

## Traditional Thanksgiving

Returning home for thanksgiving was like travelling back in time. From my city apartment – surrounded by concrete skyscrapers with their glass windows shining brilliantly – to the empty, barren countryside devoid of all modern comforts. Every now and then, I'd drive past a small town or micro-city - all seemed to be a few decades behind the rest of the world in technology. Some of the people in these areas didn't even have mobile phones.

I ignored the towns, travelled deeper into the backwaters of society. Overgrown forests, unmanned grassland. Finally, a village boundary post came into view. I pulled up just outside Pilgrim's Heart, parked my car and picked up my suitcase, began the walk down the empty road.

Asphalt gave way to well-worn, muddy trails; as if the road itself was warping backwards in time.

Out in the fields, men and women worked. All wearing the requisite traditional outfits. Women in drab, colourless dresses with white aprons, white bonnets on their heads to hide their hair. Men in white shirts with black suspenders, wearing old black hats. Most every adult male had a beard, fluffy cheeks and chin, but no moustaches.

As I walked, more and more noticed me on the road into the village. People pointed, some following behind me.

Did they recognise me?

Probably not. It'd been five years since I'd left the community and, what with my 'outsider' clothing, I was likely unrecognisable to my old Amish compatriots.

As I stepped into town, more and more eyes locked onto me, the cluster of people following me grew to over a dozen. I ignored them all, kept on walking. I knew this place like the back of my hand. It hadn't changed at all in the last five years.

When I reached my childhood home, I stopped.

A man was standing in the doorway, arms crossed. He was scowling, anger clear in his gaze. Behind him, a beautiful woman stared at me wide-eyed; she looked like she was on the brink of tears. A smile appeared on her face when I looked at her.

At least one of them was happy to see me back.

I stepped forward, smiling confidently.

"Hey Dad," I said. "I'm home."

In Amish communities, there's a special tradition for boys and girls that turn sixteen. Put simply, they're given a 'free pass' to ignore the community's rules. Meant as a way of 'getting it out of their system', boys and girls would go out into the real world and experience some of the taboos of Amish life.

Many would do little – small, petty stuff. Watch films, buy clothes and dress-up, try smoking, learn to drive. Some, unfamiliar with the freedoms of the outside world, went off the rails and got into drugs and crime and what-not.

Think of this traditional time as a gambling holiday. What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

And, when the boys and girls returned home, they were expected to never break the rules again. Ever.

Me? I went out and discovered just how backwards my home-town of Pilgrim's Heart truly was. I spent my 'sweet sixteen' enjoying my life more than I ever had before and, when the time came, I decided that I wouldn't be returning to my time-warped village. I was going to live my life, enjoying every second of it.

And now here I was, back home.

A twenty-one year old man with more than a few secrets.

My father glowered at me over our scant dinner. There wasn't much to eat – everyone fasting before a thanksgiving feast later tonight.

Another quirk of Amish life right there. With so many relatives – up to a dozen children per married couple, countless cousins and an endless extended family – thanksgiving was more a week-long holiday than a single-day celebration. Tonight, what remained of my small family was supposed to dine with one of the neighbours.

My mother and youngest sister sat to one side of the huge, barren table. Their eyes shifted between me and father nervously, expecting shouting and arguing.

Mom was as beautiful as I remembered. Young – she'd been a teenager when she'd gotten pregnant with me – and pretty. Wide brown eyes and slender, angular cheeks. Thin, but in a healthy, strong kind of way. Hardy. The build of a woman who'd laboured and worked almost every day of her life.

My sister, Asha, by contrast, was curvaceous. Slim and fit like everyone else, but rounder in *certain areas* than most. Rosy cheeks and bright eyes, her dress and apron bulging out in front in a very unflattering way.

An outsider might think she was fat – but that was the dress, not Asha's body. No, my youngest sister had developed well in the last five years. Slender with curves in all the right places. It was surprising that she was still living at home, that she hadn't been married and shipped off to another man's house.

That was, I assumed, where my other siblings had disappeared to. Either run-aways like me, or married and moved away to another community.

No matter.

I reached into a pocket, pulled out the device there.

My father eyed it with a scowl. Forever one to hate technology and the outside world. The device was metal and shiny, obviously electrical, and vaguely in the shape of a TV remote. He had no idea what it did, but would hate it regardless.

If he'd know what it was, what I was going to use it for, he'd actually have a reason to hate it. And to hate me.

As it was, I simply pointed the remote-like object at him.

"You are no longer the man of the house," I said, pressing and holding a button. "Now that your eldest son has returned home, your place is to obey him in all things. You will not question him, you will not disobey or betray him. You will do as he says and you will you will have no moral qualms nor doubts about it. Your son is the master of this house, everything he does is by will of God, and thus is unquestionable and ethically right."

My father blinked at me. To the side, a confused look crossed between my mother and sister.

"Go out and tell whoever you were planning on feasting with tonight that you'll be unable to join them. Act as your usual self, don't let anyone know about this change you've gone through. Tell them you don't want to be interrupted, that you and I have a lot of things to discuss. Then return immediately here. Go."

The man shot to his feet, an uncharacteristic expression of obedience on his face.

As he left, I turned to the confused women.

A hint of uncertainty, maybe even fear, had crept into my sister's eyes. Too late to do any good now. I pointed the remote at them, a smile on my lips.

"Oh God," Asha gasped, face contorted in pleasure. "More, please more!"

Our mother licked more vigorously, shoving her face into her daughter's dripping pussy. Every now and then, Mom would stop to gasp and moan – my cock hitting deep inside her – before returning her attention to Asha's pussy.

Both mother and daughter had taken to becoming bisexual surprisingly quickly. Even with the device, there was usually some resistance. The eagerness probably had to do with repressed sexuality or something.

"Mommy," my sister moaned. "Don't stop. Deeper!"

Our mother started pulling away to say something. She never got the chance.

Asha's hands reached down, gripped Mom's head and shoved it back between her legs. Held it there tightly, eyes closing, head rolling back.

Mom, for her part, did as her daughter wanted – she feasted on the slit in front of her.

I let them both enjoy for a few moments longer, thrusting into Mom slowly – enjoying every little sensation. Finally, when I'd had enough – when I was sure my sister was more than wet enough to take my full girth – I pulled out of my mother.

The sound of cunt-muffled whining came from between Asha's legs. Though Mom didn't try to pull away from tongue-fucking her daughter, she did wiggle her ass, thrust it towards me in the hopes I'd go back to fucking her.

I ignored her, turned my gaze on my sister's face.

"Asha," I smirked. "You've never had sex before, have you?"

My sister opened hazy eyes, focused on me.

"No," she answered in a moan.

That was surprising, what with her pornstar body. You'd think there would have been long lines of boys wanting to pop my sister's cherry. I shook my head, grinning.

If you want something done right, do it yourself.

"Looks like Mom's about to suffocate," I told Asha. "Not the best thing to put on the obituary, is it? 'Drowned in her beloved daughter's juices'. Let her go."

Instantly, Asha released our mother's head.

Mom coughed, inhaled a deep breath, licked her lips.

"Spread your legs, Sis," I commanded. "You're about to graduate from being a girl into being a woman."

Asha blushed, spread her legs. She leaned backwards on the bed, her glistening, smooth pussy in full-view. Not many pussies I'd ever seen could be described as 'cute', but my sister's was certainly one of them. A small mound with a little slit, clit barely visible it was so tiny.

I climbed onto the bed, positioned myself above her, paused.

Mom was off to one side, rubbing her pussy, eyes closed, mouth open.

It'd be wrong to leave her alone while me and Asha had all the fun, wouldn't it?

I reached out, grabbed her leg and pulled her towards us.

In the end, she ended up on hands and knees above Asha, me behind them both. The mother and daughter kissed, intimate and lovingly. Cock in hand, I rubbed the helmet over both women's pussies, squeezed it teasingly in the sandwich of heat between where their pussies met.

Both women moaned into each other's mouths.

The soft, cute moans of my sister mingling with the deeper, mature sighs and groans of my mother. Music to my ears.

When I pressed my cock to Asha's opening, she tensed.

One thrust later, and Asha was a virgin no more.

She squealed in pleasure, groaned as I touched the deepest parts of her. Mom whispered encouragement into her ears, cooed and kissed and cuddled, her hands squeezing and kneading her daughter's tits.

I grinned, started thrusting harder, faster.

"Go invite Daryl's family to dine with us for a thanksgiving dinner," I said, not bothering to look at the man. Everyone knew who I was addressing. "Make sure he brings his wife along, and that one daughter – the one with the melon-tits."

As my father scurried off, I turned my attention to where my mother and sister were preparing food to be cooked. Cutting carrots and peeling potatoes and the like.

Gone were the ugly dresses they'd been wearing yesterday. Now the women wore far more enticing attire.

They still had bonnets, though far more expensive and fine than the sheets of white they'd been using before. Their dresses were much sluttier versions of the traditional garb, emphasising breasts and butts, slimming waists, long cuts down the chests to show off some nice tit-flesh. Where before, the dresses reached down far enough to drag on the floor, now they were so short that they barely even covered Mom and Asha's thighs. Every now and then, I'd catch a flash of very *un-Amish* undies.

The dresses were brighter too, sky blue for Mom and bright pink for Asha, instead of the dull greys and browns.

Best of all, under these dresses weren't ugly bodices and granny-panties. No, I'd brought only the sexiest, kinkiest lingerie with me for my homecoming.

Long before the feast was to begin, the mother and daughter from Daryl's family arrived to aid in cooking and preparing food. When they saw Mom and Asha, they were stunned – paralysed with shock. I simply pointed the remote at them and gave them a new perspective on Amish life and our little community.

My little community.

As mothers prepared food, daughters knelt before them licking and eating.

I watched with a smile.

Mom gyrated her hips into Asha's face, our neighbours following her example a moment later. Asha, for her part, ate her pre-dinner snack like a good lil' girl.

Off in another room, my father sat listening – probably stroking himself to the thought of what was happening. In a sexually repressed place like this, who knew what kinks the old man had developed. Probably wasn't even the first time he'd jacked off to the thought of his busty daughter. I'd have to ask him about it some time.

"What am I thankful for?" I asked, reaching the end of my little speech.

It was hours later, more and more families having arrived and been won over to my world-view now sat around the dining room with food-stacked plates. I sat at the head of the table, presiding over the feast, mother to my left and sister to my right, a tit in each of my hands.

"Family," I grinned.