within a short time period. As each of her brothers pulled out of her after dumping his hot load inside her they went to sit down. Soon, my wife was alone on the mattress. With her voice thick with desire, she called for me to come and finish the job. I got off of my chair and came over to her. She laid down on her back with her cum dripping cunt just waiting for me to stuff my cock inside. I began to rock inside it, the extra cum helping me glide in and out. I drove myself balls deep and since her cunt was so open, I almost felt like I was gonna fall inside. I kept to my job though, and constantly rammed myself back and forth inside her. She reached around and put her hands on my ass as I flexed the muscles that would fill her full of my hard throbbing member. I then rolled her to her side and lifted one leg in the air and continued my relentless assault on her pregnant hole. I used my other hand to touch her swelling stomach, as it always turned me on.

"Slap my ass again like you did last time," she demanded. So, I took my hand from her stomach to her ass and smacked it hard. She urged me to continue, and I did. I was aware that the brothers were circling around us, stroking their cocks as they did. I finally came hard inside her hole and fell exhausted onto the floor. I looked at the clock and saw it had been over an hour just for what I had done! My wife quickly scrambled to her knees and began sucking her brothers' cocks and balls in turn. They closed the circle around her, and I couldn't see much except her between their legs.

"Get the camera," she called at me. I ran upstairs and I got the camera. I came back down and started filming it. She blew each brother as good as she could do it, and then switched to the next one. She kept this up until their balls and cocks were boiling with cum. She bent over on her hands and knees again, and said "Now jerk yourselves off and blow it all over me! Give me a good cum bath!" And they did exactly as she asked. I zoomed in as each load splattered everywhere on her. She opened her mouth to catch what she could catch and licked whatever ran down her face. She smiled, and she politely thanked each of her brothers for a wonderful time. That night, she rode on top of me as a way of saying "Thanks" to me. Needless to say, every weekend after that until the baby was born they visited. Sometimes we filmed the sessions, and we have sent a couple of the videos into a company that paid us quite well. In fact, two of the three are bestsellers. It resulted in us also building a website with pictures of my wife and her brothers in the act. We are doing well enough from her sexual desires that I was able to quit my job and stay at home. This morning during breakfast after she had called the doctor about her recent checkup, she came up to me and said "Guess what? I'm pregnant again according to the doctor!" I could only smile.

Gee Daddy

"Gee, Daddy, that feel's good," I said, as my father rubbed his prick up and down my horny slit. It did, too. What felt even better though, was when he centered his swollen cock in the entrance to my vagina, and started inching it inside. Daddy always did know the things that made me feel good. Still, he kept denying me that greatest of pleasures. Tonight I was going to pull out all stops, to get what I wanted. "Ooh, I bet you like that," I said, as I milked Daddy's penis with my tight hole. By now, I knew how to squeeze my father's prick, and make it feel good, without even moving. Daddy groaned. I guess he must have agreed with me, because the next thing I knew he said, "You'd better ease up Tammy, or I'll have to pull out. You don't want that yet, do you?" Shit! The last thing I wanted, was for my father to pull out. "Do you have to Daddy?" I whined; working even harder. Once before I had been lucky, and caught Daddy by surprise; milking him off inside me, before he even realized he was about to cum. Daddy wasn't going to be caught so easily tonight though.

"Tammy," he said firmly, "you know the rules. I only cum in your mouth, asshole, or hands. We're not taking any chances on you getting pregnant. I'm taking too big a chance already, just fucking you like this. I don't want to accidentally knock you up."

"Why not Daddy?" I grumbled. "Marcia's already had three youngsters, and she's younger than I am." I could tell I was getting to Daddy, as his prick swelled even bigger inside me. Perhaps, if I kept talking, Daddy would forget and squirt inside me, before he realized he was doing it.

"Your cousin isn't fucking her own father," Daddy pointed out. He paused in his sliding in and out to push up hard inside me, while he tried to keep from spasming my body full of his precious seed. I knew he would be annoyed if I moved, trying to get him off; but that didn't mean I couldn't keep squeezing him with my vagina, hoping he lost control.

Sadly, he didn't. I felt my father's prick swell, then subside in me. I don't know if Daddy squirted more pre-cum, or sperm inside me, but he was once again able to slide in and out without feeling like he was going to splatter my insides full of baby-making cum. I was disappointed, but not completely. Maybe that was a squirt of cum that Daddy had just left inside me, while he gained control of himself. I knew enough about biology, so I was pretty sure there were at least some of Daddy's sperm wriggling in whatever it was, even if it only was pre-cum. Such a delicious thought. "But Daddy," I said; talking about my best friend, while sliding back and forth once more, as my father's urge to cum inside me declined enough to make him feel a bit safer, "Darlene tells me she's had two babies by her father already, and she hopes he's made a third in her." Daddy lurched inside me; as the thought excited him. I decided that maybe it was time to tease him. "I'll make it feel real good to you, I promise," I said; squeezing Daddy's prick as hard as I could with my cunny, to show just what I meant. Daddy groaned, but managed to hold off. Darn. Time to try something else. "Darlene says her father likes to feel his sperm squirting inside her almost as much as she does," I said; humping up at my father at the same time. From the slippery feel of his cock sliding inside me, I knew Daddy's cock was dribbling lots of pre-cum (and hopefully some sperm) inside my claspings slit. "I'm sure I can make it feel just as good for you, as Darlene does for her father," I said. "Please Daddy? You'll like it. Honest!"

"Oooh!" I could tell that got to Daddy by his groan, and also the flexing of his prick in my belly, that told me he had almost lost it. I knew my father wasn't really worried that I wouldn't make it "feel good" for him. Exactly the opposite, in fact. "I can't Baby," he said; fighting to control himself so he could pull out, without leaving me with a belly full of baby-juice, "your mother would kill me, if I got you pregnant. Heck, she would probably kill me, if she knew we were even fucking without using a rubber, let alone getting you pregnant!" I giggled. Perhaps I had a chance after all! "Oh don't be silly, Daddy," I said. "Why do you think Momma's been going to all these meetings lately; leaving the two of us alone to get it on?"

Damn! That had exactly the opposite effect I was planning on. Instead of getting so excited that he squirted inside me, Daddy's prick actually wilted, as he tried to figure out what I meant. "Well," he said, "I wondered a bit if she knew we were having sex. Still, that doesn't

mean she wants me to get you pregnant. She probably is trusting me to have enough sense for the two of us. For sure, you don't seem to have any."

"Oh Daddy," I sighed. Sometimes I wondered if I would ever get him to agree. Still, I couldn't complain too much. Just feeling my father's prick inside me was a thrill that some girls never got. At least I got to fuck my father, even if I never did get the extra thrill of feeling his baby growing inside me. On the other hand, I wasn't quitting yet! "Momma knows I'm not on the pill," I pointed out. And she's certainly not dumb enough to not know what we're doing while she's gone. I mean, my bed practically reeks of sex, every time we're left alone, and I'm sure she knows the smell of cum, as distinct from pussy-odor. I'm sure she knows we're having sex, and unprotected sex at that. So why do you think she's suddenly found all of these extra meetings to attend, right while she knows I'm the most fertile? I mean, if Momma was worried about me getting pregnant, she'd make a point of being around right now, to keep us from getting carried away, don't you think?"

My father was weakening; I could tell. "Are you sure?" he asked; sliding in and out, while trying to decide. I knew he was on a hair-trigger, but also knew better than to wrap my legs around him, and hold him inside me until he filled my womb with his seed. The last time I had tried that, Daddy hadn't fucked me for a month afterwards, and I had almost died from horniness. He had told me then, that if I ever tried it again, he wouldn't fuck me for a year. I didn't dare take the chance. Not when I was so close. Besides, even if Daddy decided not to risk it, I still had a slight chance of getting him to cum inside me by accident, like he had once before. If I got too eager, I might lose even that chance.

"No, I don't know for sure," I said, honestly. "But it makes sense, doesn't it?" I hoped my honesty didn't blow my chances. Still, I had never lied before to my father, and I wasn't about to start now. It turned out, that I was luckier that I had thought.

"No, no!" said Daddy. "I mean, are you sure you really want this? I mean, having a baby by your own father is a big step for a teenager. You might regret it later."

"Daddy!" I said, "I've been sure for years. Heck, ever since I had my first period, I knew I wanted your baby inside me. Why do you think I crawled into bed with you that first time? Once Momma told me that I was old enough to have a baby, I waited until my period was over, and tried to get you to knock me up right then! Only it took almost a year, before I could get you to even touch me, let alone put your prick up inside me." Daddy giggled at the memory of his girl trying to act like a streetwalking slut. Still, once I had convinced him that I was not only serious, but knew what sex was, he had finally relented enough to "show me the facts of life." I guess my horny displays had finally gotten him horny too.

"I guess you did," he admitted. "So," he said, suddenly jamming his prick in me up to the root, "if you want to get pregnant, your mother wants me to get you pregnant, and the idea even turns me on, then we'd better get started, hadn't we?"

"Gee, Daddy," I said, "You mean it?" I could barely hold off my orgasm, at the thought I might finally get what I had worked so long for.

"What do you think?" he said, panting hard, as he worked closer and closer to his orgasm. Only this time, I knew my father wouldn't be cheating either of us by pulling out, like he usually did. This time, every potent drop of my father's precious seed would be squirting inside my womb where it belonged. The exciting thought was too much for me. "Gee, Daddy I... I... liieeee!" I couldn't finish, as my cunny began clamping and squeezing on my father's prick like it never had before. I had had orgasms before, but nothing like this! I knew that Daddy wouldn't have been able to pull out this time, even if he had been planning to; my cunny was squeezing him so tightly, that there was no way he could pull out before he filled my vagina with squirt after thick sticky squirt of his sperm. Not that Daddy tried. Feeling me going into spasms around him, was the last straw for Daddy. I felt my father's prick get abruptly bigger inside me, as he jammed it as far up in my belly as he could. With a bellow that almost matched my screech, Daddy suddenly began spasming my tight slit full of load after load of thick greasy cum. He didn't try to pull out this time like he usually did, either. Instead, he kept forcing his prick as far up inside me with each incestuous squirt, as he could.

I couldn't help myself. My arms and legs automatically wrapped themselves around my father's body and legs, until he couldn't have gotten away if he had tried... Which he didn't.

Each time my vagina would clench and squeeze on my father's thick prick, Daddy would respond by sending yet another healthy squirt of sperm jetting against my cervix. On and on it went; with neither one of us wanting it to stop, until my legs were aching with cramps, and Daddy was aching with dry squirts of sperm he no longer had; trying to send one last surge of baby- making cum into his daughter's womb.

"Oh gee Daddy," I said, as I felt the last sticky drops of my father's precious sperm oozing into my receptive young womb, "that was... that was wonderful. Thank you."

"Whoooo! Thank you," he replied, trying to catch his breath, while keeping his prick buried in my snatch. It's so nice to feel your lover still inside you, after you get your rocks off. Knowing Daddy's sperm was still inside me too, was icing on the cake... Which reminded me: "I hope I'm pregnant now," I said, hoping Daddy didn't get another attack of conscience, and get mad at me for "enticing" him on. He didn't.

"Well," he chuckled, "if not, I'm sure your mother will see to it that I keep on fucking you until you are." "Daddee!" I objected. But you know what? He was right.

Just a Feel Dad

"Oh go fuck yourself," I heard dad shout and the front door slammed. I sobbed in my room, the row had lasted for a good hour and was just the latest in many since Christmas. My tears splattered my school books. I was trying to revise for exams and couldn't because of the upheaval in the family. I heard footsteps on the path and looked out of the window. Mum was marching off down the street, her head high and arms swinging, but I knew she was hurting inside. She had told me countless times, that she wanted her own space, but couldn't find the way to tell dad.

Why she told me I don't know, but being the only and female, I suppose I was a shoulder to cry on, but she hurt me too. Why space? What was I supposed to do, didn't she like me either? I knew she and dad had grown apart since she had got a job and he was still unemployed and he was very proud was my dad. Of Northern stock and a tradesman, it stung him to see mum bringing in a comfortable wage. She was glad to be able to support us, we weren't a high living family, living modestly and within the budget apparently. Mum confided all this, not that I cared. At , I cared about Jem my boyfriend and BB my boxer dog. As long as food was on the table - whoever bought it and I could get out and see my mates and sneak the odd cigarette and have quick sex with Jem to keep him happy, I was happy.

Christmas had been dreadful and I'd spent more time with Jem's family than mine. His dad was a greasy old git who stared at me all the time and rubbed his crotch Ugh! Paul, Jem's brother was no better although only eighteen and the mysterious Uncle Ralph who always seemed to be there, spent most of his time either hugging or slapping Marge's fat bum; she's Jem's mum. Marge was a brick and funny to be around. She had funds of sly dirty jokes, that she whispered to me. Half the time I hadn't a clue what they meant, but I laughed with her because her trilling giggles echoed through the dingy house, lightening the heavy dark moods pervading it.

Jem hated her confiding in me, but it wasn't confiding, just companionship, but as long as he was allowed to feel my fanny as often as practical and fuck me when I fancied it, he was no trouble. He wanted to fuck me all the time and I wouldn't let him. I would tell him I wasn't that easy and was quite happy with gropes and fumbles. I could suck him off easily anyway and that always took the heat off. The fact that I hadn't experienced orgasm yet didn't bother me. Whatever it was like, mum's opinion was that it wasn't much to bash on about.

I tried to concentrate on my English book, hearing the TV downstairs. Dad would be smoking and probably having a beer. I sipped a can of coke, gazing round my room with its pop-group posters and clothes hanging off every conceivable hook, shelf or piece of furniture. It was a mess but it was my domain. I was reminded of Christmas again when my eyes lighted on my pinboard and the snaps of Jem and me at various parties. My English book slid off my lap as I thought about the evening round one particular photo.

I had worn my new spangly boob tube and a white micro skirt. I'm big for my age; my 36B boobs looked stupendous and Jem had spent half the night ogling me, as had every other male in town. I'd had my navel pierced, a pressie from Jem who was an electrician. It caught the flash light and sparkled as I posed with Jem, Nick, Paula and Connie. Connie who was Indian had got absolutely bladdered that evening on home-made Margarita cocktails and I found Nick and Jem peeking up her skirt where she'd passed out on the steps of the party house. I'd gone ballistic, as you would, but as I was rather pissed too, I'd pulled my skirt up and told them to at least look up a skirt that knew what was happening. I remembered the tingle I got when the lads took me at my word and came so close that I could feel their hot beery breath on my bare thighs. Jem had passed out with booze later and I'd tried to sleep with Connie and Paula on a couch, but it was a fitful uncomfortable night.

"Marie, you there?" came dad's voice at my door. His fingers tapped lightly on it as I responded. "Yeah dad, come in," I told him tremulously.

He stepped into the room framed by the door. His huge powerful bulk stood awkwardly as he grimaced. "Sorry love, I'm at my wits end with your... with her," he gestured with a nod of

his head. "Tried a beer and a smoke but my heads spinning as it always does when Meg goes off like that. I didn't help I s'pose."

"I heard you swear at her, of course it doesn't help," I told him sulkily. "Well the things she said to me, what d'you expect?" he blustered, then suddenly sensitive, "You been crying too? Oh Marie, it must be lousy for you."

I wiped my face with my school tie, self consciously realizing I was still in my uniform. I sat crossed legs on my bed wearing black bootleg trousers and the regulation white shirt. We could wear skirts, but in winter no one did although I longed to get my legs exposed again, as they were rather special.

"S'alright dad. Nothing new. Don't like to hear you two at it all the time," I told him. "Those were the days, when we were at it all the time," he grinned weakly. I grinned and shrugged at his innuendo, knowing that he knew that I heard him and mum having noisy sex once upon a time. "Don't your feet get cold?" he asked staring at my bare feet. I didn't like overheated rooms, therefore my radiators were off and he shivered as if feeling a chill. "Nope," I answered studying my red painted toes.

"Megs gone cold on me, if you see what I mean," he muttered. I nodded as he leaned against the door frame. "Own space, own money, what's got into her? I've never kept her tight for cash - when I had some," Dad added ruefully. "You alright for cash, for spends Marie?" I nodded and picked at a rough toenail. "Good, good. Seeing Jem tonight?" I shook my head and my blonde hair flicked into my eye. "Ouch!" I exclaimed rubbing my eye instantly.

"Don't do that, let it cry. It'll wash it out," Dad said softly as he stepped to my side. "Lets have a look." I tipped my head up, smelling his beer as he gazed intently into my right eye widening the lids with his stubby yet sensitive fingers. "There's nothing in there anyway, let me wipe the tears away." Sitting beside me, he dabbed at my eye with a tissue he'd produced from his jeans pocket. I couldn't vouch for the cleanliness of it, but his tender thoughts and deeds overpowered those sort of concerns.

"God, you're making me cry now Marie. Daft bugger," he chided himself. Real tears, not hair tears welled up in his eyes and he started to sob. "I'll be OK it's just when, you know when you see eyes all wet, your own... sort of do it too," he mumbled, dabbing at his eyes now. I made a grab for the tissue box at my bedside, as he did the same. My knee jolted his thigh and his arm brushed across my tits.

It was weird. I hadn't realized my nipples were erect. What the fuck for? You couldn't see them, my shirt is too voluminous and my bra holds them well, but Dad's hairy forearm had alerted me to this strange phenomena. Jem loved my nipples. He would suck them for hours, laughing while hoping to get milk from one and beer from the other. I told him they wouldn't produce until I was preggers and he always threatened me jokingly, that he had no condoms. I always had and made sure he wore them. My nipples stuck out like organ stops when aroused and were immediately almost sore but thrilling to the touch. Mum had confided that hers were the same, but that was about two years ago when mine were busting suddenly from my juvenile chest and we seemed forever to be buying bras. They were almost sore now. It was fucking stupid.

Dad was still sobbing and I put my arm round his shoulders. "Come on dad. It's not that bad. You'll sort something out," I whispered pulling him to me. He leaned gladly, sighed and rested his curly black head against my shoulder. "It's no good darling. We're finished, your mum and me." I wanted to correct his English, but it wasn't the time. "Still love her you know," he rasped. His forearm dropped and rested across my thigh, our legs were close together from hip to knee and the heat generated between us was remarkable.

"Course you do. And I love you and mum, see how I feel," I patted his head. He gripped my knee slightly and his hand slid about two inches up my thigh then back again. "You feel lovely Marie, that Jem's a lucky lad." His face turned up and he pecked at my cheek. I pecked back at his, wondering at his comment. "You're good kid Marie, such a comfort. A comforting person you are," he mumbled.

"Don't be daft," I responded, nudging him. "Can I put my arm round you darling?" he murmured, pleading with his dark brown eyes. He looked so pathetic I let him and he hugged me closely. Idly he patted my thigh as I realized my right nipple was at bursting point

trapped against the side of his torso. I budged and he glanced down seeing my bust spring free. "Sorry. Am I squeezing your... Am I squeezing you too tight?" I shook my head, watching him gaze at my boobs.

"Built like your mum you are," he muttered, then he burst into floods of tears. "I don't know what I'll do without her," he wailed. "I mean it's not just the... you know... bed and things. She's been my rock all these years and the only woman I've ever loved." I reached for the box of tissues and his head slid down my shoulder and he snuggled onto the top of my right breast. My shirt was soaked as I lifted his face and dabbed at it tenderly. His sobs were really booming up from the deep and his massive body shook as he poured it out. I'd never ever seen him in this state before. The great man, so strong in will and body was reduced to a mere wet rag of a person.

"Dad, dad. Its OK please stop. I'm here at least. I can't take sides, but you're still my dad and the dad I love so much," I comforted him. "Do you darling?" he tried to smile up at me, his face lined with running tears. I nodded and pecked at his lips. He pecked back and I pecked him again and he kissed me on my lips and then my cheek. I rubbed his curly head as his head sunk lower and he cuddled in to me. I swayed to and fro, hugging him as he sighed, then his head wobbled slightly as if to settle more comfortably and another huge shuddering sigh escaped his lips.

I felt his other arm encircle my waist and pat my hip as his right arm snaked up from my thigh and onto my belly. I tensed as his fingers seemed to seek out the waist band of my trousers, but when they did, his hand slid back to my thigh, but this time nearer my crotch. My nipples were zinging by now and I was mystified, but the oddest thing was that this powerfully built, hard, man whose presence was so close as to feel like it was a much bigger version of Jem and was so run down and miserable was making my fanny tingle too. It was soaking, as much as my shirt I thought, but why? This is my dad, a thirty-nine-year old normal dad in a rough patch and I was having the most amazing feelings. His words compounded the situation.

"Marie. You can say no of course... but... well will you let me... Ohhhh!" the sigh racked out of him and I stayed dumb. "It would be nice... just for a minute... you know iifff I could... well hold you, sort of?" What the fuck was he saying? I had an inner dread that I knew. "You are holding me dad. Its OK, it's not a problem," I answered.

His head lifted, his eyes boring into mine at the same time I felt the slightest cupping of his hand under my left tit. "Like this," he whispered as his hand roamed lightly across it. My nipple nearly screamed, as I did realizing how nice it felt. Jem usually went at them like a bull at a gate, tearing my brassiere off in no time.

I nodded and murmured a feeble OK and he grinned up at me. The grin was grateful and he continued to feel my fettered boob. I couldn't help myself revealing the sheer bliss and gave out a sigh and my head went back as his hand coursed over my inflamed nipple.

"Nice eh? Meg liked that too," he whispered, gazing into my face. He pecked my lips and I pecked back, then he kissed me and I kissed back and without any thoughts on the consequences I lay back on my bed. His mouth found mine again and we tongued as his hands sought out my shirt, lifting it free from my trousers. His rough hand on my belly soon located the bottom of my bra and over it. Now he could feel my nipples and he gasped.

He turned his body slightly and pushed against me. I could feel his cock against my thigh as he nudged at me, whilst trying to get under my Gossard bra. It was too tight and he was hurting me.

"Hold on," I gasped and levered up. He tried to unclip me and failed but I soon had the thing loose and almost screamed as his hands freely stroked my tits accompanied by our joint moans of delight whenever they touched my nipples.

"They're gorgeous Me... er Marie," he sighed. I stayed dumb thinking that's all he wanted and would soon be satisfied, but his crotch was budging me across the bed. It felt like he had a real stiffy trapped. Dad kissed me and I returned, I liked kissing and he wasn't bad. Then I felt his hand leave my tits and roam down my belly and settle right on my crotch.

"Er dad, my tits eh? Just my tits?" He moaned and pressed his fingers into my crotch. "Just a feel Marie, that's all, make me happy eh?" he pleaded, kissing me before I could answer. Our tongues roamed voraciously and I felt his hand find my zip and expertly lower it.

For some reason, don't ask me I opened my legs and his hand rummaged into my knickers. My trousers were tight, so it was difficult for him to reach any further, but he whined and moaned and pleaded and the next thing, they were down at my ankles and off, panties and everything.

"Just a feel dad, that's all eh?" I whimpered as he shuffled away and gazed at my exposed crotch. "Yeah Marie, just a feel. You're beautiful and so hair," he giggled cheekily.

I smiled passively as his hand brushed over my fine blonde pubes, which I liked until I remembered the state of my cunt. It was too late, his fingers had fiddled into it and he gasped. "Marie, you're all juicy. Wow! Have I turned you on?" he asked arrogantly, as if it was his prowess. Fucking problem was that he had. I heard his fingers slopping about until I jerked suddenly as he found my clitty. "Heh heh," he chuckled. "Experience counts."

Didn't it just, I mused as his fingers played a delightful mazurka on my cherry. I was lost and groped for his dick. He made it easy for me with his jeans and zip. As I grabbed it, I leaned to look. "Fucking hell dad, it's enormous," I squealed, trying to conceal my pleasure. It must have been ten inches and very fat.

He grinned triumphantly as I rubbed the huge shaft, its veins hard and angry, the shiny dome seeping lube and his balls throbbing in a hairy sac. "Done this before then Marie?" he ventured. "Don't be daft dad," I answered. "With Jem Ohhh," he gasped as I steadily wanked it. "Mmm!" I responded, happily letting him flick my clitty to new heights of excitement. He was good, but so was I.

"Just a wank Marie, feels and wanks eh?" he rasped. His face met mine and we kissed passionately, laying side by side, our hands going hammer and tongs at each others sex.

Dad's body started to roll onto me and I didn't stop him. I felt his thighs push mine wide and start to prod his cock at me. I knew we wouldn't need hands. I was soaking wet and he was rigid, but luckily my brain went into overtime. I pushed him away slightly and he moaned and grimaced as if I was stopping him in full flow. Our bodies parted and he started to say something as I turned and reached away from him, but his face turned to a half smile as I brandished the condoms. "In your room too," he chuckled. I shrugged as I unpeeled a rubber, dad offering his monster tool without prompting. I rolled it on his engorged dick, not without some difficulty, I didn't stock extra large for Jem.

"Done this before then. With Jem?" he asked as I lay back again. I nodded and sighed with bliss as his knob prodded at my clitty again. "You shouldn't you know. You're only..." His voice failed as he thrust at my twat and secured a full penetration.

"So it's alright with you then is it?" I challenged him gently as he started to buck at me. "It's alright darling, I'll take care of you, you know that. You're very good to your old dad and I'll be eternally grateful, you'll see," he started to pant, pushing hard now and it was gorgeous. I love a good fucking and my amazing dad was an expert. He knew how to lever up and rasp across my clitty. He didn't take long, that was the problem, starved of it probably and desperate to cum. He filled the rubber and stopped abruptly, his body quivering and his face twisted in an expression of sheer relief, as he arched up and grinned down at me.

"That was superb Marie, thanks. Sorry it was so quick. Been some time... you know," he spluttered as I tensed my minge muscles round his softening dick. "Hey what you doing down there?" he quizzed, glancing towards our joined crotches. I tensed again and persuaded him to roll over. It didn't take much for him to comply and I straddled him.

The trouble was he was spent and I needed to cum too, but to his eternal credit, he spotted his shortcoming, so to speak. As I sat heavily on his cock, not allowing it to escape from my greasy teeny twat, his hands started to roam up my body. My school shirt was in a wrinkled mess, still buttoned round me and he undid it, leaving my tie flapping, muttering that he liked it. My bra hung around me loosely and he shoved his hands onto my tits and I hit the roof.

Great racking gasps exited my mouth as my nipples gloried in the attention. I started to rock on his soft but large cock, quickly glancing to see if the rubber was still intact. I screeched as he nipped my swollen buds and he shushed me, his eyes glancing to the door. "There's no one there dad, but if you nip them I'll fucking scream it's so good," I told him.

"Urgh, Oh yeah darling. Oh yeaaahhh!" he moaned as I rocked on his now swelling prick. I arched my back as his hands overflowed with my mammaries. I could charge my clitoris down on his hairy cock root from this angle letting my tits take their exquisite punishment.

I grinned openly down at him, dad returned the pleasantry. Two bodies and minds tuned into ultimate pleasure seeking. Who the fuck cared if I was his blood daughter? Neither of us certainly and it would be just this once I told myself. He was back up to full erection and his knob was finding all sorts of nooks and crannies inside my teenage vulva. Jem had never got that far, but Jem could ride me patiently until I came.

My fanny that had been first fucked when eighteen was truly filled by the most magnificent cock I'd ever seen or sat on and I'd seen a few. My dad, all thirty-nine years of him, was now reveling in seeing to his daughter and his prowess was showing, by the skillful way he moved to my motions. I couldn't imagine why mum was leaving him, but then sex isn't everything. It meant a lot to me and dad was giving me whole bagfuls of it right now.

My climax started, in the usual way. Hot tingles shooting through me, starting at my clit and round my groin then in waves up through me to meet the sharp stabbing zings in my nipples. I groaned as it all became a faster procedure and soon the sensations were meeting as one and my body seemed on fire.

"Oh yes dad... yes yes yes yes yes," I shouted. There are not many words you can say or need at this time, just enough to indicate as if it isn't obvious that I was cumming with the force of a cow elephant. Dad's face was a mixture of triumph and strain as he bucked up at me. He had the body strength to lift me physically which each thrust from below as he powered his massive tool up me. I gave up trying to move, letting his actions carry the emotions on each surging shunt towards the ceiling.

"Uurrrggghhh!" he gurgled. "Fuck it. I'm cumming again Marie. Jeeeezzz!" With one last enormous fuck, he stopped and sank onto my bed with its Brad Pitt duvet cover. I dropped onto him and our bodies heaved with great racking breaths. His cock softened very quickly and plopped out of my soaking snatch and I checked, I needed to for fuck's sake, that the condom was intact. It was and I breathed a silent sigh of relief. Dad chuckled, aware of my thoughts. "Still there, no two headed babies for us then."

"Stop it dad, don't be nasty. You'd soon fucking worry if there were," I responded, scrambling off him and laying flat out panting.

"Yeah you're right darling. Sorry," he muttered stroking my hair and pecking my cheek. I turned away from him, not wanting the thoughtful after sex mood. It was over, he'd fucked me rotten, yet so beautifully, but I wanted him to go.

"Its years since I came twice you know," he told me. I grunted and felt his hand creep round my breasts. "Good," I answered, pushing his hand away. "I think I want to shower now dad. That's all eh? And no more, promise, ever?"

He groaned and sat up patting my butt. "But its so good and no one will know Marie," he pleaded. "I mean you enjoyed it too. I know you did. Didn't realize your old man was so good a lover did you?" he laughed. "I think if you tried harder with mum, your lover's talents might come in useful again, don't you think?" I asked, getting up and stripping my shirt and tie off. I flung a bathrobe round me and went to the door. He grunted and shrugged and I knew I'd spoiled his mood by mentioning mum, but that was the idea. She wasn't interested in sex anymore it seemed. He must have tried that tool, so to speak. I went to the bathroom and showered luxuriantly. I must admit my body was in full bloom although my nipples hadn't come back to earth yet and my pussy seemed fleshier than usual. But then it doesn't get ten inches of prime cock meat every day.

Back in my room, typically dad, who had gone downstairs, had left the rubber on my dressing table, albeit on a tissue, but he could have disposed of it. He had shot one hell of a load in it and I grinned at the massive bubble of cum in the end. I reckon he'd left it for me to think about it, a souvenir of his unbridled lust, his incestuous passion for me and his proficiency in the art of seduction, for he had seduced me hadn't he?

Adriana

Happy Girl...

Adriana, or Addie, was very happy, she had decided on how she would go.

Timmie, her younger brother, one year younger at ten, was so verrryyy Handsome! He wasn't merely 'cute', Timmie was actually Handsome. And it was due to the already rugged appearance to his face (well, for a ten year old).

Adriana had seen him naked... accidentally, No, Really! accidentally. His already hard body, their father had started him lifting weights as early as possible, was that of a ten year old boy. Virtually no hair except for on his head. And Timmie hadn't had to shave it, either. Timmie was so very... well, Manly! And as Adriana had been fucking for two years, she was nine when she had started... Timmie was just going to be a late starting, himself. If she had her say in the matter.

Daddy had come in and asked Adriana if she thought she could handle the responsibility of watching her younger brother for one evening. Of course, Adriana had been eager to try. Well, of course, Timmie looked up to his big sister. She knew so much more than he did...

Seven O'Clock...

"Tiiimmmiiieel?" Adriana's voice sailed through the house. Timmie had recently learned about touching himself, but hadn't really learned that it was called 'masturbation'. He looked towards his open door, a scowl growing on his face. "What do you want, Ad!?" He shouted back in as civil a voice as he could manage. "Could you come into my room, please, Timmie?" she called back.

'Oh, now what!?' thought Timmie crossly. And he got up from his bed and without a thought to anything like dressing, went to her room. In their house they were used to or no clothes hiding body parts from each other. As he crossed her doorway, Timmie turned to face her bed on the other side of the room. She had gotten the bigger bedroom and had her bed off towards the side but not against the wall.

"Could you give me a rubdown, Timmie? Please!?" purred a naked Adriana quietly. Timmie saw her perfect, or to him, naked form on the bed and began a renewal of his former erection, only five inches from base to tip of head. He became nervous, "Uh, C... Could I come back with some clothes on, Ad!? Pa... Please... uh, Addie?"

"Well, what's ah Matter, Timmie?" She sounded concerned, "You seen me naked before and I saw you, didn't we? Why we need clothes to be together!?"

"Th... Things're a different... uh, Ad!" he stammered. "Different!?" She cried rising to a seating position, "Let me look... what could be different, um, between us... uh, now?" she finished curiously. Timmie stood there with a big urge to cover his privates but fought it down... just barely. His hands still trembled with the need.

"Now, let me look..." Adriana whispered as she fell to her knees in front of Timmie, "What could be... so... Different!?" She looked up at Timmie's nervous face and almost gave her plan up on the spot. "Well, your face seems normal, maybe a red... but, otherwise... normal!" And her eyes traveled down his neck to his muscular chest that twitched with anxiety. "Your chest looks... uh, Normal!" Then her eyes traveled to his belly, "It's just as gorgeous as normal... uh, your belly is that is!" Then her eyes were on his crotch... "My... your penis seems to be hard! Is that what's so wrong... oooo, loogit twitch. Could I touch it?" She cried reaching out her hand. *Uuuhhhgg* Groaned Timmie when the warm hand touched his erection. He couldn't say anything else...

Keeping her hand on the stalk of the short but powerful muscle, Adriana cooed... "It's warm, Timmie, but, does it feel good or hurt when I touch it?" While she rubbed it up and down the stalk. As she did this, she watched it twitch, then how Timmie's face went hard and his eyes closed as he continued to groan with the sensations. She smiled and brought him off just to see if he could ejaculate. Amazingly he did produce the clear precum, then a thick white liquid shot from his penis. Just a very squirt, but it did come out. "Oooohh, Ggggoooddd!" Timmie cried as his penis shrunk out of existence through Adriana's small hand.

"Wh...!" cried Timmie as he saw his sister lick her hand off after having wiped some white stuff off her neck and chest, well, barely beginning to develop breasts. But, then, he received

another shock when she released his shrunken penis from her hand and took it into her mouth and began to suck it! After six good sucks, she took it out of her mouth and licked her hand off that had held the erection as he shot off.

Once he had regained his voice, Timmie cried, "What was that white stuff... and, uh, why'd ya lick it off... my, uh, Thing!?"

"That white stuff... came out of your body. You know what it is, Tim?" Timmie thought for a second before replying, "At the play ground I heard a word... C... Cum!? I overheard a dirty joke being told... is that what it is, Adriana?"

"What is Cum, Tim?"

"I... Th... Think... it's what makes Mommy's have babies, isn't it?"

"Very Good, Timmie! Where's it come from, then?" Timmie hated it when Adriana did this to him, but continued answering anyhow. "It... it comes from the Daddy, doesn't it?"

"Gooodd, Timmie! Where on the Daddy does it come from and where does he put it to make a baby?"

"I... it comes from the Daddy's... uh, th... Penis!" And he smiled his angelic smile in pride.

"How does he make a baby, then?" Timmie concentrated hard, "The Daddy puts it into the Mommy, doesn't he?"

"Where, Tim!" Adriana smiled at him, "Where does he put it into the Mommy, Timmie?"

Timmie stared back uncertainly, "In... In her Belly! Doesn't he, Addie!!"

"Well, yeah, but, where's the opening... uh, into the Mommy's belly?"

"I... I don't... Know!?" Timmie suddenly burst into tears. Adriana was instantly on her feet and comforting her baby brother. "Timmie... Timmie, it isn't important enough to cry over...OK?" She put her arm over his shoulder and led him to the bed. "It isn't worth crying over because here's where your education advances, OK?" An Education...

"Ya know what this is?" Said Adriana after backing to place her back against the headboard of her bed. She pointed to the juncture of her opening legs. "'Thing' is... uh, wrong to call it I s'pose?"

"No, Timmie, it isn't a... *giggle* 'thing', it's called 'pussy' or 'Cunt!'" Timmie had heard of the words but hadn't been able to relate them to anything... "That isn't where Babies come out of the Mommy, is it!?" Giggling, Adriana nodded. "It's so... Tiny! How do they come out of there, Addie?" He said wide eyed. "It... Stretches, Silly Bones!" Adriana smiled.

Timmie thought he was being teased and got angry, he started to leave and to retort...

"Nooo, Timmie, please don't Leave!? I'm sorry... please stay and we'll have fun playing Sex!"

Timmie relaxed and returned to the bed, "We shouldn't play Sex, Ad! There's something bad about it... uh, isn't there?"

"Timmie, didn't you like it when I took your penis into my mouth to suck? (Timmie nodded.) Well, how can that be bad, then? I know you taste good... I liked it too and would like to do it again!"

"Wh... Addie, what's 'fuck' mean?"

"You heard it in the dirty jokes, then? It's what a man and woman does when they want to either make a baby or just have fun. Would you like to try it?" Timmie nodded. Adriana took his hand and had him lie on his back... "I'll do all the work the first time, OK, Timmie? All you have to do is react!"

She began by taking his nipples into her mouth to suck, and kissing them, making them erect... Looking down, Adriana saw his penis was twitching already... She continued sucking, then made her way down to his belly button.

Timmie began moaning and exhorting his sister on until finally she, after caressing his inner thighs for a maddening hour, really only five minutes, kissed the tip of his rampaging erection...

"Cock... oooo, Cock!" Adriana cried with delight as she began licking from base to just below the crown. She was enjoying it so much she almost forgot what she had intended to do...

"Oooohh!? You ready for your first Fuck, my Brother/Lover!?"

She crouched over Timmie's erection and slowly began to lower herself until she was impaled in her hot pussy. Adriana moaned and smiled a beautiful, huge smile once she had sat entirely with him inside her belly. The first upstroke was too much for Timmie... on the

downstroke, Timmie cried out and it felt like a gallon of the white liquid had shot out of his penis tip. Adriana forced a climax when she felt the cock convulsing inside her belly...

"Ad... Thanks Addie!" Timmie called as he left her room...

That first night, Adriana had to beat off for an hour because Timmie had made her so hot... but she didn't mind. He would get used to having his erection inside her tight belly. And they would have years of fun ahead of them!

The following afternoon, before Daddy came home from work, Timmie allowed Adriana to fuck on his penis. Then, Daddy took Timmie to his martial arts class and came back home to find her beating off in her room. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think my sweet girl had been badly fucked!" Tom, her Daddy, smiled while removing his pants...

"I did... uh, Fuck, Daddy! I started Timmie just last night. Isn't it simply... Greaaattt!"

"Well, right now you need a good Cunt Spanking, don't you?" He lay on his back and Adriana squatted over his seven inches and swallowed him right up. "Dh... Daddy! Oh, Daddy, Fffuuuccckkk mmmee!"

He turned her over so she was on her back and began slamming into her red hot very wet cunt... For ten minutes he slammed her, but then turned back over and allowed her to set the pace. If anything she was more energetic and it went for another ten minutes until she pulled off him and offered herself up doggy fashion. Just before each change, Adriana climaxed at least once... but, when her daddy had begun to shoot off, it triggered one long continuous climax. When she finally came down, her daddy was still inside her tight canal and just beginning to come to normal as well. Even as Adriana began to catch her breath, her daddy's cock became a 'mere' penis. Her daddy wasn't 'mere' in anything, though! As he pulled out, there was a semi-loud popping sound.

Adriana watched as the penis first bowed down then fell to its actual four inches... Soft! Hard it had gone to almost nine inches!

The following morning, Timmie came up with a shocking question, "When'd Daddy... uh, start Fuckin' ya, Ad?" He said it as simply as that! "Well... How'd ya...! Two years ago, Timmie. How'd you find out?"

"Not exactly stupid, am I? Each time it's my turn to fill the washing machine I find at least one set of your panties and his briefs filled with your juices. And his!" Timmie looked at her with his small smile in place. The one he used when pleased with himself. "Amazing...!" cried Adriana, as she settled herself for their daily fucking. A fucking which was getting better and better, every day!

That night, Tom was preparing to enter his favorite, and only, Cunt... "He knows, huh? How'd he figure it out, then!?" he exclaimed anxiously... as always, he was eager to start!

When Timmie turned eleven, which was one month before Adriana's birthday, the family fucked for the first time together. Now, understand, they tried not to get her pregnant... it really didn't work, but they tried.

For three years, nothing happened, Tom had her put on the pill. He told the doctor that she was getting old enough to need it. He really didn't think Adriana was going to go wild and be bedded just yet, but, one never knew, did one? He acted shocked to find out she had been sexually active, but, not angry, he finished, "Guess I did this just about in time, huh? Just have to talk to her, don't I?"

They told her she needed to go off the pill to allow her body it's natural functions for a while. They did this several times in the years and then she forgot when her period had come and Timmie wanted to fuck and she agreed. At first she wanted to have a oral sex but he wanted to Fuck! She allowed and really liked the sex they had... the following month, just before she was going back on the pill... well, you know! "Missed Period!" Tom whispered, "You're sure, Ad? It couldn't be a mistake?"

"A girl can tell, Daddy! Guess I forgot...!" But, she was kind of liked the idea of carrying her Timmie's baby. And they were living in the right area, weren't they!?

They were living in an area where one's business was one's business unless it horned in on someone else's... well, business! No other mistakes were made in the following years. Then Adriana went off to the local junior college and her own apartment, which Tom and Timmie visited at least once a week. They had to be more quiet... but that didn't matter.

Tom had stopped seeing other women for sex, his wife, Annie, having left the family years ago, but he started dating again... for sex. And he quietly integrated himself back into the singles scene and he found it rather easy.

Being a writer, which is how Tom had been able to be with his ren so much of his time, he had spoken to psychologists and other mental health professionals about starting dating again. He called it research and actually got a good book out of it. But, it was all for himself... the shrinks knew... too! But, they didn't seem to mind discussing it with him... as research.

When they had gone into their teens, the ren had begun to date, but never had sex with anyone else, claiming they were saving themselves for their future mates.

They did have a lot of fun, but Adriana almost had to fight her way out of sex with a boy who wouldn't take no for an answer. After having threatened to scream, she had to make like screaming before he backed off... "Alright, then!" He snarled in a whisper, "Don't ever expect to go out with me Again!" Adriana didn't really care despite the fact he was Captain of the football team.

When they finally found someone who would do for a mate, as in marriage, all three Tom, Adriana and Timmie; they got married. Adriana and Timmie had decided to let the ren, if any, come to them to start incest if they wanted to. And Tom agreed. And all either moved back to their neighborhood or continued living there... in a nudist lifestyle.

Midnight Breakfast

It had been several years since I had seen her, my now 45-year old but still full-looking mother. In the service, then at work, I had thought of her and, of course, corresponded with her. She had told me some of the details of the divorce of two years ago.

Long before that, I had surmised, her relationship to my father had gone downhill. Now, back home again for a vacation, I had been talking with Mom about her life. I must admit that she turned me on. She was very tall, for a woman, almost as tall as I was. Her body was that of a big woman, but not overweight. Long ago, she had been a feminist protester and burned her bra. I noticed that she still went without one. She favored relatively short skirts and a loose blouse, with the top buttons open, leaving her large breasts free to move easily, as she moved. Even at home, she wore flattering shoes that showcased her the shapely calves of her long legs.

Hanging around the house now, seeing her body again, I began to remember my teenage masturbation sessions when she had been the porn star of my dreams, going down on me every night and often during the day. I would see her doing something, like vacuuming, and get a sense of her luscious breasts that I longed to suck, then go to room, close the door and strip naked. I would stretch out on the bed with the box of tissues nearby and close my eyes, feasting now on the dream lady going down on me, my Mom! After coming into the tissue, I used to dress, wash up and then go to the living room to watch TV or something. Often, it would not be long before she would be there, sitting down and unknowingly showing me her long shapely legs, bare and smooth, just made for her boy to lick - or so it I day-dreamed. Pretending to watch TV, I would be watching my own private porn movie in which I would go to my mother and kneel before her and caress her long legs, then lick up her thighs until she spread for my teenage tongue to lick her waiting cunt. Hard-on showing, no doubt, I would then jump up and rush to my room once again and... yes, strip down and jerk off as I completed the daydream by having my mom go down on me.

And here I was at home, years later, only me and mom, sitting there watching TV that evening not long after my return, ogling her shapely smooth legs... and at first remembering the fantasy... but then having it all over again. Except that I did not rush to my room.

My hard-on showed but mom looked immersed in the TV program. In fact, I had been so absorbed in my fantasy that I had hardly noticed that the cable TV movie had entered an erotic scene. I saw my mother flush but her eyes remain steady as we watched a young blonde girl fuck up and down on her lover, all in simulated cable-TV fashion, of course. The TV-scene switched and now the girl was under the boy as he plowed into her.

Mom shifted a bit and I saw more of her smooth white thighs. Her chest was moving more rapidly, drawing my attention to her substantial breasts covered by a white blouse with just a few buttons closed toward the bottom. I couldn't help surreptitiously rubbing my groin, slowly. Mom looked over once and then covered her mouth and I saw she was smiling, while also blushing.

When the movie was over, Mom looked over at me. "I don't know about you, but I could eat something - how about it, like some pancakes-- a kind of midnight breakfast?" "Hey, great idea, mom!" I said.

As she pattered around the kitchen, I sat at the table and watched her, becoming aroused again. "Hey, mom, you're more beautiful than ever," I said, as she prepared the pancake batter. She looked back at me and grinned. "Thanks, honey, I love that kind of compliment." "Mom, maybe I shouldn't ask this - tell me to shut up - but have you... do you go out with any men?"

"Honey, it's OK, ask me anything. Actually, since the divorce, I went out a couple of times, but the guys were... not for me. So, for the past year, it's been just me and my shadow."

"Oh, mom, that's a shame. A woman like you... I mean, you still have needs don't you?" She blushed and was quiet. "I'm sorry, mom, I guess I shouldn't..." "No, no, it's OK, you're old enough to talk with about these things and who else have I got to talk with about them? Yes, I have needs, very much so, but they're just not being satisfied... for the time being anyway."

The pancakes were done and we sat to begin eating. She had turned on the radio and some quiet melodies were playing in the background. I sipped my coffee and watched her eating. She reached across the table and poured more syrup over my pancakes, spilling some on my fingers as she did so. "Oops," she cried. "Ok, mom," and for some reason, I don't know why, I stretched out my hand across the table, with syrup dripping from two fingers.

"Lick it off, mom," I said with a laugh. She giggled but held my wrist and licked the syrup from one finger. "That's nice, mom, I like that," I said. She laughed cheerfully and then licked the other finger.

I took a chance, then, and things went in a direction I would never have expected. As she finished licking the other finger, I took up the syrup bottle, reached over and poured more over my fingers. She looked up at me with a strange look in her eyes. She blushed. Then renewed the licking, sweeping her tongue along each of the three syrupy fingers. Just as she seemed about to quit, I poured a lot of syrup over my thumb and then took another chance: I left my hand in the center of the table rather than near her mouth.

"Come get it, mom," I said. Her face flushed, she stood and then leaned over. "Suck it, mom, suck it," I whispered. Her mouth had been poised over it to lick it, and now, turning beet red, she paused and then went down on it, sucking it. It was deep throat action. "Oh, mom, I like the way you suck," I whispered.

Her whole seemed to tremble and I saw goosebumps on her bare arms. The sucking action slowed now and I had a sense that the meaning of the entire event had switched. She very slowly worked back up on the thumb, then removed it entirely from her mouth before going down on it again, and then repeated the action, taking the entire thumb into her mouth as far as it would go.

While she did this, I was ogling her body. Her blouse had been only buttoned on the last few places so that as she bent to suck me, I could see her voluptuous bare swollen breasts. "Oh, mom, that's truly nice. I love your... body. I love that sucking. Do you like it too?" She nodded, her entire face and neck flushed red.

As she moved up from it and paused, I moved quickly to pour more syrup over it so that it dripped all down my thumb and she hastened to go down on it and suck it up. As she sucked, my other hand was free and I reached under her blouse to feel the hot skin around her neck, then up toward her hot face. She looked at me with aroused eyes as I let my hand caress her face, then back to her neck, and, under her loose blouse, her shoulders. I reached further forward and began a gentle running of my fingers down her back. She closed her eyes and sucked deeply on my thumb.

"I love my mom to suck me. Do you love to suck your boy, mom?" She nodded, the flushed face turning even hotter. I reached down the front of her blouse and was about to touch her breasts but first looked at her.

She opened her eyes, pausing in the sucking action and looked at me, then she abruptly stopped. "This is crazy," she whispered as she threw off her blouse. "I can't stop now, it's too fantastic!"

She bent over the kitchen table again and held my hand, waiting for me to act. I took the syrup bottle in one hand and poured a good amount over the other hand, then put it down and poured from one hand on to the thumb of the other. As she swooped down to suck it, with my other hand I began to cover first one breast then the other with the syrup.

"Hmmm," she said as she sucked and licked the thumb, while I gently massaged the soft voluptuous breasts that dangled over the table. Then she popped up again.

"Come over here," she commanded urgently. I quickly moved to her side of the table. She sat down and pressed me down to my knees in front of her. I leaned forward and into her breasts.

"Suck mom, baby, show mom how you suck," she whispered into my hot ear, as my mouth found a sweet soft luscious mother-breast and suckled it.

Meanwhile I moved my still-sticky thumb up to her mouth and looked up at her as she sucked it while I sucked her breast. I paused, "Oh mom, we love to suck, don't we?"

"Hmm, honey, this is crazy, crazy, but wonderful. I can't believe this is happening. Make love to your mom's breasts, sweetheart."

What I had dreamed of so often as a teenager was now a torrid reality. My mother! Her incredible breasts that I had hungered for so often were now mine to make love to. I sucked and sucked, first one and then the other, licking the swollen areolas and nibbling at the nipples.

Then I stood up. I removed my pants and undershirt. Standing there only in my briefs, I watched as she grasped my hips and moved me toward her. She pulled down my shorts and paused to ogle my long erect prick.

I took the syrup bottle, now almost empty and poured some of it over my eager organ. Then I moved toward her mouth.

She enveloped my prick and sucked it deeply into her mouth. The slow deep throat action she had undertaken on my thumb had been the practice session for the mother-loving sucking that now began. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the physical love my mother now gave me, now here in reality was the dream episode that I had had so often as a boy. "Oh, mom, I used to dream about this," I said, wondering if maybe I should not have admitted that as I felt her stop and my prick go cold outside her mouth.

"Baby, I understood that, and you were not the only one." She blushed again as I looked down at her, sitting there at the kitchen table and holding her boy's cock before her lust-enflamed face. "Sometimes, at night, I would dream about you, sweetheart, being my secret lover."

"Oh, mom, mom," I called out in joyous delirium. "I used to dream of you this way, sweetheart, I was a mother who wanted her son to make love to her." "Mom, mom," I whispered as I bent to her ear, "I love your body, I've always want to feel your breasts and to make love to your mouth this way. Suck me, suck your boy." And she did, sucking me long and deep.

But then before I could come she arose and looked at me. I bent and pulled down her skirt, then her panties. Only her shoes remained. She held my hand and moved. "Let's go on the couch, lover-baby," she whispered.

As she passed in front of me to lead the way, I was intoxicated by the sight of her large, voluptuous breasts and then the long-legged beauty that was my mother walked in front of me to the couch in the living room. When she reached it, she got on her knees and on it and, her back to me, looked back at me and smiled.

I cuddled up behind her and reached in front of her, my hands roaming along her breasts, her belly and then her cunt. It was incredibly wet and I soaked my hand in it and then massaged her belly with it, reached down for more and then massaged her breasts with her own juices. Then I ran my hand down and up, slowly, gently, caressing her now sticky breasts and belly. "Oh, yes, sweetheart, so incredible, I'm so hot, so hot, I love it."

I continued.

"Hmm, mom, I love your body, it's something out of my most erotic daydream coming to life, my own mom, my beautiful wonderful mom letting me show my love this way. I used to have all kinds of fantasies with you, mom." "Tell me, sweetheart, what sort of things did we do?"

I thought for a moment. "Once, I had seen a porn movie and I just substituted us for the actors in a wild sex scene." "And ... what did we do?" I caressed her breasts and pressed my naked prick against her lovely ass cheeks as I described the scene now.

"In the movie, the woman takes charge, pressing the man down on the bed and then she climbs over him. Not on his... cock. His face. She sits on his face and says, 'Eat it, lick it, use your tongue on.'" "Hmm," whispered mom, "I like it."

I paused. Then I turned and sat on the floor and threw back my head until it rested on the couch. Looking up, I saw my mother's beautiful moist cunt lips. I reached up and gently put pressure on her hips until she came down on me. "Face-fuck me, mom!" I called out just before I felt the crush of her hot wet cunt splashing on my face and grinding into my mouth. My tongue went into action, probing, licking sucking as she moved her body so that her cunt swooped down and around my face and returned to my eager mouth.

"Oh, baby, baby, tongue-fuck me, eat me out, suck you mom, lover-baby, fuck her that way!" she cried out in lust. I sucked and licked until my mouth was so tired I thought I would not be able to go on. Then she moved off me.

"Baby, we can do something else..." and she once again flushed deeply red. "Yes?" I asked, as I held her near me. Bending over once again on the couch, she looked back toward me with lust in her eyes.

"Please sweetheart, do it. Fuck mom!" My swollen organ entered her fleshy paradise.

"Oh, oh, fantastic!" she cried, "Oh, baby, oh, crazy, crazy, I'm on another planet, fuck me, fuck me!"

Just as I came into her hot channel, I saw her body shudder with a series of orgasms. "Oh, mom, lover-mom, that was incredible," I whispered into her ear as I bent over her.

"It was ecstasy baby, I never have known anything like it. My own son... fucking me!"

Video Night

My name is Tom. I'm 38 years old and happily married. My wife Karen and I have a beautiful 14 year old daughter named Jamie. Jamie has long blonde hair and big blue eyes. She is my girl in every essence. Last night we moved our father/daughter relationship into a completely different level. It certainly was not planned, it just happened. I've never thought about my daughter in any other way other than a daughter. I've spent my days protecting my girl from the dangers of society, and now it seems I've become my own worst fear.

It all started out innocently enough with my wife having to go out of town on a business trip leaving Jamie and me to fend for ourselves. No big deal, I told my wife, we'll just grab a pizza and rent a movie. Typical Dad cooking. Karen gave me the ol' "my God how would you survive without me" looks and resigned herself to leaving the welfare of our only in my hands. Didn't matter to me, I was fine with it and Jamie was excited too.

Jamie and I ordered our pizza and headed up to the video store to find a movie. I was hoping for a Steven Seagal flick or Al Pacino, but Jamie insisted on a romantic comedy movie. Being the strong-willed father I am, I put my foot down and we left the place with a movie called "There's Something About Mary."

We got home with our movie and pizza and sat down together for dinner. Jamie and I have always had a very close relationship so I didn't think anything of it when she gave me a big hug and kiss and said "I love you so much Daddy." After we finished eating Jamie said she wanted to shower before we watched the movie, so I cleaned up the kitchen while she went upstairs and showered.

I finished up and went into the living room and flopped down on the couch and got the movie ready. Pretty soon Jamie came down, her hair still wet, wearing only a long t-shirt. I looked at her for the first time it seems and realized how grown up my girl was getting. There were definite curves beginning to form along her hips, giving her a very nice, tiny butt. I could tell through her shirt that her breasts were beginning to take shape as well. My angel was going to be a knockout!

Jamie as she usually does, sat next to me on the couch. Her long wet hair made a wet spot on my shoulder. "I'm cold Daddy," she said, "would you put your arm around me?" I actually felt nervous as my arm slid around my daughter.

Nervous because for the first time I was getting sexually aroused by her. My God, what's wrong with me? As we watched the movie, my hand stroked Jamie's arm. Her young body was pressed very close to me, causing my cock to grow hard. The movie had a lot of funny scenes in it, especially the one where he jerks off and his cum is dripping from his ear, unbeknownst to him. Jamie seemed to enjoy that part as well. Towards the end of the movie there was a kissing scene that was fairly passionate.

Jamie, with her eyes glued to the screen, said aloud "I wonder if I'll ever get kissed like that". I squeezed her closer to me and told her not to worry she'll have tons of boys lining up for her soon. Lining up to be the first to fuck you baby, I thought to myself. All of the sudden I found myself thinking about what it would be like to make love to this girl. How I would love to be her first, making it something special. I couldn't believe I was having these thoughts, but at the same time was getting very turned on. "Oh Daddy, you're just saying that because, well, you're supposed to," Jamie said in response to my attempt at reassurance.

"No I'm not honey. Any guy would feel honored to get to kiss you like that. And if they don't, they're idiots."

"You mean it, Daddy? Would you feel that way?" Jamie asked me, somewhat amazed. "Well, uh," I stammered, "of course I would Jamie, but Daddies aren't supposed to kiss their daughters like that." "Why not Daddy? If you love me and I love you, what's wrong with it? I want you to, Daddy. Pleeease."

There was no way I could resist my girl. I was already so incredibly horny and now she was practically begging me to let my tongue explore her mouth. I looked into Jamie's big blue eyes and bent down and slowly began to kiss her tiny mouth with a desire that in the past was exclusively reserved for her mother. Jamie's lips were so soft and warm, I practically melted into them. She quickly returned my kisses with her own intensity and before I knew

what was happening my daughter and me were making out on the sofa. My hands slowly caressed her body, still not making contact with any "vital areas". I could feel my girl's breathing becoming heavier as our tongues continued to dance with each other. Finally, I had to back away. This was quickly getting to a point of no return. One in which both terrified me and aroused me at the same time.

"Jamie, we have to stop", I whispered. "This isn't right. I - I shouldn't have these feelings." "Why Daddy? Why is it wrong? I don't want you to stop. I want you to keep doing what you're doing. Kiss me all over like you do Mommy. Please Daddy... I want you to." "I love you daddy," Jamie continued, "why is it wrong for me to want to share my love with someone who I know loves me very much? I know you'll never hurt me Daddy."

I looked into her girl eyes and realized how much she really did love me. She trusted me enough to be gentle and caring. I decided then and there to make this a very magical night for my angel. I bent back down and kissed Jamie with even more passion, moving my mouth and tongue along her neck. "Oh Baby, Daddy's going to make you feel so special. I love you so much."

I dropped to my knees in front of the couch and slowly lifted up my daughter's shirt. With every exposed inch of her skin, I planted soft kisses, working my way up to her lovely young breasts. Jamie peeled her shirt the rest of the way off as I cupped her mounds in my hands.

"Your breasts are so beautiful, honey." I gently sucked on her nipples and fondled the curves of her blossoming chest. As I licked around their shape, I heard Jamie begin to moan softly. I let my tongue run down her front, tasting her tanned skin as I licked down her belly, inching towards the top of her panties.

Jamie was wearing some fairly skimpy panties for a 14 year old. They were very lacy and high cut. She looked so incredibly hot in them. I couldn't wait to see how she looked out of them. My mouth roamed along the edges of her panties, kissing her inner thighs. I could smell the sweet aroma of her sex as my face hovered only inches away from her pussy. Jamie instinctively spread her young legs giving me even better access to her virgin treasure, her hips writhing up towards me. I hooked my thumbs underneath the waistband and slid the last remaining article of clothing off of my 14 year old.

I don't know how many of you fathers out there have ever got to experience the feeling I did when I saw my daughter's virgin pussy laid out for me for the first time. Nothing, I repeat nothing, can compare to it. Knowing that she has given herself completely up to you, knowing that she trusts you that much, and knowing that you are the very first to frolic in this wonderful garden is literally heaven on earth.

Jamie's pussy was so beautiful, so inviting. She had just a wisp of blonde hair at the top of her mound. Her lips were slightly swollen, but looked exactly as they should. Untouched, pure and virginal. I could see a slight glistening of moisture, as the kisses had definitely heightened her arousal. As I licked along her thighs I heard her moan, "Oh yess Daddy, kiss me there... ohhhh yesss"

My first contact with her pussy is one I will cherish to my dying day. She tasted so fucking sweet. My tongue ran all along her slit, as I probed the inner folds of her sex. My hands cupped the tiny globes of her ass, lifting her hot pussy to my face. I became insatiable, devouring her young cunt as if it were the last pussy I'd ever taste. Jamie squirmed under my touch, her hands reaching down to my head, guiding me to more and more of her inner soul. I could tell she was close to an orgasm, so I licked my way up to her tiny clit and gently sucked it into my mouth.

"Ohhh Goddd! Daddy ohhh yesss, my Godd ohhh yesss, ohh Daddy ohh my God yesss!!!"

Jamie's first orgasm of the evening quickly enveloped her young sweaty body, bucking her hips wildly into my face. I continued lapping up her juices until she collapsed back into the couch. Her breathing was still hard as she whispered "God Daddy, that... felt... so... wonderful. I love you so much."

I looked up at my girl, my face still drenched in her pussy juices. "Baby, we've only just begun." I stood up and removed my pants. My cock was rock hard and standing straight out. Jamie stared at my manhood, mesmerized by its size. Although my cock is what would be considered just normal, to a 14 year old, it had to look huge. "Go ahead honey, touch it. Be gentle."

Jamie slowly reached her hand out and put it around my shaft. You could tell she was afraid of hurting me by her motions. "It's okay, Jamie. You can grip it a bit tighter. Now, just slide your hand up and down like this." I guided my girl's hand up and down my shaft, aroused at the sight of this 14 year old jerking me off. "We'll do more of this later," I said to Jamie. "Right now, Daddy wants to make you feel good again."

"Oh Daddy, I've dreamed about this. I've wanted you to make love to me for so long." I pulled Jamie's hips to the edge of the couch as I remained on my knees. My cock was at the perfect height to enter her. I guided the head of my throbbing cock to the entrance of her hot, tight, pussy. "This may hurt for just a bit honey. But I promise you, I'll be as gentle as possible. Spread your legs wide for Daddy, baby."

I rubbed my cock along her slit, getting her nice and wet. Ever so slowly, I slipped the tip past her young pussy lips. They formed around my shaft with every inch that delved inside. I could tell she was tense and scared just from her body position. I stopped for a bit and tried to put her at ease. I began to kiss her young body all over, relaxing her with my words and actions. "It's OK baby, Daddy loves you. You're almost there. Just relax..."

I slowly thrust my cock in and out of her, letting her get a preview of what was to come. I was still only in her pussy maybe 2 inches or so. But I knew I was up against her hymen. Finally, I began to kiss her more passionately, causing her to rise up to meet my tiny strokes and that is when I plunged past her virginity, thrusting my full six inches deep into her tight young cunt. I covered her mouth with kisses as I heard her cry out. I lay still for a moment to let the initial pain subside.

"You did it, Jamie. I'm all the way in, baby. Just lay still and get used to the feeling. You're so tight, baby. You feel so good to Daddy." Jamie managed to smile up at me. "Oh Daddy, it hurt so bad. Promise it will feel better?" "Whenever you're ready honey, I'll show you."

As I spoke I ever so softly began to slide in and out of her deflowered pussy. She was so incredibly hot and tight. Nothing against my wife, but Jamie's hot young cunt would win hands down every time if I had a choice. I continued fondling her tiny breasts, kissing her all over. Jamie began to match my rhythm and started to fuck me back. We increased the tempo of our thrusts until our bodies were slamming into one another. I lifted my girl's legs and placed them on my shoulders so I could penetrate her tight pussy even deeper. I was now fucking her with everything I had, my cock ramming in and out of her wet hole. Jamie was moaning loudly now, getting into the feeling of being fucked hard.

"Oh yes Daddy, Yes!!! Fuck me Daddy. Fuck me hard!!! Oh God. Yes Daddy!!!"

I couldn't believe those words came out of her innocent mouth, but they turned me on even more. I knew I was close to cumming. Her young pussy was like a vise around my shaft.

Jamie reached around and grabbed my ass, pushing me deeper into her stretched cunt.

"Come Daddy, cum in my pussy!!! Yes Daddy I want to feel you cum in me!!! Ohhh yess Daddy!!!"

I was powerless to pull out as I buried my throbbing cock deep into my daughter's womb, pumping out wave after wave of my incestuous seed.

"Yess baby girl. Daddy's cumming... ohh God Jamie!!! You're... so... fucking... tight!!!"

My body tensed up as the last of my cum filled her tiny pussy. I kissed Jamie passionately and held her young body tight against mine. "Oh, sweetheart, I love you so, so much."

Mom and I

"Hello, anyone home? It's me mom." As I stood up and heard my mom enter the house, my body shook. What was I going to tell her, did she know, was this all set up? So many questions and no answers. Well I stood up and threw on some jeans and a sweatshirt. I figured I'd go downstairs and just tell her what happened. My father was still in the shower and I figured he would tell her if I didn't. So as I went downstairs, with shaky legs. I found my mom in the kitchen. She was wearing a simple white blouse and knee length black skirt. "Mom, hi! How was your day?" "I see your father is home a bit early?"

"Yes, he was home when I got here." "Well, do I have to ask what happened, or are you going to take forever to tell me?" Man she knew, how? Or was she guessing? "Well that is what I came down to talk to you about. Dad wanted to have sex with me again. When I got home he was naked and basically had his way with me."

"So what do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing, I guess. It was different this time I wasn't scared like the last time but in the end I did enjoy it. Is that wrong?"

"Well, no I guess not; are you ok?"

"Yes I am. He stuck me in my butt hole, and that hurt, but I am all right now."

"Well here finish putting up these groceries."

"Ok mom."

As I finished my mom sat down on a kitchen chair. When I turned around she had thrown her panties to the floor and lifted up her skirt. I was somewhat shocked. The next thing I heard her say was, "Get over here you slut, if you fucked your dad and liked it you can lick this pussy and love it."

I turned and walked over to my mom and knelt down in front of her. The smell of her pussy was strong. She was a secretary and sat all day, her pussy sweated and gave off an aroma. I began to lick slowly not sure of what to do. My mom put one foot up on the chair she sat in. She then guided my head closer to her pussy.

She then said, "Lick it slow and soft. Don't rush, I want it to last. I am sure your father took his time with you. Mmmm... that is the way to do it, lick it all over. You are a nasty slut aren't you? Your father was right when he said that we should fuck you. I am glad I listened to him."

As I licked, my mom squirmed in her chair and slowly undid her blouse. She then took off her bra and felt herself up. I glanced up at my mom as I licked her pussy and thought wow her tits are big. My mom's tits were a D cup and maybe bigger.

She moved to the kitchen floor and told me to lift her legs as I licked her. "Lick my ass while you are down there." I almost puked at the smell, but did as I was told. My father had not come down yet and I figured he was probably taking his daily nap. As I licked, I thought to myself, what the hell is happening? I came to my mom for help and answers and here I am licking her ass. After a while the smell of her pussy and ass were gone or maybe I had just gotten use to it.

I was going too fast as she continued to tell me to slow down. Was I getting into this too much, or just trying to get it over? I was not sure of myself at the time. After a few minutes she began to shake and once again I knew that, that meant she was about to cum. No sooner did she cum, than she pull me up to her and told me she loved me and kissed me full on the mouth. Her tongue was in my mouth and mine was in hers. My body felt warm and I was beginning to kiss my mom back like she was a man. I felt on her tits and pulled at her nipples and she pushed my mouth over them and made me lick them. With every lick, the more she moaned.

As we kissed she took off my sweatshirt. She undid my jeans and slid them off. Then she took my tits in her mouth and sucked hard on them.

At this point my pussy was soaked. She reached down and stuck a finger in my pussy and I almost jumped out of my skin. She fingered me for awhile, then she rolled over on me and slid down and started to lick my pussy. As her hot tongue hit my clit I moaned loudly and

grabbed her head and did not want to let it go. She then began to finger me faster and the harder she stroked my pussy the more I squirmed.

One, two, three fingers she stuck in me. It hurt at first but then I began to fuck her hand like I fucked my dad's dick. She licked slow and fast. She knew how to lick pussy and was doing her best to make me cum. Then all of a sudden my body shook and I knew what was happening, but I could not believe it, I was cumming in my mom's mouth. My mind almost exploded; how could I cum from my mom licking me? I, or at least my body, was totally out of control. As my mom finished licking me she came up and asked me what I thought of her. Right away I said, "Mom that was great, oh my God was that ever great!"

At that point we kissed a more and then we got dressed. I heard my dad coming downstairs and my mom said it was time to start dinner. Like I hadn't enough to eat already, I thought. My mom asked me to go check the mail and to bring up some potatoes for dinner. As I was walking to the kitchen I heard my dad tell my mom about our (mine and dad's) episode. And then asked her if she had fun with me? I heard them kiss, then walked in.

As I walked in my dad said, "Go get another potato, we have company coming."

Mom's Vacation

At twenty-five, I was doing all right for a guy from a small town in Indiana. I had a great apartment on the beach in Encinitas, California, had a two year old BMW convertible, money in the bank and a good job in the front office of the San Diego Padres baseball club.

I handle all the PR problems and make more money than I ever thought I would. So when my Mom called me from Indiana one day and said she wanted to come out to California for a two or three week vacation, I called Delta Airlines and used my clout with their advertising department to get Mom a first class seat for a coach class price. Naturally that impressed the hell out of her. She was even more impressed when I picked her up at the airport in San Diego in the BMW and waltzed her into my apartment. She had never seen the ocean before except in movies and on TV, so it was quite a thrill for her to stand at the balcony window and hear the roar of the surf as it crashed on the beach below.

At the time, Mom was only forty-four years old, but she looked and acted ten years younger. She still had a great bod and a pair of legs that most forty-four year old women would kill for. Her hair was ash-blonde and shoulder length and she is an artist at applying her make-up. All in all, she was and is one fine looking woman.

I of course insisted that she take the bedroom and I would crash on the sofa. After I moved her bags into the bedroom, I fixed us a drink and asked her if she was tired from the plane ride? "Are you kidding?" she laughed. "I'm too excited to be tired. I can't believe I am really here in sunny California at last."

"Well... I am invited to a party tonight Mom," I said. "If you aren't tired, I'd like for you to go to the party with me. The party is at a local country club and I really think you would have a good time. There might even be a celebrity or two there this evening."

"Oh honey... that sounds wonderful! I would love to go to the party with you. What should I wear?"

"Something sexy," I said impulsively. "I want to show you off."

"Well," she laughed, "...I do have this sinfully short dress that your Dad never lets me wear back home. He says it makes me look like a hundred dollar hooker."

"At least you won't be a cheap hooker then," I grinned at her. "Wear it, Mom... it sounds just right! You'd better go change now though, the party has already started."

"Okay honey... give me about thirty minutes. Do you have to change?"

"No... I'll throw a sport jacket on and I'll be in good shape." I said. "Hurry up... I can't wait to see you in the hooker dress!"

I made myself another drink and watched the sunset while I waited for Mom to get ready. When she finally came out of the bedroom, I could hardly believe my own eyes. The dress was a shiny black number that fit her like a glove, the hem several inches above her knees. She was wearing spike heels that accentuated the shape of her legs and there was just enough cleavage showing at the bodice of the dress to make a person want to look three or four times at that area. "Geez Mom... you look great!!!" I exclaimed.

"Are you sure this dress isn't a bit too risqué though, Darren?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"Relax Mom," I laughed, "...this is California! Anything goes out here. I love the way the dress fits there at the top," I added teasingly. "Oh you," she grinned. "Always teasing your poor old Mom."

I looked at the bodice of the dress again and I suddenly realized I could see the puffy hillocks of her nipples. Amazingly, I felt my penis stir inside my shorts so that it was suddenly half-erect. I quickly turned away from Mom so she wouldn't see what effect that damned dress was having on me. "Well... we better get going," I said weakly.

Once in the car, Mom casually crossed her legs, allowing the hem of the already short dress to slide almost to her crotch. We were making idle conversation about the things she saw as we were driving by, but I had difficulty in keeping my eyes on the road. They were constantly glancing down at her legs. I am sure that she knew I was ogling her, but she made no attempt to pull the hem down.

"Mom," I began casually, "...I didn't tell anyone that you were coming out here for a visit. Everyone is just going to think that you are my date for the evening."

"Oh?" "Yeah... it might be fun not to tell anyone who you are at first, you know? Just have some fun with some of my friends," I said, trying to keep my voice casual. "What do you think?"

"Why not?" she said with a laugh. "It might be fun!"

Pulling into the crowded parking area, I made Mom wait in the car until I rounded the car and opened her door. As she slid off of the seat her dress hem slid up a bit more and I caught a brief glimpse of her panty-covered crotch. Taking my arm then, we went inside the clubhouse.

Several of my friends saw us right away, so I quickly introduced Mom as Carole. Someone made some remark about how my taste in women was improving, and Mom laughed along with them and seemed to fit right in with the program. After a while we found a table to ourselves and I asked Mom if she wanted to dance? "I thought you'd never ask," she smiled as she let me steer her to the small dance floor. The band was playing a slow ballad and as I pulled her into my arms, Mom seemed to literally plaster herself against me. She nuzzled her cheek against the side of my neck and I could feel her lips so close to my ear lobe they were almost touching.

Once again I could feel myself growing erect. "Ummm," she murmured in my ear, "...do you have something in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

"Damn... I'm sorry Mom," I responded softly. "I don't know what in the heck is wrong with me this evening." "Don't be sorry, darling..." she said, touching her lips to my ear now. "It's very flattering. Besides... it isn't like we are related or anything... right?"

Her lips moved away from my ear and along my cheek and I turned my head slightly to find her lips with my own. We kissed tentatively at first, but then the kiss deepened and she didn't resist as I darted my tongue in between her lips and pressed my groin harder against her as we danced. She suddenly tore her mouth away from my own and found my ear again with her lips. "Stop it, baby..." she said huskily. "You're making me so hot I can hardly stand it! Can't we get out of here now?"

Without a word I moved away from her and taking her by the hand I pulled her towards the door. We raced across the parking lot and my hands were shaking so bad I could hardly unlock the car. Once inside, I glanced quickly around to make sure no one was close to us, then I pulled her across the seat and into my arms again. Our mouths crushed together once more and I cupped my hand over her breast as she dropped her own hand to my lap, her palm pressing down against the bulge in my pants. As our tongues fenced with one another, I could feel Mom unzipping my pants and then she wormed her hand inside the narrow opening of my jockey shorts and pulled my penis out into the open. The sensation of my Mother's fingers wrapped around the shaft of my cock was the most thrilling feeling I had ever experienced. The lights from a car suddenly washed over us and Mom jerked her hand away from my penis and sat up.

"Not here, baby..." she almost whimpered. "Take me back to the apartment... but hurry... please hurry..." I stuffed my penis back into my pants and the tires on the BMW screeched as I wheeled out of the parking lot and headed for home.

Once Mom and I were back in my apartment, the two of us moved out onto the patio. There was a cool breeze wafting inland from the sea and for a long moment we just stood there. Looking down at the waves crashing onto the sandy beach, the muted roar of the surf in our ears. I took hold of Mom's hand and turned to face her. "I think things got a crazy back there at the club, Mom," I said. "I don't know what came over me. It's just that when I was just a kid back home growing up, I used to see you around the house in your underwear and stuff and... well... I would get all excited and bent out of shape. I used to fantasize about you all the time, you know?"

"It's okay baby," she smiled up at me, "I understand. Besides, it was my fault... I am the one who encouraged things to go farther back there at the club. Dammit Darren,.. I am just so starved for sex I couldn't help myself. For the past several years your Father has seemed to lose all interest in me! The few times a month that we do have sex, it's usually 'wham, bam, thank you ma'am' if you know what I mean."

A single tear moved down her cheek and my heart melted. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her, slipping my tongue in between her lips. My hands cupped over her buttocks,

pulling her tightly against me and the two of us squirmed against one another. Breaking off the kiss, I took her hand and hurried her back into the apartment. We hadn't turned any lights on, but the moonlight bathed the apartment in a silvery glow as I helped her remove her dress and toss it aside. As I quickly removed my own clothing, Mom stepped out of her panties and panty hose and stood there before me in all her naked glory.

"You are so beautiful," I murmured huskily as I pushed her down to a seated position on the sofa. Dropping to my knees, I pushed her knees apart and leaned forward to tongue her belly-button. I could hear her moan softly as my tongue slid downwards and my lips brushed through the silkiness of her pubic hair. My nostrils twitched at the pungent woman aroma of her as my mouth found the swollen lips of her vagina and my tongue went in search of her clitoris. Mom mewed catlike as my tongue successfully found what it was seeking and her fingers wrapped themselves in my hair as she moved her pelvis in response to my sucking and licking.

"Oh... oh baby... please... please... don't stop darling... don't ever stop... ohhhh... that's it... there baby... oh yes... yesss..." She ground her crotch against my face as she was caught up in the throes of her intense orgasm. I continued to lick her until she calmed, then I stood upright again.

Mom lay back on the sofa and spread her legs and lifted her arms to me, eyes shining in the moonlit room. I lowered myself down on top of her and slipped smoothly and without effort inside her wetness. I began to fuck her with slow and deep strokes as she cradled my head in her hands and looked up at me.

"Thank you, darling," she said softly. "No one has made me feel like that in a very long time." She pulled my head down until our lips met in a passionate kiss as she pistoned her pelvis up and down to meet my thrusting penis.

My orgasm came suddenly and fiercely and I groaned in the pleasure of it as I spurted hotly inside her. Mom called out my name as she joined me with her own orgasm. After a few minutes, the two of us rose weakly from the sofa and staggered into the bedroom and into bed. I was asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow...

Nude

I raised my eldest son to be liberal and broad-minded, but even I was taken aback by something he did recently. I was also thrilled!

Ever since Billy's father left me for a woman half his age and the youngsters moved out of the house, I've been something of a confirmed nudist. That includes sunbathing at the slightest opportunity. Anyway it was a beautiful day and there I was by the pool, naked as the day I was born, when I heard someone in the house.

I was just about to start yelling when I heard a familiar voice and turned to see my 18-year-old son standing in the terrace doorway. "Billy! Why didn't you call first?" I asked, embarrassed but relieved. "I, uh, was just in the neighborhood Mom, and thought I'd hit on you for some lunch."

"Oh, I see." I reached for a towel, but for some reason I stopped. After all, I reasoned hastily, I'm in my own home and Billy's my most loving son. When he just stood there looking at me, I decided to approach the situation with humor. I shrugged as I said: "If you want to use the pool, there's a new rule. No clothes allowed." "Hey, no problem, Mom!"

To my utter amazement, Billy stripped off his clothes, strutted right by me with his young cock flopping in the wind and dove into the pool. He splashed to the other end like a happy dolphin before motioning at me. "C'mon in, Mom!" he called. "It's great!"

'I'll say', I thought as I dove in. I was thinking about a lot more than the refreshing water as I swam towards my son. What had my full attention was that tasty-looking prick he had hanging between his tanned muscular thighs. It occurred to me, not for the first time that day, that it had been some weeks since I'd gotten laid. The deliciously depraved notion that my loving son Billy could take care of his mother's "itch" was thrilling. I was in the deep end now, so I grabbed the diving board for support. Billy splashed me playfully and horsed around, laughing about how good it felt to be naked with his Mom. He said there was something primal about it. Well, I didn't know about that, but I could tell he was definitely enjoying himself. That gorgeous young cock of his was steadily getting bigger, and I knew it wouldn't be long before something had to be done about it.

Personally, I felt a tingle between my thighs that turned to a dull erotic ache as Billy did the back stroke to the far end of the pool. His stiff prick was aimed at the sky all the way, and I couldn't help wishing it was aimed right at my cunt! Billy dove underwater and disappeared. I could vaguely discern his lithe young shape moving toward me and then I jumped like a shot as my legs were shoved apart and something slipped deep inside me. I couldn't believe it! Billy was sliding his finger into me. The horny stud was finger-fucking his own mother's pussy! "What are you doing?" I gasped, when he came up for air. "Ever fuck in a swimming pool, Mom?" he grinned.

I started to ask him all sorts of things about the forbidden aspects of what he was suggesting. But what the fuck, I thought! Like I said, I'd raised my youngsters to be liberal, and if that included fucking their own Mom, I could handle it. Who am I kidding? Shit, I loved the idea!

"Not yet!" I called back playfully. "I understand, Mom," smiled Billy. I watched as he dove and spread my legs wide as he came up under me. However, instead of his finger this time, it was my son's face that pressed between my legs. The feel of his hot tongue was a wonderful shock in the coolness of the water, and I opened my legs as wide as I could. My son was licking my cunt underwater! It was an erotic situation so powerful I almost let go of the diving board and slid underwater myself!

But I held on until Billy surfaced again and grabbed the board too. He hung beside me, all red-faced and out of breath but above all excited about what he'd just done. He looked at me expectantly, and I reached out and seized the shaft of hardness between his legs. His eyes widened as I stroked his prick and slid closer, holding onto the board with one hand. When I was close enough, he slipped a finger between my thighs and diddled my love button. I trembled happily in the noonday heat. "Feels good doing this to each other, doesn't it, mom?"

"Ohhh, yessss, baby! It sure does!" I said, squeezing the fat head of his cock. I wanted to suck my son's prick, but much more than that I wanted to feel him deep between my legs.

"But I know what would feel even better," I said breathlessly. "Yeah?" he teased, moving closer. "What's that, Mom?"

"Your cock in my cunt!" I growled sensuously. "I want you to fuck me so bad I can taste it, Billy!"

"Then hang on, Mom, because I'm gonna give you the ride of your life." Billy swung in front of me. Grabbing the board with two strong hands and slipping his long prick right into my waiting pussy. He slid in with amazing swiftness, brushing past my clit and packing my eager fuckhole with hard young cock. It was an incredible sensation, made all the more unreal by the fact that we were hanging from the diving board! But Billy had obviously mastered that position and brought me off with only a few sharp strokes.

Of course I was already so aroused by his thoroughly taboo foreplay that my own finger could've satisfied me fast. I was amazed that I came before my son, but he wasn't far behind. After his loud panting told me he was creaming inside his mother's cunt he grinned and said next time he wanted us to cum at the same time. And when was the next time? Right after lunch, on the living-room floor!

A Daughter's Promise

The day that changed my life forever began just like any other sunny, warm May morning. I saw my husband off to work after breakfast, did the usual household chores, had a shower and sat down to watch some daytime T.V. I reflected on what a happy lifestyle my husband, John, and I shared. We're both in our mid-twenties, have a nice house, some good friends, no youngsters (yet) and enjoy all the benefits that his decent salary brings. I was roused from my reverie by the ringing of the doorbell. I shouldn't have been surprised to see my Dad in the porch, since we had arranged to go to the golf driving range that morning. But I guess my daydreaming had taken up more time than I realized. He came in and waited for me to get dressed for my practice lesson. I'm not very sporty but at least golf allows you to be awful and still enjoy a good walk. Besides, it gets so boring staying at home all day and John doesn't like me working, so this gives me a nice break.

Dad drove us the few miles to the golf course. Mum was at work but he had the day off and I think he liked the idea of teaching his youngest daughter to play the game he loves so much. I found a nice quiet stall away from the other learners, so that no one could see the terrible shots I hit, while Dad went to buy a bucket of practice balls. I started to swing the club to get my muscles loosened up. Although I don't play too much I keep in good shape with my twice weekly dance classes. John likes to take me out a lot in the evenings and show me off to the world, as he puts it, so it's important that I keep to a size 8. Dancing and golf help me to keep my figure the way John likes women to be, tall, busty and leggy. I looked up from my stance to see if Dad thought I was addressing the ball correctly only to find that his focus was not exactly where I had expected it to be. To be precise, he was staring directly at my ample cleavage. I admit that a tight fitting, low buttoned top and equally tight shorts may not be the most appropriate attire for the golf course proper, but didn't feel it was out of place for the driving range. My eyes still hadn't found his so I said "Excuse me, but are you going to help me today Dad or just stand staring at my body?"

When eventually he looked up, his expression was not one of shame or embarrassment at mentally undressing his own daughter, but of sheer, undisguised lust. I was not entirely surprised. I had seen that look on his face before. Often, when we've been at family gatherings like weddings or birthdays, I've caught him looking at me out of the corner of my eye. I usually wear a short, tight mini skirt and high heels to occasions like those and sometimes, if I know Mum's not looking, I'll give Dad a treat and somehow try to let my skirt ride up even higher. I admit that I get excited when any man lusts over me, even my own father. I can imagine what they'd like do to me if they had me in their power. Anyway, that's how I normally feel.

But today I was angry. Angry because I really wanted to concentrate on getting better at this stupid game. That's why I said it. That's why a fantasy turned into a reality. It just came out of my mouth before I even realized what I'd said.

"Look Dad, if you can get me to hit just one ball more than 150 yards, I'll take off my blouse and bra when we get home and you can have a really good look at them, O.K?"

"You're just kidding me" he replied. "No I'm not, it's a promise. Honest" I heard myself say. Well wouldn't you know it. All of a sudden I had my very own dedicated golf pro changing my grip, adjusting my stance, telling me to flex at the knees. Give a man the right incentive and he'll do anything. Equally unsurprising was that the next ball I hit sailed over the 150 yard marker before it even touched the ground.

My fate was sealed. It was hardly worth hitting the few remaining balls, we both had other things on our minds. Dad almost pushed me towards the car. He was making no attempt at any kind of propriety. The drive back to my place was completed in a record ten minutes. All the time I could feel his eyes burning into me. He was about to see his own daughter naked from the waist up, just as I had promised.

We entered through the front door and I locked it behind me. I certainly did not want John coming home early and catching us. Dad went straight into the lounge and shouted for me. "Not in here Dad, the neighbors might see. Let's go up to my bedroom." He followed close

behind me up the stairs. I could almost feel his breath on my behind and still couldn't believe what I was about to do.

As we entered the bedroom I went over to the windows and pulled the curtains shut. I began to have doubts. What if John was to come back? Dad walked past me and picked up the bedside phone. Then I heard him say "Hi John, it's Bill. We still on for that game this Sunday? Good, see you then buddy." We both knew that it would take my husband at least 90 minutes to get home from his office even if he was to leave early and miss the rush hour. So there was now no backing out. Dad put the light on saying that he wanted to get a really good look at them.

Slowly my hands went to the bottom button of my blouse. I undid it. Then the next, and the next. Finally, just the top button was left holding my blouse together. Then I stopped. I told Dad I was worried. He accused me of trying to break my promise. I said I wasn't worried about him seeing me topless but worried about how turned on I had suddenly become.

In fact, I had just realized that the panties I was wearing under my shorts were soaking wet. I also suddenly became aware for the first time just how excited Dad was, and he was making no effort to hide the bulge that had appeared in his trousers. I took a couple of steps towards him. Now I wanted him to see me naked. Teasingly, I undid that final button and slowly opened the blouse to reveal my nicely tanned cleavage in a white, lace trimmed bra. As I slipped the blouse from my shoulders I started to sway to the sexy music I could hear in my head.

Dad was just staring at my body, and I could swear he was salivating. I let my hands caress my tummy, slowly moving them up to the bra fastener at the front. I moved so that I was right in front of him, looked up to his eyes and said: "Dad, why don't you undo me." He licked his lips with a lustful tongue. His hands came up to my bra clasp. He fumbled for a few seconds the way men do with these things, but at last he got it undone. I turned around so that my back faced him. I could feel his dick digging into my shorts. I ordered him to take the straps down from my shoulders. I felt his rough hands on my soft skin as he obeyed my command. Suddenly the bra fell to the floor and I was naked from the waist up. I knew at this point that I wanted things to go further. As a matter of fact I had never felt so randy. I began to wiggle my bottom against Dad's swelling and ever so slowly turned around to face him.

I used my hands to try and cover as much of my breasts as possible but they're too big to hide them all. He told me to take my hands away. "Don't worry Daddy," I began, "you can see as much of me as you like. I'll be a good daughter for you. See, I've kept my promise." Ever so slowly I moved my hands away. At the first sight of my nipples, Dad's bulge seemed to grow even bigger. I caressed my breasts and pushed them up so that they were almost close enough for me to lick them. I had him under my complete control and the power was such a turn on. I told him to give me his hands. He did so without ever taking his eyes from my heaving bosom. I held his palms up to my face and ran my tongue over them. This got his attention as I hoped it would.

"Rub my nipples!" I commanded. I can still remember his hands touch my breasts for the first time and the effect now is the same as it was then. My nipples went so hard and big that they could be used for coat hooks, and it was the first time I ever had an orgasm without a dick in me. I moaned loudly as my body convulsed in pleasure with Dad's hands mauling my tits till I thought they'd bruise. My knees buckled under me and I collapsed into Dad's arms. I expected him to hold me up but he placed his big hands on my shoulders and forced me to kneel on the floor with my body leaning against the wall and my legs under me.

Roughly, he opened my mouth with two of his short, fat fingers and I knew what was coming next. With his other hand he fumbled at his trouser zip. Eventually, he got it undone and out sprang his enormous weapon. It wasn't the longest I had ever seen but it certainly was the fattest. Without any concern for me he guided it straight into my open mouth. It was wet with pre cum and this helped me not to gag as he took hold of the side of my head and fucked me in the mouth.

My head stopped banging against the wall as I became used to the length of his strokes. He was grunting as his glistening tool slipped easily in and out between my parted red lips. I wondered how long he had fantasized about doing this to his youngest daughter and before

the day was to end this question was to be answered. Just as I felt he was about to come he pulled out of me. He took hold of my arm and threw me on my bed. He pulled off my gym shoes and started to tug at the waistband of my shorts.

I raised my hips to help him and before I knew it I was lying completely naked on the bed, and my own Dad hovering over me with desire in his crazed eyes. He took hold of my ankles and lifted my legs so that my knees were almost touching my face. My wet, swollen pussy lips were gazing up at him. Slowly and gently now, Dad bent down to my love box. At the first touch of his tongue my body racked with delight for a second time. As Dad's mouth explored my clit and delved inside my wet hole I writhed uncontrollably beneath him. As I bucked for the third time he moved his mouth away.

"Beg your Daddy to fuck you properly you slut" he said. "I've been a good girl Daddy, please, please put your dick in me and fuck me till you come" I pleaded. And I meant it too. I'd never been so horny in all my life. The pleasures of forbidden fruit I guess. The same must have also been true for Dad because he forced his manhood into me with such a power that he almost lifted me off the bed. I doubted that Mum had ever had the fucking he was giving me right now. There was no love involved as he thrust his meat in and out of my tight box. He held my hands together above my head with one of his while his other one clasped my throat. I wasn't choking but there was no way that I could have gotten away even if I'd wanted to, which I didn't.

"I've wanted to fuck you like this ever since you went to that school where they made you wear that sexy uniform" Dad began. "And I know you were raising your short skirts on purpose you prick teaser. So now I'm giving you ten years backdated fucking and you're going to be my own sex slave from now on."

Well it came as a surprise that Dad had wanted to take me that long ago, but now that he had, I was willing to do anything for him. When I told him this, it drove him crazy with lust. He lowered his face and his big, fat lips drooled over mine as his tongue found it's way into my mouth and began it's exploration. I could taste his saliva but couldn't swallow because of the lock he had on my neck. Dad's thrusting became faster and deeper and I felt his knob was going to touch my heart if he wasn't careful. I tried to scream as yet another orgasm racked through my body, but with his big mouth slobbering over me no noise came out.

After fucking me for ages I felt Dad's body start to tremble and I could see from the contorted expression on his face that he was seconds away from coming. He ordered me to open my mouth quickly. I obeyed. He wasn't in the mood to be argued with. At last he withdrew his dick and positioned it above my gaping mouth. I imagined how it looked to him. He had given his daughter the fucking of her life and fulfilled his most secret fantasy to boot. And now he was balanced above her naked, glistening young body with his dick about to explode it's juices into her inviting sweet mouth. The girl he had bounced on his knee as a baby was about to swallow his semen.

And then with a groan of ecstasy it came. Not in a dribble, the way a man comes when sex is over quickly, but in a thick, forceful stream that indicates sex has been on a man's mind for a long time. The glutinous, salty liquid hit the back of my throat like it had come from a hosepipe. Dad released his grip on my neck so that I could swallow it. There seemed to be gallons of the stuff, but I took it down almost as quickly as he could produce it. When Dad had squeezed the end of his knob so that the last few drops fell past my lips, only a small residue dribbled from the corners of my mouth. I used my now free fingers to give his dick one final grasp and pushed the cum from around my lips and onto my tongue. Then, slowly I licked them dry. He stood up and looked down upon his exhausted daughter.

"From now on, I'll take you whenever I want. You'll do what I say, wear what I want you to wear and fuck who I tell you to fuck. Do you understand?"

"Yes Dad" I replied. "I'll always be your obedient girl." With that, he wiped his dick on my discarded panties, threw them on my breasts and left.

That was a few years ago. Since then I've been his sex slave and toy. I've done things that would disgust most people, but they make me so horny that I think I must be a depraved, wanton slut. Maybe I'll tell you some of them another time.

The moral of the story is this: For all you fathers reading this, maybe your daughter would like to take up golf. And for any girls who have been excited by my story (and what girl hasn't fantasized about sex with her father) an encouragement pays dividends.

A Fantasy Realized

Earlier this evening mom and dad had gone off to a party. I'd stayed at home to finish my homework, then had watched some TV and made a few phone calls. The last call had been to Cindy Rogers down the road, I'd bumped into her earlier in the day on the beach and she'd really caught my eye and turned me on with her hot bikini number. So knowing her quite well I'd decided to ring and tease her a about how grown up and sexy she looked.

She teased me right back and by the time I came off the phone I had a hard on trying to burst out of my pants! I retired to my room and took off my clothes and lay on my bed thinking about Cindy and stroking my hard cock at the same time. So engrossed in my sexy thoughts I didn't hear the front door or the steps as someone came up the stairs.

The first I knew I wasn't alone any longer was when I heard a sharp intake of breath. My head jerked round and I froze! My hand gripped halfway up my swollen cock! Standing in my open doorway staring at me wide eyed, was my mom!!

For a moment it was like time stood still, I lay frozen on the bed and mom stood frozen in the doorway, then she moved forward towards my bed, and I waited for her to start yelling at me and telling off or even demanding to know what I thought I was doing, but none of that happened. She just walked over to the bed and looked down at the cock gripped tight in my hand and softening slightly. Then she leaned down and picked up the box of tissues I always made sure were close by when I played with my cock, so that I wouldn't mess on the bed clothes, cause mom washed those!

She looked at the box and smiled slightly, then looked up at my face and shrugged, "It seems an awful shame to waste good cum juice on a paper tissue, doesn't it?" she asked, and I kind of choked and flushed, not really believing that I'd heard what she said correctly. She tossed the tissue box aside and as my eyes widened in shock, she knelt on the side of the bed, took my hand from around my cock and replaced it with her own! Then looking over her shoulder at me she said, "I think you'll find this much nicer!" and she lowered her mouth straight onto my cock!!

Well, I jumped like a thousand watts of electricity had just rushed through me, but all that did was push my cock deeper into her mouth, and she clamped it shut and sucked hard! My body bucked again!! Then she lifted up so that the head of my cock was just brushing against her lips and ran her tongue from the top to the bottom and back, and again she twisted to look at me, "Do you like that Johnny? Do you like your mamma sucking your cock?" My whole body shuddered and shook as waves of fire rushed through me, and I groaned, "Oh yes, mamma, yes, it feels so good!!" She grinned and turned away and began to lick and suck my throbbing cock with a vengeance!

But not for long! Her hot mouth and snake like tongue soon drove me to the very edge of my control, but she still didn't stop! With a howl of agonized joy I erupted, shooting my hot juices deep into her throat!! She sucked and she sucked until I was sucked totally dry, and my cock finally slipped from her lips like a collapsed balloon!

Then mamma straightened up to stand by the bed once again, looking down at me with some of my cum juice oozing from the side of her mouth, and her tongue came out to lick it up! An erotic sight that sent shivers right through me! Then she sat on the bed alongside of me and grinned down at me. "Mmm, that was real nice, did you enjoy it, cause I certainly did!"

I was still in a state of semi shock, so could only roll my head from side to side a silly grin pasted on my face. She reached over and brushed her hand over my flaccid cock. "Being so young, I should think this beautiful cock of yours will be standing tall again in no time at all, but perhaps we should help it along!" and she stood up again and reached behind her and I heard the sharp sound of the zipper on her dress being dragged down! With a quick shrug of her shoulders it cascaded to the floor! She stood there in a brief pair of red lacy panties that did to hide her bush of jet black hair on her pussy, and an equally brief red lacy half bra that lifted her breasts, but again did to hide them!

My eyes were almost popping out now, I hadn't realised just what a fantastic body mom had! She was slim and trim and about medium height but everything seemed to be in perfect

proportion! She made no attempt to cover up and my eyes roamed back and forwards from her hot pussy to her high, firm, exciting breasts! I could feel myself starting to get turned on all over again!

Then her hands moved behind her again and there was a soft snap before she leaned forward slightly and her bra slipped off her breasts and cascaded to the floor, and I sucked in my breath in amazement! Taking off the bra had made absolutely no difference to her breasts, they still stood proud and tall and firm. God, she had tits that would make Cindy jealous! And nipples, my God, I'd never seen nipples like that before, they stood a good inch out from her breasts and were a deep, deep pink colour! I drooled as I imagined taking them in my mouth! Mom seemed to know what I was thinking, as she lifted her hands and lightly trailed her fingers over her nipples and I saw them jump and swell more. "Mmmm, I just love to have these sucked!" she said, and another shudder ran through me!!

Then her hands moved down and slipped inside the waist band of her panties and slowly peeled them off and stepped out of them, but not content with just standing up and letting me gaze at her naked pussy. She straightened up and immediately lifted her left foot and rested it on the bed, moving her knees apart, so not only was I seeing her pussy lips, but right up deep inside!! "You like what you see?" she whispered. "Oh Mom!" I croaked "You're absolutely beautiful! And hot! And sexy!"

A huge smile came to her face and her hands moved up to brush over her breasts once again. "I'm glad you like what you see" she said, "but there's a couple of things you forgot! You forgot to say that I'm horny - which I am!! And you forgot to say you wanted to fuck me - which I can see you do!!" She glanced down at my now extremely rampant cock!! Her words inflamed me even further and I knew the moment of truth had arrived!

So reaching out I grabbed her by the waist and tumbled her on to the bed beside me! Her naked body came willingly to mine and our lips sought each other's out in a frantic sucking, tongue twisting kiss! There was not a semblance of fumbling! It was as if each of our bodies knew what the other body was going to do, and within seconds she was lying beneath me, her legs spread wide, and her hands were guiding my throbbing cock to the mouth of her pussy!

Then I was thrusting inside and she was lifting to meet me so that my first stroke took me right to the deepest point of her writhing pussy and she cried out so loud that I stopped momentarily. "Oh no. Don't stop" she moaned "I want it so bad, I want your big cock deep inside, I want your big cock to fuck me hard!! Please Johnny, please, fuck me good!!"

I must admit that at one stage in the proceedings I thought that maybe mom had had too much to drink or even something else, and didn't really know what she was doing, but her use of my name told me she knew exactly who she was with and what she was doing, or should I say what she wanted me to do!! The excitement exploded in me! My mom really wanted her son's cock in her! My cock!! So I gave it to her, long and hard! Having had my cock blown by mom not that long ago, I was in no hurry to cum on this occasion! Even though her pussy was incredibly tight and incredibly hot and the walls of her pussy seemed to be trying to milk my cock dry!!

Her head was rolling side to side and her ass was lifting and thrusting up as I was thrusting down and she was moaning and whimpering "Oh yes Johnny, that feels so good, your cock's so big and hard! Give it to me, give it to momma!!"

None of my dreams or fantasies came anywhere close to the reality! As I continued to fuck my cock hard and deep into mom's pussy, I began to lap and lick over her breasts. Occasionally flicking one or either of her stiff and swollen nipples, causing her to jump and cry out even more! Then I took one of her nipples into my mouth and sucked hard! Well, you would have thought I'd plugged her into a power point!

Her body arched and she screamed loudly, then her body crashed back to the bed in a series of shudders and shakes that threatened to toss me from her body! I felt a cascade of super hot juices blast across my thrusting cock and she was screaming out "I'm cumming, oh God I'm cumming!! Cum with me, cum with me!!" And I did!! Spurting my juices deep into her pussy, the juices kept pouring and we kept cumming, and she kept shuddering and I kept thrusting! Then we were kissing again, hot and passionate, our tongues doing mad dances that lit even more fires in our bodies!

The orgasms seemed to go on for ever, but eventually our bodies wilted and our juices dried up and we slumped exhausted from each other's arms and lay looking dreamingly at each other! I still couldn't believe what had happened, but the proof was before my eyes, one very naked mom still spattered with my cum juices and looking incredibly beautiful, and incredibly sexy! Maybe she was thinking the same thing, because she suddenly grinned at me and leaned over and brushed her lips across mine. "Sorry" she said, "I just wanted to make sure I wasn't dreaming!" I grinned back at her. "Yeah, I feel a bit like that too, but right now I think we both need a tall, cool drink!" and I rolled from the bed and padded downstairs to the Kitchen to fetch them.

I think mom used my absence to take a quick trip into the shower, because her hair was wet when I returned, but she was back on my bed, still naked, and still smiling! So I knew there wasn't going to be any wailing and gnashing our teeth over what had happened between us, in fact, from the way her eyes dropped down to my cock as I walked over to the bed with the drinks, and the sultry, saucy grin that came to her face, I had the feeling there was more to come!

As we sipped our drinks Mom explained that halfway through the party Dad had got an emergency call to fly to head office to deal with an equipment breakdown that had to be up and running by the morning. So she had rushed him straight to the airport to catch the late night special flight. Dad had wanted her to go back to the party, but she wasn't so sure, she'd been getting quite a bit of attention from Dad's best friend William over the evening, compliments on her beauty, on the clothes she was wearing, on how much she always managed to turn him on etc. Dad thought it was a huge joke, but Mom wasn't so sure, she felt there was a more to it tonight than normal, and if she went back alone, well, she was honest enough to admit to herself that she enjoyed the attention and was even feeling a turned on by the attention, because she did quite like William. But then she thought of me home all on my own and decided to come straight back here instead, then she chuckled: "Of course I wasn't exactly expecting to find my son in a turned on state too!" I chuckled too, "Were you very angry?" I asked. "Maybe I should have been" she answered, "But all I could see was this fantastic big, beautiful cock, and all I could think of was how much I wanted that cock right at that moment!"

"My cock, or any cock" I asked impishly, and she flushed. "I guess initially it was just the sight of a rock hard cock, and it could have been anybody's" and she giggled, "even William's!! But as I walked over to the bed the realization came that I was looking at my son's cock and the excitement just exploded in me, and I knew right at that moment that I wanted my son's cock inside me and that I'd been wanting it for quite some time!!" She grinned again, "And what about you?" It was my turn to flush. "Oh, I'd been talking on the phone to Cindy down the road and I'd got kind of turned on, but when you came in, I thought I was really for the high jump! But when you came over and took my hand away and put your own hand on my cock, it was like all my dreams had come true! I've fantasized about you for so long and wanted you for so long!!"

"And were you disappointed?" she asked quietly. "Are you kidding? You were much, much better than any dream or fantasy! You have such a fantastic body and you fuck like crazy!!" She grinned. "Well, I'd have to say that you have a pretty good body too, an absolutely gorgeous cock, much bigger than I expected, and you sure fuck like crazy too! And since your dad's been incredibly busy lately and things have been a bit neglected in the sex department, it would sure be nice if you fucked me like crazy again!!"

So I did - and it was even better the second time, and the third time, and the fourth!! Mom made me promise that whenever dad has to go out of town in future that her son will look after her real good! And I always keep my promises!

A Mothers's Touch

It's fascinating how extraordinary circumstances can spawn totally unexpected acts and deeds. In this case, a serious car crash thrust my eighteen-year-old son, Marty, and I into a situation that brought us together in a way neither of us could ever have imagined. He'd been out driving around with a couple of older boys, one of whom just got his license, when the driver lost control and rolled it. Luckily nobody was hurt, but they all ended up in hospital for a couple of weeks with various broken bones and abrasions.

Marty came out with both his arms in casts, which left him completely dependent on me. I was so thrilled at having him alive, I didn't mind doing everything for him. As a matter of fact, I actually enjoyed most of it, especially when I helped him take a shower. It wasn't until I'd done it several times that what I'd suspected became a reality. Every time I washed my son's cock and balls, he started getting aroused! The first time it happened, I quickly moved to another area of his body and chatted about things to distract him... and me!

But then one day my ploy didn't work, and the minute I started lathering his crotch, his dick got hard fast! Marty's got a big cock for his age, so there was no ignoring the situation. "Sorry, Mom!", he said with an embarrassed grin. "Don't worry, darling," I said, continuing to wash between his skinny young legs. "It's only natural. Besides I've seen plenty of hard cocks before."

"You have?" Clearly this only excited Marty more, because his cock seemed to throb powerfully in my hand. "Sure, It's no big deal," I said, trying to act as calmly as possible. But feeling my son's virile young cock hardening under my fingers was doing things to my pussy that it shouldn't have.

I couldn't believe I was so turned on by my own son! His young prick was at full erection now and looked every bit as large as his father's had been. I couldn't help myself, I had to touch it without the washcloth in the way. I dropped the soap and wrapped my fingers around Marty's stiff cock. It was incredibly hard, and smooth to the touch and my pussy began to dribble into my panties as I looked up into my son's wide eyes. "Do you play with yourself when it gets hard like that, Marty?", I asked, almost clinically, but the heat between my legs betrayed my own rising excitement. "S... sometimes," he answered. "Do you want Mommy to help you out with it now, baby", I asked, my voice almost a whisper. "Ohhhh, yeahhh!!"

I gripped his gorgeous young prick and began to slowly move my fist up and down the hard, slippery length of my son's cock. "Ummmm!" he moaned contentedly, closing his eyes as I started jerking him off. "That feels so good, Mom!"

"I just want you to be comfortable, honey," I stammered, feeling the heat from his cock travel up my arm and down into my incredibly wet pussy. The crotch of my panties was soaked. "Keep doing what you're doing, Mom," he sighed. "I haven't been able to do this for myself since the accident."

"Do you do it often, baby?" I breathed, running my other hand up and down his lean young thighs. "Yeah, Mom, twice a day," gasped Marty through clenched teeth. "Sometimes more if I'm feeling really horny."

I knew how horny young eighteen-year-olds could get, so I had no trouble imagining Marty jerking himself off all over the house. It made my overheated cunt twitch and drool with arousal. Talking so wantonly with my own son like this as I jacked off his cock was the most exciting thing I'd ever done. "What do you think of when you're doing it, honey?", I asked, wanting him to excite me with his fantasies.

"I think of... girls and... women... with no clothes on..." he replied hesitantly, "and..."

"And what, baby?"

"...and... you, Mom!" he gasped, staring directly between my carelessly parted thighs. It did incredible things to my pussy to know that my son was staring hungrily at my sopping crotch. "Ohhh, Marty!", I gasped.

Leaning down, I kissed him on the lips, not like a mother kissing her son, but like a woman kissing her lover. Surprisingly, Marty knew exactly what to do. He parted his soft, young lips and let my tongue enter his hot, panting mouth, slithering his own tongue past mine and into my mouth. My boy had done this before, and he was good! I moaned with pleasure as

Marty reached up and began to fondle my tits through my blouse. "Take it off, Mom", he panted, pulling his mouth off mine. "Take off your top, I wanna see your tits!"

As if in a daze, I did as he requested. I was a bit concerned about where all this foreplay was leading, but I knew I didn't want it to stop either. "Uhhhh, yes!" I muttered "I want you to see my tits, baby!"

I took off my blouse and unhooked my bra, letting my breasts spring free. Marty moaned softly as I reached up with my free hand and began to squeeze them one at a time. I'm very proud of my tits. They're not too big and still almost as firm as they were when I was a teenager. Marty's eyes went big and round, his tongue darting out to wet his lips as he watched me fondle my breasts. I continued to rub his slippery wet cock as he stared at my naked tits.

The steamy bathroom somehow made what we were doing seem a less real. I didn't care that I was engaged in sexual foreplay with my eighteen-year-old son... I just wanted it to continue, and damn the consequences! Up and down, up and down, I moved my fist over Marty's throbbing prick, each stroke bringing him closer to release. I loved the look on his face and the occasional groans of pleasure as my hand gave him the satisfaction his own could not.

The tingle of excitement between my thighs had grown rapidly into a raging itch that needed to be attended to. I reached underneath my skirt and started rubbing my cunt-mound through my soaked panties, watching Marty's eyes gleam as he followed my hand. "Oh, Mom!", he gasped, when he realized what I was doing. I had the sudden depraved impulse to let my son watch me rub my naked cunt. Letting go of his cock for a second, I quickly undid my skirt and removed my panties. Marty's eyes were flashing from my tits to my cunt and back again as I finally stood before him completely naked. "God, Mom, you're gorgeous!", he muttered, "I wish I could touch you."

"But you can, my darling," I smiled, reaching for his stiffly twitching young cock. "You can touch me in the best possible way!"

I moved up close to my son until our naked bodies were almost touching. His breathing became heavy and labored as I grabbed his erection and inserted it between my thighs. Marty was a couple of inches shorter than me and I had to bend my knees a so that his gorgeous young cock would line up with my pussy. I felt the head nudge my mound and slide deliciously up along my incredibly wet cunt-slit before popping neatly into my neglected fuckhole.

Marty's mouth opened wide and he let out a low, throaty moan as I hunched forward, burying his man-sized prick deep into my aching cunt. "Unnnghhh! Mom!... Fuck! Ohhh, Jesus!"

"Feel good, sweetheart?", I whispered, contracting my cunt-muscles around his cock for effect. "Shit, Mom! It feels fantastic!" replied Marty, panting for breath. "You're so hot and wet and... and tight!"

"Don't sound so surprised," I smiled, "I haven't had something this big up my cunt since your father left a year ago."

"Really?", he grinned. "You bet!", I said grinding myself against him sensuously, "You're hung like a stud pony, honey and Mommy wants to ride you!"

"Go for it, Mom", gasped Marty, "Fuck my cock!" With a whimper of pleasure, I began moving my hips back and forth, pinning my son's ass against the tiled wall as his wonderfully hard prick slid in and out of my highly aroused cunt. I was beside myself with lust! Marty's cock felt so good inside me, even better than I remembered his father's cock had felt during the years of our marriage. That is, before he left me for some blonde secretary half his age. Well now I had a young lover too... my own handsome son!

Marty was bravely thrusting his skinny young hips back at me as we fucked awkwardly, the suddenly cool water from the shower spraying over our heated bodies. I wished his hands were free so he could grab my ass and pump his rock-hard young prick in and out of my cunt like I knew he wanted to. "Ohhh, Maaarty!", I gasped as his balls began to slap loudly against against the flesh between my thighs.

We kissed passionately, our tongues twisting and plunging with the same frantic tempo as our hips. Within a minute or two, Marty began to moan and heave his hips against me violently, and I knew he was about to come. I was nowhere near my own orgasm, but it

didn't matter just then. We had plenty of time and I knew at his age, it wouldn't take much to get him hard again. Right now, all I wanted was to feel my son's hot, creamy cum shoot up into my cunt. It was his first time cumming in a woman, and I was so glad it was me. I was in seventh heaven! How many mothers are lucky enough to take their son's virginity?

Marty stiffened and humped his hips, instinctively burying his throbbing prick as far as he could into my hungry snatch. I grabbed his tight, clenched asscheeks and hunched forward, grinding against him as he climaxed powerfully. "Unnnghhh! Fuuuck!", he yelled, opening his eyes wide as the intense pleasure crashed through his young loins. "Goddd! I'mmm doing it! I'm cumming in your cunt, Mom! Ahhhggghhh!"

"Yes! Oh, fuck, yessss!", I hissed as I felt the first powerful squirts of incestuous semen enter my flooded pussy. "Fuck me, baby! Cum in Mommy's cunt! Cum! Cum! Cum!!"

Marty's climax seemed to go on forever, as jet after jet of hot, thick boy-cum surged into my cock-filled cunt. I felt it filling me up and by the time he had finished his orgasm it was running down my legs. Marty slumped against me, his legs shaking with post-climactic bliss. His cock was still inside me, but had lost most of its former hardness. I squeezed my cunt-muscles around him and hugged him close as he came down from what must have been a very intense orgasm. "Ohhhh, Mom!", he gasped, when he finally caught his breath. "That was fantastic! I never knew it could be so good to fu... to you know... to do it with a girl... er... woman." I smiled at his sudden coyness. "After what we just did, honey, I think you can say 'fuck' in front of your mother, don't you?", I grinned. "I guess so, Mom", said Marty flashing me one of his cute, dimpled smiles. "Did you... um... did you come too?"

"No, baby," I admitted, "But we've got all night to remedy that situation."

"You mean I can fuck you again?", smiled Marty. He looked like all his birthdays had come at once. I guess in a way, they had! "Sure! You can fuck me anytime you want, stud!", I grinned, grinding my pussy lewdly against my son's limp cock. "Alriiight!!" he said with boyish enthusiasm.

I washed us both slowly, concentrating on our genitals. As I hoped, Marty was hard again in no time. My aching pussy was drooling at the very thought of having my son's long hard cock in my pussy again, but I wanted it to be in more comfortable surroundings this time. Before Marty became too excited, I suggested I dry off us both off and adjourn to my bedroom. He eagerly agreed and followed me down the hall like an eager young puppy-dog panting after a bitch in heat.

In the bedroom, I got Marty to lie down on his back while I straddled him. My pussy was leaking so bad by this time it left a slick trail as I slithered up his chest to position my cunt right in front of his mouth. Marty stared up at me with look of pure lust in his young eyes.

"You want me to lick it for you, don't you, Mom", he murmured, glancing hungrily down at my wetly-gaping cuntslit. "Mmmm! I sure do, darling!", I replied. "Do you think you can?"

"You bet, Mom!" said Marty enthusiastically, "Move up a bit so I can reach you with my tongue."

With a low moan of expectant lust, I shuffled forwards and pressed my cunt against my son's mouth. Immediately, Marty opened his mouth and shot his tongue into my gooey fuckhole. I shuddered and arched my back, grinding my pussy onto his gorgeous face.

I got the feeling that my young son had done this before, the way he lapped up and down my slit and flicked my clit with his tongue. But, right now, I didn't care if he'd sucked every girl in school, as long as he kept doing what he was doing. His talented young tongue was sending me into orbit! "Unnnhhhh, yeahhh! Suck mommy's cunt, baby! Lick me and fuck me with your hot tongue." I moaned.

Marty did as he was instructed, slurping and sucking like crazy as I hunched my drooling twat against his open mouth. He had me cumming in no time. All it took was for him to latch his lips around my clit and start sucking hard. I came like a rocket, grinding my pussy over my son's mouth and lips in a frenzy of hot, incestuous lust. He licked up my cunt-juice like a starving man as I fell forward on the bed, my messy crotch still plastered over his glistening young face. As my orgasm faded, I scooted my pussy down over his chest until I felt his cock-shaft press into the crease of my ass. "Oh, my goodness, Marty..." I grinned, reaching round to grab his erection. "You're as hard as a rock!"

"I sure am, Mom! Sucking you off has got me hotter than hell!"

"I can see that, baby!", I said, "Let Mommy take care of it for you."

I raised my ass and positioned his cock in my freshly-sucked cuntslit. Without any preliminaries I dropped my hips, moaning aloud as my son's huge pole impaled me deliciously. Marty groaned and lifted his hips, forcing his prick deeper up inside my pussy.

"Uuuuhhh, Mom! That's fantastic!", he panted, "You feel so much tighter this way!" I started rotating my ass in response to the urgent up-and-down movements of Marty's muscular young hips. His cock felt like a steel bar inside me and every time I sank down over him it filled me completely. Marty was right, in this position his prick felt so much longer and thicker than when we had fucked standing up in the shower.

I began to bounce up and down on him, lost in the ecstasy of riding my son's magnificent young cock. "I wish I could squeeze your tit's and ass, Mom!" Marty groaned.

I wished he could too. It would have been such a turn on for me if he could have reached up and fondled my jiggling tits. I pictured him pulling me down onto his bucking prick by my breasts. God, that would feel good! I leaned forward a bit so that my tits dangled over his face. Marty took the hint and began sucking and licking my erect nipples as I fucked him, nibbling and biting on them until I felt another wonderful orgasm begin to build in my loins.

"Ummmfff, baby! Yes! Fuck me!", I grunted, "Fuck me hard! I'm gonna cum soon, lover! Fuck Mommy real hard!"

"Yeah! Cum for me, Mom", gasped Marty, pounding his hips up at me as hard as he could.

"Cum on my big fat mother-fuckin' prick!"

His cock-shaft was stimulating my clit into a powerful orgasm, pushing me closer and closer with every thrust. Then suddenly, my climax was upon me. Wave after wave of intense pleasure welled up from my quivering pussy, raced along my spine and washed over my lust-clouded brain. The erotic sensations were so powerful I lost consciousness for a few moments and when I came to, Marty was still pumping his cock up into my cunt like crazy. He hadn't come yet, but he was very close. I concentrated on making my son climax, tightening my pelvic muscles and grinding my cunt down over his pistoning cock in perfect rhythm with his increasingly-aggressive hip thrusts.

Soon, Marty was moaning loudly and slamming his cock up into me like crazy. I knew he was about to cum so I leaned forward and kissed him passionately. "Come in my cunt, lover!", I said, breathing hotly into his ear. "Fill Momma's pussy with your hot fucking cum! Ohhh, baby, I'm so hot! Fuck me forever, Marty!!

Hearing my husky voice telling him what I wanted him to do to me must have been the all the catalyst that Marty needed. Instantly, he arched his back and rammed his twitching, jerking cock into my cunt as far as he could, emptying a load of hot sticky sperm deep up inside my heaving belly. "Ahhhgggghhh! Fuuuck! Jesus, Mom! I'm cumming! Oh, shit! I'm cummming rihjt up your hairy fuckin' cunt! Uhrrh!"

Marty's young prick seemed to double in size as he came and I humped him frantically, trying to orgasm with my trembling son. His cock was hitting the right spot and his hot, creamy jism shooting deep into my pussy soon had me climaxing again also. It wasn't as intense as the first, but wonderfully satisfying all the same.

We lay there in a tangled heap for several minutes, catching our breaths and letting our bodies recover from the exhausting effort. Then I rolled off him and lay by his side, holding him close... hugging his sweaty, naked body to mine. Marty did his best to hug me back and kissed me hungrily on the lips. "Can we do this every night, Mom?" he asked with a mischievous grin. "Sure, baby, if you feel you can manage to get this thing up that often," I replied, giving his limp glistening cock a meaningful squeeze. "I'm sure I can, Mom," chuckled Marty, "I'm sure I can."

And he was right...

Between my Son's Legs

I noticed that Tommy, my son, seemed to be spending an awful lot of time in his room lately. I wondered if something was wrong, or if he and his girlfriend had a fight that made him seem so depressed.

He hadn't been out of his room all day, except to have breakfast and then, briefly, when I told him that lunch was ready. I decided that it was time for me to take some action, and that the two of us had to have a talk. I had no idea what it was that we had to talk about. I just knew that something was bothering him, changing his behavior, and that it had to be dealt with.

On one really, really hot summer day, I went to his door and started to tap gently, and then, thinking better of it, I simply reached down and turned the knob, opening the door part way.

He was laying on his bed, and he didn't know that the door was open, or that I was there. What I saw, I couldn't believe, but knew it to be true. Tommy lay there naked on his bed, his legs spread wide, his balls hanging heavily downward, nearly covering his ass hole. His balls were very heavy, pulling downward on the nearly hairless skin, two giant, egg-shaped orbs clearly outline by the light brown sac of skin holding his balls.

His hand was wrapped around his hard dick, moving up and down slowly. I could see his fat cock, sticking up in the air, his hand slowly stroking it from the base all the way up to the engorged, expanded, bulbous head of it. The head was shaped like a big, red mushroom, glistening in the light with moisture on the tip.

In his other hand, he held a magazine up to his face, the pages folded over. I could see a picture on the page facing me. It was a picture of a naked woman, an erect penis stuck in her hairy pussy. My son, Tommy, was looking at a porno magazine, jacking off.

I didn't know that my reaction to such a find was going to be what it was. I wasn't surprised, I wasn't shocked, dismayed, or anything like that. I was excited! I stood there, looking at his big balls hanging between his legs, and all I could think of was what his balls would feel like in the palm of my hand, in my mouth, or pressing against me as he fucked me.

I slowly moved my hand inside my shorts, and the movement must have attracted his attention. He lowered the magazine and looked at me. In a frozen moment, he just stared, and then sprang into action. He sat up, tossed the magazine under the bed, and threw the covers over him in one quick motion. "Mom, I, uh..."

I smiled. I could see that he was red-faced and embarrassed. He looked at me, a look of terror on his face. Then, he seemed to notice that my hand was in my pants, and that my fingers were moving.

"Tommy, it's OK," I said, my voice betraying my sexual excitement. "It's OK, baby, you can play with yourself. There's nothing to be ashamed of." He watched my hand moving in my shorts... he didn't look anywhere else, until his eyes slowly moved up from my shorts to my tits, and then to my face.

"You're doing it, too, huh, Mom?" I nodded. Red-faced, I managed a smile. "Seeing you like that, I think, turned me on a lot." His eyes widened. "Really? You liked it? It made you excited?"

"Yes, Tommy, you really excited me." He moved the covers aside, and I saw him sitting there, his hard dick sticking up, pressing against his lower stomach. From my vantage point, his enormous balls looked like two chicken legs laying on the bed sheet between his legs. The sight of them was nearly enough to make me cum. "Does that excite you, Mom?"

"Oh, hell, yes, Tommy! It really does." I stood closer to the bed and looked down. I reached out with my hand and moved it along his thigh, pressing closer and closer to his groin. My fingers touched the side of his throbbing cock, and he moaned softly. "Oh, Mom!"

Hurriedly, I moved away and pulled my shirt over my head, then reached down and pulled my shorts off. He watched with fascination as I reached behind me and undid my bra, and let it fall to the floor. "God, what beautiful titties, Mom," he said.

I pulled my panties off and stood naked in front of my son. He looked at my hairy bush, his eyes wide. Licking his lips, he reached down and touched the head of his cock. I moved toward him, and he moved over on the bed, making room for me. I lay down, spreading my legs, and Tommy climbed on top of me. With shaking hands, he touched my tits, and I

reached down, feel his extremely stiff cock. I guided it to my pussy, and he lifted himself up and pressed downward with his thighs, entering me slowly.

I could feel his hard cock inside me, and it suddenly expanded and jerk. He came, just like that, filling my insides with an enormous load of hot cum. Time after time, he spurted and spurted cum, his cock virtually exploding inside me.

I came, screaming "Tommy!" He kept thrusting, his fat balls slapping against my asshole, and I came again and again. At long last, he thrust one final time, and then pulled out of me, leaving my pussy running with his big load of hot cum.

He lay there, and I reached over and felt of his big balls and his sticky cock. "Mmm," I murmured. It was going to be a hot day, in more ways than one.

Mom's Drunk

It was past 11 PM, my agreed-upon time to be home. My dad was away with my sister for the weekend to look at colleges, so it was just Mom and me at home for the next two days. I parked my bike in the garage and walked up the stairs. I could hear the TV on in the family room, showing the 'Eleven o' Clock News'. I walked in and there was Mom, lying on the couch in her bathrobe with an almost-empty glass on the coffee table. Over on the kitchen counter was a half bottle of vodka. Everything appeared normal, except I noticed that her robe was not completely covering her legs, and she appeared to have nothing on underneath.

"Mom", I said gently, "I'm home", not wanting to startle her. There was no response. She seemed to be sound asleep, drunk, or both. I had never seen her this way. I noticed her leg beneath her robe, with no sign of panties underneath. I could feel myself getting hard and started to marvel at the odd situation.

I couldn't believe the thoughts that were going through my head..." I wonder if I could..? No, what if she...?" What was I thinking! I could feel my cock bulging in my jeans more than ever, just throbbing and crying for attention. I remembered the bottle of Vodka over on the kitchen counter, and went over and took a swig. I had never been drunk before, and the potent firewater brought instant tears to my eyes and I almost gagged and spit it out. In spite of my harsh reaction, I forced myself to take another gulp. Now I could feel a slight dizziness and my heart was pounding.

I put the bottle down, and walked back over to investigate Mom. She had now rolled over slightly, and now I could see the edge of her hairy mound peeking through the flap in her bathrobe. I knew I had to do something. Her eyes opened slightly, and she said in a very slurred tone, "When did you come in?".

I started to answer, but realized she wasn't listening as she rolled off the couch into the coffee table, spilling the remainder of her drink. There she was, lying on the floor with a some vodka-soda dripping from table.

"Oh shit!", she said, lying there on the floor. I walked over with some paper towels and mopped up the spill. "You're such a dear. I gotta pee", she slurred, and started to get up, using the coffee table and couch for support.

I could see she was getting nowhere fast so I went over to help. As I grabbed her arm and pulled her up, she leaned on me as her robe came completely undone. I could see her furry bush and her 36-year old tits, everything, just peeking through. I grabbed her arm and lead her down the hall towards the bathroom, which was a bit difficult as she staggered and kept bumping into the walls. When we reached the bathroom at the end of the hall, her bathrobe slipped off completely and she sat back on the toilet.

As I heard the spray-gun sound of piss, I couldn't believe this was my own mom sitting there in front of me, completely naked. She leaned forward on her elbows as the sounds trailed off from down below. This was such a turn-on I was just wondering what to do next. I decided to take my chances.

I said, "I gotta pee, too", although I really didn't. I unzipped my jeans and my thankful rock-hard 17 year-old cock popped out from within. "Oh", my mom slurred, "Ya' wanna fuck?"

I couldn't believe my ears, or my mom's current state of mind. She fell forward off the toilet into the hall. As she lay there, half conscious without a stitch on, her hand was reaching down towards her pussy!

I started stroking my throbbing shaft as I pushed my shoes off and dropped my jeans to the bathroom floor. I pulled off my underwear and looked down at my mom who was lying on her side in the hallway with her hand in her crotch! I stroked myself faster as I kneeled down beside her, pulling on her shoulder to roll her over. As I did, her legs spread out as she laid flat-out on her back.

This was it! No sucking or kissing for me. I went straight for the goods. She moaned slightly and tried to move as I brought my hard dick down towards her large mound. First it seemed like there was no place to go with it, like just hair and closed lips. But as I pushed harder, she reached down and kind of guided it with her hand, and suddenly I was in!

It was an unbelievable feeling, so smooth and slippery, much better than jerking-off. I could hear her sigh as I pushed all the way. As I thrust my throbbing member into her furry hole, I could see that her nipples were now hard as rocks, and I pulled off my shirt so I could feel them against me. Her eyes were barely open, and I could hear moaning sounds as I pushed and pushed, faster and faster, up and down, in and out.

"Ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh", she gasped over and over, 'til I sensed she was starting to come. Until now she had been completely out of it, but she was wide awake now. "Oh God!, Yes Ohh Yes, Yes, Ahhhh!", she said as I felt a wave of pleasure overtaking me. My dick was shooting cum right into her. I could feel it pumping, squirting and squirting. The tingly feeling that came over me then was greater than any I had ever experienced.

My dick slipped out, and I could see liquid on the hallway rug. I felt kind of embarrassed and strange as I got up, wondering what to do next, and that my life would never be the same. What had I done? What had we done? I helped her get up, back into her bathrobe, and down the hall towards her room.

First Time

This story is true. I'm 30 and have always had a strong sexual attraction to my mom. I have to admit, she is no raving beauty, but to me she's gorgeous. Mom is 45 years old, 5' 2" tall, weighs approximately 125 lbs. and has 34A breasts.

My step dad died in May and I brought my mom home to stay with me for a couple of weeks. I'm divorced and am living alone. We'd only been home one day when my wildest dream came true.

I came home early for lunch and entered the house. I walked down the hall to take a leak and entered the bathroom. There she was. Standing in front of the vanity, putting on her makeup, absolutely naked. I'm not sure which of us was more embarrassed, but I got an instant hardon. Mom didn't know what to cover, her small and slightly saggy breasts or her completely shaved pussy. I backed out of the bathroom and she closed the door.

Mom appeared in the kitchen about five minutes later, fully dressed and very flushed. She stammered and said she just never thought to close the door since I wasn't expected for another 30 minutes. I told her not to fret about it and I wouldn't tell anyone. She came over to give me a big hug and back off really quickly. My hardon was tenting my suit pants and had poked her.

She quietly asked if she had caused that problem and I said yes. It was natural for me to get hard when I saw a pretty, naked woman. She said she was my mother and I shouldn't think like that. Not even thinking, I unzipped my fly and brought out all 9 1/2" of raging hardon and said this puppy has no conscience about who she is. Realizing what I'd said and done I put my cock away and left the house.

For the balance of the day I got no work done. I phoned home and asked mom if she'd like to go out for dinner and said I'd be home around 6:00 PM. When I got home I quickly changed and we went to a local Greek restaurant. As we were lead to our dimly lit booth I took notice of what mom was wearing. A black skirt, approximately 3" above the knee, 2 1/2" pumps and a white silk blouse. She looked very sexy to me. Through out dinner we finished a bottle of white wine. I must admit to only having one glass. Mom's glass was never empty. When we left the restaurant, Mom held my arm and said she was a little tipsy. I could feel the curve of her left breast against my arm. When I helped her up into the truck, her skirt slid up and I saw she was in stockings, and not panty hose. As I drove home mom slid across the seat and put her head on my shoulder. Within seconds she appeared to be asleep. Without considering the consequences I put my right hand on her leg and slid it up under her skirt. I almost shot my load when my hand came in contact with her naked cunt. I pried open her thighs and began sliding my finger up and down her bald slit. Locating her clit I began massaging it as I drove home.

Once I was in the garage and the door closed. I turned in the seat and put my other hand on her now moist cunt and slid my middle digit easily between her lips. Within seconds mom was humping my digit and I slid in a second finger. The smell of cunt filled the truck as mom's orgasm hit.

I slowly withdrew my fingers and began unbuttoning her blouse. I unclasped her plain white bra and freed her hard eraser sized nipples. Lowering my mouth to her nipple I began to suckle and tease it. Amazingly it grew even longer. Mom had nipples almost 3/4" long and as thick as my little finger. As I sucked, my hand went back into her steamy hot cunt and she began to cum again.

Suddenly, mom pushed my head away and demanded to know what I was doing. Pushing my fingers back into her cunt she hit an even stronger orgasm. This one seemed to go on forever.

She began to cry. I apologized and helped her cover up. Claiming it must have been the wine I asked for her forgiveness. She continued crying and said it must never happen again. About an hour later I was lying in my bed sliding my hand up and down my rock hard cock relieving the pent up cum in my nuts. Without knocking, mom opened my door and walked in. She was in her house coat, buttoned to the throat. She gasped when she saw what I was doing, but did not leave the room. Slowly walking to the side of my bed mom looked

down upon my now shrinking cock. Sitting on the edge she gently touched the head of my leaking cock. As it began growing under her touch, mom undid the buttons of her house coat and opened it. She was naked underneath. I reached up and touched her nipple. As I pinched and twisted her nipple mom got up and straddled me. Putting the head of my cock against her cunt she began lowering herself slowly onto my "thick as her wrist" hardon. Unable to control myself I thrust my cock up into her cunt. I have never felt a cunt so hot, wet and tight. I traveled upwards until I hit her cervix. Mom cried out in both pain and pleasure. She had the entire 9 1'2" buried deeply within her. Mom began moving and riding me like a demon possessed. Within seconds I could feel my cum building and was meeting her thrusts with my own. As I pounded against her cervix, my cock was rubbing the hard nub of her clit. We exploded together in the most mind shattering orgasm either of us has ever experienced. As I lay there with my mom collapsed on me I thanked her and began twisting her nipple again. Mom kissed me on the lips and said she has never had a cock the size of mine in her. My step dad apparently only had 5 skinny inches and my biological father was only a little over 6."

Sliding off my cock mom said she wanted to do the final two things she's never done before. Turning herself around, mom took my still hard cock into her mouth. As she sucked I pulled her leaking cunt to my face and started licking and sucking her juices and my cum. Within seconds she was exploding cum and juices over my face. As I neared my own orgasm she let go of my cock and got onto the bed doggie style. Mom then asked me to fuck her from behind. As I entered her cunt from behind the sensations were incredible and I once again shot my load deep into her cunt. Mom's two-week stay lasted almost a month. We see each other on a weekly basis and each time is like the first. Mom's insatiable thirst for my cock has kept me in a constant state of readiness.

Jenny and her Father

Jenny awoke in the middle of the night. She couldn't get back to sleep no matter how hard she tried. It was a week since her mother had left her and her father, and she knew deep down inside that she wasn't returning. She stifled a sob and tried to fall back asleep to no avail. Maybe some warm milk would help. She padded softly downstairs and prepared her milk in the kitchen. Unbeknownst to her, her father also had insomnia and he was sitting in the darkened living room watching his 16-year-old daughter.

Tom watched the lovely young girl standing over the stove stirring the milk. "Damn, she looks just like her mother," he thought to himself, missing his beautiful wife more than he thought possible. They had been having more problems than you could shake a stick at, but the sex was still as hot and passionate as when they had first met several years ago - until she had announced she was leaving him a month ago. Then, the sex dropped off totally. He knew that she probably wouldn't be returning and his mind wandered. What would he do? He would have to take care of Jenny. He would have to deal with all the things alone that he and his wife dealt with together. Then his mind wandered to the sex. He hadn't made love in a month and his cock stirred at the thought of being engulfed in a warm, wet pussy.

Jenny gasped as she walked into the living room with her mug of milk and saw her father sitting in the dark on the couch. "Dad, what are you doing up?" she whispered sitting down, facing him.

"Couldn't sleep either," he said trying to smile through his pain. "Want some warm milk?" Jenny asked passing him the cup. He sipped gratefully and focused his eyes on Jenny's legs. The little nightshirt that she wore to bed had ridden up her thighs exposing her satin panties. "Such sexy panties for a young girl," Tom thought to himself. Her breasts strained against the taut material of her nightshirt and Tom's cock stirred once again, this time making its way out of the right leg of his shorts. He shifted so Jenny wouldn't see and whispered, "Jen, it's all going to be okay. You'll see. Things will get better. It doesn't feel like it now, but I promise they will."

"Oh, Daddy," she sobbed placing the empty mug on the side table. She moved closer to him, and he wrapped his arms around her pulling her to his chest. She nestled her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes. He felt her warm sweet breath and his cockhead began to pulse as he realized that her breasts were pressing into him and that he could feel her erect nipples. "Daddy, I love you," Jenny sighed.

Tom sat still for what felt like an hour. He listened to Jenny's regular breathing and realized she had fallen sound asleep in his arms. He kept one arm around her shoulders and let the other drop to his cock, running a fingertip over the wet head. His thigh was covered in precum and he squeezed his swollen cockhead and stroked the sensitive underside. He had to masturbate to orgasm or his balls would burst so he decided to carry sleeping Jenny to her room before taking matters into his own hands. As he walked upstairs carrying the young girl, his cock bounced achingly, trying to break out of the confines of his shorts. Once he set her down on her bed, she opened her eyes sleepily and whispered, "Daddy, don't leave me. Please let me sleep with you."

"Sweetheart. You need to sleep in your own bed," Tom said, his mind reeling with possibilities. "Please, Daddy? Just this once? I don't want to be alone," Jenny whimpered.

Tom carried Jenny into his bedroom and laid her down before climbing in himself. He waited until he heard her breathing become regular and slipped his hand inside his shorts. His cock pulsed as he wrapped his fist around it and looked over at his sleeping daughter. Her back was to him and her t-shirt was up around her slim waist. Her blue satin panties were tight and had ridden up over her ass cheeks, exposing smooth, tanned skin. He moved closer to get a better look, his eyes straining over the firm soft mounds.

Jenny stirred in her sleep as she felt the mattress shift, and without warning, she turned over and nestled in close so that she was up against Tom. She draped one leg over him and was startled awake as she felt his hard cock against the inside of her thigh. "Oops, sorry," she said embarrassed. Then she shyly whispered, "Daddy, you must miss mom a lot. I mean, I know men have needs. I'm sorry she left you." Tom could not believe how sensitive his

young daughter was to his 'needs' and felt a surge of love for her. "You don't worry about my needs, sweetheart," he whispered back, his erection deflating just a bit.

"But Daddy, I love you, and I want to make you happy," Jenny said sweetly. Her leg shifted and it seemed that she was purposefully rubbing it against his cock. "Plus, you are my Dad, you know. There really wouldn't be anything wrong with me helping you," she added kissing his neck. He jumped a little and his cock resumed its lengthening once again.

"Baby, you shouldn't concern yourself with a man's needs. You're young," Tom groaned uncomfortably. "Dad, I'm 16. I think I know a little about what guys need and like," Jenny said waking even further. "Jen, you need to be careful," Tom said confused by his arousal and sense of parental responsibility.

"Oh, don't worry. I haven't gone far," Jenny added kissing his cheek. "Just how far are we talking, sweetheart," Tom whispered finding himself aroused beyond his comprehension. "Oh, you know. Just touching and kissing," Jenny said snuggling closer to him. Tom's hand dropped down unconsciously and rested on her lower back. "Have you touched a boy's penis yet?" Tom asked feeling her warm skin on the palm of his hand.

"Yes," Jenny whispered shyly. "That's it?" Tom said kissing her forehead. "Well, I did something else, too," she said slowly. "And what was that, my sweet?"

"Well, I kind of put it in my mouth," she said embarrassed. "But that's it?" Tom asked thinking about how it would feel to have his rigid cock deep in his daughter's warm wet mouth. "Daddy, I am still a virgin," Jenny said raising her voice in impatience.

"That's my girl," Tom said kissing her forehead again. "Has a boy touched you yet?" Tom said bravely taking this bold step. "Y-yes," Jenny stuttered feeling her stepfather's cock pulse against the warm smooth skin of her inner thigh. "Your breasts? Your pussy?" Tom said dropping his hand down further. His fingertips grazed the waistband of her panties and Jenny moved closer so that her body was completely pressed up against him.

"Both," she said shyly hiding her face in Tom's shoulder. "And did you like it?" he asked daringly. "I think so, but I was kind of worried I wasn't touching him right," Jenny whispered. Then, she added, "Daddy, please show me how to touch a boy." Tom gasped in disbelief.

"Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," he sighed finally letting his hand touch her smooth ass cheeks. "Baby, tell me this. Did your little pussy get wet when your boyfriend touched you?" Tom said stroking her almost bare bottom. "Oh yes, Daddy. It felt so good. I had to keep squeezing my legs together," Jenny said placing her hand on his stomach.

"And did your nipples get hard?" Tom said feeling his cock leak several drops of precum onto his already slick thigh. "Yes, Daddy. They got really hard."

"Did your boyfriend touch you with his tongue?" Tom asked touching his leaking cockhead with his fingers. "No. They do that?" Jenny asked seeming genuinely surprised. "Sure, sweetheart. If you can lick and suck a boy's penis, he should be doing the same to your breasts and your pussy. Don't you think? Fair is fair!" Tom said smiling at her. "Daddy, will you show me how a boy licks girls?" Jenny asked softly. "Baby, I'm gonna show you everything," Tom said turning to her. "Whatever you want," he added.

"Show me how to touch you," Jenny said sitting up and looking at his cock against his thigh. "It's so big," she gasped as her father continued rubbing her back. "Baby, first I'm going to show you how good a man can make a girl feel, and then I'll show you how to touch me."

"Why not now?" Jenny asked, wanting to touch the massive cock that lay before her, glistening in the moonlight. "Well, once a man has an orgasm, he gets really tired," Tom whispered looking into her blue eyes. "You mean once all that white stuff comes out?" she said looking back at him so innocently. "Yes," Tom said pushing her back gently.

Tom leaned over his daughter and kissed her lovingly on the lips. She responded by slipping her tongue into his mouth and he was pleased with her kissing skills. "Put your arms around my neck, baby," he mumbled running a hand down to her large breasts. He squeezed them through the nightshirt and ran his fingertips over the erect nipples. Then, he slipped his hand under the shirt and thrilled at the touch of her soft teenaged skin. He tweaked the nipples and kissed Jenny deeply as she moaned softly. His hand pulled her shirt up and he gazed at the firm breasts capped with dark pink nipples. "Oh," he moaned.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" Jenny asked worried. "Nothing, Jen. Nothing at all. You made my penis stiffen more just now when I saw your beautiful breasts for the first time," he

whispered. His mouth closed around one nipple and his lips pulled and sucked at the hard bud. Jenny put her hands on the back of his head and rocked her hips. "Oh Daddy, I love you," Jenny whispered.

"I love you too, baby," Tom said stroking down to her stomach. His hand grazed her pussy mound before moving on between her thighs and spreading her legs wide. Jenny moaned in pleasure and opened her legs even more. "That's it, my pet," Tom said kissing down her taut tummy to her satin covered pussy lips. He kissed the wet material lovingly and inhaled her sweet essence. "Jenny, you're soaked," Tom said smiling. "Is that good, Daddy?"

"Oh yes, baby. It means you like what I'm doing to you. Just like my penis is really stiff. It likes what I'm doing to you. It likes being close to such a pretty young girl." Tom peeled her panties to the side and exposed her swollen slick pussy lips. They were lightly covered with blond hair and Tom gripped the base of his cock once he had planted a wet kiss right on her mound. He was afraid he would blow his load right there. He touched his tongue to her warm folds and licked upwards to her swollen clit.

"Oh, Daddy. What is that? What did you do to me?" Jenny whimpered bucking her hips into his face. Tom reached around and grabbed her ass with one hand. With the other, he gently stroked a finger around her pussy hole. "I just tongued your clit. That's your hot spot. Just like the head of a man's penis likes being licked. Your little clit likes it, too. When you're not turned on, it hides, but when you get hot, like now, it comes out from under its little hood and swells up and gets all sensitive. It's what makes you cum."

"I don't think I have ever cum. Will you make me cum?" Jenny said shyly. "Yes, honey. You just concentrate on these nice feelings in your pussy."

"How will I know if I cum?" she asked innocently. "Oh, you'll know. You'll get really tense and you'll feel something incredible happening to your pussy. You'll get even wetter than you are now. You'll feel your pussy start contracting on my tongue and your legs will go all stiff. You'll know." He wrapped his lips around Jenny's swollen clit and commenced sucking it softly then harder with more pressure. "Oh," Jenny whimpered moving her hips.

"That's it, push those sweet hips up into Daddy's face. Relax and feel all those wonderful feelings running through this delicious pussy," Tom said sucking harder. "Oh, Daddy. Oh!" Jenny exclaimed thrusting her hips harder. "Yeah baby, keep rocking your sweet pussy. That's it, doll. Come on Daddy's face. Let that little pussy cum. C'mon, honey." Jenny's legs went around his neck and she let out a scream. Her body tensed and her pussy contracted around Tom's tongue. As she relaxed and stopped panting, Tom whispered that she had just had her first orgasm.

His finger slid into her dripping pussy slowly. She winced as the tip entered her. "You tell Daddy if this hurts you, baby. Okay?" Tom said taking a long slow lick from her asshole to her clit. "It feels funny," Jenny said shifting around. Tom knew that she probably hadn't ever had anything up her pussy, not even a tampon as he always saw pads in the wastebasket in her bathroom. He gently pushed upward as Jenny whimpered again.

"Baby. You probably still have your hymen since you haven't had anything in your little pussy," Tom said soothingly. "I know. I think I do," Jenny said gasping at the new sensation.

"Do you want me to stop?" Tom asked looking up at her. "Will it hurt?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, it may hurt since I will break through it, and it is skin. It has some nerve endings in it, and you may feel a little pain, sweetheart."

"Will it hurt bad?" she asked, her voice choking. "I don't know sweetie, but I will try my hardest to spare you any pain. I love you."

"Okay, Daddy. I trust you. I want this. Please don't stop." Tom's finger slid in more and he wrapped his lips around Jenny's clit, hoping the pleasure from his sucking would take away some of the pain. His finger went in deeper and he felt her hymen against his fingertip. "Yep, you still have your cherry, honey," he said licking her clit and looking up at her. She had her nipples between her thumbs and index fingers and she was squeezing them rhythmically with her eyes closed. Her mouth was set into a grimace as she expected the worst. "Daddy, it feels so weird. It hurts a little," she whimpered. "I know, baby. You just keep touching your titties and your Daddy will be as gentle as he can."

"Daddy?"

"What, sweetie?"

"Can your penis break my hymen?" Jenny asked opening her eyes and looking down at him. "Yes, baby, but that would take your virginity away."

"I want that," Jenny whispered stroking his hair with her small hands. Tom kissed her inner thighs and moved up to his stepdaughter's face. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, please," Jenny said pulling him to her and kissing him. "You like your taste?" Tom said smiling down at her. "That's me?" she asked surprised. "Sure is, babe. I had my tongue deep in your sweet pussy and all your pussy juice poured onto it as I sucked your clit."

"I like the way I taste," Jenny whispered kissing him once again. "You should. You have a very sweet tasting pussy, my pet."

"I want to taste your penis," Jenny said looking into Tom's eyes. "Well, we could do that before I make love to you," he said moving up further. Tom propped some pillows up and leaned against the headboard, pulling Jenny into his lap. His hard cock stuck straight up against his stomach and he proceeded to give Jenny a lesson in anatomy. She watched and listened intently as he spoke. He stroked the back of her head with one hand and held his cock with the other, gripping its rigid shaft tightly. "First, my penis is up against my stomach because I have such a pretty little girl with me," he began. "If you weren't here, it might be all soft, unless I was thinking about you," he added. Jenny smiled and moved closer examining the veins. "Can I touch?" she asked shyly.

"Sure," he said taking her hand in his and placing it around the thick shaft. "It's so hard!" Jenny exclaimed, smiling. He moved her hand away and continued the lesson. "Right here is where a man is most sensitive," Tom said running a fingertip around the part where his cockhead met the shaft. "Men love having this licked and nibbled. And they love having the head sucked." He pulled Jenny's hand and took her index finger, running it around the sensitive area. "It's all wet. Like me!" she said surprised.

"Yes. Men make something called precum when their penis is hard. It's like your pussy juice." He moved her finger over his cockhead and moaned in pleasure as her fingertips touched the engorged head. "This is my helmet and it gets all purple and swells up when it's excited," he continued. "It also likes the tip teased. See the little hole? I piss out of this, but when I'm hard, and I have an orgasm, my cum shoots out of here instead of piss."

"Oh. Neat!" Jenny said, wide-eyed. He brought her hand down to his large balls. "And these big things are my testicles or balls. When I'm turned on, they start making lots of cum, and when I'm ready to have an orgasm, the cum runs up through them to my penis shaft and then out the head." All of this talk was making Tom ache for release and he wanted Jenny's young mouth on him immediately. "Now, Jenny. I want you to kiss the head and then take it in your mouth for Daddy. Can you do that?"

"Oh yes, Daddy. I want to do that. I want to see your penis spray like you made my pussy do!" Jenny said bending down to kiss his cockhead. Tom held his daughter's head, letting his fingers tangle through her soft hair.

"Grab onto the shaft and move your hand up and down as you suck the head," he instructed, leaning back and moaning huskily. He already felt the cum boiling in his balls as her tongue washed over the swollen head. Her little hands stroked up and down, moving the tight skin of his shaft. "Jen. I'm gonna have an orgasm now. If you want to see Daddy's cum, you have to take your mouth off of the head but you have to keep stroking," he moaned unable to stop the rush of semen. Jenny took her wet mouth off of his cockhead and continued moving her hands up and down. She leaned in close and watched. Tom looked at his lovely daughter's face and watched as spurts and gobs of thick warm semen sprayed onto her lips, cheeks and nose. "Oh, Jenny. Here it is. Milk Daddy's cock. That's it, baby. Oh yeah!" Jenny was fascinated with the amount of white sticky goo that now covered her flushed face. She licked around her lips and exclaimed, "You are delicious, Daddy!" Tom hugged her to him and they basked in the warm afterglow of his release.

They both fell asleep soon after and Tom awoke in the early morning hours. He looked at his young daughter and couldn't believe what had taken place earlier. He felt a surge of renewed lust as he gazed at her cum-covered face. Bending to kiss her, his hand touched her pussy, and his fingers parted the soft lips covered with downy hair. Jenny moaned in her sleep and she spread her thighs for her father.

"Honey. Daddy wants to put his penis in your pussy now. Would you like that?" Tom said gripping his morning erection and stroking upwards. "Mmmm. Y-yes Daddy. I think so. Please don't hurt me, though. Please," she whimpered opening her big blue eyes.

"Daddy would never hurt his little girl on purpose, but just remember what we talked about before. Your cherry has nerve endings, and when it pops, it will hurt a little. There may even be a little blood."

"Oh," Jenny said frightfully at this new thought. "It isn't bad, though, baby. It means you aren't a virgin anymore. Just like when you started your periods. That made you a woman. That was a good thing, right?"

"Yes, Daddy. Yes," Jenny sighed wrapping her arms around Tom's neck. "When was your last period," he asked, concerned about possibly making her pregnant.

"I just got over it yesterday," she said softly. Tom sighed in relief. The last thing he wanted was a piece of rubber between his hard cock and his stepdaughter's warm wet pussy.

"Okay, honey. Daddy's gonna go real slow. You tell me if you want me to stop."

"Okay, Daddy."

"Wrap your legs around my back, Jen." Jenny did as he told her and kept her arms tightly around his neck. "I'm going to slide the head of my penis into your pussy. Just like I had my fingertip in you. Okay?"

"Yes, Daddy." Tom kissed her forehead and pushed the swollen, leaking head of his cock into her tightness. "Oh," he moaned, rising up.

"Is that good, Daddy? Am I doing okay?" Jenny asked concerned. "Oh yes baby. You just made your Daddy's penis feel so good." Jenny smiled and kissed Tom on the lips. "I'm gonna push in a little more, now. You might feel my penis head on your cherry. You might feel a little discomfort."

"Okay, Daddy. I'll be brave"

"That's good girl." Tom pushed in further and felt his cockhead hit the thin membrane. He pulled out and went back in. "Hold on, honey. Daddy's gonna move in and out a little slowly. Then faster. Once I move faster, I'm gonna give one good thrust and break your cherry. It may hurt a little, baby."

"Daddy, I'm scared," Jenny whimpered. "Just kiss me when it hurts. It will feel nice after the hurt goes away." Jenny kissed her father as his thrusts quickened and they both felt his cockhead bouncing off of her hymen. Soon, the inevitable happened and he broke through as Jenny cried out in pain. "Oh, Daddy. Daddy. Daddy. Daddy," Jenny moaned. Tom kissed her deeply and continued thrusting. "Little girl, remember when my penis shot all that white goo into your face? Well it's gonna happen again only all that goo is gonna go right into your pussy. Do you want Daddy's cum in your pussy?"

"Oh yes, Daddy. Please shoot your cum in my pussy. I want your cum in my pussy, Daddy, please!" With that, Tom blew his load right into Jenny's tight 16-year-old pussy. It was the most satisfying sexual experience he had ever had and he and his daughter continued enjoying their new found pleasure for many years.

My Sexy Mother

Andrea was just a 10th grader girl in high school, but she was easily mistaken as much older, and naturally, most of her friends were older than her. She was popular, and easily ranked in the top 3 of her high school hotties. There was a big party on her 15th birthday, on August 9th, 1985. It was all great, until she got too drunk. She couldn't even remember what had happened, but within one month, she found out she was pregnant. Fortunately for me, she was against abortion and kept to her beliefs, giving birth to a healthy baby boy eight months later, on April 30th, 1986. The baby boy is me, and that was the story of my mom.

My name is Ken. My mom, Andrea, is 31 now, and I turned 16 just 10 days ago. I used to hate it. When I was little I hated how I couldn't have all the stuff other kids had, and when I got a little older, I was embarrassed my mom was so young. Of course, now I'm thankful to my mom for everything she's done. I mean, she could have just given me up for adoption or something.

I don't have a lot of friends, because most of the kids picked on me when I was little. I don't get any more of that because I've been building myself, both my body and mind. Now I'm a buff guy standing 6'1 tall, and on the honor roll at school. I don't really know how mom was able to afford everything.. Mom never really told me where she worked, and I don't think I want to know. She stays home all day and only goes out at evening. The truth is, she could probably find some work anywhere, as long as the interviewer's not blind.

My mom has the nicest body. She is 5'8, with brown hair, green eyes, and she has a beautiful face and soft, smooth skin. She weighs about 130 pounds, and measures 38DD-24-36. Did I tell you she was only 31? Her body isn't the only thing great about her. She has a great personality, she's also really cool, and she's like a friend to me, and there isn't much of a generation gap so she understands me. We get along great. I don't think she knows that I jack off everyday thinking about her though.

And school's better now. One of my few friends became really popular in high school, and like lemmings, the other kids started liking me too, and soon I had myself my first girlfriend. The thing was, I wasn't really into her. When we were making out or she was sucking my 7 inch cock (but she didn't want to have sex), my mind always went back to my mom.

Yesterday was a day like any other day, I came home, stared at mom's breasts and ass as much as I can, then mom went off to "work" in the evening, wearing a short skirt. I couldn't take the curiosity anymore, and followed her.

She got on the bus, and since it's usually busy, I was able to go on it without mom noticing me. Man, it was crowded! As the bus moved, I couldn't find where mom was until I realized she was right in front of me. She had her back to me so she didn't know. The bus kept swaying and I kept bumping into her. I was just thinking "please don't turn around please don't turn around" every time my cock rubbed against her ass. Then my cock decided to stiffen. It was really uncomfortable, and to stop thinking about mom's ass, I looked the other way and saw some guy grinding on some girl's ass, and she didn't seem to notice... and when she did, he just moved away into the crowd and pretended nothing happened. That's when I got brave and decided to try it on mom.

I stepped towards her, and in tune with the bus stopping, I thrust into her, lightly. She showed no reaction. Either she didn't notice or she didn't mind. I didn't care, I went for it again. She pushed back. She pushed back! We kept it up, without her ever turning around, and I got even braver and put my hand on her chest, and cupped and squeezed one of her perfect tits, then moved down to her ass, then lowered it slowly towards her legs. I thought I heard her moan softly. I couldn't believe it. I'm not saying mom shouldn't be with a guy or anything like that, I mean she's only 31, and she was probably lonely all this time without a boyfriend, but I didn't think she would be doing this with a complete stranger on a bus, and she didn't even turn around to look at who I was. But that didn't matter right now. I let out a deep breath behind her ear as I reached her legs. It was so hot. I was sweating, but I couldn't stop. I climbed back up, but underneath her skirt. I felt something. She was wearing a thong. Just then a hand grabbed my wrist and pulled it out. It was mom, and she

must have thought that was too much. "Ke... Wha..." She was shocked, and me, I couldn't even say anything.

We got off the bus at the next stop. Mom was leading me somewhere with her hand still on my wrist. I looked around and it looked like a park. She stopped when we came to a place on the grass, and there wasn't anyone else there. "Mom, I was just..." "Ken, shh... We'll talk later. Right now you got me so hot, I need to fuck" "Wha..." "I'll explain later." With that she took her top off. The sight of her huge tits shut me up. The next moment, we were kissing, and stripping each other.

We were on the grass. Completely naked, the son and the mother were about to fuck. She had got me down, and she got on top of me, with her breasts hanging above my head. I raised my head and took one of her breasts in my mouth as she sat down on me, and my cock was in her pussy. "Ooh" We both moaned at the same time. "Geez, Mom, your pussy so tight! It's like its pulling me in."

"Oh, Ken, You're so big..." She started to bounce slowly up and down, and we kissed again, hungrily, as if to swallow each other's tongues. "Ooh, yes... fuck me... fuck your mother!" She bounced faster and faster, and just looking at her tits wobbling with their hard nipples was almost making me cum. My balls slapping against her ass was making incredible sounds, and I couldn't take much more. I turned over so she was on the floor now and I started to pound her harder and harder, and she got louder and louder. "Oh, yes, fuck me! Pound me! Slam me! Oh, God, yes. Yes! Oh, Ken! Ah! Ah!"

The louder she got the faster I pumped. It was getting hard to go on. "Mom... Ungh... I'm, I'm gonna cum..." Then she wrapped her legs behind me as if not to let me go. "Me too. Oh, Ken, just a little more. Don't stop. Oh, fuck me, baby, keep pumping your cock... oh, I'm coming! I'm coming!" She shrieked and tightened her grip on my back, her nails digging into me. Now it was my turn. "Oh, Ken, as much I'd hate it, you'll have to pull out. I could get pregnant. I want you to squirt your hot cum all over me anyway." As soon as her grip lightened, I pulled out of her. "Oh! fuck!" I stood up, and she sat up. Then I grunted, and the first long white stream of cum squirted, shooting out and landing on mom's face. It splattered over her left eye and ear, running down her cheek to her mouth. As she was moaning and licking it off her upper lip, I groaned again and another huge load of semen spewed out of my dick and onto her mouth, and her chin. The last squirt of cum splashed on top of her beautiful tits, and she rubbed it all over her chest, then licked her hands clean.

We lay down to rest. "So you've fucked before haven't you?" "No, mom. You're my first" "Get out." She playfully punched my shoulder. "No, really mom. You're my first." She just smiled and took out a towel from her bag and began to clean herself up.

We went home and talked. Apparently mom had been wanting to be with me just as much as I had been wanting her, and she masturbated thinking of me, too. When I asked about her work, she told me she was a stripper. I was guessing it would be something like that, but I was glad she wasn't a hooker or something. She explained that she hadn't had any recently because she was always working in the evening, and most guys that approached her were people who went to the strip club or plain old creeps. I thought maybe her model-like looks were scaring the nice guys away. She laughed at this idea. "Oh well, it won't matter now. I have my big Kenny here who can satisfy my needs."

"I love you, mom" "I love you too." Then we kissed, and not on the cheeks. "Feel like another round?" "What about school tomorrow?"

"Oh I'll call and say you're sick. I missed my work today, you can miss just one day of school, right?" "Yeah, but missing school would free up a lot of time wouldn't it?" "We'll find some way to spend that time. Ooh, and you can come visit me at work, too"

Let's see... today is May 10, Friday... I have a feeling this will be one great weekend.

My Date with Mom

Back in high school I wasn't very popular at all, and especially not with women. By my senior year in high school I hadn't had a girlfriend and was rejected by every girl I asked out to the Senior prom. After a crummy day of school I came home and just lay down on my bed, I felt like total crap.

My mom came into the room and asked me "What's wrong honey" in her soothing and caring voice. I sighed and rubbed at my brow, I managed to reply. "I'm having no luck at all finding anyone to go to prom with me, I'm so pathetic, not even one date." With that my mom came to my side with a smile, she rubbed at my arm and said. "What if I went to the prom with you?" I looked up at my mom dumbfounded, I blinked a few times and said. "What? Are you serious, Mom, all the kids would tease me, they'd say, 'hey, there's the loser who's taking his mom to the prom'."

My mom gave me a loving nudge, "Awww... why not? It would be fun, and besides, Senior prom is supposed to be for you, and you don't want to be that loser who didn't go to the prom now do you?" Defeated I sighed and shrugged, "Ok, I guess... it's my only chance." My mom smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek, "See, there you go, now I promise I won't embarrass you in front of your friends." I muttered to myself and stretched out on my bed, I thought to myself for a while, it was only a week before senior prom and I was going to go with my mom, I wondered about the good and the bad and what I was getting myself into.

The next day after another long day at school I went out to the mall to get myself a tux. I picked out something nice, but I didn't know what my mom was going to wear so I just took it anyways. I came home and started on my homework. In a few hours my mom came home and I came up to her. I asked, "Hey mom, what are you going to wear to the prom?" She smiled back and said "Don't worry, I've got something picked out." With that I lifted a brow in confusion, but shrugged and set the table for dinner.

The week dragged by and the night of the prom came all too quickly. I got my mom a flower to pin to her dress. That afternoon I showered, shaved, and got ready for the prom, I waited for my mom in the kitchen while she was still preparing. I heard the clip clop of her high heels on the floor, I looked up and was astonished to see my mom wearing a black strapless cocktail dress. I blushed furiously and looked away from my mom's cleavage, then quickly looked back, I didn't want to make it look too obvious.

"Wow mom, you look... fantastic." My mom almost giggled and posed slightly, smiling seductively. "Thanks honey, glad you like it." My mom looked pretty good for her age, she has long curly black hair, deep brown eyes, she's fairly short, but she's got a good body. Her chest is just the right size for her 34 C, I remember from looking in her bra drawer when I was younger, and she has nice feminine round hips. I nodded stupidly to my mom and fumbled for my keys, I nervously drove us to the prom which was being held at a hotel.

We arrived at the prom and my mom took my hand, she could feel me trembling and she rubbed at my back. "Hey honey, just relax, everything's going to go alright." I muttered something under my breath as we entered the hotel and went to the reception hall where the dance was being held. We sat down at our table and I noticed everyone at the table either staring at me or at my mother's cleavage.

My mom ordered a glass of Vodka while we were all drinking sodas. I've only seen my Mom get drunk once before, and she got wild, my dad had to pull her into the car before she started stripping. I nervously drank my soda. "Let's dance," my mom urged me. I sighed and nodded and we hit the dance floor. I attempted dancing while my mom wildly and yet gracefully trotted around. A slow song started and my mom gleefully grabbed me and pulled me close. "Mom!" I yelled, but it was too late.

She was slow dancing with me, and practically grinding into me. I blushed deeply and couldn't help feeling a sudden rush of blood to my manhood. I swallowed hard, hoping my mother wouldn't notice, I tried to look elsewhere but my mom pulled my glance back to her. I struggled from peering down into her cleavage, so I smiled and looked into my mom's eyes. "Don't worry about everyone, who cares if they're staring," my mom explained. "I know," I stammered "But they all have real dates, and they're kissing and all..." My mom just smiled

and replied. "Honey, if you want this to be a real date, it will be." With that said my mom pulled me in for a big kiss, and not one of her usual kisses on the cheek, this one was square on the lips. This caught me totally off guard and left me somewhat breathless and stunned. My own mother was practically making out with me. Little did I know that my mother was going to surprise me a lot this night.

My mom broke the kiss and rubbed my cheek, "There, happy now?" my mom said as she smiled up at me, a slight twinkle in her eyes. "Erm... uh..." I muttered, then I spat out "Yeah." My mom laughed and hugged me close, I could feel her breasts pressing into my chest, and I noticed she had discovered my hard on, because she was rubbing her leg along it. My mom ran her fingers through the back of my hair and smiled at me, she sighed heavily. "Well well... my big boy has finally grown up," she claimed, "and how" she said with a lustful grin. With that I knew something was wrong and I pulled away from my mom and stormed back to the table.

"Mom, you're drunk... and I don't want to do something we'll both regret." My mom batted my arm. "Oh hush, one drink isn't nearly enough, honey, I'm just having fun, aren't you?" I thought about that for a bit. "Err... well, yeah... but?" My mom smiled "so what's the problem?" She smiled and took my hand in hers. I smiled back and we went back onto the dance floor.

The DJ started playing other songs besides slow songs. The song, Jump Around came on and everyone started to jump up and down. I watched as my mother's breasts bounced lavishly up and down in front of my face, as to try not to stare I jumped a bit too, but that only gave me a better view. I could see deep into my mother's cleavage and nearly see her nipples. Another slow song came on right after and my manhood was rock hard, standing straight up, as my mom leaned into me she gave a bit of a shriek of surprise, but grinned and pressed herself close to me none the less. The night went on like this, me with a raging hard on, and my mother encouraging it.

After the prom song was played, we were both tired from all the dancing and my mom got us a room at the hotel because neither of us felt like driving home. I had a feeling that this night was far from over. My mom got into the bathroom to take a shower and get changed while I got changed. I listened for a while as she sang softly to herself in the shower, I closed my eyes and pictured her nude wet body, her hands caressing her skin, I rubbed at my hard on but pulled my hand away nervously. I pulled on a pair of jeans and a ratty T-shirt, I stretched out on one of the beds and tried to get my mind off my mom, but my member continued to throb.

I heard the shower door open and the hair dryer turn on. My mom stepped out of the bathroom still in her towel. "So, did you have fun tonight?" she asked. "Yeah," I said with a smile and nod. My mom grinned at me and stepped over to me. "I'm sorry that you couldn't go with any of the girls in your grade, but they all looked trashy to me." I laughed and agreed "Yeah, most of them are, but some aren't" My mom smiled and mussed with my hair a bit, "You're a good kid, you always have been." "Yeah," I said softly.

My mom sat down on the bed across from me and smiled. "I know you're still a virgin... and... well... I want to make this night special for you... you are a grown man... and you want your first time to be with someone you really love... right?" I looked at my mom with a bit of confusion then nodded "Uh... yeah, that's how I pictured it." "Well," my mom said, "I know that we haven't been very close, but I want to show you how much you mean to me and how much I do love you." I was flabbergasted and stunned as I just silently stared at my mom. "Honey, I just don't want you to be so inexperienced, if you're not comfortable going all the way you don't have to... but look at this as first hand learning," my mom said with a smile. I dumbly nodded and my mom stood, she disrobed and my eyes rushed over her nude body with awe and desire. She approached me and leaned on top of me, her soft silky lips met mine and I felt her tongue probe at my lips.

I groaned with a yearning desire, I felt the heated passion of my mom's kiss and gave into it, I parted my lips and met my mother's tongue with my own. I felt her arms wrap around me and her fingers running along my back. I ran my fingers carefully through her hair and nervously inched towards my mother's breasts. Before I could clasp the mounds of flesh in my hands she pulled my shirt off, but my hands quickly darted back to their desired location.

I cupped her breasts in my hands and gave them a gentile squeeze. I pulled my fingers along her warm flesh and tweaked softly at her nipples. My mom let out a moan and her nipples slowly hardened. My mom let me fondle her breasts, the very breasts she fed me with when I was a baby, I eagerly leaned in and took one of those supple nipples into my mouth. I closed my lips around it and nibbled at it lightly. My mom cooed with pleasure and managed to say "Mmmm... you sure you're a virgin?" I just grinned, and knew I got a few ideas from some of the porno's I've seen.

My mom pulled away playfully and pinned me down, she unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down over my throbbing manhood. She grinned almost as eagerly as I had and took my length into her hand. She stroked at it first, feeling it pulse and harden, she squeezed at it making sure it was as erect as it would get. She then leaned down and wrapped her lips around the tip of my manhood. I let out a groan and ran my fingers through her hair, I didn't know how long I could hold out from my mom's moist mouth. She wiggled her tongue around the crown, and then along the throbbing vein. My leg twitched and I leaned my head back, my eyes closed tightly, I couldn't believe my own mother was giving me my first and most definitely the best blowjob I've ever had. After a bit more of tongue play my mom deep throated my manhood, taking it's length all into her mouth, I shuddered and felt my balls swell with pleasure. I shivered and panted saying "Ungh... I'm... gonna cum" My mom eagerly moved back to the crown of my manhood and worked her tongue at it again. I didn't hold out long and felt the rush of juices surge out and spray into my mom's mouth. My manhood quivered as it squirted out my sexual juices, my mom licked me dry and squeezed at my manhood to get every last drop.

I smiled at my mom and rolled her over onto the bed, I crawled down to her crotch and spread her legs. I searched through her pubic hair and found her labia. I parted her lower lips with two fingers and looked upon my mother's pussy. I just admired and stared at it for a moment, not sure where to start, I moved in and let my tongue touch her clitoris, it sprung to attention and hardened at my touch, my mom shrieked and writhed then moaned. I swirled my tongue around her clit as I easily slipped a finger into her opening, followed by another, and then a third, then I felt my mother's muscles clasp to my fingers, squeezing at them, I felt her moist inner walls and it drove me crazy.

I started pulling my fingers out and pushing them in all the way to the knuckles as my tongue lapped across my mother's clit. My mother squirmed and arched her back, I felt her muscles contract and a fresh coat of moistness on my fingers. I slipped out my fingers, in disbelief that I was doing this with my own mother of all people, but I loved her, and I would now make love to her.

I positioned myself and slowly pushed the tip of my manhood into her awaiting entrance, her muscles were still contracted and it felt so good pushing into the wet and slippery flesh, a feeling so incredible I couldn't describe it in words. I gasped and drove my manhood deeper into my mother, she swiveled her hips to help me get in. My mom took me to the hilt before she started grinding her hips against mine. I grabbed my mom by the waist and started to pump in and out of her. With every thrust, my sensitive manhood throbbed inside of my mother's moist entrance. I started off slow, with long deep penetrating strokes, then I built up my pace, quickening it till I was ramming my length quickly into her pussy. My mom let out a cry of passion as she neared orgasm again, and clenched me tighter as she felt my manhood swell again. I thrust my length into her furiously until my entire body nearly quaked in a longing orgasm, I felt my seed shoot out and coat my mother's inner walls. In return I felt a rush of my mother's sexual juices against my manhood. I sighed and pulled out of her.

I lay down beside her, kissing her softly and smiling at her. She smiled back and rubbed at my arm. "Let's just keep this between us honey, ok? And when you do get a girlfriend... I don't think she'd ever want to leave you." My mom smiled and lay her head on my chest and fell asleep

