

Role Reversal More Family Fun

The backyard was empty save for me, my husband, and our son. There were chairs dotted around the place, a table covered in snacks and party treats, a portable stereo playing music. Hung between two large posts was a cheap banner with two glittery words shining in the midday sunlight.

"Happy birthday!" I grinned, hugging Aaron tightly.

He blushed, tried pushing his overly-clingy mother away. But my grip was too strong. No way was I letting my baby boy – nineteen years old now – get away *that* easily.

"Mom," my son grumbled, "you're embarrassing me."

A silly thing to say, considering the only person who was there to witness my affections was Daddy himself, my husband. But then, my poor Aaron's mind had been tampered with so much that it really didn't much matter who was there or what he thought. He'd play the role I'd given him no matter what.

For today, his birthday, he'd be the awkward boy he'd been a year ago, back before all our lives had changed forever. The friendless loner kid who was doted on by his loving mother. A mother who'd organised this party that no-one had attended, save for Aaron's immediate family and the 'entertainment'.

Last year, it'd been a magician whose best trick – hypnosis – had led us all down the path of pleasure and satisfaction.

This year, the entertainment was somewhat... *different*.

"Honey," I said, finally releasing my blushing boy. "Could you go and get Aaron's birthday present please?"

"Sure thing," my husband said, rolling his eyes.

As he disappeared inside the house, I gave Aaron a little kiss on the cheek – eliciting even more blushing from him. When he turned his head, tried to hide his shy embarrassment, I let out a little laugh.

"Don't worry," I told my former brother. "You'll like your present, I promise. I picked it out for you myself."

Aaron, unable to meet my gaze, simply shrugged.

A minute later, Daddy returned. He stepped out of the house with a smile on his face, followed by a middle-aged woman in a miniskirt and stilettos, pantihose, a boob-tube top and a fake-fur jacket. Her face was layered in make up; bright red lips, lots of mascara and eye shadow.

My eyes battled between the two most interesting part of the whore's appearance. Her large, unsupported, bouncing bust. And her bored, uncaring, gum-chewing expression.

As Daddy and Diana the Prostitute approached, the latter looked both me and Aaron over.

"Here she is," Daddy said, stepping aside with a grin on his face. "Happy birthday son!"

"It's all yours," I added, taking Aaron's hand and tugging him towards his birthday present. "You can do whatever you want with it for the rest of the day!"

"Uh," Aaron blushed. "Thanks Mom. Dad."

"No problem, kiddo," Daddy grinned. "Go ahead, enjoy yourself."

"Go on," I urged, smiling at Aaron. "Unwrap your present!"

As Aaron shyly stepped forward, I whipped out my phone – fully prepared to record and capture my boy's birthday in full detail.

Soon, Diana was on her knees – head held in place as Aaron had his way with her mouth and throat, fucking her face while smiling for the camera, a conical birthday hat atop his head.

"What're we watching?" Diana asked as she entered the room, dressed in plain, plaid pyjamas. "Nothing scary, I hope."

"Some action movie," I sighed, eyes flicking to where Aaron and Daddy sat directly in front of the widescreen television. "Nonsensical, violent drivel."

"No-one's forcing you to watch it, Mom," Daddy said, eyes locked onto the television screen.

"Yeah, Mom," Aaron added, also unable to look away from the gratuitous violence taking place on the screen in front of him. "No-one's forcing you."

Diana giggled, walked over and sat down next to me on the sofa. I smiled at her, lifted the blanket on my lap up so she could get under it too. And, within a few moments, the two of us were comfortable – both seated on the sofa, sharing a thick blanket between us.

The sounds of explosions and gunfire reverberated through the room, flashes and bangs and bright lights. The room's only illumination came from the television screen, and so every jump in action cast either light or darkness over my little family.

It took Diana almost ten minutes before she made her move.

Fingertips, light and delicate, found their way onto my knee.

At first, I flinched in surprise at her touch. Then, as that initial shock subsided, I relaxed into it. Diana's fingertips were soft, smooth. Her digits remained in place on my knee for minutes more.

Both of our eyes were locked onto the television screen with its flashing lights, though neither me or her were actually paying attention to the scenes.

Ever so slowly, Diana moved her hands, drew thin lines up my leg with her fingers. Her touch was intimate, caring.

Neither of the boys noticed the lump moving under the blanket. Neither of them saw as it sank between my open thighs. They were far too engrossed in the film to pay attention to their mother and aunt.

Diana's fingertips glided under my skirt. Two fingers, walking their way up my thigh.

I bit my lips as she peeled my underwear aside.

"I have no idea what's going on," Diana said calmly, eyes on the television screen. "Who's *that*, and why are they waving a stick around?"

"That's Killer Von Krutch, Aunt Diana," Aaron sighed in exasperation and, though I couldn't see his eyes, I could *hear* the eye-roll in his voice. "And that's his cane. He uses it to-"

"Shush!" Daddy grumbled, staring at the action.

I turned my head, looked at Diana out of the corner of my eye.

She was smiling right at me.

"Ah!" I gasped as her fingertips pinched my clitoris.

"Shhh!" Daddy said loudly. "Quiet!"

I shut my mouth, forced myself to be silent. Not an easy task, when someone who knows their way around a pussy starts teasing and toying with you.

Holding in pleasure, keeping it bottled, is no easy task.

A girl can only hold back so much before the pleasure begins to overwhelm her, forces her to let go and cry out.

Thankfully, my moan was drowned out by a loud explosion.

I closed my eyes, opened my legs wide, allowed Diana to have her way with me. Inhaling a deep breath, I prepared myself for the onslaught I knew was coming. The touching and toying, the pinching, the feel of her fingers sliding inside me.

But none of that happened.

Diana removed her fingers from my crotch, placed them on my chin instead. She turned my head, made me look into her eyes.

Then, smiling, she began unbuttoning my blouse.

My chest rose and fell heavily.

This was my game, I knew that there was no risk. So what if Daddy or Aaron saw me exposed? It wasn't anything they hadn't seen or fucked before. But they didn't know that. As far as my two 'sons' were aware, their mother was a boring, non-sexual woman. A fap fantasy, maybe. But otherwise unobtainable.

How would they react if they knew their 'aunt' was stripping me while they were just feet away? What would they think if they looked away from the television screen for just a single moment, saw my tits exposed, saw Aunt Diana leaning down to lick my nipple?

Questions that would never be answered.

They didn't look back when Diana tugged and pulled on my nipples with her teeth, nor when she tossed my blouse down onto the floor next to the boys. They didn't even turn around when their aunt repositioned herself on the sofa – sliding under the blanket at placing her head face-down on my lap.

I planted both hands on Diana's head, held it in place as her tongue worked magic on me.

"Are you sure about this, honey?" I asked, eyes flicking from Daddy to Aaron. "It's not something you can go back on once it's done, you know..."

"I'm sure," Daddy smiled. "You're always saying we need to spice things up in the bedroom. So, let's spice it up."

"A three-way, though?" I whispered, heart pounding with excitement. "I'm not sure..."

"It'll be great," he told me, taking my hand and presenting me to his 'best friend'. "Trust me."

I shrugged, smiled at our 'guest'.

"Long time no see, Aaron. I trust this wasn't *your* idea."

"Hah!" Aaron smirked. "Of course not, ma'am. But when a chance like this comes knocking, only a idiot would turn it down. I've been wanting to fuck you ever since we first met."

"Hey!" Daddy barked, cocky smirk on his lips. "Jenny's still *my* wife. Don't be getting any silly ideas about stealing her away from me, Aaron. You've got no chance of *that* happening."

"A man can dream," Aaron laughed, stepping forward.

Bold and confident, he didn't wait for my husband's say-so. He simply leaned in and kissed me, one hand reaching around my waist to pull me into him while the other planted itself on my chest.

"Well then," my husband said behind us. "Let's get this show on the road, shall we?"

I was breathless when Aaron finally broke our kiss, powerless to resist as he picked me up and carried me to the master bedroom. Daddy walked behind us, for the first time looking a little concerned. When I looked at him, he smiled. But I could see the tiny hint of doubt in his irises.

He wouldn't stop what was about to happen, though. I'd made sure of that beforehand.

Aaron tossed me down on the bed, tore his clothes off.

I smiled up at him, eyes flicking to Daddy.

Time to try something new.

Daddy didn't say anything as I stripped for the man he considered to be his best friend. He didn't speak up, didn't stop me as I spread my legs apart and Aaron climbed on top of me.

I gasped out loud – perhaps a little more enthusiastically than I ordinarily would've – when Aaron penetrated me.

And, as his best friend fucked me, Daddy circled around the bed, whipped his cock out, pressed it to my face. Not fully hard, but getting there. I could feel its warmth against

my cheek.

At first, I ignored it. Focused all my attention and desire on the man fucking me.

But my love for my Daddy overwhelmed my desire to test out this new kink. And, before long, I was gulping on his cock even as another dick slammed away inside me. The intensity of that situation, the need to please both these men at once, was unreal.

I smiled around my father's cock, gyrating my hips.

It was going to be a long, interesting night.

Daddy held onto me tightly – his grip so firm that I couldn't do anything but squirm against him. Our chests were pressed together, my chin on his shoulder. His cock was inside me and, somehow, he was still able to thrust away while holding onto me so firmly.

He fucked me from below, and all I could do was take it.

Behind me, Aaron was positioning himself, pointing his cock at my exposed anus. I couldn't see him there – all I could see was the sweaty mattress beneath me. But I could feel him there.

"Do it," I gasped, barely able to breathe. "Fuck me!"

I felt four hands on my body. Daddy's arms were wrapped around my back, his hands on my sides. Aaron's hands planted themselves on my ass, spreading my cheeks apart.

When the tip of his cock pressed to my anus, I tensed.

I felt my tiny asshole pucker and convulse, felt my pussy squeezed down on Daddy's cock along with it.

Daddy groaned, slamming his cock into me from below.

Aaron grunted, pushing forward from behind.

I gasped.

Moaned.

Screamed.

Two big, fat cocks spread open my two holes. Two men fucked me, filled my pussy and ass simultaneously. Both gave it everything they had, ravishing my poor body. Neither one wanting to be the first to finish, both refusing to lose to the other.

Time lost all meaning, Thoughts stopped working. I cried out names, though which of the two I was begging to destroy me I had no idea.

Neither of my boys wanted to lose.

But, in the end, it was yours truly who was the biggest winner in this situation.

Tired, battered, limp. Exhausted beyond my limits.

An insane smile on my face.

White leaking out of both holes.

This. This was the life for me.