



A Desperate Mom Takes Charge

Chapter 1

It seems surreal as I stand here, I never cared much for funerals but when it's someone close it makes more sense. What doesn't make sense is why we are here. Another senseless murder over drugs, and not really hard drugs, just pot. Why don't they just legalize it? So many lives affected, innocent lives. Just look at my mother. I bet she has never even taken one puff of a joint. Now she is burying her brother over a measly five grand. That and a punk with an itchy finger looking to make a name for himself. Well, we'll see how much of a name he has left in prison.

My name is Mark, the guy they are burying is my uncle Jerry. He was also my source. Jerry was my mother's younger brother. I wouldn't call him a con artist but he was definitely a player, a hustler, oh and a ladies' man. I will turn eighteen in a couple of weeks. I moved some weed at the local college but never at the high school I attended. Too much risk there. Jerry would keep me supplied. I had my stash and then sold the rest. What I didn't smoke left me with some pocket change.

Jerry was the big money man, cars, jewelry, and bitches. He took care of me and I helped him keep a presence on campus. His suppliers were getting pressure from some new cartel. They thought Jerry was moving on. I knew for sure he wasn't. When he was a few grand short he asked for a couple

of days to catch up on some collections. He only owed them five grand, I was holding two for him. Everyone knew he was good for it. Everyone but some punk.

My mother was devastated. She knew he was a scoundrel, but as her only sibling Jerry was a big part of her world. Now he's gone. I am surprised she was able to be here without falling apart at the service. Hank is trying to console her but I think even he knows she loved Jerry more than him.

My younger sister and brother are clueless. Sure they knew him but I was his favorite. He always said I was just like him, only smarter. Even after Hank banished him from the house mom and I always found time to see him. Of course I saw him almost weekly. Standing there in her black dress she looked defeated. I need a joint.

Back at the house I rolled one, the gathering downstairs is mostly relatives. I was upstairs facing the window. I looked over the large lot we had, the fan dispersing the smoke outside. I finished just before I heard someone on the stairs. I could tell from her gait it was my mother. I quickly grabbed some mouthwash and with nowhere to spit swallowed it. Tastes like shit. I moved the fan just as she knocked on the door.

"Our guests are leaving please come down and say your goodbyes." She asked. Normally I would protest but I could see the toll the last few days has taken.

"Sure!" I offered.

If Sandy knew I lit one up she made no issue of it. We had a deal no smoking dope on our property. She always said it was because of my brother and sister but I think she hoped I would quit. Fat chance! Still, I did feel a bit guilty for doing it today of all days.

Sandy my mom and I seemed to have a special kind of bond. It wasn't like she loved me more than the twins, she wouldn't allow that. No, it was a different kind of look she gave me, it was the same look she gave Jerry.

Years ago I wondered why she even let me be around Jerry. I'm still not 100% positive but now that he's gone I have little doubt. Sandy was at the door asking me to come down. I didn't see that look I used to get. I missed it. Jerry was gone and so was the bond mom and I shared. Somehow I need to get that back.

Hank ordered pizza for dinner I wanted another joint.

The next couple weeks were a shit for me. It was clear I wouldn't be graduating. The cops were still investigating the shooting. Someone still wanted their money and I was turning eighteen. The last is significant because if I get caught with the stash I have right now it's a felony and I am now an adult. The good news is my mom held a birthday party for me. Oh joy!

I cut school one more time. It was too dangerous to be pushing at the campus and since Jerry is gone all of his friends and bitches have scattered. Too bad. I got use to the perks of being with Jerry, unlimited sex.

I noticed Hank's truck in the drive with mom's car beside it. I pulled my car into the neighbors drive behind the house so it couldn't be seen. Hank usually always worked until three thirty and then mom leaves for her job. Since it was only two, something must be up.

I decided to head around back and hole up near the garage. I could see her standing there in her house clothes. God the woman could use some fashion help. Sweat pants and an old button down plaid shirt with the arms cut off at the shoulders. She has never been a beauty queen but even if she was you wouldn't know it.

Three kids and ten years of waiting tables must take its toll. Still if she lost about twenty pounds, styled her hair, wore some makeup it would make a big difference. Being on her feet five to six days a week has kept her legs toned her ass firm. I have never seen her tits but they must be a large B or small C cup. I know they droop. Probably from having three kids suck the life from them but properly displayed they fill out a sweater. That I have seen, unfortunately not in a long time.

"Sandy I just know what I heard at the courthouse." Hank said animated. "If they come here with a warrant and ask to search this house there isn't a thing you or I can do! Sandy they have been casing this thing for years. Getting names, contacts, planting undercover agents. They don't care about a small player like Mark! They want the big players!" Hank explained.

"They know by waiting for just the right time they can nab the pawns and turn them into snitches. Do you know what happens to snitches? Even if they let him go the suppliers may take action just to make sure he doesn't talk in the future!" Hank was almost yelling now.

"I know how much your brother meant to you and how Mark is, but I will not jeopardize the well-being of Matt and Kit for that worthless pot head." Hank dissed me. "The kid is so fucking smart, too smart for his own good. Won't go to

school, won't come back to work, and quit all of his sports teams. For what? To get high? Great, I get it, he wants to be another Jerry, but if you don't change him I swear to god I will kick his sorry ass out of this house too!"

"Hank please..." Mom tried to cut in.

"We have worked way too long and too hard to lose it over his, his... I fucking don't know what to call it? The mid eighteen year old crisis? I know he's your favorite and I know you just lost Jerry, which isn't fair, I get it, but what have the other kids done to deserve this? They should have a fair shot at a good life. Look all I know is the cops are putting in a lot of overtime, they have something going on. Do you understand?"

"Hank I hear you. I know you're right, but this is our son! I just can't kick him out!" Mom pleaded.

"If I don't see progress soon it's him or me! And if it's him you can expect a big fight over Kit and Matt. I have already talked to Mr. Wilson, he is giving me his backing. I have a great unit I can move into. We both know you will lose this place on your salary." He walked to the sliding door, I moved back further into the garage. I could hear mom crying. "Fuck, he still has not even cut the grass! Sandy, I need your help!"

I sat down and waited until I heard him drive off. Leaving the way I came I called some friends and headed over to see them. I needed a joint. I needed to think!

I drove home. I was still a little buzzed but when I saw mom's car was in the drive and Hank's was gone I sobered up quick. Friday night is the best night for mom, there is no way she would have stayed home. I walked in the house it was eerily quiet. I could find no one so I went up the stairs into my room. Everything looked normal, clothes strewn everywhere. Empty bottles, school books, Play Station, all just as I left it in a mess. Then I almost passed out. There on my bed was my stash! Along with it my back up stash, my money and worst of all a pair of my mother's panties and some adult magazines. The drugs and money was one problem. I could lie and say that I was holding them for Jerry. The panties and smut, well there is no easy way to blame that on someone else. I saw movement in the corner of the mirror. Turning she was standing there.

SMACK! Jesus Christ she just slapped me across the face.

"Tonight!" Sandy hissed. Her eyes pierced me like hot irons.

"But..." I tried to explain. SMACK! Fuck she did it again.

"Tonight!" repeated. Mom turned and looked at the luggage setting in the hall, then back at the bed. "You decide."

Mom turned and walked into her bedroom and locked the door.

I wasn't sure if she was kicking me out and wanted the stuff gone or just the stuff gone. I guessed the later, time will tell. I grabbed all of the shit except the panties and magazines and headed outside. I hopped in my car and drove slowly trying to think of a plan.

Dialing my phone it was dead. No service was across the screen. Fuck! Hank turned my phone off. The only place I could think of was one friend of Jerry's I had fucked a few times. It was still early enough Suzanne might be home. Luckily she was. Using her phone I made a few calls.

"Do we have time for some fun?" She whispered. I looked at the clock.

"I think we have time, they want to get their shit together." I replied.

"I go first!" She teased back.

We have had a few encounters before but only when Jerry was around. This time it just seemed to fall in place. I started removing her top, Suzanne squealed as I latched onto her fat nipple. With time to spare I took my time alternating between the two. She let me feast on her tits as she leaned her head back and presented them proudly. She slipped from my lap and let me watch her do a strip tease for me.

I stood and removed my clothes, she moved in and stroked my cock. I handed her a condom, my rule for engagement. She opened it and rolled it over my straining cock.

"Well what are you waiting for?" She laughed.

Suzanne straddled my lap guiding it in her tight pussy. Slowly she just kept working it deeper a little at a time.

"I love when you do that!" She hissed. "God you're so big!"

"Or you're too tight!" I countered.

"Jerry didn't think so!" Suzanne leaned back offering her tits again. I sucked one in and she cooed. "I love it when you suck them, maybe I should be on top?"

"Lie back and let me see?" I teased.

She moved off me so I could change positions then guided my cock back in her cunt. Suzanne rode me for a good amount of time her pussy now sloshing with her excitement. I watched her massive tits defy gravity and bounce on her chest. She worked her hand over her clit while she drove down hard on my cock. She looked at me through half closed eyes as the first tremors started to build.

"Fuck me Mark!" She begged. I pushed up as she slammed down, her pussy spread as her fingers rubbed her clit. Suzanne was cumming on my cock. She thrust forward laying on top of me, she clamped her legs over mine trapping my cock. Her breathing became more normal as she laid there, my cock still hard inside. "Did you want to cum?" She teased.

Suzanne moved forward my cock slipping from her pussy.

"I think I could get use to this!" She giggled. "My pussy sure loves it."

Suzanne moved back on top and guided my cock back in her cunt. She moved slowly massaging her tits and reaching behind to play with my balls. She never picked up the pace until I moaned my approval. Then just slightly she leaned

forward. Bracing her upper body on straight arms she lifted her ass. My hard cock just inside the opening of her sex.

"Fuck my greedy pussy Mark! Let me watch you fill me up."
She hissed.

We both watched as I fucked her from below. I was just on the edge, Suzanne sensed my need to cum. She pulled off and ripped the condom from my cock. Stroking me I started to cum.

"AAAAHHHHGGGHH!" I shouted wishing I was back in her pussy.

She pointed me to her chest as I coated her massive tits with my cum. She sat up and rubbed it in her tits making them glisten. Happy with herself she shot me a happy smile.

"Follow me big guy." Suzanne led me to the bathroom so we could get cleaned up.

I left Suzanne at her place and started out to face Jerry's suppliers. I had a smile when I left but that would soon fade. I met with a contact I knew through my uncle. He agreed to put me in contact with the right people.

A meeting was set up, everyone is on edge, even paranoid. They made me drive around two different blocks looking for a tail. The coast was clear. I am dealing with lower rungs of the ladder. I know I need to see at least a middle of the ladder guy, otherwise they could rip me off and say I never came through. Luckily I recognized one guy Jerry had dealt with.

They made me strip to my briefs looking for a wire. Like I said paranoid. The cash I handed over and the weed I returned wasn't enough. They wanted another grand. I tried to explain my situation without involving my parents but these people make their own rules.

Then they kicked the shit out of me just to make their point. I have played contact sports and have been roughed up, but this was a good old ass whoopin. They had lost a big time distributor in my uncle and now they were losing me. These people don't take kindly to bad news

When I got home I fell on my bed and passed out.

"Get up!" It was my mother she was at my bedside in her robe.

I looked at the clock it was five am. Now I point this out for two reasons. My mother works to eleven or twelve o'clock most nights and then every morning she gets up at five to

make Hank breakfast. When he leaves she goes back to bed. Every morning for almost twenty years. The second is I don't.

'But it...' SMACK! Christ that hurts, especially after last night's beating.

"Get up!" Sandy repeated.

Without a word I slowly peeled my lanky frame from the bed. She could see clearly the bruises I suffered. If she cared she didn't show it. Turning she led the way to the bathroom. Mom handed me a clear plastic cup.

"Pee in it!" She commanded.

SERIOUSLY? Did she just tell me to pee in a cup? I looked to her but knew better than to say a word by now. Her stance confirmed the command. Turning to hide my morning wood I wasn't sure if I could even hit the cup.

"So I can watch!" Sandy said firmly.

What the fuck is she talking about? She wants to watch? I turned and dropped my briefs on the floor. Naked my cock

is clearly on display. I thought I heard a slight gasp. I tried to bend the fat sucker down but with her watching and first thing in the morning this was going to be a challenge.

Sandy stood firm. I closed my eyes and willed it soft it took some time but eventually I filled the cup half full. Setting it on the counter I aimed into the toilet bowl and finished emptying my bladder.

Mom had bent down to pick up my briefs. As I turned to face her again my cock now limp. She stood up her face mere inches from my penis. Mom flinched. Looking at my briefs I could see the dried cum from last night's fuck, I think she did too. Throwing the briefs in the hamper she turned to me her nipples clearly hard beneath the robe.

"Take a shower you stink!" Sandy commanded, then she walked out.

My mother didn't even inquire about the bruises covering my body. I was tired and very sore but hard again. On the bed were the panties and the magazines I had not disposed of. There was also a note.

1.Clean room.

2.Do laundry.

3.Cut grass.

She was waiting in the kitchen with my breakfast.

Not a word was spoken. Getting the hint I cleared my own dishes.

I worked in my room but fucked off most of it. I will wear her down I thought. I went down to lunch and she was nowhere to be found. I raided the fridge and headed back to my room. I straighten up a few things but the game consul was calling my name. About two she came into my room. The look wasn't a happy one.

"Strip now!" Sandy yelled.

She was pissed for sure. I was just about to complain but my face still hurt from before.

"Go in the bathroom close the door and wait for me. On the counter was a test for drugs left from this morning. I clearly failed the test with only one line on the strip. Through the door I could hear her move around then after about twenty

minutes she knocked. I opened the door walking to my room was a new list setting on the panties and magazines. This time cutting grass was on top. Then cleaning the room, the washing was crossed off.

I was looking for something to wear.

"Where are ..." SMACK! The fucking bitch did it again.

"I suggest you get the grass cut before dark or you will be sleeping on it." Sandy was still pissed.

Looking at her panties I had hidden away she nodded to them. "You can wear them. The other clothes belong to your father. I bought these I will loan them to you for now. I suggest you get cracking." She explained.

Too stunned to say a word if I dared, I looked at the silk panties. They were pink.

Thank god the neighbors on one side of the house were gone for the day. The other was an old man whose family room was on the far side. The back part of the yard is secluded but the front was another story. Yes I cut the grass in my mother's pink panties.

Not delicate ones, full sized but still too small. When I stopped to fill the mower with gas I found my father's coveralls. They were too short but I was desperate. Heading to the front I noticed my car was gone. Holy Shit! What is going on here? Then it hit me. He told her to fix it or he would. If she wanted my attention she has it now.

I contemplated my options but they were few. Well at least the grass was cut. There was a wet spot where my stiff cock seeped precum. I put the mower in the garage and hung up his coveralls. Entering the house mother was waiting for me. Sandy seemed amused by the stiff cock I was still sporting and the spot clearly getting larger. I turned red but she didn't say a word.

In front of her was a pair of briefs, shorts, and a shirt all dirty. With her finger she pointed to the basement. Grabbing the clothes I followed. On the washer I found instructions. I placed the items in the washer but she didn't move. Looking at the silk panties I was wearing she nodded. I took them off tossing them in the washer. Getting an eyeful again she calmly turned and walked up the stairs.

When my clothes were washed and dried I slipped them on and folded the panties carrying them up with me. She was in the kitchen waiting. Sandy slipped a piece of paper across the table.

'Bring your computer and game console to the dining room set it up on the desk' it read. I looked at her, she smiled but said nothing. This was cruel and unusual punishment! If I was in the dining room everyone could see what was on the screen.

Still I did as she demanded. She turned it on and opened the history. There were all of the porno sights I had looked at. One by one she opened them while I sat beside her. More than once I could hear her take a deep gulp of air. The one with mature women seemed to surprise her the most. What can I say I like them young but a little of experience never hurts. Mom deleted the history and then placed an eraser disc in the drive. The computer was going to be sterile. What a shame.

Dinner was quiet and simple, sandwiches. I had been up since five this morning I was ready to drop by nine. Mom followed me up to my room. On the bed was a different pair of silk panties, they looked worn. She looked at me and then the panties. It took a second but I understood the implications. I stripped and slipped on the panties. She took my clothes and pointed to the bathroom.

"Pee!" Sandy guided my eyes to the bathroom a new cup was waiting for me. She watched as I filled it. Placing the strip in she watched as I emptied my bladder in the toilet. I slipped the panties up and as I did my cock started to grow. I know she wanted to see it fill out but she turned and left.

"Pee!" Mom was again at my bed, and again it was five in the morning.

Sandy watched as I again struggled to relax my boner but once the deed was done she slipped the strip in the cup. After my shower I walked back to my room. On the bed were the clothes she took from me last night. Slipping the panties off I dressed if you could call it that. The test was still positive. The instructions say I could take a week or more depending on the user's history.

On the bed was a new list. On top of other chores on the list the first was moving out of my room! I was being banished to the basement. We moved all of my belongings into the spare room in the basement. Then I moved all of Matt's stuff into my old room. It was time. The twins were almost fourteen. I knew they would fight it, they did the last time, they are that close. Soon they would be a young woman and a young man not just kid's.

Hank and the twins came home Sunday afternoon. They were excited. I was exhausted. I needed a joint.

Monday morning before I headed to school I was tested again. I had a feeling skipping would be a bad thing. Each day was a repeat of the previous, five o'clock each morning.

I think it was the first time I attended a whole week of school without skipping.

Worse, taking the bus was demeaning to a person of my stature. This didn't go unnoticed by my friends, including the fact I wore the same clothes each day. A constant reminder of the situation I was in. The verbal taunts by the graduating seniors hurt the most. By Friday I had made up my mind to chuck this all and just move out.

I headed out to the bus parking lot trying to formulate my plan. I was an outcast now. Word spreads fast in this town. The regular students wanted nothing to do with me since I was a stoner. My stoner friends bailed figuring I was too hot to be seen with. I was on an island, a castaway.

My options were few. I was broke, had no car, no phone, or clothes. The thousand dollar buyout was never far from my mind. Leaving town was a death wish. Getting someone to front me some weed to raise the money was suicide. If the suppliers found out I lied about quitting the results would be the same. If I was so fucking smart why was I in this position?

Sandy was standing beside her car the passenger door open. In the back was Kit and Matt. Reluctantly I headed that direction. Without a word I slipped in the seat, she closed the

door. Mom drove in silence, surprisingly she was in her uniform. Sandy must be going in early. Matt and Kit oblivious to what was going on chatted about their week and what they wanted to do for the weekend. We walked to the front door Mom opened it the kids went in.

"You need to watch your brother and sister tonight. I have to work and Hank is at the charity poker game for the Lion's club." Sandy offered.

"Aw mom we had a deal no babysitting!" I whined. It slipped out before I could gather them all up and put them back in. She reached to slap me but remembering the kids were present she stopped herself. What hurt worse was the evil stare she gave me.

"I have pizza coming at seven. The kids need to be in bed by ten" Looking at them she made it clear she was in no mood. "No later, if Mark tells me you two have acted up you will be home for the weekend."

There was no need to repeat it, we were all on the same page. It had been years since I watched the brats but now that they were in their teens it seemed different. We actually had fun. About nine I got a call from a friend of Jerry's, she wanted to see me.

Her name is Heather, and I wanted to see her. We had a sort of history together. Telling her I couldn't come out she offered to stop by. I told her to come by around ten. Fuck it! If I couldn't go out Sandy never said anything about someone coming here!

The kids were great. By the time I was ready to send them to their rooms they were already there. I went to my room in the basement and cleaned up brushing my teeth and such. It was almost ten thirty when Heather showed up.

She was looking hot. Tattoos and piercings probably covered more skin than her clothes, and she only had three small tattoos. Heather is almost twenty six, tall, slender, and exotic. Her long black hair fell easily over her breasts providing more coverage than her top. Her face was beautiful even if she hid it behind the atrocious paint she wore. I had a thing for her.

Heather came in and looked around checking the place out. We sat in the living room but moved to the basement when she started to get a bit frisky. She was looking to score some weed. When I told her I had none she seemed to get a bit pushy. I turned my back for just a moment and to my horror she was lighting up a joint! Fuck!

We're in the basement and there is no ventilation down here. Still when she offered me a drag it was all I could do to say no. I pleaded with her to put it out but it was half gone before she did. The whole basement reeked. There was an exhaust fan in the bathroom down the hall. I headed there to turn it on. When I returned she was waiting.

Heather was on my bed naked. Her pert tits poked through the strands of hair. Her pussy was shaved with a dark patch just above. I moved close she pulled me by the hips then pulled my shorts and briefs down.

"Have you missed me baby?" She cooed. My cock was almost fully hard as she took hold. "Well I have missed this, my pussy is dripping thinking of you driving it home. "

Heather was fondling me now and I was ready for some serious fucking. Rolling on her back I lined up with her twat.

"Remember big boy slowly, that sausage is too big to just ram in me!" Her voice was dripping with lust. Her first moan started the moment I slipped past her outer lips and didn't stop until I was balls deep.

"I will never get over that feeling!" Heather growled as I bottomed out. I held still as she got acclimated. "Fuck me Mark! Drive it home hard!"

Our lips found each other we kissed for several minutes. Unlike most nights I was in a hurry. Heather seemed to read my mind as I started to quicken the pace. She looked between us watching my cock disappear slowly inside her.

"You don't want this to last forever?" Heather teased. "Fuck me Mark! I missed you too!"

She was right. Moments later Heather started to moan below me, desperately she tried to hold off. I fucked her steadily. She moaned, begged and even threaten me but I kept up the pace. Heather stiffened, arching her back, she tried to close her thighs but I was between them keeping them open. Her mouth opened she tried to scream but covered her with a kiss. I pinned her to the bed her legs wrapped around me then spread open again. She moaned again as my cock buried deep inside. I could feel her pussy spasm around me.

"Don't stop, Mark whatever you do don't stop!" Heather pleaded.

The next wave hit her much quicker, her arms tried to push me away. With my size her feeble attempt went unheeded.

"No Mark not again! Please...NO!" I knew she was sensitive but soon would be begging me to keep going. Her hands gripped my biceps, she tried to pull me down but I let her watch as her pussy pushed up begging me to go deeper. She wrapped her legs like before but this was little help as now I was letting her do the work.

"Cum in me Mark! Fuck me! Oh Mark please!"

I changed nothing, my steady pace was driving her wild! Her arms around my neck her legs behind my thighs She was doing reverse pushups as the second wave rushed through her.

Heather was still moaning her arms and legs losing the battle to keep herself up. By now her pussy was dripping with her excitement and my precum. When her arms released around my neck I put pressure on her. I was deep inside her. Kim's legs splayed her pussy was spent. Still I changed nothing, I was close but soon she would be closer.

Shifting to my elbows I looked down her eyes followed mine she could see the slick shaft that now easily slipped in her puffy cunt.

"When?" Heather hissed, her pussy desperate for more.

"Soon I." I grinned

"Hurry?" She looked weary.

"As soon as you come?" I explained

"Mark I can't!" Heather pleaded.

"Do it!" I replied. "Now cum when I do!" Something clicked for us both. I picked up the pace her pussy responded just the same.

"Come with me!" It was not so much as a command as a request. "Come and I will fill your pussy!"

Excited beyond words I could feel Heather grind her clit into me. Heather thrust her clit hard against me.

"Cum with me so I can fill you up!" I whispered.

Heather started bucking against me, I don't know if she wanted it faster or deeper. She got both and a large load of fresh cum to show for it. We laid there for a few minutes. I

thought about how I was the only guy Heather would have sex with anymore. She wouldn't even let Jerry do that.

Heather is bi-sexual, she is mostly into girls. Heather was not treated well by men when she was younger. Still she and I hit it off the first time we met. It was months later when we first made love. I wouldn't say we were lovers but we have had some good times together. Jerry always said it was because she trusted me.

She went to the bathroom and cleaned up I was sitting on the bed.

"So what's the deal?" Heather asked.

"I fucked up. The cartel wants more money, Hank wants me gone, and my mom wants me to clean up my act. I flunked my senior year so I have to take another year of school." I replied.

"Just quit, I did." Heather said. I had to be careful here. I knew her story, and it isn't a pretty one. She had no choice I do.

"Thought about it but since Jerry's gone there's no place to go." I explained making excuses.

"You could flop with me and Angie." Heather suggested.

"Thanks but I have some issues to work out, it's important."
I replied.

"Mark I need some weed. I am running out baby, you need to help me." Heather said.

"Babe I am clean. I have none and the people that do wouldn't give me any if I asked. I am flat broke." I explained.

She pushed the subject for another five minutes. I was getting suspicious as her demands became more desperate, but I honesty couldn't help her.

"Heather you need to be careful, I have a bad feeling something might be going down soon." I warned her.

"You know something?" She asked.

"Just rumors. But with your record..."

"Don't worry about me big boy, I can take care of myself!"
She cut me off.

Looking at the clock I knew she needed to leave it was 11:30 mom would get off at midnight. Heather couldn't be here when she came home. Besides I needed to find a way to air out the basement.

I walked her upstairs we were in the kitchen just around the corner from the back door. As I was kissing her goodbye I heard a key in the lock. The door opened and there was my mom, she saw me but not Heather. Looking up from the landing mom she looked surprised to see me.

"I got off early, seems everyone is at the lodge playing poker..." She looked at me and saw my eyes wander to the kitchen where she couldn't see.

"Mom this is Heather, Heather this is my mom." Heather moved so she could see Sandy. It was awkward to say the least. They looked at each other neither one saying anything. Mom came up the two steps to greet Heather.

"Hello, I am Sandy." Mom offered her hand. She was shocked but recovered nicely.

"Nice to meet you." Heather smiled broadly.

There was a long silence as they both took stock of the other. Sensing my mother didn't approve, Heather made a polite but quick exit.

"Where are the kids?" Sandy scowled.

"In bed per your instructions." I was feeling a little overconfident. SMACK! The bitch hit me again!

"In the basement now!" Mom threw her purse and headed down the stairs. I thought of stopping her but how?

She had not even made it to the last three steps when she smelled it. Fuck now I am busted. Heading to the bathroom she pulled out a clean cup.

"Pee!" Sandy yelled. The veins in her neck were popping out she was so mad.

"I promise I didn't take one puff!" I tried to explain. I should have known better. SMACK! This one hit home solid, my jaw hurt.

"I said fucking pee!" Sandy yelled again.

My cock was down for the count well, at least I thought it was. Stripping I held my cock and a string of clear sticky fluid dripped from the end. The smell of sex was stronger than the smell of weed. There was no concealing the gasp this time. I had not even started to pee.

Sandy turned and ran up the stairs. I had no idea what for, I hoped Hank's gun was still locked up. Pulling my shorts up I ran after her but she was in her bedroom. Heading back to the kitchen I heard her coming down the steps. I walked back into the living room to see she had one of Hank's leather work belts.

"Over the back of the couch now!" She was screaming at the top of her lungs. Fuck! She was going to wake the neighborhood.

"Mom let me explain!" I was turning as she requested but talking was just making it worse.

CRACK! The belt landed on my ass. This wasn't too bad I thought. Let her go she will tire soon I decided. Then she did something I had not expected. She pulled my shorts down leaving just my briefs showing. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,

CRACK, and CRACK. Now that fucking hurts! I mean really hurts, but she wasn't satisfied she wanted real pain.

Sandy grabbed my briefs and pulled them down just below my cheeks. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK. I tried to shift just enough to avoid the worst of it but she was too good.

Mom adjusted and found the mark each time. Sandy knew I was in pain, my eyes watered I was trying to cover my ass with my hands. That only made her madder. She wanted to PUNISH ME, not just get my attention. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK... And then it stopped just like that.

"Sandy!" It was Hank.

I didn't even hear him come in.

"I think he's had enough, besides, maybe we should all get some sleep." Hank suggested.

He looked over to the stairs Kit and Matt were looking on with startled faces.

Hank headed to the stairs whispering to the kids. When they were out of sight mom fell to her knees and started sobbing. Very gingerly I pulled up my clothes. I moved to her but she put up her hand and lowered her head. She wasn't only mad at me she was mad at herself. I had just made it down stairs when I heard Hank at the top landing.

"Mark!" He called out.

I looked up at him not able to even speak. "Mark, I am not a very athletic man but hear me now. If you break that woman's heart I will go to jail for the rest of my life and be happy to do it. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes sir." I bowed my head as I responded.

"Are we clear?" He bellowed down the stairs.

Looking him in the eye. "Chrystal clear sir." He stared me down just to make a point and then walked off. I could hear the murmured sounds as he lead my mother to bed.

The next morning she came down but I was ahead of her I had the sample on the sink before she arrived. It wasn't like I got any sleep between my ass hurting and my brain churning. Sleep was the not in the cards.

"Pee!" Mom demanded. She was still pissed. I could tell this time, the signals were clear. I got off my bed and led her to the bathroom where the sample was waiting.

"SMACK!" Motherfucker what was that for? I did it, its right there, fuck smell it if you want?

"Don't you ever do that again!" Sandy hissed. "I want to see you do it! I will not be duped by you again! You don't come up these stairs until I can see you do it!" Sandy was seething.

She turned and left. The bitch is crazy! I know professional ball players have some sophisticated scams but really? I am in my own house. Does she think I have Matt come down and do it for me? Then it hit me, maybe I am not as smart as I think I am. Well recent history seems to prove that also. I drank more water that morning than I have in a month. Do you think I need to pee? Nope. But the time was well spent.

I sat immersed in my thoughts about the last few years, where had I gone wrong. What did I want? Is this the life I really wanted to live? Was I just trying to impress my uncle? Then there was my family.

What has Hank ever done to me except work his ass off and provide for his family. We were not close, not like he is with the twins. He seems to have something against me, even before I became a fuck up. Don't get me wrong, I like him well enough, but we never seemed to click. I tried to make him proud. I played sports, I even use to work with him part time. It never seemed to be enough. Maybe that is why I started hanging out with Jerry.

My siblings use to look up to me and now what kind of example am I? A burned out stoner loafing his way through life on everyone else's dime. I have it made compared to some people. Shit, look at Heather! She left home at sixteen to get away from abusive parents, seriously abusive parents. Getting whipped with a belt would be a vacation from some of the stories I have heard.

Then there is my mom, if you looked in the dictionary under perfect mother her picture could be there. Why do I continue to disappoint her? It's like my Uncle Jerry all over again. What is it about her I am missing?

"Mom I need to pee!" I yelled up the stairs. When I heard them all laughing at the same time I realized they were at the breakfast table eating, what a fucking moron I am. When mom came down even she couldn't keep a straight face. Fuck, I am messed up.

We did our test but with the kids upstairs she waited just outside the bathroom door. Sandy then sent me to take a shower. When I returned there was a clean pair of her silk panties and my shorts with a shirt. There were no briefs.

The events of last night were not brought up, well except the twins kept trying to spank my ass so they could see me jerk away. They thought it was funny, I guess to them it was.

Sunday morning five AM Sandy was in the room. She had a different look on her face this morning. Almost calm. We walked to the bathroom I slipped off the silk panties and willed my morning wood to fade. Mom was behind me and again I heard a gasp but this was different, this was intentional.

Sandy was looking at my ass, she looked concerned. Turning she indicated I should stay and then she came down with some antiseptic cream. Placing a large dollop in one hand she held my arm and turned to apply the lotion. My initial shock was replaced with a soothing feel on my blistered ass. I was in heaven as she continued to spread the lotion down the top of my thigh.

Adding more she then started on the other cheek slowly and gently working the ointment in. Then it happened! Her hand slipped between my legs ostensibly to apply more cream but

instead she brushed up against the back of my balls. My cock stiffened instantly.

This was no fleeting glance but an intentional move on her part. At least that's what I thought. Finishing the application of the cream Sandy gently squeezed my cheek letting me know she was still in charge.

Moving back she bent over and picked up the silk panties I had on earlier placing them in the pocket of her robe. Slipping her other hand between the fold of her robe she removed the ones she was wearing and handed them to me. The crotch was soaked.

Unsure what she wanted me to do I hesitated. Sniffing them seemed rude, so I slipped them on. I think I am getting somewhere? Maybe I am starting to understand what is going on.

Sandy seemed pleased as my cock slipped along the gusset of the panties and stretched the wet spot firmly against my balls.

The next few weeks nothing changed except the results of my tests, they were all clean. My wardrobe was expanded with my recent accomplishments. Time was coming up for the money I owed the dealers. Thinking of no other solution

I went to Hank. He and I have had a strained relationship but he was always fair.

I knew the twins were his favorites. We got along but we were never close. I respected him but at the same time I knew I was most of his headaches too. The time came when he and I could talk in private so I laid it out for him. He could have made it painful but instead he truly helped. The car I drove was in storage. We agreed it would be sold the money would go to pay the debt. I would then pay him back with interest.

With cash in my hand I made the arrangements to retire from the drug business. No cloak and dagger now, just the transfer of money. The debt was paid and I was a free man from the whole mess. At least I hoped I was.

School was now over. Sandy continued her testing daily but rarely stayed to watch, I missed that. One day during summer break there was a classified ad section of the local paper on my bed. Help wanted. My chores at home were few so I guess I should take the hint. I applied at a few places but ended up at a sandwich shop across from the community college.

The pay was shit the hours worse but the look my mom gave me when I told her was worth it all. From behind the counter I could see the little bastard that was working my old area.

He thought he looked so smart on how he plied his trade. Just like me not that long ago. I needed to find a new job.

By chance it came up. The county clerk was looking for help in the inspection department. I applied and soon was working in the field doing paperwork for the inspectors during the busy summer months. My experience with Hank was paying off and the money wasn't bad.

Saturday morning it was five o'clock and Sandy was standing over me. She had not made a sound but I could sense her presence. Opening my eyes I could tell she was focused on my cock straining my briefs. She didn't even seem to notice I was awake. I looked up at her as she was lost in thought.

What was it? What was I missing? I placed my hand on her hip, it startled her but she didn't move. I had never touched her in any of our encounters and only once when she applied the cream did she ever touch me. Well except for when she was slapping me.

I could feel the satin panties under her robe as my hand slid further behind. Gently I guided her to sit on the side of my bed. She never took her eyes off of my cock. I caressed her ass as I lay prone on my side facing her. Not a word was spoken, not a glance to see what I was thinking.

Sandy was mesmerized. I grew bolder hoping my instincts were correct. Slipping my hand through the opening of her robe I caressed her ass directly through the silk material. Her breathing changed but there was no response one way or the other. She was still focused on my cock. I decided to take a different approach. With my free hand I lifted my hips and slipped off my briefs. Sandy was still motionless.

Then I took the ultimate leap of faith. I stroked my morning wood so she could watch. Sandy shifted slightly spreading her legs under her robe. My mother was touching herself. I couldn't see it, but it was clear what was happening. With no lubrication my cock was getting tender. Sensing my dilemma she shifted and slipped off her panties. Handing them to me I covered my cock leaving the head exposed and we both went back to what we were doing.

I wasn't quite sure what to think. I slipped my free hand back on the bare cheeks of her ass and continued to explore. It didn't take long. Soon after I heard the sloshing of her fingers in her pussy, then she started to climax. Biting her lip Sandy silently shuddered through the intensity of it.

Her robe gaped open and then I saw her naked tit hanging from her chest. Her nipple was large and stiff. The image raced through my body to my balls and with a soft moan I

shot my cum into her silk panties. Sandy stood up and grabbed the panties from the bed where I dropped them.

Looking at the pool of liquid soaking in the material she moved her hands under her robe and slipped them up her legs. Only when her sex was covered did she allow me to see the massive wet spot and the overflow running down her thighs.

"Go pee!" She didn't even wait and watch. Sandy instead walked calmly upstairs and into the kitchen.

Don't get me wrong, I love yanking one off as much as the next guy but that was crazy! God I hope we can do that again!

I went and took my shower. When I returned there was a fresh pair of silk pink panties on my bed with a note. The lawn needs cut. I hoped she wasn't expecting me to wear just these again. I slipped them on under my shorts and after breakfast started to cut the grass.

That night my thoughts went back to encounter we shared. I was surprised my mother didn't react differently, she didn't even flinch. Could it be she wanted it to happen as much as I did? I remembered to add it to the file I kept in my brain.

The summer was almost over. I dreaded returning to school for another year but this was the price I needed to pay. The fault was only mine. Work was going good. The experience with the property management company Hank worked for was paying off. I was even able to send some business his way.

I was still riding the bike to work but had saved enough to get my own cell phone. I had few friends at this point in my life, alienating the ones I should have and avoiding the ones I should never have had. I was fine with that. I spent more time with family, looking forward to watching over the twins when needed. Sassy and smart, they were becoming little adults.

I can still remember the day it all changed. It was a Friday afternoon. I just got paid and was riding home from work. Thinking about my mother and how it had been awhile since we had our last special encounter. I was hoping this weekend would be another. That seemed to be the pattern. Push the boundaries and then lay back and see how I would handle it. If I acted like a jerk and made a big deal out of it, or tried to push it further or faster, or maybe just sulk like a little baby, she could easily stop.

I knew what I was getting was free. I always let her lead, never asking for more, not yet anyways. I knew she needed

to be comfortably in charge. My part was to give first not to take. This wasn't moving according to my plan but hers. If she thought I was trying to manipulate her it would all end. I was happy and so was she I thought. It was slow, painfully slow but at the same time moving forward steadily. This I thought was going to be a good weekend!

Two patrol cars boxed me in and before I knew what was happening. I was in a cell downtown with several others. It was a couple of hours before they let me make the one call I was allowed. I knew mom would be at work. Hank was my only alternative. He was surprised but then again maybe not too much.

"Have you talked to them?" He questioned.

"No, not really. Name, rank, serial number." I joked nervously. "Everything they already know." I replied.

"Good keep your mouth shut. Even in the cell. They have surveillance there too." Hank knew because his company has the contracts for city government buildings.

"I will call Randall then come down." Hank explained. Randall was his cousin, a lawyer, well really more of an ambulance chaser but still in the eyes of the state a lawyer.

In less than a half hour Hank and the twins were in the building. I thought he should have left them at home. Knowing him he wanted them to see what happens when you fuck with the law. Better yet he wanted me to see how my actions affect others. Soon he and I were in a room alone.

"As a courtesy the captain has allowed me to see you alone." Hank stated "What have you told them."

"Nothing, mostly because I know nothing." I tried to explain.

"Good, now Randall will be here later, you hang tight don't say anything until he gets here." Hank repeated.

"Yes sir." I meekly replied, then as an afterthought. "They took a blood sample."

"Did you give them permission?" He looked concerned

"I don't know? I guess, they did it?" I replied meekly.

"Well you are an adult now so they don't need your mother's permission." Then he stood up to leave, looking back he asked. "Are you clean?"

"Yes!" I assured him.

"You sure?" Hank pressed.

"Why do you think I have been peeing in a cup for the last five months?" I snapped back. I don't know what hurt more him asking the question or thinking I was lying. "Sorry Hank, I didn't mean that, you have a right to ask."

"Hang in there sport, you will be out of here soon." Hank said before he left. The only thought I had at that moment reinforced my suspicions. They would need mom's permission and not his if I was a juvenile.

Randall showed up with all the stealth of the Fourth of July Fireworks. Bellicose and brash he was doing everything at once, mostly promoting himself. He sat with me during the interviews with the detectives. It was clear they had nothing on me. They were just trying to shake the tree as he said, hoping some other bad apples would fall. They were very thorough though. The cops even pulled in the owner with my old car. Fuck, the poor guy just bought the thing!

It was a big sting, three counties, feds, state and locals all pitching in. Hank had been right even if the timing was off a

bit, this had been a three year project. Undercover agents had infiltrated the organization. Since no one knew the good guys from the bad everyone was a suspect. I saw many old faces the most disturbing was Heather's. Surprised to see me she avoided eye contact. She was good people just hanging with the wrong crowd just like myself. I made sure Randall talked to her before we left.

Getting released is a mixed blessing. I am free, but because I am free it could look like I ratted some people out in exchange for my freedom. Being a snitch isn't a long term career choice. I had to be careful for the immediate future.

Back at home it was good to be in my own bed tucked in the concrete walls of my family's basement, not the jail. Hank had stood up for me when he had good reason not to. I lay back knowing I needed to face my mother when she got home from work. I must have dozed off but I could feel her presence. Opening my eyes she was looking down at me I could see she had been crying.

"Pee." Sandy whispered. She was standing in a confrontational stance. I knew the repercussions before I said it. However I wasn't going to let her think she had failed.

"Mom I am clean!" SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! I let her have her way. Sandy needed to get it out, we both needed her to. I walked in the hall leading to the bathroom.

"I said fucking PEE!" She was yelling so the whole house could hear. I move past the opening to the staircase I could see his shadow at the top of the stairs. He was still in the kitchen, probably waiting at the opening.

"Sandy! Darling you will wake up the twins!" Hank yelled down.

"Not now Hank! I said I would take care of this, now go back to bed!" She was at the bottom of the steps no doubt yelling at his shadow. I could hear him walk through the house and head upstairs.

Sandy watched me fill the cup her hands trembled as she dropped in the test strip. Finishing up I was going to head back to my room but she stood defiantly in front of the door. This was going to be a long five minutes, the length it took to get true results. I closed the toilet lid and sat down.

She kept looking at her watch, five, six, seven, eight, nine, at ten minutes the results had still not changed I was clear. Tears were running down her face she started to turn but she changed her mind. Spinning to face me Sandy took the two

steps in my direction and straddling my legs planted a serious kiss to my mouth. Holding my head she forced her lips hard to mine for a good thirty seconds. She moved her head beside mine.

"If you ever..." Too emotional to continue she kissed me one more time. Then she was gone.

I went back to my room and flopped on my bed the earlier nap chasing sleep for now. Heading up to the kitchen I sat in the darkness with a soda and some trail mix. It took a while but soon the distinct sound of my parents going at it directly above me filled the kitchen. I grinned inwardly and headed back down the stairs not waiting for the grand finale.

Saturday Hank played golf, six AM just like every weekend without fail. If the guys stopped for lunch he would be home late afternoon if not he would be back for lunch. Today was one of those days, I wasn't surprised. I was finishing the yard when he pulled up.

"Sorry about yesterday, you don't deserve that." I offered.

"The benefits of being a parent I guess." Hank tried to make light of it.

"And last night she was mad at me not you." I said. I wanted to set him straight on mom.

"It's all better now anyway." Hank said. "Now come inside and let me tell you what I have learned so I only have to do it once."

He told mom and me about the drug busts throughout the area. Three local counties and as many as ten major cities across the country. The local authorities wanted to bring it to a head before the start of the school year to discourage any activity on campus. Over the course of the next several weeks it was all over the news.

Peeing in the cup and taking the bus for my first day of school is embarrassing. I am almost nineteen years old for Christ sake. Still the deal was if I was going to continue to live at home I had to stay in school and stay drug free, including alcohol.

I had not played sports for two years but I was always good at it. The basketball coach looked me up one day asking if I would consider getting back in the game. Seems he is down several players, all of them seniors, suspended for drug related offenses.

We both knew as a senior I would just be a bench warmer and bit player. Suspecting mom was behind the invitation I felt compelled to accept. I could use the diversion and get back in shape as well. Practice started in two weeks, I told her that afternoon.

That night when she came home from work she came downstairs and woke me up.

"You need to pee!" When I opened my eyes Sandy was in her work uniform. I knew this was odd as she detested it. Mom always went up to shower and change before she did anything else. Drab around the house clothes maybe, but never her uniform. I was so tired I didn't even question why I need to do a second one today. It was after midnight but you get the point.

She had left my room and headed down the hall to the bathroom. I followed but only after I collected my thoughts. Now the bathroom was on the right side of the hall just past the staircase. To the left is the mechanicals but straight ahead is the laundry room. This time the door was open and much to my surprise my mother was in the laundry with her back to me.

Even more surprising was what she was doing. Sandy was undressing. I had missed the blouse coming off she was

working on the skirt. I stopped outside the bathroom and silently watched not wanting to threaten her space. When the skirt hit the floor she turned and looked my way. I wanted to say something but that wasn't our way. Our bond is based on what is left unspoken.

It's learning the clues the other person offers. The subtle clues that escape most people. Understanding that concentration is as important as action. Never quite knowing the answer and yet when found it may be different than you expected.

What was she doing? Why is she doing this? Why now? What is she thinking? What does she want me to do? When? How is it all supposed to end? Sandy seems to trust me to do the right thing but by never telling me what it is. My reaction could be something she never thought of. That may lead her to do something she wasn't planning to do in return.

I stayed safely out of reach, confident I wasn't going to overreact. Sandy reached behind and unclasped her bra. The straps fell loose from her shoulders, the cups held in place by her arms. My eyes never left hers. I could look later I thought. Right now I needed to build trust.

Sandy lowered her arms and the bra hit the floor at her feet. Still our eyes were locked. Next were the panty hose. I never

flinched. Last were her panties, not satin, not sexy, just plain cotton comfortable for work panties. She was naked now. Now I wanted to look but her eyes were looking for something first.

I pondered what it might be, then it hit me. I removed my briefs so we were both naked. That was it! Permission was granted and I took her in. Every boy dreams of seeing a woman naked, but seeing his mother naked is a taboo few get to witness.

Sandy isn't beautiful by media standards but for me she is. Her breasts sag slightly but her large areolas and thick nipples face forward and tilt up slightly. Her shoulder length blond hair falls on angular shoulders and slender arms. Three kids have left a soft round belly a small scar below indicated where she had her tubes tied. Her pussy is covered by more hair than I expected these days but her lips are full and protrude just the right amount. Her legs are slender and athletic looking. She looks womanly, curvy, and proportional. She looks wonderful.

Sandy was waiting for my assessment to end and my reaction to begin. Her wait wasn't long. We were both smiling. Stepping over the clothes on the floor she picked a pair of her silk panties from the washer. She handed them to me.

My first thought was she wanted me to stroke myself with them again. She hooked a finger in each side of the waist band suggesting I put them on. I started to move in that fashion when she stopped me again. Then it hit me she wanted me to put them on her. I verified my assumption and she confirmed my thoughts.

Lifting one leg as I knelt in front of her she stepped through one hole. Sandy placed a hand on my shoulder to keep her balance as she did. I caressed her calf gently with the silky garment and then offered her second leg the other opening. I was in no rush to ascend to the heavens above. Slowly and gently I caressed each leg as I raised the panties higher. I could smell her sex, her lips now glistened beneath the covering of hair. My one hand brushed against her pussy as I finished my task the other resting on her hip.

With one hand still on my shoulder she used her other one to lightly guide my wandering hand to a more appropriate place, her tit. Moving her hand from my shoulder to my face she drew me up. Once standing she pulled me to her lips and kissed me gently. Our groins touching I could feel my precum smear on her belly.

Breaking free she led me to the bathroom. Aw shit! She put me through all of this just to pee in the cup? It was my first thought, the second is just relax and focus on her, enjoy

whatever she gives you asshole. Glad I listened to the second thought.

There was no cup on the counter. Sandy lowered the lid on the toilet and had me sit down. I could see where her panties had become soaked already. Sandy straddled me her pussy was pinning my cock against my belly. Her hands went to both sides of my face, I knew this was her way of taking control. Sandy kissed me deeply. This time her tongue searched for mine, I willing let her in.

It was a kiss like no other I had experienced. It was wet and passionate, mom made it clear what her intentions were. There was need but also a giving part as well. Sandy was showing me what I had already suspected. She wanted me like I wanted her.

With nowhere for my hands to go it seemed natural to grasp the cheeks of her ass. His led her to grind her pussy tighter against my cock. We kissed and tongued for some time. I moved my hands above the elastic band of her panties and slipped them inside. As soon as she knew what was happening she stopped kissing me and looked into my eyes. I had crossed the boundaries for the second time.

Sandy grinned as my hands went back to the agreed areas. Sandy seemed happy I did so and yet I think happy I also tried. Sandy knew I wanted her. I wanted more of her than she was giving. I let her know I was willing to wait and get

it on her terms. Foreplay was ending, she had needs to be filled and I had needs to dispose of.

Leaning back with her hands around my neck, arms outstretched she lifted herself up and down along my cock. Pre-cum was seeping at an alarming rate. Sandy was watching my cock as she worked it over with her panty covered pussy. There was just that thin almost see through silk material between us but for her that was enough.

The lips of her pussy were spreading wider more of my cock was out of sight. There seemed to be a nub stretching the material at the top of her pussy, if it's her clit it's bigger than any I have seen even online. Her eyes were closed now the pace was bordering frantic. My hands gripped her ass cheeks tighter and then she was there. Oh my god was she there!

Sandy was possessed! Instantly her eyes popped open she looked at me, she looked down at my cock and then back to my eyes. There was desperation in her eyes and I knew what she wanted, fortunately I was ready to give it to her. I had been holding back as long as I could and now it was hers. I came! Watching the eruption from my cock only heighten her orgasm. Sandy was humping all but the tip of my cock so fast and so hard it almost hurt.

On a couple of thrusts she mashed my balls eliciting a small yelp from me. Still she flailed away. Cum was shooting on my chest, on her tits, on my chin, in her face, it was everywhere. I wouldn't be surprised if some landed in the kitchen! Then she gripped my face and locked lips with me again. I wrapped my arms around her holding her tight. Her tits mashed to my chest, the beating of our hearts was all I could hear.

I could feel my cum start to cool down. Sandy pushed back and assessed the carnage. She looked up at me obviously pleased with her efforts. Leaning in she smeared any straggling drops with her tits where she could, licking any higher ones out of reach. Kissing me lightly she stood holding a finger up asking me to stay for a minute. The next thing I saw was her walk past in a robe and head up the stairs.

I leaned back and relished what had just taken place. I heard the shower running. This she did every night after she worked, it was her way. I wiped myself down with a wet towel as quietly as I could and went to bed. God I love basketball.

Six games in and fresh off of our third win of the season we were now a contender. Playing with some JV players and an old stoner we were always the underdog. The coach was doing his best with the players he had. We both knew we

had a better chance with me on the court but the future was the other guys. I accepted it and encouraged the younger guys on. I was almost a player coach but most of all I was an example of what happens if you become a fuck up.

The next day I was called to the principal's office. Never a good thing in my experience, never. I was even more surprised to see Sandy waiting for me there. Oh shit I thought, something's bad wrong. Hank, the twins, someone is dead. My school counselor was there also.

"Mark we have called you and your mom here because we think you have earned the right to graduate early." The principal said. We talked for almost an hour. Part of the plan was to take a class at the local community college to make up some credits.

The next day when I came home from school Hank and mom were waiting for me as I lumbered off the bus.

In front of his truck was a truck that I had never seen, four by four yet to boot. Smiling she held out the keys.

"Don't expect your mother and I to chauffer your ass around to all of these schools!" Hank said. I had paid him off for the last car I sold to clear my debts.

"Half is a gift the other half is a loan..." Sandy explained.

"Pending certain conditions, I expect?" I asked. Sandy smiled
Hank did not. "Sounds only fair, thank you!" I replied.

Hank looked at his watch, Mom handed me the keys.
"Thanks I whispered"

"You have earned it. Now that you have wheels you still
need to make sure the twins get their homework done and
fed." Mom said. I nodded in agreement.

"I need to get back to the office." Hank said.

"Take me around the block before I get ready for work!"
Mom yelled out.

I walked around and opened the door for her then hopped
in and started around the neighborhood. The truck was old
but solid. It drove just fine Mom was happy I liked it, she
suggested it but Hank found it. I wanted to pull her to me
but that wasn't possible. Just having her there was enough.

We were playing the last game of the season. Our goal of playing in the post season slipped away the last two games. Our leading scorer Ryan was going through a dry spell. I was the next best offensive threat and kept us in several games but the coach and I knew I wasn't the future. Ryan just needed confidence, the last couple of games down the stretch he just seemed to get stiff, and rigid.

His nick name in the locker room became Stiffy overnight, cruel but funny as hell, except to Ryan. This game didn't matter except to us. We were down to one last shot the coach pulled us over, the play was to come to me to take the last shot and hopefully win the game. We left the huddle I walked beside Ryan.

"Whatever you see me do, be prepared for the ball, whatever I do." He looked at me in sheer horror. "Ryan we are just playing basketball! Chill and have some fun. When you get laid that is when you want a Stiffy!"

After that he couldn't keep a straight face. The ball came in we passed it around running the last few seconds off. The other team was ahead by two and a foul could be a disaster. Their only hope was keeping in front of us and making the last shot difficult. We faked the ball to Ryan, they knew he was our best shot but when it came to me on the other side they were out of position. I had it made, my best, shot two points and into overtime. But I wanted to win I dribbled once

to give them time to react and then I went up for the tying goal.

Just as I knew they would their team overreacted. Faking a shot I adjusted slightly and passed a laser to Ryan deep in the corner. He was left unguarded for just a split second too long. The game was over when he sunk one of his patented three pointers. Stiffy was no longer his nick name. The coach wasn't happy at first but when I explained why I had done it, he agreed it was brilliant.

Hank was there that night, mom had to work. The next morning I went up to breakfast he was telling her all about the game. Embellishing more than a little bit Sandy was impressed.

Sunday morning I heard Hank leave for the golf course. I was surprised that mom had not woken me before he left. Curious I went upstairs to the kitchen. She wasn't there. Just as I started up the steps she came out of their room with her robe on. Turning to the only bathroom upstairs she saw me. I thought I may have startled her, maybe at first I did but there was something else.

Sandy was blushing. But why? She was holding a pair of silk panties in her hand. I gave her a puzzled look. Sandy seemed uneasy as she shifted her weight slightly from one leg to the

other. Then I saw it. May face at the level with her waist, her robe ended mid-thigh. It was cum, it was his cum. He got his rocks off then left. She could see I knew. What she wanted to know is how I would react. I took the last few steps quickly taking her hand.

She wanted to resist, I could sense it, I held firm but gentle. I looked at the rooms for the twins. We both knew they wouldn't be up for hours but I was no thrill seeker. Not with them, not in this house. I led her through the kitchen and down the steps. I was turning to go to my room but she stopped. Her eyes look in the other direction at my bathroom. I concurred.

His cum was farther down her leg not quite to the floor. Sandy held the panties open for me this time. I stripped down and watched as she bent down to help me with them. Reaching to her shoulder for support she kissed the back of my hand. Sandy didn't take her time she slipped the panties up making sure my raging hard on was well over the waist band.

Sandy kissed the head of my cock! I was so stunned we could have stopped right there! Sitting down on the toilet lid Sandy straddled me once again. This time her bare pussy greeted my panty covered cock.

The fact it had just been fucked and I was willing to accept it seemed to make her happy. Her urgency suggested she may not have orgasmed yet. Either way I was happy. I knew Sandy wouldn't be disappointed. Her arms extended, her hands behind my neck, her pelvis arched up, her pussy flowed cum.

Her cunt lips already engorged seem to get bigger still. Sandy's pubic hair was already matted down. The aroma of their combined juices filled the room. I was trying to find a place for my hands. I gripped her ass cheeks but unlike the last time she objected.

Taking my wrists she guided them to her tits. Oh lord yes, this is a no brainer. She had a rhythm going now. My cock buried deep in her folds only the material keeping her from impaling herself. I was watching her expressions, filing away every look, or twitch. The flare of her nostrils, the gritting of her teeth, the restraint not to cry out. I filed it all away for the next time.

Mom looked in my eyes and guided them with hers. It took just a second to catch what she wanted me to see. It was amazing. Sandy's clit was out! It was big, fat and beautiful. Like a little penis only thick, the sheath must be longer than every clit I have seen. Sandy looked to me as if to say do you like it? With every muscle I twitched I said Hell yes!

The biggest smile I have ever seen spread across her face, ever. From that instant she had a happiness I had never seen while we had been intimate. It flowed out of every pore in her body. I showed her how glad I was that she was so blissful. Our attentions went back to her clit.

Sandy had adjusted her movements so she could cover the end of my cock with her clit. She would then slide down until her nub was forced to one side or the other. Each time she did the slit on the end of my cock flared open and more precum added lubrication. On the down stroke she would drag it past the rim of my cock head forcing it under and then dragging it up so her clit almost folded in half. As it snapped free I could feel her whole body quiver in response. Over and over this continued, the panties making sure there would be no penetration.

The amount of Hank's cum, her juices, and my pre cum had completely saturated everything below our waists. The toilet seat was dripping with sex. Sandy fell forward and held me tight. As her climax peaked she dragged her cunt up my cock, shivered, delayed, then slammed her cunt down my cock.

Sandy was starting to orgasm! She shivered, delayed and repeated it five or six times. Each time Sandy gave out a soft whimper as her cunt spasmed on my cock. I wanted to cum

so bad but the erratic, forceful and jerky action left me right on the edge. Sandy kissed me then realized my dilemma.

She seemed unprepared for how to do it in a way that wouldn't change her rules. Taking my lead I turned her around. With her ass replacing her pussy she straddled me again. My hands had never left her tits earlier but I was so distracted then I put them to little use. I was now in a position to take advantage of that. Leaning her back against me I worked my soaked panty covered cock between her ass cheeks. Her head near mine we both watched as I learned what she liked me to do to her tits. It was a short lesson. She needed to take a shower, seems someone covered her back in cum.

Grabbing her robe Sandy draped it over her arm and walked naked up the stairs. I thought of taking a shower but decided to save the hot water for mom, she earned it. I rinsed off thoroughly and got dressed. Hungry I poured some juice and was making toast. I heard his truck pull in the driveway. He had been gone just twenty five minutes. Just long enough to make it to the course and back.

I was reading the comics, eating my toast when he barged in the kitchen.

"What no golf? I casually asked.

"I forgot my new driver and Malcom is running late, so I decide to come back and get it. I figure I can practice putting on the course." He went to the living room and found the club. "Your mom up?"

"Couldn't say for sure but I doubt either one of the twins would be in the shower at this time in the morning." We both laughed.

"Well I got to go, tell your mom I stopped by!" Hank said out of breath.

"You could probably go tell her yourself, I just heard the shower turn off." I looked back at the funnies.

"No better not, I gotta go."

"Have a good game." I yelled after him. Then it hit me he asked me to tell her he was here, no time like the present.

Mom opened the door slightly when I knocked. She was standing behind the door. Looking both ways she let the door open so I could see her nakedness. She gave me a why are you here look.

"Hank forgot his new club and came back to get it. Either that or he really does think you and I are fucking. He told me to tell you he was here." Her eyes grew large as I told her. I had a feeling she knew as well. Hank is a lousy spy, and lately he has been trying to do just that.

"As for me I came because, well because I never know when I will get to see you naked again. And to let you know I can't wait until the next time. I will, but it will be hard. Oh and so will that." I looked down at my open fly and my hard cock hanging out. I turned and left.

I was still at the table when she came down. It was quiet, too quiet, but I wasn't going to go first. Sandy was restless.

"You don't think it's too big?" She looked at me blushing a bit.

"Not at all! I wish I could..." I stopped before I went too far.

"Do you now?" She teased. "Interesting."

Chapter 2

With basketball over I had some time off in the afternoons to spare. I returned to assist the inspector's part time. The classes at the college were a breeze and by January I finally received my diploma. No pomp and circumstance for me but that was fine, for mom it wasn't. Sandy wanted to go all out but we negotiated it down to just the family going out for dinner at a very nice restaurant.

The waiter was clearing the salad plates when Hank asked the question.

"So Mark, what are your plans now that you have graduated?" The question was appropriate and asked politely. Sandy for some reason took offense.

"Hank, the ink on his diploma has barely dried!" We all looked in her direction. Her outburst was that unlike her. Sandy never made a scene in public, and rarely in private. As the old saying goes she wouldn't say shit if she had a mouth full of it! This raised so many flags in my brain, but the first thing I needed to do was diffuse the situation.

"Actually Hank I am glad you asked. I meet with the counselor at college Monday and we are going to pick out some classes for me to take for the next semester."

"Maybe he needs some time off?" Sandy protested. She was only digging a bigger hole.

"Its ok mom, I think staying busy would be best, besides I want to go to a university one day. My plan is to get the basics over here and then transfer the credits." I explained.

"That way I can live at home and save some money. When I do find the right school I won't be too much in debt when I graduate." I looked at mom she was all but in shock. Hank was smiling.

"Well I mean I can stay at home can't I?" This brought her out of her funk just before Hank took notice.

"Mark your mother and I will..."

"Yes you are staying at home!" Sandy was as animated as I had ever seen her.

"Yeah well you two don't really count. Let's ask the people who really run the house, Kit, Matt what do you think?" I asked. Again I was trying to down play her outburst.

A resounding chorus of yes slipped across the restaurant.

The main course came just in time and we returned to our normal family dynamics. Mom kept trying to get me to focus on her but I avoided it at all cost turning my attention to the twins. There would be time enough to clear the air later, this wasn't the time or place.

I was driving down the street the next week. Mom had asked me if I could take the twins to practice so she could go in early. Hank's truck was in the drive as well as mom's car. I was concerned but had a feeling nothing was serious. I parked next door and walked to the back of the house stopping short of the patio door. When I heard their voices on the other side of the screen I slipped into the garage.

"Hank what are you trying to say?" Sandy asked upset.

"Sandy I am not saying anything, I am just concerned. You have been acting irrationally at times." Hank replied.

"I am not." The way she just said that would lead me to agree with him as I listened in.

"Look all I asked is what the two of you do down there all the time." Hank said accusingly.

"Look Hank, you told me to take care of this and I did. I checked him every day for months, weekly now and surprise testing just to keep him honest. And just so you know I will continue to as long as he lives under this roof. It takes five minutes for the results, I wait ten or more just to be sure. And yes I watch every time to make sure he isn't cheating. Now if you want to take over..."

"I never said that!" Hank snapped back.

"I do it at five in the morning when you get up, when you are home. I want him to know what you go through every day to provide for this family. I want him to know you are right there should he think I am not serious. Now you think there are shenanigans going on? I can't lose him again, he is my son!" there was an awkward pause. "He is our son, we cannot lose him!" She sobbed.

"Sandy you know I try..."

"Hank we are not going there! He is our son, that is all there is to it. Now do I have your permission to see this through or are you taking over?" Sandy challenged him.

Sensing the conversation would be coming to a close soon I retraced my steps back to the neighbors drive. I would know one way or the other soon enough. Thinking better of driving away I took a more conspicuous route around the front of the house. Picking up today's newspaper I walked up the drive and headed to the garage knowing I would be seen if they came out the door. The door opened behind me, I heard someone exit the house. Turning I saw Hank.

"Hi Hank!" I said cheerfully.

"Your home already?" he asked a bit surprised.

"Yea, mom asked if I could take the kids to practice. I guess she is heading in early." Carefully trying to be at ease. "Oh, I saw the paper was here?" I headed in his direction handing to him. I could see his antennas were up.

"What's in the garage?" He asked bluntly. Ah I thought, he's fishing!

"Just checking my oil, thought I would look at the air pressure on the tires one looks a little soft."

Just then the bus pulled up out front and the twins jumped off.

"Want me to take them? I can blow off the rest of the day?" He asked. I knew he was suspicious since he had never offered to take off work. This was a trap for sure.

"Na, I promised mom. I kind of get a kick out of watching the geeks try to play sports. Besides I can study while I am waiting." He looked surprised with my answer. I guess he figured if we were messing around I would want to hang around and spend time with mom.

"Don't want to corrupt you Hank, but you are welcome to come along if you want? If you do we should get moms car, she can take my truck." Any suspicion on his part was wiped clean with that offer. Tucking the paper under his arm he flashed an awkward smile.

"Maybe next time sport, I better get back to work." Just as he turned mom walked out of the house.

"Hi mom! I am just going to check a couple of things on the truck and I will be ready to take them."

"Thank you Mark, I will let them know." She replied.

"Sure, have a good shift!" I replied, not wanting to overdo it. I entered the garage but not before I saw the look she gave Hank.

"I will see you later honey." Hank said.

He walked in her direction but she turned her back and went into the house no doubt informing the kids. I picked up a rag and the air gauge and headed back to my truck making sure he saw me as he drove off. It was all I could don't to turn and go back but I didn't. I instead completed the tasks I said I would. I almost expected to see mom in the garage when I returned but she drove away as I finished. I knew if he was really suspicious Hank could check out her departure anywhere along dozens of spots as she drove to work.

I actually had a good afternoon with the twins. There were plenty of laughs and I got my studying done. As I watched I had time to process what I had heard earlier. Practice was almost over when my phone rang. Answering it I was surprised to find Hank on the other end.

"Mark can you take the twins out for a dinner, I will be here for a while, my treat of course."

"Sure Hank, no problem." The twins were thrilled as the team often stopped for pizza after practice. I was the only non-parent which made for interesting conversation.

I knew something was wrong the minute I walked down stairs. Something is out of place, I just couldn't put my finger on it. My first reaction was to look around but I knew better. I undressed and while doing so gave my room a cursory look. Someone had been in here. I went to the bathroom and dropped my dirty clothes in the laundry room as I always do. Turning off the light I confirmed my suspicion.

I could fake that I was restless but there was no need, I was. At 11:30 I donned some sweats and headed to the kitchen. I pulled out some antacid and a glass of water. Opening my textbook I seated myself so I could see the back door and the living room. Right on cue mom came through the back door.

She looked at me in the kitchen and started to say something. My hand gesture hidden from the front room headed her off. Sandy went right to the basement. She had just cleared the last step when he appeared.

"I thought I heard your mom come home?" Hank asked looking in the kitchen.

"Yea, she went right downstairs, probably can't wait to get out of that uniform." I didn't even look up from my book only pointed to the stairs.

"You're up late." Hank said still looking at the staircase.

"Couldn't sleep, too much cheap pizza!" I held up the antacid bottle. "Must be getting old?" I laughed he just grunted.

Obviously his mind was on other things. I went back to reading the book not looking up. Mom was taking her time that was for sure. We both knew she was aware he was in the kitchen. I almost thought he was going down to get her but he wisely waited. Sandy came up with her robe pulled tight around her.

"Hi mom, good tip night?" I asked. I could see she wanted to make a scene but thinking better of it she went to the fridge and pulled out a juice bottle.

"Good tip night, but a those extra hours sure seem to drag on. What you reading." She sat down beside me. Hank was in no man's land, any way he went he was going to lose.

"You coming to bed?" He asked. No he didn't! Hank what are you thinking?

I have been throwing life preservers since early in the day and you take the anchor chain. Not his shining moment.

"Well I thought I would sit down for the first time since I left. Ask about Matt and Kit's practice, and then when I finish this drink take my shower. After that I was going to slip into bed with you and let you jump my bones. But honey you are in the bottom of the ninth, a three two count and you have fouled off the last five pitches."

"I should leave." I said as I started to get up.

"Sit!" Sandy shot me a warning glance that she wasn't pissed at me but that could change.

Turning her attention back to Hank I could only pray he was smart enough to just leave. She left his manhood intact when she added that honey to the last sentence.

"Good night Mark." Was all he said.

There was silence as he left, Sandy closed her eyes for a few moments and then started a conversation about the twins and their afternoon practice. I could see she wanted more.

The next morning I was staring up at the basement ceiling. I was trying to decide how to see how far Hank went with this. I figured Sunday would be the best time to do it. Today I would do some recon. The exterior of the house was clean. Besides cables would be too hard to hide against the siding. That left inside the house. I checked the garage just to make sure it wasn't out there. Nothing.

Thinking further I figured he used old left over or repaired parts from work. Knowing Hank nothing too exotic. He wouldn't want to buy anything so that meant a four screen monitor, and some low resolution cameras. Maybe a recording device since he wasn't home often. I knew one camera was in the laundry room. I figured one was probably in the bathroom that would leave two for the bedroom. It only makes sense one would be focused on the bed. If there was a fourth most likely near the dresser and the love seat. Running it full time would be a waste. It must be on a switch or timer.

The attic would be the most likely location for the recorder but in our house it would take days to set it up and hide everything. No the monitor and recorder are probably together and close by, fewer cables, less obtrusive. Then it came to me! The furnace room would be the perfect place. No one ever went in there but him. He had several places to hide it and he could watch it in there if we were gone without

interruption and still know if anyone came home. The problem is if it's on a timer it would be running when he was gone. My best chance was to look when he is around. By that afternoon I had a plan.

As the holiday seasons approach I have just a few exams to take before the semester ends. I am on the dean's list and ahead of schedule. With a couple of extra classes I can graduate with a two year degree before fall registration at a state university. Matt and Kit are now well in their teens, and have blossomed in their own ways. Funny, smart, outgoing, they are becoming young adults. As siblings we are close.

Occasionally they come to me and ask questions they don't feel comfortable asking others. Hank is still the same, he has a routine and lives by it. Predictable is the word that comes to mind, that isn't a slam, because I have learned that dependability, honesty and integrity would also be appropriate. At least until now.

His current obsession, trying to catch us fucking aside, he is a good man. Sandy on the other hand, is anything but predictable. I have learned so much about her and from her since Jerry passed. I still get tested weekly. I still save the notes of encouragement left on my bed (the twins get them also). Then there are the other items she leaves me to keep things interesting sexually.

Sandy seems to be at a crossroad, things have leveled off. Enjoying our heavy petting sessions has replaced the excitement from our initial encounters. She wants more I can tell, I can see it, and I can feel it. Our relationship is still hands off, non-verbal and I love it. This is her agenda and I am just enjoying the journey. I will wait a little longer, and then test the water, just so she knows I am willing. With Hank on the prowl it's wise to be cautious, but I have a plan to handle him.

Hank was in the garage cleaning his golf clubs for the next day, a one hour ritual at least. I slipped in turning on the monitor so I could see the camera angles. The bathroom was focused on the shower only. The toilet where we usually stay is in the other direction. Even the mirror wasn't in the view, an easy way to get more coverage.

The laundry room was the worst. Long and narrow it only covered the last five feet, basically the washer and the dryer. You couldn't see who came in and out or what they did unless it was at the machines.

The cameras in the bedroom was the most logical but all he would ever see is the notes she left and maybe a pair of panties. With the cameras he was using he would have a hard time knowing if it was Matt or me let alone read any message or know if it was my laundry. I verified there was

no audio and the tape system was only capable of holding two hours at a time.

Knowing he couldn't change them that often he depended on an old mechanical timer to turn it on and off. I thought of messing with the equipment but I figured I was better off not to. First he might suspect I found it, second he would be forced to get something more sophisticated.

For now I would keep tabs on his surveillance and adjust accordingly. I saw no need to tell mom just yet, it would only make her mad. My plan was to stay out of sight when we were together and let him think he had us covered.

Saturday night the twins were at the school game. Hank stayed home. It seems his golf game had been suffering of late and he wanted a good night sleep. I am sure the surveillance gave him piece of mind. I was in my room when she started down.

I moved off the bed and into the hall as Sandy as reached the last step. She stopped and looked at me down the hall just a few feet. I thought of telling her now but she seemed indecisive. I seldom make the first move but I did this time. Slowly I moved to her and placed my hands on her hips. Sandy let them rest there. Patiently I waited for her to make the next move.

Sandy held her ground for over a minute before she placed her hands on the side of my face and pulled me in for the kiss. I could feel her tits were loose under her robe as they swayed against my chest.

The step she was on brought her closer to my height, she was enjoying it. I was still resting my hands on her hips. I slowly gathered the material from the front adding it to the back. The opening in her robe widened ever so slowly.

I pulled loose from her kiss just enough for us to look down. The lapels were hung up on her nipples, the cleavage large and wide. To my surprise she was wearing no panties. Her large bush hiding her pussy for now. I grinned and let her kiss me again.

I was in a pickle. If she had no panties on that meant I would have to wear them. Breaking free I undressed. When I was naked she was holding a shiny pair of pink panties. I slipped them on so she wouldn't have to move. Returning to our previous position we kissed again.

Her pussy was at the perfect height to stroke my cock. Her course hair was harsh against the head of my cock sticking above the waist band of the panties. The discomfort was no match for the pleasure the rest of my cock was getting. My

hands still holding her hips through her robe help hold me in place.

Sandy was getting wet I could feel the material soak my cock. She widened her stance forcing my cock deeper in the folds of her pussy. Wider again I tried to adjust with her to keep the contact she needed. I looked down as she tried to fill her lungs with more air.

Her clit was out but the angles were wrong in this position. Sandy was desperate now. She was moving her hips trying to find a way she could scratch the elusive itch she needed to complete the journey.

I could only think of two ways to accomplish it without stopping and getting repositioned. My hand, or my mouth. The first presented its own limited dexterity as I faced her, the second would be easier. I figured my tongue would be much more fulfilling for both of us and I wanted that clit in my mouth.

I went for broke. Swiftly I went to my knees.

"Mark!" she gasped quietly.

I looked up making sure. The signs were there, she was surprised but needy. Her hands started pulling my head to her sex. Double check. I had just made contact with her clit with my tongue.

"NO!" (Ok maybe it was "no") I couldn't believe my ears. Her hands still held me tight right where she wanted me. This 'no' wasn't stop and let's talk this over. It was not wait and think this through. It was 'no' clear and simple.

I pulled my head from her hands. I released her hips as I backed away.

"I didn't ..."

"You said no."

"But Mark..."

"No means no." I replied. I was devastated. Not only because we stopped but because I knew we both really wanted this.

I picked up my clothes and entered the bathroom closing and locking the door. Sandy knew what the lock meant.

I spent some restless hours thinking about what had taken place. Did I read her wrong? Was I rushing things? Was I doing what I wanted for me? I didn't think so, she said no. If she said it by mistake it was a poor choice of words. Now at least she knew she could trust me if she chose to use the word again.

Little did I know how soon things would progress and how prophetic my thoughts were? Soon events coincided in my favor. Was it luck or Karma?

Days later I was in my room working on a list of text books I would need for next semester. I heard someone on the steps. At first I thought it must be mom. She said she was doing the laundry and asked if I had some dark clothes to fill out a load. I turned to find Matt at my open door ready to knock.

"It's open come on in!" I said.

"I can come back later." He seemed nervous.

"Don't be silly, I'm just looking at text book prices. What's up?"

Living in the basement I knew every creak and groan in that old house. Someone was on the steps, someone that didn't want to make any noise. Matt of course didn't hear it but I

did. My guess is it was Sandy. She knew Matt was nervous about something, something even Kit didn't know.

"Can I ask you a question?" Matt asked.

"Sure, what kind of question?"

"About a girl!" He replied. I could see he was embarrassed.

"Sure pal, have a seat on the bed." I replied.

I casually got up and went to close the door. I could see her shadow against the wall from the light coming down the staircase. Moving the door to within an inch from closing I return to my chair and faced him. Feeling secure in our privacy he opened up.

"It's about Katie." Matt hesitated not sure if he made the right decision coming here.

"Matt this is between you and me, right? No one else." I explained giving him my word, well almost. I could see from where I was sitting Sandy was listening in.

"She kissed me the other day, it was nice. Then the next day I went to kiss her and she said no." Matt looked down at his hands.

"I see. Just so we are clear, what do you want from me." I asked.

"Some guys at school are always saying no means yes, or at least maybe. Is that true? Or is Katie dumping me?" Matt was asking for the rules and how to play the game. He wrapped it all up in a tidy package and handed it to me with Sandy listening in.

"Matt listen to me very carefully. When a woman, for that purpose anyone says 'no' they mean 'no'. That is the universal safe word in my book from a baby to and old person. 'No' should always mean 'no'. Period. End of discussion. If they don't mean no then they need to use other words." I explained.

"What do you mean?" Matt was still confused.

"Tell me exactly what Katie said. Word for word if you can remember."

"This is embarrassing." Matt squirmed on the bed.

"I know but it's important. Remember this is between you and me and these walls. Now think, what were her exact words?"

"I tried to kiss her, and she said "not here" so I said something like "but Katie" and she cut me off and replied "I said no" and then left." Matt threw up his hands.

I laughed just a little.

"Hey this isn't funny!" Matt was now getting mad.

"Sorry dude I am not laughing at you but with you." I teased.

"I am not laughing!" He protested.

"Maybe not now but soon you will be. Let me ask you one last question, was there anyone else around?"

"I don't know, maybe. How would I know?" Matt threw his hands up.

"Ok, she stopped your attempt with the words "not here" right? Her exact words, correct?"

"Yes, she said "not here" that was what she said." Matt insisted.

"Tell me what that means?" I asked.

"It means "no" doesn't it?"

"Not really. It means this isn't the place, or maybe not this time at this place, or not with those people around at this place, or even maybe not with anyone at this place. I could go on. Do you see what I mean?" I let him think it over. We sat in silence as it sunk in.

"But she still said "no" later." Matt defended himself. "She used the word N O."

"But not to the kiss! She left you an out on that, she gave you options. Chances are she wanted that kiss as much as you, just not under those specific circumstances. What her reasons were we may never know? That is a discussion for another lifetime. It could be because you wore green instead of her favorite blue." I kidded Matt.

"Regardless the fact is you only wanted what you came for and didn't care what her feelings were at that moment. Then you got your ego all stirred up because you thought she said no and tried to bully her into changing her mind with "but Katie". She said no to your disrespect. You would have done much better by respecting her decision and making another attempt in more favorable conditions. Maybe even tease her a bit by suggesting it was going to happen at some later date when SHE is agreeable. Katie would be holding her breath waiting for your next attempt." I tried to explain.

Matt processed all that we had talked about and soon he was smiling. I chuckled and then he laughed so hard he fell of the bed.

"Tell me more." He said.

"Ok but just a couple for the future. What if she says, "We should not be doing this"?"

"That means...?" he looked to me for advice.

"I think it means, can I trust you? Are you just using me, or do you really care. It means she accepts her part but wants you to own up to your part. There are other reasons but for you that is a good start." I offered.

"One more!" Mat was listening intensely now.

"Ok last one. What if she says, "You should not be doing this"?"

"She wants me to take responsibility, alone?" Matt was catching on.

"Something like that. I think she is saying you take over I am giving myself to you. Whatever happens is on you. Accept it or stop. Ok, now you have some things to think over." I finished.

"Thanks Mark!" Matt smiled. I opened a dresser drawer and pulled out a pearl necklace. It was one Jerry gave me, and it was very expensive. I handed it to Matt.

"Here Matt, take this and give it to her. Have Katie wear it outside her top if you are allowed to kiss her, and inside if not. This should give you a chance to learn the proper etiquette." I suggested.

I could hear Sandy head back up the stairs.

"Really? Thanks again Mark. You're a life saver!" He gushed.

I walked and opened the door for him to leave.

"Matt, what we talked about can be used for good or to seriously take advantage of another person. If I find out it's the later you are in deep shit with me." I warned him.

I decided to drive into town and pick up some text books for the coming semester. I was walking to my truck when mom caught up with me.

"Thanks!" Sandy said.

"For?"

"The lesson." She smiled.

"Oh for Matt?"

"No for me."

"It wasn't for you." I lied.

"How did you get to be so smart?" She teased.

"I had great parents!" Sandy's reaction confirmed what I knew.

"Mark!"

"Yes mother?" I said.

"We need to talk." Sandy offered.

"I know, and we should." I replied boldly.

"When?" Mom was nervous.

"The first or the second?" I asked hoping she caught my double question. She had tried to keep it a secret. I have known for years but decided to play along for her sake. If we were to get closer this needed to come out.

She was visibly shaken when she realized what I was saying. The look made me want to pull her from her feet and tell her it will be alright.

"Both." Sandy replied. She was wrought with guilt.

"When the answer is anything but no." I kissed her on the cheek. I walked to my truck and drove off.

I expected an answer sooner but Sandy is a determined woman. There is something hidden below that confident exterior we all see. But I can see deeper, it's there buried where she has complete control over who sees it. I have a pretty good idea about some of it but I am sure there is more.

As usual my weekly testing sessions continued. For some reasons it was just the tests. I was disappointed in a way but knew better than to push it.

My classes started after the holidays. I had a full load and worked part time also. That night when I got home Sandy had a message for me. It was her night off. Randall had called about a woman named Heather. He asks that I call him tonight if possible.

"Who is Heather?" Sandy asked.

"You remember the skanky girl that was here the one night?" I asked. SMACK!

"Don't you ever let me hear you refer to a woman like that again young man!" Sandy was furious with me.

"Sorry, mom, it's just that..." Any defense was useless.

"Ok, Ok, I am sorry. Heather is the young lady that you met one night here in your house. She was a friend of Jerry's." I correctly explained.

"She is very pretty. Why should she reach out to you?" Mom asked intrigued.

"We partied a few times." I answered.

"So she was one of Jerry's girls?"

"Not really." I replied.

"Then?" Sandy pried.

"A friend of one of Jerry's girls." I explained.

"A close friend." She asked.

"The closest."

"Interesting." Sandy raised her brow. "But I thought you and her?"

"I guess you could say I was an exception?" I offered.

"Why now?" She questioned.

"Dunno?"

"Now what? She asked.

"I will call Uncle Randall and find out." I replied.

I called Randall and he asked me to come down to his office the next day. I went down and we talked for some time. Heather was in jail for a five year stint as part of her participation in the big drug bust two years ago. She has been in for just over a year. Randall was trying to get her in an early release program. The program required that a non felon sponsor the inmate as well as attend a bi weekly counseling session. My name was on a list Heather provided. Randall was vetting the list for the best possible candidates. I agreed to do what I could.

"What does she want?" Sandy asked when I returned. I was on the landing headed to my room.

"My help."

"And?"

"I offered." I replied.

"Well?"

"Dunno."

"Mark!" Sandy replied frustrated. "You owe this girl!"

"I know." Mom was telling me if she needed my help I should give it to her. Sandy wanted to make sure I was going to take care of this properly.

Since I told her nothing, I knew she would be over to see Randall and beat it out of him.

When I reached my room there was a singles dating newspaper on my bed. Several of the prospective candidates were highlighted and an access code attached on a card. Under the paper was a pair of silk panties.

I had dated very seldom in the last year or so. I was interested, but with school, work and a tight leash at home it was difficult. Then there was the whole party scene, and I was still not legal in bars. She could be right, it's probably time to apply myself in that area also. Damn life gets complicated when you get older.

There was a night when all the moons aligned. Hank offered to chaperone Matt and Kit's science class to the solarium to watch a rare solar event. Sandy had offered to take a shift for a friend. Her reason changed and Sandy came home. I had a late class but the professor was sick.

I took a shower and had just entered my bedroom when Sandy pulled in. I waited at the bottom of the steps still drying my hair when she walked in the back door. Seeing her at the top of the steps I moved in full view. I had just the towel draped over my shoulder.

It was a long wait. I held firm she held more firm. I reminded myself as much as I didn't want to go this is her program. I turned and headed to my room. I heard the steps squeak.

Well at least she has made that decision I thought. I looked out the door and leaned against the frame. I knew we were both in the blind spots. Sandy turned and headed the other direction. At the laundry room she entered and then stopped just inside the door.

Mom turned to face me and slowly removed that horrible uniform. When she slipped off the panty hose she had on the sexiest panties I had ever seen her wear. They were still conservative but the upper band was below the flare of her hips and the front just covered her bush.

Her bra hit the ground without a notice until I looked on at her marvelous tits. I could tell she was apprehensive but she took several steps to the bathroom door. There she stopped.

The rules had been reestablished. We were back to where we left off before the disastrous event. I accepted her terms and met her at the door. Wearing only panties she was ready to begin the moment we kissed. She placed my hands on her tits.

Caressing and lightly pinching I was able to get the nubs hard. She pushed me back to the toilet the lid already down I assumed the position. Straddling me she took my head in her hands and controlled our kissing one more time. She was wet, I was hard. Sandy thrust, I pushed.

Suddenly she dismounted me and turned around. Straddling me facing away she placed my hands back on her tits and started stroking my cock with her ass cheeks. My pre-cum soon soaked the panties in back. The material was very thin and stretched. Soon more of my cock was buried deep in the crack of her ass.

Sandy rose and guided my cock head at her ass hole then stroked my entire cock against it. Over and over she stroke me. Had the material not been there then I may have made progress.

She was focusing more and more on her little brown star then she moved in such a way that the head of my cock was square with her anus. Sandy lowered slightly and allowed the pressure to push my cock and the material slightly in the entrance. It wasn't much at first, and then she moved lower. I was in almost a half an inch. If the material were to rip the next stop would have been my balls. The pressure was too great for either one of us. Sandy twisted at the waist and let me know that one day if I wanted we could do this for real. I smiled my agreement.

Getting her point across she moved again this time my cock slipped along her cunt from behind. Her hands making sure I didn't penetrate her. I took a few minutes but we found what she was looking for. I slouched down slightly and she

spooned inside. Sandy had positioned my cock along her pussy and the large mushroom end was just below her clit.

Rolling the waist band down the marvelous mini prick popped out full length. I rocked forward the first direct contact hit her hard. Sandy's head flung back her lungs begging for more air. Rocking back my cock dragged her clit hard against the waist band. Sandy's lips spread wider my cock went deeper in the folds, the pressure on her clit increased. Pre-cum lubed her clit and her pussy juice my cock.

Twisting we kissed and then watched our sexes do everything but fuck. Sandy moaned her hips danced. Her clit now red and swollen bobbed along my cock.

"OH! Oh! OH." She moaned.

Sandy came hard. I could feel the spasms reverberate through her body and into mine. I let my balls empty shooting hot molten man juice directly at her clit and stomach. When my cock fell limp Sandy bent forward. Pulling the waist band out she allowed my cum to drip down her belly and over her hairy pussy. Releasing the waist band she stood and turned around straddling me again.

My hands beside me hanging down I made no move to touch her. I needed her to know she was safe. She was in control, she could trust me. It was a step back in a way but it was important for her to see that we could always go back to her comfort level.

We just looked at each other in silence as always. I saw another piece of the puzzle that made up my mom. I knew she was conflicted inside. I knew in time she would make the decision she needed to make. I was willing to accept it either way. I proved that tonight.

A week later Randal called and let me know Heather was turned down at this time. It would be another three months before she could apply again. He submitted my name as a last choice but they believe female sponsors make better sense for female inmates who are not family. I asked him to call Sandy and fill her in so she didn't have to beat it out of either one of us. He laughed and agreed.

The first date was a fizzle, just not a good match.

The second contestant was plain scary, no thanks.

The third contestant was smoking hot and had potential. Hank was thrilled to see I was dating, that and the lack of any evidence to the contrary left him at ease. For Sandy each

date only brought more anxiety. She tried to hide it but wasn't successful.

She had suggested it and I followed through. Besides it isn't like she and I were ever going to be together as a couple? Would we? Sandy had Hank and two other kids to contend with. It isn't in her DNA to walk out on her responsibilities.

Nor were we just playing to have fun. There is a purpose to this. What it is for sure I don't know, but I am getting there. No this is serious business with high stakes. A marriage could be on the line, feelings will get hurt, accusations will fly, and more secrets will come out. I had enough to bury Hank all by myself but I promised Jerry and I have kept that promise.

I am under no illusions here and neither is Sandy. Each step she has taken and allowed me to take has been calculated and intentional. So was my dating another woman. I had seen a flash before and I wanted to see if I could confirm it.

Number three and I went to dinner at a nice place. Good food a couple of beers. We danced for over an hour. I surely couldn't take her to mom's house so I rented a room at a motel. A nice room for a nice woman. In the room Three and I made it to the bed still clothed. I started with the dress running the zipper down her back.

She took her turn by pulling my shirt over my head as we kissed. I could see her nipple strain against her flimsy bra. I teased her through the material before unclasping the catch. She lowered my slacks, I removed my socks and we were panty to brief chest to chest.

More kissing and more fondling. Removing her panties brought my face to her shaven pussy. I wasted no time diving in and having her moaning in delight. One, two then three mini orgasms pierced through her body. She gently pushed my head back begging for mercy. I knew she was close to the big one so I stood up and pulled my briefs off and rolled on a condom. Three looked at my hard on and smiled.

I slipped in her a short way her hands pushing back on my hips. I was too big. I rolled over and had her straddle me allowing her to control the depth. Three pumped up and down a few more times and POW! She was cumming again. This was the big one. She fell to her side and balled up in the fetal position.

I was driving home after dropping her off at her car. I guess a kiss was supposed to be enough to get me off. I could smell her pussy scent rising from my groin since there wasn't time to get properly cleaned up. That would work to my advantage shortly.

I pulled in the drive the clock was at 1:17 AM as I shut off the engine. As quietly as I could I open the back door. I walked through and was on the landing when Sandy appeared to my left just inches from the opening. Sandy had on her robe as usual but it was open down the front. I could see she was naked underneath.

I looked at her body and my cock instantly returned to the unused hardness from earlier. Sandy noticed immediately. I think she could smell Three's scent by now. I looked at her pussy the patch of hair was soaked her lips protruding her clit engorged.

There was no cum but now her scent filled my nostrils. Sandy had been masturbating. The swells of her tits and the hard nipples just out of sight brought my gaze higher. Sandy pulled the lapels of her robe wider so her entire tits were on display. She looked at me and then my crotch.

Mom wanted me to take my pants off. I kicked off my shoes and lowered my pants stepping out of them. If I needed to move quickly I wasn't going to be hampered by the clothes. Sandy smiled and looked at my briefs and nodded so slightly.

We both heard him coming down the stairs, his weight too much for this old house. I froze.

"In the cup!" Sandy burst out just slightly loud. Her eyes looked at me and then my briefs. Then a slight nod.

"Sandy what is going on?" Hank asked from the other side of the kitchen. Mom had her back to him. I was just out of sight on the landing.

"Mark is just now coming in, I need to test him." She nodded again.

She was daring me to trust her now. We both knew she was playing with fire. I slowly removed my briefs and socks with them. I was standing not fifteen feet from Hank with nothing but a shirt, a hard on, and a smile.

"Do we really need to do this tonight? Mark did you smoke any weed or do any drugs?" He asked. I could hear Hank come closer.

"No sir!" I said respectfully.

"Did you drink any alcohol?" Hank asked again. He was still coming closer.

"Two beers with dinner. I didn't drive until two hours later. That was at ten after we had danced." I explained truthfully.

Sandy's one hand dropped to her pussy she stroked it lightly as we talked. God this was crazy! I could see the sheen on her fingers. Pre-cum formed at the tip of my cock.

"Let me see your eyes!" Hank exclaimed. I moved just enough so he could see my face. Bending around the corner I looked straight at him. He was within three feet of Sandy who was still frigging herself.

"He looks good to me. Do we really need to do this?" Hank asked.

"Hank are you going to leave this up to me or are you going to do it?" Sandy asked rudely.

"Ok, Ok you win, do your test, I am sure I will be ok though." Hank replied as we both knew he would.

"We all agreed as long as he lives under this..."

"You're right, that was the deal. Mark enjoy the test but I am going back to bed." Hank turned and went back upstairs. We could hear his lumbering mass strain each step.

"How did it go?" She whispered.

"Mom!" I protested.

"Please, I need to..." Mom was still rubbing herself. She moved two fingers in her pussy.

"For her or me?" I asked. Sandy seemed taken aback at first. Thinking for just a split second.

"For her!" She said firmly.

"Great!" I replied proudly. Licking my lips, Sandy smiled.

"Did she?"

"Yes, three times." I held my finger and thumb close together letting her know they were little. "But then..."

"Protection?"

"Condom."

"Could she?"

"About half." I replied honestly. Sandy widened her stance shoving her fingers deeper in her pussy.

"And then? Did she?" Sandy was anticipating my answer.

"Oh yea, big time!" I smiled proudly. Sandy shivered as I answered. It was a small one. Precum was running down my shaft, my balls aching from the anticipation I hoped would come.

"Did you cum in her?" Sandy asked boldly.

"No!" I almost yelled to convince her.

"Her...?"

"No, no, and no."

"In the cup now!" Sandy hissed. She pulled her hand from her pussy and removed her robe dropping it on the landing.

I stepped aside as she went first. In the cup wasn't her way? It was always "pee". I always peed in the cup so it could be tested. But if she thinks she can just get me hard as a rock and THEN pee in the cup we need to talk! I mean really talk. I picked up my clothes and her robe.

By the time I reached the bathroom she was getting on the counter. Her back to the wall she pulled her knees wide and near her chest her pussy was wide open and dripping juice. The cup was just under the opening.

"Oh God Mark fill the cup" She hissed in a whisper. Sandy drove three fingers deep in her pussy bringing gobs of juice to the surface. With her other hand she took the first two fingers and formed a vee. Spreading her engorged lips to the side her clit poked through the apex. I had not been given permission to touch her so I didn't but I was going to let her know I can play the game also.

I stroked my cock until a nice pool of pre-cum gathered at the tip. Moving between her legs I tapped it on the edge of the cup just inches from her pussy. She was alarmed by my boldness but again I gained her trust. The glob dripped off

and slid to the bottom. I backed up so she was comfortable and watched as she stretched her pussy for me.

Sandy tried work a fourth finger in. She was trying to show me should handle my cock. I looked at her and shook my head. She went back to three.

She looked at the cup and then my cock. I could see she was desperate. I shook my head again still stroking my cock. I moved my right hand and cock between her legs towards her pussy. She looked at my hand and then at me. I could tell she was trying to decide if she was finally ready for me to touch her sex.

Just as she thought it would happen I gripped the cup with my left hand and moved it from her cunt. I looked her in the eyes and nodded for her to go lower. Stunned she moved the fingers surrounding her clit and rubbed it differently. I shook my head just enough for her to know I wanted something different I looked at her brown star hiding below her pussy.

Slowly Sandy worked a finger from her cunt and dared to touch her own anus. When she found it I could see her smear some pussy juice around it. I nodded in agreement. Sandy stopped everything she was doing in astonishment. I nodded again. The look she gave me was exquisite. She was

being set free to do something she had been suppressing for who knows how long.

Sandy shifted lower against the mirror her ass hole appeared to me. The excitement from her pussy had oozed down and now coated her puckered hole. Gradually she allowed a single finger to enter the forbidden orifice. Closing her eyes she let out a gentle moan. It was all I could do not to cum so I regulated my strokes to stay with her.

Opening her eyes she wanted to make sure I was still not grossed out as her digit was completely enveloped. I smile to encourage her on. Sandy soon had two fingers in her pussy and the pinky in her ass. In the next five minutes she pumped her asshole with all of the pussy juice she could make.

Frantically she looked at the cup then her pussy and then at my cock.

Fill the cup burst into my brain! I set it close to the hand buried in her pussy and ass hole. I watched as she strummed her clit when she started to stiffen I let myself cum. The first stream landed on her open cunt dripping inside. Sandy gasped loudly no longer caring if we got caught.

The second seared her clit causing her ass to bounce on the counter. Her hand went lower and with both she spread her wanton cunt open for me to fill. This was no subtle invitation. I could have fucked her at that moment. She wanted my cum inside her pussy!

So fucking hot! I was watching spurt after spurt of molten man juice land in and around her pussy. I could see her inner walls contracting in a steady rhythm as she enjoyed her climax.

When she was sufficiently recovered she collected my cum and spread it around her ass hole. Only a small amount ever made it into the cup. With a questioned look she wanted to know if I would consider such a thing. An enthusiastic shit eating (no pun intended) grin I nodded yes. Sandy took two fingers and scooped as much cum as she could and forced her fingers in her asshole.

It was late, if Hank was as suspicious I knew we had better stop while we were ahead. I picked up my clothes and started to my room. Sandy stopped me. She slid off the slimy counter and pulled me close for a kiss.

Indicating I should wait she raised the toilet lid and sat down. With the cup in her hand she licked the cum deposits into her mouth with a smile. As I watched she lowered the

cup and started to pee. The cup filled and flowed over as cum dripped from her pussy. The stream of piss ended with a large glob of cum landing in the cup. Floating on the surface she brought it close to see it.

My cock was at full mast. Sandy trusted me to know her darkest secrets, her fantasies and desires. Normally it would take several minutes to recover from an orgasm but I was so turned on I could feel it coming on now. I dropped my clothes and stroked my cock and within minutes I had covered Sandy's face and chest.

She was ecstatic! Mom started smearing it into her tits and licking her fingers clean. The bathroom looked and smelled like sex.

We were both close to going over that edge. I picked up my clothes and headed to my room. I locked the door.

Moments later I heard the shower running in my bathroom. It had been on for about five minutes when I heard Hank upstairs, he was coming down the second floor stairs. He was in the kitchen and then the landing. There he waited.

It seemed like an hour as I listened for him to move and Sandy to come out of the shower but it was only maybe five minutes. The shower was over, I opened my door looked

down the hall. Sandy appeared in one of her old pajamas about as sexy as a dish rag, a towel wrapped around her head, her robe over her arm. I tried to warn her but her glance at me was emotionless. She turned and saw Hank on the landing. Sandy hesitated for a second and headed up the stairs.

"What are you doing? Hank asked as quietly as his anger allowed.

"Taking a shower. Hank, you know I take one every night." The sarcasm dripped from her words.

"Why down here?" He questioned.

"Well, it's later than usual and I knew you were heading back to bed after Mark came home. I decided to use his shower so I wouldn't wake you. Besides I was already here."

"Where is Mark?"

"Hank really, are we going there again?" She was taunting him.

"Well where is he." Hank asked again.

"Ok we'll do it your way but I find this very accusatory." Sandy sighed. "Since you came down to spy on us. I watched as the cup was getting filled as always. He finished in the toilet, and no I don't usually watch that. When the test was over he went to his room, I assumed he went to bed? My guess is to relive the event with his date for the night. I then took a shower and came up to you so you could accuse me once again of fucking our son. I think that's about it. Yep that is all I have to say."

"So he is in his room?" Hank asked again. I could imagine Hank had not let his eyes leave the staircase knowing he had trapped me on one end of the basement.

"Come with me!" Sandy said firmly.

"No, it's ok." Hank replied.

"I SAID COME WITH ME! NOW!" Sandy exploded. I could hear them descend the stairs together. I closed my door and went back to my bed. I heard doors open and close, the shower curtain flung open and then finally my door opened. I looked up with the best I was sleeping look. Hank's face was crimson red.

Closing the door without a word Sandy was all the way upstairs before Hank started.

I checked the tapes that night just to make sure Hank didn't move the cameras. There wasn't anything to see but mom taking a shower alone. You could hardly make out it was her.

Randall called one day asking me if I could come in with mom. The next day we were in his office.

"Sandy, Mark, I have some news that will affect you both. Heather's petition has been accepted on the condition you both attend with her."

"How did mom get involved in this?" I asked. Sandy smiled at my reaction

"Sandy I know you work afternoons so I scheduled the two of you for the morning sessions. You meet twice a week for three months. If her progress is considered acceptable she will be placed in a half way house for six months. She will need to get and hold a job for that period of time. If she can establish a place to live in a drug free situation she will have served her sentence. Probation after that for two years." Randal explained.

I looked to Sandy and knew the answer the moment our eyes met.

"One more thing, one mistake, one misstep and she goes back in. That means no drugs, no alcohol, no contact with known felons, no guns... well you get the picture. Let me know when you decide and I will have some papers for you to sign. "

Sandy placed her hand on my wrist and nodded yes.

"Where do we sign?" I asked.

Heather had been moved to the county jail closest to our home. The first day was overwhelming to say the least. It didn't take long to determine this wasn't a place I would want to spend any time in. The day was mostly introductions and orientation. They repeated all of the rules and consequences. We were searched on the way in and the way out.

On the way home I told Sandy about the cameras at home. Sandy didn't say anything.

The second day they got right into it. The inmates needed to discuss their life and where they felt they went wrong. Not going to get into the others but Heather's wasn't pretty.

"Mark, you do whatever it takes to get her out." Sandy said as soon as we left the building. They were the only words mom said on the way home.

The program was eleven weeks long. The twelfth week they had a graduation party of sorts for the inmates who passed. I know the bar was set low, they needed to reduce inmate population. Prison had changed Heather in a positive way. She was making good use of her time. She got her GED and enrolled in some online classes. In the program she excelled in no small part I believe because of Sandy.

Each day started with group time then with an assigned counselor. At the end we had fifteen to thirty minutes of time alone in a glass room. Sometimes with just me or just mom and then the two of us. Heather and I talked about the old days, the fun we had, and the price we paid. She admitted the last time we met at my house she was trying to get me to supply her some weed so she could use me as a bargaining chip. I kind of figured it and told her.

As the weeks went on I came to understand how because of Hank and Sandy I was on the outside and Heather, with no

real family was in here. Heather also asked a lot about mom, odd questions, almost personal. The sessions with the group and the counselor were going good, I had no doubt she was passing.

In the tenth week I was driving us to the jail. Looking in the mirrors I saw him. Hank is such a tool bag I thought. He was following us in the company truck no less. Nothing like a bill board saying I am here look at me! Fortunately he got caught up in traffic and I was able to take a turn that didn't look like I was ditching him. Sandy was confused but said nothing. Neither did I.

The next week he was back, same truck.

"Hank is following us." I said deciding I had better tell her.

"Lose him again." Sandy replied. The only surprise was she knew about his attempt last week. I easily lost him this time he might think we knew he was there.

It was the last meeting with Heather, we were on our way and he was following again.

"Mom."

"I know, don't let him lose us this time." Sandy was pissed.

I will have to say he was persistent. He followed us all the way to the jail. The problem is he didn't have a pass to get in the parking lot. We parked and Sandy walked to the door. I looked back through the fence he was out of his truck his hands in the air as if saying "what are you doing here" I shrugged my shoulders and followed Sandy inside.

It was graduation, Heather of course passed as did others but not all. No parties but many hugs and congratulations. We made plans to get with Heater as soon as she was released. It would have to wait until she was at the halfway house.

"Mark. She is the one!" Sandy looked out the windshield as I drove us home.

"Mom don't you think I should be able to decide that?" I asked politely.

"By all means fuck your brains out, test the waters, go see the world if you want. I have seen you with her. You can't take your eyes off her. She has the tits, and ass just as you like them, skinny and tight. Bet her pussy is too, am I right?" Sandy looked over this time. I was busted.

"You're right! But still there is more to a woman than an awesome body. I mean when you are done fucking you need to talk about something? Right?" I teased.

Sandy looked at me as if I had said something profound.

"Mark you are right, but I still feel it, there is something about her. You give her a fair shot that is all I ask." Sandy replied.

"You really think she is the one for me?" I asked looking over at Sandy.

"For us!" Sandy replied looking at me squarely in the eyes. You could have hit me with a hammer and I would have not been anymore stunned. Did my mother just tell me she was bi?

I looked in the mirror, Hank was following us home. I told mom, she started to fume. I pulled in the drive and turned off the truck.

Sandy got out and went in the house, she was pissed. I followed right behind. Hank parked and was just steps behind me. She was in the kitchen.

"Mark check and see if the twins are here." Sandy said.

I knew they weren't but I went upstairs anyway. I came down and reported. Hank was in the kitchen red as a chili pepper and I assumed he would be as hot.

"Check the basement!" She demanded. I moved past Hank and started down the stairs.

"Honey I can explain." Hank knew what was coming.

"Not another word until he comes back, zip it." She snapped at him.

I checked the entire basement. All clear.

"They are not in the house mom." I reported.

"Good now I want you both to take a seat so we can all see each other. This is going to stop right now, one way or the other. Ok Hank what is it you want to know?" Sandy asked crossing her arms.

"Well you have been out together and I thought maybe I should know. Then you were at the jail and I thought Mark here was in trouble..."

"Bullshit! You still think we are fucking, quit being such a pussy and just say it!" Sandy yelled. "You thought I am fucking my son because I fucked my brother. You thought because this is my brother's son, he would be the same Casanova his father was? There it's all on the table now. So ask him!"

The hush in the room was deafening. I knew Hank wasn't my father and was pretty sure Jerry was but now there was no question. I wasn't sure I was ready for his though. Hank was just as stunned as I she blurted it all out. Hank looked like he was going to be sick.

"Ask him!" Sandy wasn't yelling but was adamant.

"You knew?" Hank asked me. He was so stunned and confused he didn't even remember the question.

"For god's sake yes he knew, how could he not?" Sandy replied. "You take to the twins as if they are on pedestal! Fuck Hank, have you ever just once called Mark 'son'? No, never. Oh you were always nice and polite, but never treated him as YOUR son." Sandy shouted.

She hit a chord in my heart, she was right. Sandy knew, I always thought she did but she never wanted to make a big deal about it. She was probably hoping I wouldn't notice. I had.

"Now ask him if he is fucking me." Sandy wasn't going to stop until he did.

"Mark are you or have you ever made love to your mother?" Hank asked almost in a whisper. He couldn't bring himself to say fuck.

"You mean make love like the two of us in bed, romantically intertwined, copulating until we both orgasmed, then, lying there falling asleep, lucky enough to know she chose me to spend the night with and still wanted to be there in the morning making love? No! Or are you asking me if we made love by her making sure I was satisfied so I could roll over and get some sleep and go golfing in the morning, type of making love?" I asked.

"No." I answered. "Or how about a night on the town where she dresses so sexy for you, you can't keep your eyes off of her and you can't wait to tear her clothes off so you can have pure animal sex?" I continued.

"No." I answered again. "Hank I have not done anything like that. If you mean just plain old put your cock in her pussy intercourse and fuck, the answer is still no. No Hank we have not fucked!"

"There! Now I will say it. We have not had intercourse. Now ask him about oral, anal, and handjobs!" Sandy was determined to get this all out. Hank rolled his eyes.

"ASK HIM!" Sandy yelled.

"Have you had oral sex?" Hank asked.

"No sir. Not with mom." I replied smiling.

"Have you ever been given a hand job?" He was so embarrassed.

"By mom, no sir." It was all I could do not to laugh but he was the one in hot water and I wasn't. I planned on keeping it that way.

"Have you ever...that is so disgusting no one would ever!" Hank was trying to get out of asking the last one.

"Ask him, leave no stone unturned, none!" Sandy said firmly.

"Did you ever, you know, anal?" He almost gagged as he said it.

"No sir." I said clearly. "I may confess to having sucked her breasts and fondled them. I say that because she told me she breast fed me. Personally don't remember those days." Even mom smiled a bit, I was telling the truth, well at least most of it.

"Any other questions Hank?" Sandy hissed. She looked at him with fire in her eyes.

"No Sandy." Hank replied. He was defeated and he knew it. He had stepped over the line and got caught.

"Mark, any questions?" Mom asked. I shook my head.

"Good, now here is how it's going to go from this point. Hank I am not going to make you apologize to me or Mark. You did what you thought you needed to do. Besides if I make you, there will always be resentment from you." Sandy explained.

"You both are going to leave this house. Mark I want you home when the twins get here. Hank you will not come

home until I leave for work. I will see you in bed. This matter is over as far as I am concerned. This house will go back to normal." Sandy said clearly.

"Mark will be moving out as soon as we can find him an affordable place to live. That will remove the testing rule. It will stay in place as long as he lives here. The twins must never know. I will tell them about Mark and his real father when they are old enough to handle it. Hank you will never call Mark son, to do so now would be an insult to you both. Any questions?"

I raised my hand.

"Mark!" She called my name like I was in school.

"I can't afford an apartment." I explained.

"I know. Jerry left you some money for school. I was going to tell you when you finished the community college. I didn't want you to think you were on easy street. As for the apartment he left me a tidy sum also. It was earmarked for Hank's and my retirement but this is more important. Besides if you don't move out it seems there will be no Hank and I. Even then there may not be!" Sandy suggested.

"Sandy!" Hank protested.

"Hank, if you so much as step out of line once with this spying thing you can kiss your ass goodbye. Are we clear?" Sandy asked.

"Sandy!"

"I said are we clear?"

"Yes dear." Hank replied.

"Good, now I want both of you out of this house!" Sandy had one more card to play and I had a feeling it would come soon.

I arrived back at the house well before the kids would arrive. Sandy was already in her uniform. We were in the kitchen she looked nervous. I walked to her and bent down and kissed her. Sandy returned the affection but I knew this wasn't the appropriate time. I pulled away and let her know I would wait.

"Are you ok? I mean about earlier, you know Hank and all?" She probed.

"I'm fine?" I said.

"Do you want to talk?" She asked.

"Maybe soon." I replied. Sandy seemed surprised by my answer.

"Do you want to go down and fill the cup?" I wasn't sure if she was serious or teasing.

"Maybe soon." I explained. She looked at me and somehow let me know she was mine to do with as I pleased. I picked her up and carried her to the sofa. I sat her down and then moved behind her. Gently I pulled her back to me and put my arms around her.

"Is this ok?" I asked.

"Perfect." She answered.

We sat and said nothing until we heard the bus down the street, Sandy turned to me and we kissed like true lovers. She was crying when we broke free.

"I love you Mark, don't ever forget that." She said.

Sandy hurried upstairs to get composed before she left for work. Her twins came in oblivious to how their world would change in the future. They were going up as Sandy was coming down.

"Whatever we do we can't leave Hank alone in this house. Do you understand?" Sandy said.

"Yes mom I do. I will guard the furnace room with my life!" I smiled.

"How did you get so smart?"

Hank came home about an hour later. I could tell he was edgy. He had a secret and if it was found out he would be fucked. The problem for him was there was no secret, and yes he was going to get fucked, just not physically. Hank tried everything to get me to leave, even offered to have me take the twins for pizza. I didn't budge from my room pretending to study.

It was about a half hour before Sandy was to come home when he came in the basement. He was desperate now. He knew if we found the cameras his goose was cooked. I let

him turn the corner to go into the furnace room just as he opened the door.

"Hey Hank, need some help?" He damn near had a heart attack.

"No, no, just thought I heard some strange noise from the AC, that's all." He replied visibly uncomfortable.

"Oh, well we should go look then." It was all I could do not to laugh as he got even more agitated.

"I think it's ok, I don't hear it down here. It's ok." He replied. Hank was sweating profusely I watched him go back up the steps. All day Saturday either Sandy or I was in the house. If we thought he was going to go down she would go to the laundry room or I would be studying. Sunday he came home from golf. The twins were out I was in the dining room on the computer. Hank just finished a snack and was at the counter.

"EEEEEEKKK! A SNAKE!" Sandy yelled from the top of her lungs

I almost beat Hank down the stairs. Sandy was on the washer pointing to something dangling from the ceiling. It was one

of Hank's cameras. Seems the tape had worked its way free from its hiding place and fell down. I wish I could see the look on his eyes when he saw what she was screaming about.

"Mom! It isn't a snake." I said knowing exactly what it was. I moved past Hank and pulled at the object. The cable stopped any further movement.

"What is it?" She squealed. I looked at Hank he was white as a ghost.

"I think it's a camera?" I replied. I lied, I knew it was. Hank was still in shock. I followed the cable until it went into the furnace room. Opening the door I pretended to follow the cable until it led to the recorder and monitor neatly hidden. Hank terrified, Sandy was fuming.

Sandy didn't even say anything. She turned and went up the stairs. Hank slumped on a stool he no doubt sat on to watch the tapes.

"Mark does that thing have a tape in it?" Sandy called down from the landing.

"I think so. Yeah it does." I called up.

"Please bring it up here." We could hear her walk to the living room.

She put the tape on the table. We sat there until he walked up. He stood in the door waiting for the tongue lashing he was due.

"Are there other cameras?" Sandy asked calmly.

"Yes." Hank mumbled

"How many?"

"Three."

"And where are they pointed to?" Sandy was still calm and controlled.

"The shower, Marks bed, and the loveseat." He raised his head just enough to see why she wasn't yelling.

"For how long?" Sandy asked quietly.

"Maybe six months." Hank hung his head again.

"So Mark has had no privacy for six months? Is that correct?"
She asked with no emotion.

"Yes I guess so."

"You guess so? You have accused Mark of fucking me and now he is subject to recording." Sandy replied still calm. "Did you see us together?"

"No." Hank answered.

"Maybe you watched him jack off. Are you a closet homosexual? It's ok if you are Hank, it really is." Mom said a bit more agitated.

"Sandy you know that isn't true!" Hank replied.

"So you watched a young man take a shower every day and you don't think so? Hey I took a shower there also, is that on this tape too?" Sandy was getting furious. "I don't know what to do Hank I really don't, maybe we should call the cops and let them figure it all out!"

"Sandra!" He knew he was in really deep calling her by her given name. "Please don't! I will make this up to you, to you both?" Hank was quivering where he stood.

"I suggest you start by removing that shit from my house this instant." Sandy said pointing to the basement. Hank ran down the stairs as fast as he could move.

She turned to me. "How can I make it up to you?"

"Can I decide?" I asked with a smile.

"If you like?" She agreed.

"I would."

"I can trust you?"

"You can." I assured her.

"Ok the in the morning when they are gone." She suggested.

"Deal."

I left shortly after heading to the upscale mall across town. I knew exactly what I wanted. I approached the sales counter in one of the best stores in town. The woman at the counter looked at me with a smirk but I wasn't deterred. She helped me with exactly what I wanted, exactly.

My cock was dripping pre-cum all morning in anticipation. It wasn't whatever I wanted but what she would agree to that mattered. This should be easy I thought. I wasn't disappointed when she came down the stairs her robe gaping open her tits bouncing with each step. The pink silk panties hiding the prize within only heightened my desire. She followed me into the bathroom where we kissed long and passionately. My cock pressed against her belly coating her with my pre-cum. I sat her on the counter and indicated I wanted to remove her panties.

"Can I trust you?" She asked quietly.

OH FUCK! Something was wrong, very wrong. Sandy spoke! We never speak, it was the unspoken rule. I looked at her and she knew what she had done. I tried to ignore it hoping it was just a mistake. I gave her a nod letting her know I could be trusted. Sandy slowly slipped off her panties.

Now I knew I was in trouble, all I saw was a hairy pussy. This was the object of my desire but there was no want or need on display? No plump lips, no moist hair, no sign of a clit that was begging for attention. I could feel myself go soft. I decided I would go through with it anyway. I gave her the first box Sandy seemed excited when she opened it. It was a razor, not just any razor it had a long slender smooth teardrop handle with beautiful designs. It was expensive.

"Mark honey it's beautiful! I mean that, I love it but I don't know? If I did, it would be so obvious." There she did it again. It changed everything. We were just like everybody else now. The ambiguity had vanished. Words left no mystery, no guessing, and no learning. It was inevitable I guess, but why now, why today?

I knew she might think of that, so did I, which is why I never did any of the obvious stuff. No lingerie, no sexy dresses, no expensive jewelry, or sex toys. Shaving her pussy would be obvious but I came with a backup. I handed her the second package with a smile.

Sandy took the gift and opened it. Inside was a long smooth hard plastic case similar to one you would keep glasses in. It was longer and smaller in size. Sandy opened it and inside was a pair of personal grooming scissors. The handles were delicate the blades razor sharp. Her response was polite but not what I had hoped for.

"I knew the first one may be too far but I thought just a trim may be exciting just the same." I said, breaking the rules myself. I knew we were done. If I had to talk her into it...

"Thank you honey, they're beautiful. It's just..." I put my finger to her lips stopping what I already knew. I turned and headed back to my room.

I dressed as she looked at me in silence. I might be frustrated and disappointed but she was in pain.

"Just so you know I am not mad." I started to explain. "I guess for so long I couldn't believe it was happening to me that I was just happy it was. I always told myself this day would come and I should accept it for what it was, a marvelous experience. Thank you for helping me become a better person."

She walked to me her robe now pulled tight across her chest, even her nipples were not hard. She guided me to sit down.

"Mark I love you, and I am in love with you. Right now I would like nothing more than to take those lovely gifts and have you shave me clean so you can suck on my clit like you so dearly want. I would let you bury the best cock I have ever

laid eyes on until I cried in happiness. I would suck you off so you could fuck my ass." Sandy replied.

"I would do all of that in a minute. But I have two other children and a husband of twenty years to think of too. We both know he has dug himself a deep hole but to be fair we have helped. I have not been happy for some time but he deserves a fair chance. With you here he will never get it. I would chose you." Her nipples started to harden.

"Do you mean that?" I asked. I was serious and she knew it.

"Yes I do baby, at least today!" Mom said then kissed me. "I have thought long and hard about this. What we have been doing isn't fair to you. How do I know I am not manipulating you and then twenty years from now you hate me for ruining your life?"

I started to reply but she stopped me.

"I know what you will say now and I believe you. You have been so patient and I trust you with my life as well as my virtue. I have a suggestion, you will not like it but I would like you to hear it." Sandy said.

This is more talking than we had over the last year and a half maybe it was time. But as she talked about my future I saw what she was eluding to.

"Did you ever love him?" Sandy was taken aback by my question. "Hank, were you ever in love with him?"

"Hank was and is a good man. I have been hard on him lately. He had affairs years ago, I knew about them, and he knew I knew. He thought we were even for what he thinks I did to him. I was a wild girl, hanging with the wrong crowd. Drinking and partying. He thinks I was drunk the night you were conceived, but I wasn't drunk. Jerry was putting the moves on one of my friends. She was his type flirty and loved sex. I wanted her for myself." Mom admitted.

I thought back to Heather and what Sandy said about her. She was the one for us.

"One thing led to another, and here is my eighteen year old brother with the two of us. I wanted it in me. God he was inexperienced but he fucked my brains out. Twice. Mark, I loved it, yes I did. But the little shit was a player. Oh he kept me on a string using me as his fuck toy until he found out I was pregnant. That was when Jerry quit school and skipped town." Mom explained. "You know the rest of that story."

"So he just left?" I asked.

"He never abandoned me. He visited all the time. He sent money." Sandy replied. "He couldn't bear to be around you and not have you as his own. We were young and reckless."

"You were in love with him!" I asked seeing how much for the first time. "What about Hank?"

"Well Hank thought he would be my White Knight and save me from myself, who knows maybe he did. It wasn't long before I got pregnant with the twins. Then the pecker head started sleeping around just to show me he was the boss. We worked through that. He is a good man, he has provided well and taken care of all of us" Her eyes were looking into space.

"But are you in love with him?" I asked again.

"I am in love with you. Don't you see? Just like I was with Jerry way back then. That is why we must wait." Sandy started to get emotional.

"Tell me your plan?" I smiled.

"The twins will be eighteen and graduated from high school in less than two years. You should be through with college. I suggest we take a break until then." Sandy suggested. "You will date other women, and I mean date, no being a hermit sulking in a room. I want you to give this an honest effort. I want you to see who you are as a man out there." She was pointing with her arm.

"I will start my life over with Hank, with you out of the picture. No temptations for me. Then we'll see how we feel at that time. Until then it would be life as usual, we'll be mother and son." Sandy continued. "You will continue to act as you have while we were experimenting. No pouting, no snide remarks, no grab ass. If you can do that for me, for us, I promise to consider if we should take this where we both want it to go today. Is it a deal?"

"Can we kiss on it?" I asked.

"I would love that Mark! Would you hold my tits, that way you can keep your eyes on mine." Sandy teased. We did and I did. Mom agreed we could kiss on a regular basis just to reaffirm our bond.

Chapter 3

Sandy and I looked at apartments for several days but the costs seemed high. Then through work she heard about a house that was for rent with the option to buy. The house was in an older neighborhood, nothing special a small three bedroom. It was the grandparent's home at one time. The décor was dated, the kitchen and one bath had been updated. It was clean and partially furnished.

Two things sealed the deal, it was cheaper than renting and was within walking distance from the restaurant. This was important since Heather started working there with Sandy. She still had to live at the halfway house for a few months but when her time was up she now had a place to live. How did my mother ever get so smart?

Matt and Kit were thrilled to come over and help arrange and set up my stuff. It wasn't much but the fact they wanted to help meant a lot to me. The twins were growing up and becoming quite accomplished in their own right. As you can imagine Hank didn't make an appearance.

I got settled in and started working full time again with the inspectors. I had thought of getting into building maintenance but decided to try my hand at real estate.

Once I was settled the first thing I did was contact my uncle Randall. With his help I had my last name change to my real fathers. I would be Mark Hancock forever more. Mom seemed happy I chose to recognize his involvement in my life. She and I both decided not to tell the twins at this time. Mom wanted to wait until they were adults.

I invited Five to the house one Saturday night after we left the game. Closing the front door she embraced me for another kiss. I led her to my room.

I undressed her and she me. It takes longer but it is much more fun. Her soft skin felt like heaven. I slipped my hands over her hips. Five had curves, she was a bit bigger than most girls I dated. Fives body was a bit softer but her desire was genuine.

"Please put it in me!" Five begged. My concern about lubrication was dismissed as I started to slip deeper.

Her pussy was well ahead of me, my condom covered cock started its journey. It still took several strokes before she started to enjoy it. Her pussy was tight, she moaned with each thrust.

"Let me adjust. It's been awhile." Five whispered. She gripped my hips and slowly guided my thrusts. The feeling

was closer to anal sex, my cock felt like it was in a vice. For me the sensation was incredible.

Five was picking up our pace, I could tell she was closer than me. I let her control the rhythm we moved into. Five was gasping for air her moans were filling the room. I was now along for the ride as he used me almost as a human dildo. Then just when I thought she forgot all about me she came.

"Yes Mark, Yes!" She bucked beneath me. Five was pulling me into her desperately. "You're so big!"

Five was definitely carried away, I could feel the tremors pulse through her body.

"Fuck me, fill my pussy! Don't stop until you fill me up!" She hissed.

Relinquishing control I set a new faster pace. Her pussy well lubricated by her excitement the feeling was more velvet like. I pulled my cock until the head caressed her lips and plunged down firmly

"Yes! Do it again!" She begged. I repeated it over and over, Five writhed as mini orgasms one after another flushed through her. "More, please more!"

I was on the verge of cumming, Five was desperate so I plunged deep and pulled back to her lips.

"Come get it, show me how much you want it!" I teased. Holding my cock at her entrance she felt me fill the condom with the first blast. Thrusting her pelvis she took me deep the next shot was against her cervix. "Take it take it all!" I demanded.

"Fuck me, you bastard!" Five raked my back punishing me for playing with her. She started to cum as I fucked her quickly. She wrapped her thighs around me and held me tight.

I was in the bathroom getting cleaned up, when I returned she was gone. I was mad at first but then it hit me. Five had used me for sex. It was good sex, very good sex. I learned another lesson. Smiling I went to bed.

Heather was working with mom and would come over to the house when she could. With no car she depended on the bus system to get around. Curfew at the halfway house required that she be in at eleven, so she had to leave work at ten to be on time. This meant she started earlier. Since I was at work we didn't see much of each other, mostly weekends. Sandy

filled the void since she worked almost the same schedule. We set up a second bedroom at the house.

The women worked throughout the summer getting it ready for her to move in. I transferred to the university, in late August classes started. I left the job with the inspectors deciding to dedicate myself to school and some real estate listings. With the money Jerry left me most of school was financed.

As a young realtor you are at less than bottom starting out. No experience, no leads, and no established network would discourage many. I had an angle. Through the city I knew all of the foreclosed houses and buildings. I also knew many developers and people in the housing industry. I lined up several clients that bought repaired and sold houses in the area, flipping was what it's called.

When flippers want to unload the house they are always looking to save money. I provided them with a low cost outlet. I soon learned that commercial properties were my best source of income. Commercial buyers know what they want, what they need, and what they can afford. What color the carpeting is wasn't going to determine if it sold or not.

Classes at the university were more difficult but I still maintained my Deans List status.

Heather moved in the day she was released from the home. It was awkward as she unloaded her things. I had been living alone for just a short time but I treasured the solitude. I was on number Seven by now. The last three were nice but nothing long term.

Seven was working out well. As most of the better dates she was older by some years. She had a child that lived with her ex. She was a looker, smart enough and fun to be with. Some drama with her ex but nothing of concern, at least not yet. I was her first post break up relationship. I knew that if she found another woman in the house it would be a difficult thing to explain.

Sandy, my mom, was working on her own drama. I was rarely around their house anymore, on those rare occasions I was it just seemed to add to the tension. The twins were doing great! Excelling at school they were looking into what universities they could get a scholarships from that they could both attend. They both had love interests and would almost always double date. Seems weird to me but they were that close.

Matt is so smart he couldn't boil water without Kit. Sometimes I think he would just live in a library and a gym. Kit on the other hand was smart but social. It was only through her efforts Matt got out at all. She included him in

everything. Kit pushed him to grow up kicking and screaming but he obeyed her every command. In return Matt helped Kit with academic support and protected her from harm. Even I wouldn't want to cross his path if he thought I was a threat. They were for all intense and purposes inseparable.

Heather started taking classes at the community college I attended in the past. She needed only a few classes to get her first degree. Many times she would come to me and I would help her study. Soon we turned the third bedroom into the study hall. It separated the two bedrooms, and other than a radio had no other forms of distraction.

Two desks and a funky looking long chair/sofa thing that was actually quite comfortable to recline on and read. It was worthless for a chair and since it wasn't flat worthless as a sofa. Falling asleep on this thing would take a week to work out the kinks, I know from experience.

Heather and I found a routine that worked for us. Our schedules allowed us to have our own space and still find time to be friends. I wanted to spend time with her since her release just so she wouldn't regress and fall back into a bad circle of friends. It was a stress filled time for her, I thought of dating her but decided to give her some space. She was dependent on me for support and I didn't want her to feel she needed to repay it with sex.

With no car of her own I was the defacto chauffeur when she needed to get around. We had many discussions about drugs and agreed we both needed to avoid them at all costs. Heather actually pressed the issue and came up with a word, 'Jerry' (of all things) we used in the case of an emergency.

Whatever we were doing we would come to the other person's aid immediately and get them out of the situation even if it required calling the cops. Mostly we just hung out, grocery shopping, homework, sharing an odd meal together.

Heather started dating on a limited basis, the community college had little to offer in her age bracket. An occasional working guy that had never finished school or who needed some kind of continuing education for their job.

We had a signal if we were entertaining. There were two lights on the mantle that were only decorative, and never used as a lamp. If one light was on the polite thing would be to not come in. It was on a timer that went off at midnight. If the light was to go off then you could come in and go to your own room quietly. This was to allow some privacy during the night, and if there was a sleepover the other person could go to bed and get some sleep. The other lamp was to let you know that there was a guest and that you were free to be home but be polite and limit your presence around the house.

We both used the lights sparingly since communication beforehand usually determined what was going on. On the rare occasion the first was used the encounter usually ended well before the final hour.

Number Seven and I used them off and on. Heather used the first one when she had a guy over which was rare, the second was used when the fairer sex was around. I always wondered what would happen if they were both on.

We had gained a fair amount of respect for one another. We worked well together. I did the laundry she was a great cook. We shared the cleaning and seemed to have the same standards. Some nights we just curled up and watched a movie nothing sexual just the closeness of another person.

After months of occupying the same space you learn a lot about a person. There is only so much they can hide when you share the same bathroom and kitchen. It's all stripped to the bare essentials when you talk about the hair plugging up the shower drain or leaving the toilet paper roll empty. Better yet farting when you don't think the other person is around.

I started my senior year at the university full of excitement. My sales have been good and I am starting to make a name

for myself. Heather is doing great, she has some prospects but decided to stay at the restaurant with mom for now and continue to work on her education. I am very proud of her. In fact I find myself being a bit jealous on the now rare occasion when she is with another guy. Maybe that is why my relationship with Seven is at a low point.

My agreement with Sandy will expire as the Twins head off to college. I am proud of her and myself, it has not been easy but like she said it has allowed us to see what we really want. True to my word I have limited my contact with her and not gone to the house unless Hank was home. I know I will never lose her but still...

Heather asked me to take her to a concert one night. She was going to be with friends but wanted to make sure she wasn't tempted. I agreed. The night was scheduled and I drove her about an hour away to an outdoor concert venue. It was warm and humid out, the place we laid our blanket was perfect. Her friends were next to us spread around several blankets. The slight breeze helped keep the heat from being too oppressive. Our only hope was it would get cooler when sun went down.

The comedian came out and got everybody in a good mood. I thought she was hilarious as she made fun of women. Heather kept poking me when she went after the guys. The warm up band came out and we opened our first beers.

Heather and I agreed we would consume no more than two beers apiece and obviously no drugs. Heather was still on probation. Getting drunk may get her in trouble but there was a zero tolerance for any drug including weed.

The warm up band came out and they were quite decent. The sun was down now and the weather moderated. Heather and some girlfriends headed to the bathroom trying to beat the rush. She was gone for some time but was back before the main event came out. I went when she returned knowing the line for men would move faster.

When I came back she was talking to a couple of dudes. I didn't know them but they looked like trouble. Heather caught my gaze and motioned me over. Heather grabbed my arm immediately and introduced Asshole and Shithead. My instincts were right they were trouble.

I held my tongue as they asked if she wanted to come party with them. Heather declined, politely. Shithead was hard of hearing it seems asking her a second time. Again she politely declined. I could feel her tense up next to me. When Asshole opened his mouth with the second offer I spoke up.

"Hey we really appreciate it, but we are here with friends and it would be rude to leave. Tell you what have a Bud on

me. Besides the band is coming out any minute!" I reached out and handed them each a cold beer.

Shit Head stood his ground but Asshole took the brews and slammed one in Shit Head's chest. They took the beers and walked away as the music ramped up for the first song. Heather kissed me like never before when they left.

Before long men and women were standing and gently moving to the music. We popped open the munchies and our second brews part of the way through. As the music played on I watched as Heather stood and shadow danced with another girl. Tall and slender her long black tresses flowed about her. Heather always complained she had no hips but from what I could see she had enough for me. It was a good time. She sat down and kissed me again thanking me for bringing her.

The weather was changing again I could feel the threat of rain coming in. I told Heather I thought it was going to rain. She suggested we leave. I had no umbrella and it was getting late. We still had to get out of the parking lot and then another hour home. We heading to the restrooms after Heather said her goodbyes. We were just reaching the building when I felt the first drops start to fall.

By the time Heather came out it was sprinkling. We were not even half way to the truck when the clouds burst open and proceeded to drench us both. I started the truck as we laughed about our soaked condition. I could see Heather's nipples press against the wet material and bra she had on. It must have been very thin as I could see the faint outline of her areolas.

I pulled the gearshift in drive and made my way through the grass parking lot. We were heading home. I had the AC on trying to keep the windows from fogging up but the cold air only made our wet clothes more uncomfortable. I looked over and Heather was taking her clothes off!

Before long she had only her thong on and was wrapped in the blanket that had stayed mostly dry being folded. I was getting clammy myself and uncomfortable especially my shorts as they started to dry. Heather made me stop, I stripped to my briefs and soon we were back on the road the blanket covering us both as she leaned against me.

"Are you trying to take advantage of me?" I asked as her breast rested on my right arm.

"I can if you want." Heather offered.

"It's temping but Seven and I are going through some things and I feel it would be unfair to her." I explained.

"She is a lucky gal!" Heather quipped. "I wished it would have worked out for you and me."

"Heather, there are things you don't know about me, otherwise you might not feel that way." I tried to warn her.

"I have a feeling there are things about me you don't know as well." She snuggled closer. "I would still take you Mark."

Back at the house Heather ran to the back door with the blanket and opened the door. I slipped on my shorts and carried the cooler and our clothes in. She was waiting for me in the kitchen. When I looked up after setting the cooler down Heather was focused on me.

"What?" I asked nervously.

"Come here." She grinned.

I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't resist the look she gave me. I moved in front of her she wrapped her arms over my

shoulders. I wrapped mine around her back over her waist. Heather kissed me aggressively.

"I don't think I have thanked you for saving my life." She whispered.

"Heather..."

"Shhh. I want to do this!" Heather replied cutting me off.

I picked her up and sat her on the counter. Pulling her panties off I started to lean her back to lick her pussy. She was already aroused when I started but soon I had her squirming on the Formica.

"Mark!" She squeaked as her hand raked through my hair.

I lifted her ass her slender legs now lifted back over her torso. Heather spread them wide her shaved cunt gaped open. I lapped at her gash and teased her clit. Heather purred then groaned as I progressed from one spot to the other. I felt her stomach tighten her breathing was short and choppy.

"I want you in me!" She panted.

"Cum!" I replied quickly.

I slipped two fingers in her and focused on her clit. Heather gripped my head and forced it to her pussy as the first wave of her orgasm started to take over her body. She pushed my head back clamping it with her thighs. She rolled one way and then the next my head following her like some fake wrestling match. I pulled my fingers from her pussy and tried to lick her dripping sex.

"In me!" She begged hoarsely.

I pushed my shorts and briefs down. With all the strength she had left Heather sat up. I pulled her to the edge and guided my rock hard shaft in her pussy. Her head flung back her rich black hair trailed in a wave.

"Yesss!"

"Come with me!" I grunted.

Taking the cue Heather wrapped her legs around me and her arms around my neck. I lifted her ass and shrugged off my shorts. I carried her to my bedroom all the while Heather kissed her excitement from my lips.

"Fuck me Mark! Make love to me!" Heather cooed in my ear.

I have to admit I started doing the first but soon moved to the second. Heather and I had sex many times over the years but we had never made love. At least I hadn't. Tonight of all nights it was all I wanted to do.

There was something about Heather that just felt right. I loved the feeling of her body under me. Heather seemed to feel the same way. She responded in ways that let me know she was getting just as much enjoyment as I was.

We made love for quite some time when I felt the need to cum. It was like she knew my thoughts. Heather wrapped her legs around me and held me firm.

"It's ok darling I want to feel it in me!" She whispered.

With one last lunge I filled her pussy and embedded my cock deep in her sex. Heather held me tight as I filled her pussy over and over. Then playfully giggled as lay motionless above her.

I propped myself up and looked down at her. I saw in her eyes what I felt. She reached up and kissed me. I then pushed down to kiss her.

"Thank you Mark." Heather whispered. "I should go now."

Like a fool I let her leave.

The next morning I was up and off to school. The next few weeks were agonizing, between the end of school and the drama with Seven I was stressing out. She was talking about getting back with her ex for the sake of their child. I wasn't much help as my thoughts were with Heather and mom.

Eventually Seven and I went our separate ways. It was hard and ugly break up, we both had a lot invested. She wanted to pursue her ex, I refused to play second fiddle. She suggested I was immature for not wanting to wait and see if it worked out for her. Maybe I was. Unhappy I had lost another girlfriend, I was glad that it happened now. I was free to clear my mind and finish taking my exams.

Graduation was a big day for me, Matt, Kit, Heather, Sandy of course, even Hank showed up. I could see the pride in Sandy's eyes as I walked across. Meeting me in the courtyard where they were gathered mom kissed me on the cheek and pulled me close. "Your father would be so proud of you!" She whispered. Sandy was gushing with happiness.

You would think the summer would be the busy time for real estate but I was actually slow. I had a few appointments but

it seemed everyone was on vacation or going there. Having been in school and working for the last five years left me unprepared for so much free time.

Matt and Kit were usually free so I spent a good amount of time with them, and occasionally their friends. Being away from home actually brought us closer together. Kit and Matt were still all but joined at the hips. The three of us started to form a bond of our own.

They were getting ready to move out of state, they had both been accepted at a big time university on scholarships. I had friends but they all worked during the day so I hung with them in the evenings. Heather was taking some summer classes in the morning two days a week so I scheduled my appointments on those days.

Heather and I were between love interests. I was holding off hoping Sandy and I could finally be together. From the reports of the twins I knew things at home were not good. I had kept my word and so has Sandy. It wasn't easy, I still had the desire to pick up where we left off and more.

Sandy is my mother, and there would be many roadblocks to overcome. I have no regrets of what we did, had Seven worked out maybe I wouldn't go back. I still have feelings

for Heather but it would not be fair to her to start a romantic relationship now.

All I could think of is taking Sandy in my arms and spending several nights with her doing the things we wanted to but never did. After that I could live with whatever decision mom made about the future.

On Heather's days she had off from work we would occasionally take day trips. We were headed up to wine country one day just driving along.

"Mark can if asked you question can I expect an honest answer?" Heather slid closer to me.

"Sure, why not?" I looked at her as she faced me. I was unnerved by what I saw. I had seen it before with Sandy. I had seen that look the night of the concert.

"It's kind of personal?" She warned.

"Go for it, I promise to be honest." God I hoped this wasn't going to involve Sandy. I stopped at a deserted four way in the country. I looked in her eyes. Heather didn't even need to ask, I could see it all right there.

"Do you have any feelings for me?" She asked bluntly.

OH fuck! My first thought was to make a joke but I knew that would be cruel.

"I do, I will not deny that." I replied honestly and respectfully.

"Is it my past?" Heather asked. I looked at her again. She was setting me up, this was a diversion.

"NO! Your past and mine are the same. If anything it makes me love you more!" I replied.

OH NO YOU DIDN'T JUST SAY THAT! I thought to myself. Did I really say that out loud?

"Its just..."

"It's ok I understand!" I interrupted. Heather shifted in her seat looking straight ahead.

"No I don't think you do?" She replied.

She reluctantly looked my way. I could see it there was more and it was coming now.

"So is it because I am bi-sexual?" Heather asked.

"No Heather, no, it has nothing to do with you. You are everything a guy could want. It isn't you it's me." I replied.

"You're gay? I would have never guessed!" She replied smiling.

"WHAT? No I am not gay or bisexual for that matter." I protested.

I turned and looked down the road. "Heather it's complicated." I started driving again.

"Mark, I'm sorry, it's just that when I am with you, I like myself. I like being with you." She explained.

"Look Heather, I have something I can't tell you. If it doesn't work out and you are still available, well maybe we could actually start over and you know, date."

"I could wait." Heather quipped. I stopped the truck pulling over in an empty lot. I looked over at her I could see she was serious. She was falling in love with me.

"No, please don't wait. Waiting is worse than if I said no." I looked past her. How could I tell her I had feelings for her too but couldn't act on them? Heather could see I was deep in thought.

"So I have been told" Heather was changing the conversation.

"I am sorry what?" I asked. I was clearing my mind trying to catch up.

"Oh, I have a friend that is in the same kind of dilemma. She and her lover would like to tell her boyfriend. But she isn't so sure how he would take it, you know another woman, the male ego and all."

"Are they hot?" I asked just kidding.

"You're asking me if another woman is hot?" Heather teased back.

"From what I have seen you have good taste in women." I volleyed back.

"Well thanks, I will take that as a compliment, I would do them!" She was getting silly now.

"Well have you?" I teased.

"Who is being personal now?" She protested with a grin. I could see she had even before she answered.

"Well, have you?" I pressed on.

"One I have." I could see she was truly embarrassed.

"So do you think he will approve?" I pried.

I didn't want it to, but the question seemed to take the wind from her sails. She was scared to answer the question. Heather looked away.

"He would be a fool if he doesn't." I wanted to ask if she was one of the people involved but the thought of it hurt.

At this moment I didn't want to know. The only thing that soothed my mind is it had been months since she had anybody over male or female.

"Mark can we still, you know?" She turned to me and I could see the desperation in her eyes.

"No strings attached?" The words stung her but she let me know it was still something she could accept for now.

"Friends with benefits?" Heather offered.

"Friends with benefits." I replied. "As long as I can decide when!"

"Ok tough guy, you decide." Heather laughed at my request knowing she had me wrapped around her little finger.

"Should I take you home now?" I teased

"If you do you will just have to drive me back out, besides I am a much easier fuck if I have a few glasses of wine. Just thought you should know."

I started down the road she slid close to me her tit pressed to my side as I put my arm around her. She turned the radio on softly. We rode with just the music playing.

"Mark?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you're not gay?" Heather teased. I tweaked her nipple hard as a reply.

"Ok. Ok, just wanted to make sure." She pulled herself tighter.

We were back at the house enjoying some of the wine we bought. Soft music was playing she was curled up beside me. Heather was true to her word and was in a particularly feisty mood. I poured the last of the bottle in her glass she slipped next to me.

Her lips tasted better than the wine, her hands fumbled for my zipper. Heather was a bit tipsy I'll admit but she clearly wanted what I had to offer.

"Strip for me!" I teased her.

"I'm not that easy!" She giggled.

"Please?" I pouted. "I have more wine!"

"Well in that case maybe I am!" Heather laughed.

It was like we were on a deserted island just her and me. Heather swayed to the music. Each garment she took off seemed to make her even more beautiful. When she was naked she looked at me to gauge my reaction.

"God you are beautiful!" I whispered. She knew I meant every word.

"Mark. I need to tell you something." Heather suddenly seemed scared.

"Later my love." I replied standing up. "Right now let's just ..."

Heather threw herself at me knowing how much I wanted her. We kissed like real lovers.

I was scared now, scared I was falling in love with her. With my arms wrapped around her Heather melted in my grasp. She pulled at my jeans releasing them. Slithering down me she pulled out my hardening cock.

"Mmmmm!" I moaned as she covered the head with her mouth.

Slowly but effectively Heather had my proud soldier at attention. I removed my shirt as she knelt before me. I looked down enjoying the view from above. Heather looked up I could see passion in her eyes, she was truly happy trying to please me.

It didn't take as long as I had hoped, but longer than she planned. Heather was on a mission to accomplish the task at hand, and I basked in sexual bliss as she succeeded. Her mouth was filled her cheeks puffed out, she broke the seal with my shaft and let my cum drool as it escaped.

Heather seemed to relish the wickedness of such a display. She swallowed what was still in her mouth, her fingers collected the remnants on her chin. She stroked my slick shaft with her other hand as her fingers fed the errant emissions back in her mouth. Only the glob dangling from her left nipple seemed to escape the same fate.

"You missed some!" I teased, looking at her tit.

Heather looked down and found the rouge glob. Her fingers brushed it from her hard nipple and sentenced it to the same fate as the others.

"Any more?" Heather asked in a sultry voice.

"If you keep doing that there will be!" I looked at her other hand still stroking me.

"Oh!" She giggled. "I have other plans for that!"

I helped Heather up and finished undressing. Leading her to my bedroom I placed her gently on the bed.

"Fill me up my love!" Heather purred using my words.
"Make love to me all night Mark."

"That would be my pleasure!" I replied back.

And make love is what we did. It didn't last all night but damn close. When we were both more than satisfied I laid beside Heather holding her tight.

"What did you want to tell me?" I whispered.

I brushed a strand of hair from her cheek as she looked up at me. I could see the fear come back into her eyes. Her body tensed, all the happiness seemed to drain from her body.

"Maybe another time?" I said with a nervous smile.

Heather didn't even answer. She closed her eyes, her body relaxed against me, I pulled her in tighter.

"I love you Mark." Heather whispered as she drifted to sleep.

There was but one month left before the twins left for college. For mom and me it wasn't like there was a date on the calendar but it was significant just the same. I have enjoyed the last couple of years. I have dated, maybe even fallen in love with Seven. Heather and I have enjoyed each other and still stayed friends. I will have to admit mom may have been right when she said Heather was the one.

Still I had to find out if mom was really the one.

I have not mentioned Sandy much over the last almost two years. Well there isn't much to tell. I have been faithful with my commitment. We see each other on a regular basis I knew it would be stupid to break my promise. She was my mother and I was her son. True to her word we did find time to embrace and kiss but very seldom. We talked on the phone but always about normal stuff. We found a common interest in the twins and their growth. Many times they had come to me to ask about things a grown up brother could help with.

I shared many of these with Sandy but only if she asked. Sandy was always quick to acknowledge my efforts and praise me for being so mature. I would sometimes go to the restaurant where she and Heather worked just to see her. I stopped six months ago, I couldn't stand to be that close and yet so far away. Sandy came by the house many times but only if at least one of the kids was with her, usually both. We never had one moment alone. I knew she did this purposely removing any temptation on my part and hers.

I was working long hours now, maybe too long even Heather suggested I should back off a bit. It was driving me crazy. I knew my feelings for Sandy had not changed, if anything the time away made it worse. Some may think I was setting up Heather to be second fiddle just in case. Maybe subconsciously I was, but she was better than second fiddle for anyone.

Matt called me up and wanted to ask me a favor. "Mark, can I talk you into hauling our stuff up to college?"

"Sure buddy, but I thought Hank was doing it?" I asked.

"He was but plans have changed. I have a trailer rented and all we have is Kit's car so I was hoping we could get you and the truck to get our stuff there." Matt explained. He gave me the date.

"Consider it done." I offered.

It was just two weeks away I cleared my calendar the best I could but I had one closing that morning. Talking with Matt he was good with that. They had lunch planned with Sandy and then we would leave.

It was a three hour drive and then unloading and such. Kit and Matt even found a place I could flop for the night. They offered to take me out with them that night for dinner and a beer. My plan was to start back the next morning. The day arrived and as usual the closing was extended with some petty paperwork glitch.

I called Matt and told them I would miss lunch and just go ahead without me. I rushed over after the meeting. The twins

seemed quiet when I got there, something wasn't right. I chucked it up to early homesickness and the realization they were really leaving.

Besides I was so flustered I was late it could be they were mad at me. Matt and I loaded the last of the stuff in the back of the truck and headed out. Unfortunately I had missed Sandy. Kit said mom wanted to wait but she had an appointment.

We headed out of town, I was not happy I missed Sandy or lunch. Kit rode with me for the first hour. When we left she gave me a strange look and the feeling she wanted to say something. I could tell she was tired and after just a few minutes of talking Kit leaned against me and went to sleep. Matt and I stopped at a rest stop and Kit drove her car so he could ride with me.

"Mark, I want to thank you for doing this." Matt offered as we followed Kit back on the highway.

"No problem buddy glad to do it!" I replied happy to be part of their lives.

"Have you talked to mom today?" He asked.

"Not today, sorry I missed lunch. The closing got all jammed up by some paperwork." I explained. "Is everything ok?"

"Yeah." He said too vaguely. I was expecting an explanation.

"Have you talked to Hank?" Matt asked next. I was surprised Matt didn't refer to him as dad, he always had before.

"Nah, we don't talk very often unless I come over." I replied looking over at him. I could see he was hiding something. Matt was a terrible liar.

"Something I should know?" I asked bluntly.

"It's not important." Matt wasn't being very honest.

I didn't want our last day together to be confrontational so I let it go. We talked about college and how excited he was to attend this university. We stopped after another hour of driving. Kit came back and rode with me as Matt drove her car once again. We had been on the road for about fifteen minutes.

"Is everything ok back at home?" I asked Kit.

"Why what did Matt tell you?" Kit asked defensively.

"Nothing. Just asked some questions I thought were strange." I said without telling her what Matt said.

"There was a bit of drama this morning but nothing to worry about." Kit looked over to see if I was buying it.

"You're not going to tell me either are you?" I asked smiling.

"I think it best you don't ask." Kit replied not smiling.

We rode in silence, I again decided not to pry any further. Kit kept looking over at me, I wasn't sure if she was waiting for me to say something or she wanted to. I wasn't happy to be left hanging but I really had no choice. I wasn't pissed but I sure as hell not happy either. The conversation stopped abruptly.

"Mark do you think you can love two people equally?" Kit asked out of the blue.

"I assume you are talking more than just friends?" I questioned for clarity.

"Yeah, I mean really love them." Kit made it perfectly clear.

"I don't see why not?" I replied without questioning why.

"What if you have never been romantic with one of them?" Kit asked.

I almost choked when she said it. Did she know about mom? I knew they were close but Sandy would never tell her about that. Did she know about Heather and me? It only made sense, we did live together. I felt trapped by Kit, I didn't know what to say. I looked over to see if she was talking about me but her look was still questioning.

"Someone other than Steve?" I asked. Kit nodded yes. I purposely asked the question as if it was for her. I was relieved when she suggested it was her. "Does Steve know?"

"No." Kit looked at me like she was asking for forgiveness.

"Does the other guy know how you feel?" I asked trying to get the big picture.

"I don't think so. I mean I never approached him." Kit looked out the windshield.

"Does he at least know who you are?" I teased. "I mean he has met you, right?"

"Yeah, but he probably thinks I am still a kid. It's just that he is so nice to me when we are around." Kit sighed. "There is just something about him..."

"Well maybe you should drop a few hints." I teased some more cutting her off.

"Yeah, maybe someday. I think now that I am going to college it will have to wait." Kit looked over. "What about you, is there anyone you are serious about?"

"Nothing serious." I replied.

"What about Heather, mom thinks the world of her." Kit teased me now.

"We hang out. She is definitely special to me." I said. "I think only time will tell."

Mat had pulled over in a parking lot. He asked if he could drive the truck up to the dorm when we arrived. I drove the

car as the two of them pulled up together. They were thrilled as I took several pictures.

Unloading was breeze, there were so many students willing to pitch in, especially the guys when they saw Kit.

Matt called Sandy at work and told her we arrived, then he handed me the phone.

"Thank you Mark. I really appreciate it." Mom said. "Here Heather wants to talk to you."

There was something about how she said it that unsettled me. Sandy gave me chance to respond. It was like she didn't want to talk to me. Of course I feared the worse. The agreement was we could be with each other after the twins left for college. The time had come.

Had she changed her mind?

"Hi honey how was the trip" Heather said happily.

What the fuck she called me "Honey" in front of Sandy. Shit! I didn't want Sandy to think she would be splitting me and Heather up.

"Honey?" I couldn't resist correcting her.

"I know, no strings attached. You still staying the night?" She asked. I was concerned mom heard that also.

"Yeah, the twins have their heart set on taking me out, you know big bother on campus and all." I joked.

"Well good you all should have fun." Heather suggested.

"Yeah I am kind of looking forward to checking this place out, seems nice." I replied.

"I have the early shift so can we plan on something when I get home?" She teased.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked curtly. I think she knew I was not happy.

"I have something special I think you will like. Don't worry I know the rules. I found something you always wanted and thought I would get it for you." Heather seemed happy toying with me.

"Sounds expensive." I replied happier. Bringing up the rules softened any objections I might have.

"On a waitress pay, dream on buddy." Heather teased.

"You sure I will like it?" I teased back.

"Men are never happy. I have to get back to work!" With that she hung up.

Setting up all the furniture dragged on. We ordered the typical college food, pizza. It was ten when they started to the bar scene. I went but by eleven it was clear my presence was no longer needed. I pulled Matt and Kit aside and told them I was headed home. Matt gave me a brotherly hug.

Kit headed outside with me leaving Matt inside.

"I am going to miss you Mark." Kit said as I headed to the truck.

"Yeah I think I will miss you two brats too!" I kidded her

"Will you come visit me?" She asked.

"Sure if you want me to!" I promised. I thought it odd she didn't say 'us'.

Kit hugged me, it seemed like she wanted to ask me something but then decided not to.

We exchanged kisses on the cheek. I watched her head back inside.

They had thanked me profusely and now were with their new found friends. I looked for the trailer rental and as I suspected no one was manning the place. I dropped the trailer next to another and pulled next door to the gas station. I filled up and left my card and showed them the trailer.

It was after midnight. I tried I really did but the excitement of the day had finally caught up to me. Each set of headlights lulled me to sleep. I was only an hour into the trip when I pulled into a rest stop. Twenty minutes was all I needed. I woke with a startle, a semi pulled in close behind me. I looked at my watch it was after five in the morning. Fuck. Oh well what did it really matter?

I went inside and took a leak. Hopped in the truck and headed towards home. A coffee and egg sandwich saw me

on the way. I thought about many things, Sandy, work, and the twins. I even gave a few minutes of thought about what Heather bought me. I figured it was another bottle of wine. She was right, she was an easy lay when she drank. Better yet she was quieter when she drank! Damn that woman could talk through sex.

Still it was always good. Too good, too intimate. I did love her. I blocked all thoughts of women from my mind. A half hour out I fell into one of my habits. I was listening to music and looking at all of the buildings around sizing them up as a potential sale.

Wherever I went I saw potential. I knew who was looking and what they were looking for. I have even talked an owner into selling their building to a client and then sell them one to upsize or downsize their needs, win, win and win as I see it. I made a mental note of some possibilities as I pulled in the drive.

I looked at my clock before turning the engine off seven fifteen, oh well Heather was on the job already. I walked in the house and headed for the office to make some notes. Just as I entered the office I heard her call out.

"Did you forget something lover? Or do you miss me already?" I stopped in my tracks. Was she talking to me? Wait! I knew that voice and it wasn't Heather's.

I turned. Naked with only a towel on her head it was Sandy. I saw her long before she saw me. I was looking at her as she was looking in the living room. Amazing what our brains can process in an instant. I saw mom. She looked fit, not quite athletic but close. Her tits looked slightly larger but more pert like they sat higher.

What registered the most was her pussy. Still covered with the full trimmed bush her pussy lips were flush. Bursting out her lips looked meatier than I have ever seen. They were splayed wide and open, all of her hair couldn't even hide that. Then her clit, it was so big, bright pink, and swollen it looked almost angry. They had been having sex pure and simple. My mother was fucking Heather behind my back.

All of it in an instant. How do I know because that is how long it took for her to suddenly look my way. I looked in her eyes hoping to find what I was searching for. What I had waited all these months for. But what I saw was shock and fear.

Our animal instincts are powerful emotions, passed down for eons. Survival instincts are very basic. Fight or flight. I

wanted to throw her on the floor and fuck that pussy and show her what a man I was. I wanted to hurt her so she knew how much she just hurt me.

I wanted to bend her over and fuck her and then fuck her ass! I wanted to lay her on her back and spread her legs and eat her until she screamed and show her I could do that instead of some lesbo.

But most of all I wanted to beat her to a pulp! It took all the self-control I had not to do any of those things and more. I didn't want to fight so I made the only choice left and that was to run.

"Mark!" Sandy screamed. She tried to grab me as I passed her in the hall, I was almost to the door when she yelled again.

"Mark I can explain!" She pleaded. I turned and looked in her eyes, this time I found part of what I wanted to see but there was still fear in her eyes.

Two fucking years you have strung me along and now you want to explain? Was all I could think? I didn't say it, but God I wanted to.

I picked up my keys and left the house I was down the street when the first call came in. I was driving past the restaurant when I saw Heather on her phone looking at me in the front window. Fuck them both I said to myself.

The phone rang, again I ignored it. I turned it off. I went by the office, the secretary had a message from both Heather and Sandy. God we are creatures of habit! They even knew where I would go! I drove and sat and drove some more. I knew they may even come look for me. I went where I couldn't be found. An empty building I was selling for a client.

So many thoughts went through my head. Most not good. Then a kind of calm came over me. Why was I mad? Sandy never lied to me. She never promised me anything. There was no contract we signed. She even sent me packing just so I wouldn't get too attached. Mom was honest from the beginning.

Heather wasn't my possession, hell I was the one trying to put her off. Still it hurt. I got back in the truck and drove to a place no one would look. I went home.

Hank was on the patio, a beer in his hand and several empties on the ground around him. I turned my phone back on, cleared the history and the voice mails. The office may

need me so I would just screen them. Besides it was hours ago when Sandy last called.

"Well if it 'isn't the bastard son returning to the scene of the crime." He blubbered.

"Hank what are you talking about?" I asked.

"Your mother of course, she left me!" Hank seemed surprised I didn't know.

"She did what?" I asked stunned.

"Left me the bitch did. Ah, I knew it was coming. After I told the brats who your father was she up and left. Hasn't even called. Thought you would have been all over that." Hank said finishing another beer.

"What? You told the twins?" I yelled.

"Yeah, just before they left me too." He waved his hand. What a fucking asshole I thought.

"Hey Mark, now that the cunt has left, let me ask you man to man. How many times did you fuck her?" He slurred.

He was drunk and he wanted to pick a fight, I knew better.

"Well Hank if it makes you feel any better you pick a number. The truth is I have never, not then, not now."

"Where were you last night?" Hank asked accusingly.

"Hank I took the twins to college last night. You should know, you were supposed to take them. I didn't get home until this morning. Been at work since then." I explained.

"Fuck, that's right!" He reached for another beer.

My phone rang. Hank looked at me as if I should answer it. It was Sandy again I cleared the call.

"Just the office I will get that later. Hank I have never had sex with Sandy." I continued.

"Ah that is what that no good private eye said too. Had him follow the two of you for months after you left. The fucker came up with nothing. Said you were never even alone with her." Hank admitted. "I fired that company and hired another, six months and the same thing nothing."

Hank stared at me as if I understood what he was telling me.

"I know she is getting it from someone. That slut needs a good cock couple of times a month or she goes crazy. I still pegged you! I could see it in her eyes. Anytime she saw you she was a different person, she wanted you just like she wanted that incestuous father of yours. Still I had no proof." He started drinking again. "So here I sit broke and she is still leaving me!"

"Sorry Hank. But it never happened between the two of us." I replied. I almost felt bad for Hank. "Mind if I use your bathroom?"

"Sure go ahead, won't be mine for long." I went upstairs, the memories of the basement too painful to remember.

I came out and Hank is talking on my phone. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

"Sure Heather, he's right here, let me get him for you. It's Heather the jailbird." Hank said loud enough she could hear. He almost fell over as he handed me the phone.

"Mark thank god you're there! They are here." Heather sounded scared. "The guys from the concert, they are here at the house! Bring Jerry!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked confused.

"I need you now bring 'Jerry'" I finally realized she was in trouble. Heather had given me the code for help.

"I will be right there, hold on I am coming! Sorry Hank, got to go!" I yelled at Hank as I headed to the truck.

I hopped in the truck and peeled down the street. I knew if I took the main roads it would be faster but there was more traffic. It was almost one and the fast food joints would be packed. I took the side streets where possible, besides I could drift through the four ways if I needed to.

I reached the house in record time. One of the dirt bags bound up the porch, I could see the other just inside the door. As I cleared the truck he opened the door and rushed in. I bound up the stairs my feet barely hitting the surface. I went through the door and there was Heather in her uniform smiling like a girl after her first kiss.

She seemed happy not terrified. Shocked, I stopped trying to figure it all out. She looked behind me.

Then they pounced. The fuckers came from both sides. Before I could put up a fight I heard ziiiip click. ziiiiip click. They had put me in hand cuffs behind my back.

"I will kill you mother fuckers! I yelled." Asshole came around front, looking at Shithead he smiled. Heather placed a gag in my mouth.

"Now I know the rush cops get doing that." Asshole announced. "Heather can we do it again?" They moved me to the couch and sat me down.

"You two have had your fun, now it's time to go. But first let me introduce you to my fiancé Mark. Randy, Bryan this is Mark, Mark, Bryan and Randy." Heather grinned at me letting me know it was all her idea. "He's a little tongue tied right now. I hope you'll excuse his manners. He really is a great guy, maybe another time."

"We still get a free dinner right?" Randy said.

"That was the deal!" Heather grinned at me.

"With pie?" Bryan asked.

"With pie and whipped cream and a cherry on top. Now guys I am on a schedule." Heather reminded them.

The two of them left it was just Heather and me. Heather sat on my lap facing me she kissed my forehead gently.

"Now Mark just listen for a minute. Relax, be still and I will explain a few things. Sandy is in the other room, you will get to see her in a few minutes." Heather said calmly.

I tried to get up but with my hands behind my back and her on my lap there was no way.

"The longer you struggle the longer it will take. Like I was saying, Sandy is in the other room. You will see her in a few minutes. Before you do I need to apologize to you and then explain?" Heather whispered. She kissed me again.

"Mark I am sorry I ruined this night for you. It was to be a special night for you and Sandy. It's a night you and her both have waited a long time for." She began.

Heather had a tear forming in her eye. I could see what she was saying before she said it. I heard her but couldn't believe it. Heather slowly nodded her head letting me know it was true.

"We had a special night planned, everything was going to be perfect. Sandy came over last night, she was furious when she found out Hank had told the kids before she could. We knew the twins wouldn't tell you, and when we spoke last night you confirm it." Heather stopped so I could respond.

I nodded in agreement.

"I got out the bottle of wine and the next thing I know we are in bed together. It wasn't the first time. We have had sex several times over the years." Heather explained. I could see she loved mom too. "Then Sandy decided we should stop. She was afraid you might find out and be hurt. So for the last six months we have been celibate."

Heather kissed my cheek firmly.

"Anyway last night the wine, her frustration with Hank, her excitement of having you back in her life. Well it happened. You weren't supposed to be home until later today. Then you came home and saw her after we had spent the night, and yes this morning." Heather started to get emotional.

"Mark I am so sorry. I have hurt the two people I love the most. Sandy has been devastated, and I know you are too. I can't imagine what you think of her or me but it's all my fault!" She admitted.

I felt like such a heel, in my haste to judge I had it all wrong. Heather kissed me again, my cock was getting hard.

"Now I have to get back to work. I am late already. I can tie you to this chair OR I can remove this gag and take off the handcuffs and you can pick up where you left off when you left home. There is only one rule. No talking. Do you understand?" She asked. I nodded my head.

Heather removed the gag I worked my jaw a bit and was ready to say something to her.

"Mark! I said no talking. Anything you need to say can wait until I get back, deal?" Silently I nodded.

Heather kissed me long and deep. Her lips were needy against mine. Releasing my lips she unbuttoned my pants and removed them and my briefs. Moving behind me she released my arms then held me still as she removed my shirt. I was naked with a bit of an erection.

"You will need this. I will see you in three hours, make the most of it." Heather handed me a can of shaving lotion. Then she left the house.

I thought the house was vacant but in the silence I heard her sobbing softly. She was in the bathroom sitting on a thick towel on the counter. It was the place where my dreams ended so many years ago. We looked in each other's eyes for the longest time learning how to communicate all over again.

I wanted to rush to her and hold her but she was telling me we had unfinished business. Sandy looked at the shaving cream I was holding and then at her pussy. A simple nod of the head was all it took.

I checked to make sure that is what she wanted and again she nodded. She held the case I had given her with the scissors. I opened it and took the scissors out and started to trim her cunt hair.

My hands were shaking. Sandy reached down and took my hand. She pulled me close and we kissed like real lovers. After she felt me relax a bit she indicated I should start again. With steady hands I neatly removed the bulk of the forest.

Each clip of the blades revealed more of her beautiful pussy hidden under years of growth. I still needed to go lower but she wouldn't allow it yet. I looked for the razor. Sandy smiled and then to my astonishment she raised her hips well off the towel.

Moving her hand between her legs she reached for something, I watched as Sandy slowly pulled the razor from her ass. The long thin handle flared close to the end and before long the whole thing was free from its hiding place. My cock drooled pre-cum.

Sandy surprised me even more when she licked it clean before handing it to me. Christ I am horny. I pulled myself together taking a deep breath. I was finishing with the scissors getting as close as I dared even to her asshole. We kissed again, I was in no rush now, I wanted to do it right.

Applying the lotion elicited a quiet yelp but a big smile. I was concentrating on Sandy's pussy she was concentrating on me. The razor was amazingly efficient and smooth. There are many nooks and cranny's but Sandy helped me smooth them out so I could get to them.

I even gave her the razor and watched as she did some touch up from angles I didn't have. Moving she even got on her hands and knees and let me shave around her asshole.

I wiped the remaining foam from her rear and then licked her little brown star. Sandy quickly turned and waved a finger at me in a scolding fashion. I could tell she was saving some things for later.

Returning to her earlier position I cleaned the foam and kissed her one more time. I looked at her, I could tell she wanted me in her but I had unfinished business. I moved first to one nipple and then the other it was nice but unlike Heather, her nipples were not that sensitive. I then moved lower. Sandy tried to stop me but I let her know that this is what I wanted, what I needed.

The moment I placed my tongue at her cunt I knew she was mine. I wasn't trying to compete with Heather. I knew only another woman could know all the intricate details of a woman's body. I just wanted her to know that I wanted this.

I wanted her to know what she stopped from happening so many years ago. I wanted her to cum. When she was open and vulnerable I went for the kill I went to her clit.

Oh how I have waited for this moment. I had read and practiced, I knew how sensitive it would be so I killed it with kindness. Just my breath on it started her bucking. When the tip of my tongue touched the end of it she almost screamed

but when I coated my tongue in her juices and licked along the length lighter than a feather she came, and so did I.

"Oh Mark I am cummmmmmmiiiiinnngg!!" Sandy screamed out in pleasure. She pulled my hair guiding my pussy soaked face to hers and made me kiss her. My last shot of cum landed on her gaping cunt. We kissed and she licked the pussy from my face until we both stopped thrusting.

Sandy looked down, her cunt was as red as this morning, her excitement and my cum covered the counter and the front of the cabinets. It was so wicked it was almost funny. I lifted her from the counter and carried her to my bed. In one swoosh it was down to the sheets. I placed her on it and lay beside her.

We spent several minutes kissing and exchanging looks making sure the next step was what we wanted. I knew there was no going back for me, but now was the moment I had dreaded as well as anticipated. My cock was hard and thick her pussy still waiting to be taken. My eyes asked one more time.

"Mark I want to make sure you know exactly what I want, no what I need. I love you Mark, my son, my love, my lover. FUCK ME!" Sandy said clearly. There was no hesitation as I placed my cock at her opening.

My arms extended we both watched as I started the long slow decent. About half way I felt resistance. Her hands gripped my hips and pulled me further. I could feel her tense up as I continued. Still she pulled me deeper. There was almost two inches left and I could tell she was in discomfort. I pulled back before she could stop me.

"I said fuck me! Fuck me like your father did and then go deeper." Sandy urged me on. "I want you to make this pussy yours because after this yours is the only cock that will ever be here again!"

I entered her cunt one more time, she groaned as it stopped just short.

"Again!" Sandy commanded. This time I drove deep, I slammed it in.

"Again! You wanted this, now take it, take it all!" She pleaded. "Please baby I need your fucking cock in me!"

I slammed so hard I could feel our bones hit. I stopped and let her feel what I had been trying to give her for so long.

"Yes! That's what I have been waiting for! I have waited for this moment and it's ten times better than I had dreamed."

Mom whispered. "Baby this cunt is yours now and forever. If you never fuck me again I will die a happy woman. Now get going and fuck me! I need to cum and you need to fill this pussy so when your bitch girlfriend gets home she can lick it out."

I had waited so long to get to this point I wanted it to last forever. We both wanted this, we both in some ways needed this. I took it all in, every smell, every touch, and every sound she made. Sandy was tighter than I expected, but more passionate than ever before.

It was like she had made the decision and knew there was no going back. What was going on between her and Heather shocked me in many ways and in others I should have seen it. For now all that I could think of was how my own mother just told me she wanted me, and only me. There was no way I was going to let her go.

I thrust in her using my weight to pinned her to the bed.

"I love you Sandy, I always have!" I arched my back so I could kiss her, she responded by willingly accepting my tongue. I decided this wasn't going to be some wild fuck her until she cums or I cum, this was going to take time. "You are worth every minute I waited!"

Sandy squirmed under me letting her pussy work its way further up my cock.

"And every minute you waited I loved you more." Sandy growled. She pulled me down for another kiss. Words were no longer needed at this point.

I rolled over so she could be on top. She thought I did it for her but my motives were purely selfish. Sandy could control our fucking but I could control her. I could grip her ass and rub her back or fondle her tits. I could kiss her easily, and suck her nipple as it dangled for my pleasure. But best of all I could finger her asshole.

The moment I dipped my finger in her pussy and spread it over her brown star her eyes half closed. I had her holding her breath at first then softly panting. The more I teased the harder she forced her pussy down on my cock. Her wicked grin turned to a frustrated frown the longer I teased. She tried to push back but I just followed her ass.

Her pussy was loose and frothing now, I took more pussy juice and started to press at the opening.

"Yes." She whispered so softly it was hard to hear.

"You have to wait!" I teased.

"No, now!" She tried to push back.

"You must wait!" I held firmly.

"How long?" She whimpered.

"How long did you make me wait?" I teased. Sandy opened her legs and let all her weight settle over my cock. I could feel my cock starting to bend against her cervix.

"Yes! I like this!" She eased back. I wiggled my finger deeper, it had not started past her sphincter.

"Open up and I will put it in!" I whispered.

"Yes baby please!" She let her asshole loosen but with my cock stretching her pussy there was little room for my finger, still she tried. She ground her clit against me making her even more excited.

"Open mom! Trust me and let me in your ass!" I growled. I could feel her body literally fall over me her asshole loosened

considerably. My finger made it to the first knuckle, she moaned and then clinched it tight.

"Please baby just let me have it." She begged in a low whisper.

"Not yet!" I replied letting her know she needed to do this. "For your son, do it for your son, mom!"

"Yes, for my son!" Sandy relaxed her asshole. Slowly my finger slipped deeper the resistance was all but gone. I was like she willed it open. I could feel my cock beside my finger, she had them both all the way in.

"Cum in me, please cum in me!" Sandy whimpered.

Leaving my finger in her ass I started to thrust below her. Her asshole clamped around my finger promising not to let go. She bucked her ass up letting the whole length of my cock fuck her pussy. She was panting I was trying to make it last but she was greedy.

"Cum with me Mark, you have waited so long..." I jammed my finger in her ass deeper and she slammed down on my cock. "...hurry darling, it's time!"

My cock swelled, her pussy contracted, I could feel my balls send the one thing we both wanted deep in her pussy.

"Mom, I'm cumming!"

"Yesssss!" She groaned. I was fucking her and she was fucking me. My finger in her ass started slipping in and out my cock did the same in her pussy. Sandy ground her clit and bit my shoulder.

"I am cumming!" Sandy yelled in my shoulder. "Oh, Mark..."

I was filling her up I could feel her juices flowing from her pussy, she couldn't get enough of my cock. Over and over she slammed down crying out with each thrust.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I did until neither one of us could manage another stroke. I pulled my finger from her ass, she pulled my hand down and sucked it clean.

I was drained but not tired, Sandy collapsed on me for a moment, she felt my dick harden as she shifted on top.

"Really?" She grinned as she rubbed her clit over my growing cock.

"Really!" I grinned.

"In my ass?" She pushed up on her hands to see my reaction.

"Definitely!" I replied. My cock swelled between her pussy lips.

"Oh Mark do it now, do it before Heather gets back!" Sandy pleaded. I had forgotten all about Heather coming home soon. I handed her the lube I keep handy (I was a boy scout at one time!) she lubed me I lubed her. Sandy looked between her legs as she guided me to her nether hole. "Oh baby I have wanted us to this since we were in the bathroom."

Sandy eased down, her asshole resisted my offer. She wiggled her butt and took a deep breath. I held myself from moving, I could feel the head of my prick making progress.

"Can you feel it going in?" Sandy hissed.

"I do, are you ok?" I asked.

"Oh Mark, I am better than ok!" Sandy took a deep breath, she held it and pushed down further.

"It's so big! Just look at it going in my ass!" She squealed. Sandy was breathing quicker, holding her breath was getting harder. I think she was more turned on by watching it go in than the feeling from it doing so. Cum pushed from her shaved pussy the deeper we went. "I want it all!"

Determined to do so she pushed further down my cock. The lube made it all possible as her tight asshole scraped it ahead of her descent. Moans, whimpers, and her occasional commentary continued until she was resting on my balls.

"Fuck me!" She begged.

Sandy held herself up as I fucked her ass from below. She watched every delicious stroke, she bent her head back thrusting her tits forward. "Harder!"

"On your knees then!" I suggested.

Sandy whimpered when she pulled off but squealed in delight as I thrust it back in. She was loosening up now as her ass adjusted to my cock. I could see her tight skin follow me, I pulled out it gaped open.

"Cum baby fill my ass up, oh God you feel so good in me!"

I started pumping faster her cries got louder, she pushed back begging for more.

"Mom!" I warned her. I felt her rub her clit.

"Do it baby! I am ready when you are!" She hissed.

I pulled out one last time, all I could see was juicy pink flesh in her ass. Sandy whimpered, her hole contracted, I slipped back in, she cried out.

"Now Mark, now!" She panted. I shot one just inside her opening and the next deep inside. "I love it!" She squealed.

That only encouraged me more. I continue to finish fucking her ass when Heather moved over my shoulder and pulled me in for a kiss. Heather was naked except for panties, she smelled like work.

I gave Sandy one last thrust holding deep inside as she worked through her orgasm. Sandy fell forward spent, her ass expelled my shrinking cock. Sandy rolled on her back her

legs open her eyes closed. Her hands went to her tits she squeezed them as her lungs filled with air.

Heather moved between her legs and started lapping at mom's. Sandy's hand came down and moved through her hair. Her eyes still closed.

"You are right my love he is quite gifted!" Sandy cooed. She opened her eyes and looked at me. "And he has a wonderful cock!"

"I will leave you two, as they say three is a crowd!" Heather kissed me sharing moms pussy and my cum. They were both impressed I didn't shy from that. "Maybe some other time?" Heather suggested.

We heard Heather in the shower as Mom and I clung to each other. We had kissed before but the meaning now was much more significant. Free to do as we pleased, I caressed every inch of the woman I had longed for all these years. She was in my grasp and I wasn't letting go.

Chapter 4

Sandy had left Hank for good I learned. She was so upset with him she decided to leave when the twins went to

college. She had even gone so far as to contact a divorce attorney. Mom suggested she should get her own apartment, but Heather and I wouldn't hear of it.

It was a dream come true when Sandy moved in the master bedroom with me. I say master only in the sense it was the only bedroom that was big enough for a king size bed and two night stands. The house we rented was that small.

Mom and I drove up to see the twins a couple of weeks after I had dropped them off. Sandy and I both felt it was best to explain the situation with Jerry in person. The twins listened intently as she explained what happened. Sandy didn't pull any punches except to say she was young and was enamored by her brother. I was impressed she didn't apologize once.

Matt had taken the news like a math problem. The outcome was what it was, problem solved. Even weeks later he had not given it much thought. Kit on the other hand had not stopped thinking about it. Kit all but grilled mom about it when they were alone.

Kit and I talked about it for almost an hour as well. I think her biggest concern was how it might change the relationship I would have with her and Matt. I assured her I had no intentions of letting that happen. Then she through me for a loop.

"Mark do you think what they did was wrong?" Kit asked. "I don't mean having you of course!" She said turning red. "You know being related. Committing incest?"

For a moment I thought she was on to Sandy and me. I was a bit unnerved I will admit. Maybe I would have seen it then otherwise.

"I think only they can answer that." I said profoundly. "I can tell you I am glad you and Matt are my part of my life."

Kit seemed happy with my response since she started talking about school.

That August and September I was on cloud nine. Sandy and I spent almost every night together. If I was in love before, the feeling only deepened. The fact that she seemed to feel the same way about me filled my heart with joy. It was the last weekend of September, I remember it well.

The new schedule for the diner came out. Starting in October, Heather was being moved to the day shift. Until then she worked the same as mom filling in where needed during the day. She was being promoted to assistant manager. This meant she and mom had different schedules.

The good news is they would have the same days off. Heather started at seven, mom got off at ten during the week and eleven on Friday. They both had weekends off.

It was only the second time the three of us shared the same bed for the night. The first time was special but awkward. We all wanted to please the others so there would be no hurt feelings. All we did was fumble around trying to be polite. It was only when I told them what I wanted did it start to get exciting.

Sandy and Heather sat me down after that and explained that when the three of us were together I needed to take charge and be the man. They also made it clear that as long as they felt involved and loved I didn't need to keep score on who did what, and how long, or how many times.

This time knowing what was expected of me and knowing my limitations I was able to pace myself. Tonight I wanted to let them get warmed up before I got too involved. Mom and I started undressing Heather first. This was always exciting for us. Heather was such a sensual person, each touch or kiss elicited another response.

Heather, always the submissive one, pulled Sandy on top. They tore at what little clothes she had on. Mom now naked rested on top their lips locked in a passionate kiss. Heather,

her body long and slender, covered in many areas with ornate tattoos contrasted with mom's shorter but more womanly figure. What was clear from the start was they were into each other as much as I was into them. The fact is if Sandy wasn't with me I am sure she would be just as happy with Heather.

I disrobed as I watched the two of them start to explore farther along each other's bodies. I stroked myself slowly just to stay prepared. Sandy rolled Heather on top.

"Eat me, I need to feel your tongue!" Sandy hissed. She closed her eyes and spread her legs. Her cunt splayed open you could see she was already wet.

Heather happily agreed. Pushing mom's legs back Heather got on all fours. I had my chance and moved behind her. Mom moaned as her lover lapped at her naked cunt. I added some saliva to my cock and placed it at Heathers pussy.

"Fuck me Mark! Let her watch you fuck me!" Heather groaned. Mom gripped Heather's head and pulled it back to her pussy.

"Eat bitch!" Mom panted as she opened her eyes and locked onto mine. "Fuck her baby!"

Heather whimpered each time I thrust in her, that and the sounds of her lapping mom's pussy filled the room for several minutes.

I smacked Heather's ass firmly getting her attention. My balls were boiling, I need someone to cum with me.

"Finger her ass!" I told Heather. Mom's eyes grew big, she looked on as I was getting ready to cum in Heathers pussy. "Get it ready for me, open her up for my cock!"

Sandy grabbed Heather's hair, she squealed lightly as Heather penetrated her ass.

"My clit, bitch! Make me cum!" Sandy yelled for the entire world to hear. She pulled Heather's hair guiding her to the spot she wanted attended to. Bucking the little she could with her legs pushed back mom started to cum. That was my signal.

"I'm cumming mom!" I announced. I fucked Heather so hard she started cumming herself. Mom was shaking her head back and forth trying to push Heather's face from her pussy. But with me pounding Heather she had nowhere to go so she just kept lapping at Sandy's pussy.

I could feel Heather's orgasm race through her body. I watched as moms did the same. It was only when I pulled out of Heather still hard that she could move from mom. Sandy squeezed her legs closed and sighed relief that she was no longer over stimulated.

Heather flush from her orgasm moved to the side. I was looking at mom's puckered hole. It was slightly distended and covered in saliva and cum. Grabbing a pillow, I pulled her legs as she lowered them to me then pushed them back from where they just came. My cock sprang to attention, mom started to realize what was next.

"Heather grab the lube and straddle her!" I instructed.

Heather knew exactly what I wanted and handed me the lube. Within seconds my cock was bent down and lined up with mom's greasy ass. I pushed hard against her puckered hole. The wrinkled skin pushed in a bit then slightly gave way to the mushroomed head of my cock.

"You like that don't you?" Sandy teased.

"I love that!" I corrected her. "You love it too don't you?" I asked Sandy.

"Only when my son does it! Now fuck your mom's ass as only you can!" She smiled.

I looked at Heather and nodded. She knew what I wanted. Straddling mom's face she lined up her pussy.

"Eat bitch, eat your son's cum while he fucks your ass!"

Having just cum in Heather I settled in for a long hard fucking of Sandy's ass. What I didn't plan on was the combination of her tight ass and watching her eat Heather's pussy. I could see Heather starting to perspire, her breathing erratic. She had her eyes closed concentrating on the pleasure mom was giving her. Sandy was responding in her own way. She gripped Heather's hips and guided her over her face.

"Her clit!" I said to Heather. She opened her eyes and there before her mom's clit was protruding like a small missile. "Make her cum!"

Heather grinned her own body almost at the brink. She lowered her long slender fingers and rubbed the clit gently. Sandy bucked her hips as I rammed deep in her ass. I watched as Heather let the little prick slip between two

fingers. Then she tugged. Sandy must have nipped at Heathers clit because the next thing I know she is bucking wildly.

"AAAHHHH, you fucking cunt licker!" Heather cried out. She was starting to cum but not before she got revenge. She tugged on moms clit holding it taunt. Heather raised up and mom groaned.

"Fuck me Mark I'm cumming!" Sandy squealed. I bucked against her rapidly. She found Heather's wrist and pulled it from her clit then she slipped two fingers in her pussy along my cock. I started cumming as she writhed on the end of my cock.

"I love you both so much." Sandy sighed as she lay between us. We had been just reveling in the glow of what we all had done. No talking just kisses and caresses.

"I have made a decision." Sandy moved over me setting on my hips.

I didn't like the sound of this. Sandy looked at me letting me know she was serious.

"Mark, Heather will be moving to your bed tomorrow, I will move to her room." Sandy said firmly. "I want you to know this in no way changes my feelings for you Mark. My door will always be open for either one of you. Heather has something to ask you."

I looked at Heather I could see the fear in her eyes. She moved close setting up beside mom.

"Mark will you marry me?"

I wasn't expecting this. I wanted to look at Sandy but I knew this was something that was settled long before now. "Before you answer, there is just one catch."

"Oh?" I asked. "And what would that be?"

"Me!" Sandy answered. "If you say yes you get us both!"

I looked Heather straight in the eye, I wanted her to know I wanted her as much as mom.

"Heather, I would be proud to marry you." I pulled her down for a kiss. "First I have to warn you about my mother, she can be very possessive."

"Mark I love you, as for your mother I wouldn't have it any other way!" They hugged and kissed.

After we showered and dressed we all talked it over. I reassured them both I was truly happy to marry Heather. Knowing she would be part of our lives only made it better. I now knew how much mom loved me. She has assured me over and over there would never be another man in her life. I also knew she had strong feelings for Heather. I was all in.

Moving to the other room was strictly for show. The twins would visit at holidays and it was best if this part of our relationship was private for now. The only thing that really mattered to me was being close to them both.

Whatever the twins thought of Sandy, Hank was still their dad. Sandy and I agreed we would never speak ill of him in their presence. The fact is Sandy and I rarely talked bad of him at all. At first the twins usually stayed with him if they came back from school. Mostly mom and I visited them. Later as Hank's attitude towards mom degraded they stayed with us. Matt was a trooper sleeping on the couch as Kit got the third bedroom to herself.

Kit and Heather had always gotten along great. It was no surprise when Heather asked her to be the maid of honor.

Matt was of course to be my best man. Kit was involved in all the planning. Sometimes she would visit to help out, sometimes mom and Heather would go meet her.

Heather and I were married the summer after her proposal. It was a grand wedding if I say so myself. Less than one hundred people were invited, just the right size we thought. Dinner was followed by all the traditional music, dancing, cake and booze.

The last year may have been the best of my short life. With Sandy and now Heather sharing my bed I am never alone. Actually they kind of take turns, except on the weekends. Then they both join me.

The first couple of weeks it was sex almost every night. It was fun while it lasted but I soon learned quality trumped quantity. Sandy was insatiable as well at first, now she too has settled into a more realistic libido. Heather just wanted to be loved. If she and I had intercourse once a week she was happy. Weekends is what really gets her juices flowing.

I knew which nights Sandy would be joining me. Heather would give me a goodnight kiss and go to mom's room. Around eleven or a bit later Sandy would show up. Usually she would head right to the shower. Sometimes she would

look in on me taking her uniform off so I could watch her strip. Tonight was one of those nights.

"I need you Mark." Sandy teased as she slipped her panties off. She leaned against the door frame a wicked grin crossed her face. I looked between her legs and knew what this meant. "Please don't make me wait!"

Sandy turned and shook her ass as she slowly headed down the hall. She was waiting for me when I arrived. The house was small with only one bathroom, but it was good sized. Setting on the counter her knees bent back against her chest she presented her pussy to me.

Naked I wanted to bury my cock deep inside but she knew I would wait. Sandy held the object of our desires, the razor. It was the one thing she never did without me. Not even Heather was allowed to shave her. My cock dripped in anticipation, her pussy was clearly damp as well.

Beside mom was a short list she had made out just like when I was living in the basement. '1. Shave pussy, 2. Make me cum, 3. Fill my ass, 4. Wash and dry, 5. Repeat #2.' The note read.

Without a word I happily set about my duties. I had become quite proficient at shaving her by now. Words were seldom

needed, help was rarely offered. I knew my way around her pussy better than anyone save Heather. With growing need I deftly cleaned every nook and cranny of her sex. Each time I caressed her pussy looking for places I missed made her groan in pleasure.

Sandy thought I would turn her to shave her ass, it was a favorite of hers. But tonight I was in a bit of a naughty mood and had something else in store. Sandy whimpered as I slipped two fingers in her dripping pussy. I curled them deep inside her cunt and pressed against the roof of her pussy.

The sound of my fingers sloshing in her ever more excited pussy filled the bathroom. Sandy hung her head as she held her legs back so she could see how deep my fingers went. A gasp preceded a moan, her legs started to quiver.

"I need to pee!" She threatened.

"Cum for me!" I replied.

"Please Mark I need to pee!" She pleaded.

"Whose pussy is this?" I countered.

"Your pussy baby!" Sandy hissed. "Oh God you're going to make me cum!"

"Do it mom! Cum for me!" I repeated.

I could have put another finger in her cunt she was so excited. The sloshing got louder I could see her stomach tighten. Sandy bucked against my hand the palm lightly spanked her protruding clit. Her ass bounced on the counter her moans became louder.

"Mark!" She screamed.

"Do it! Squirt for me!" I said. Sandy squealed as hot piss squirted with each contraction.

"Keep cumming!" I encouraged her.

My hand was a blur in her cunt, each time my fingers pulled across the roof of her gushing cunt another stream splashed against my palm. The counter was drenched and so were both of us. Sandy pulled me in for a desperate kiss I could taste the tangy fluid that had made it that far.

Urine dripped from her nipples, she released her legs and pulled my hand from her cunt.

"In me now!" Sandy demanded as she pulled her legs back a second time.

She slid down exposing her asshole. Covered in piss and her cum I pushed against the opening.

"Whose ass is this?" I teased as my cock slipped past her sphincter.

"Your ass Mark!" Sandy looked deep in my eyes. "Now be a good son and fuck it!"

I looked in the mirror and saw Heather standing there looking on. Sandy looked over as Heather assed the mess we had made. Piss was everywhere, I was even standing in a puddle of it. Heather disrobed and lunged at Sandy licking her tits then sharing a kiss.

"Am I interrupting?" She teased Sandy.

Sandy was too far gone to answer. Her eyes half closed, she was relishing in the feeling of having her ass plundered.

"You're just in time I grinned." Heather stretched up and kissed me.

"How can I help?" She asked.

"Her clit." I replied with a wicked grin. Sandy's eyes bugged open as we all looked down at the pink rubbery nub exposing itself.

"My pleasure!" Heather teased. "And hers too I hope!"

They looked at each other, I could see Sandy begging her with her eyes to be gentle. Heather gave her a threatening smirk. Turning to me Heather just giggled.

"Tell me when you are going to fill her ass!"

Heather's long slender fingers toyed with Sandy's clit as I fucked her ass deep. I felt Heather slip two fingers in Sandy's cunt just like I did. Sandy groaned in protest as the pressure of my cock and Heather's fingers filled her orifices.

Heather pulled back the tender sheath protecting the sensitive tip of Sandy's clit. It looked bigger and longer than

I had ever seen it. Heather gently pushed on my stomach I pulled my cock from Sandy's ass. Sandy moaned in frustration then cried out in pleasure as Heather kissed her clit.

"Please put it back in and cum!" Sandy begged me.

Heather silenced mom by sucking her clit but then moved aside and guided me back in Sandy's ass. The two of us worked her over until she was so excited I thought she would faint.

"I'm going to fill your ass mom!" I finally announced.

Heather knew just what to do. When mom cried out as the first blast of hot cum seared the inside of her ass Heather strummed her clit. I pumped Sandy's ass full as Heather brought her off. Sandy pleaded for us to stop and begged us to continue. I fell back on the toilet drained from my orgasm. Heather embraced Sandy holding her until her orgasm subsided.

Sandy and I took the shower together as Heather cleaned up the bathroom. I was drying mom when Heather handed me the saturated note.

"Looks like you're not done!" Heather teased. She then showed the note to Sandy.

"Oh god, not again tonight!" Sandy protested.

"It is a chore you asked me to do!" I teased. Mom looked to see me hard again.

"Heather! Please baby?" Sandy pleaded.

"Only if you insist!" Heather grinned.

Heather grabbed my cock and led me back to my room. I had just filled her pussy with my cock when Sandy joined us in bed.

"I love you both more than I can explain." Sandy said emotionally. "Mark don't stop until you both cum!"

"My pleasure mom."

I looked down at Heather, she pulled me into a kiss. It took some time but I completed my chores for the night.

With the wedding over, Heather and I drove to our honeymoon spot, a condo on the coast of Florida. Days later Sandy, Kit, her boyfriend Steve and Matt with his girlfriend Dawn arrived. We rented a second two bedroom condo for the twins and their guests. It was right next door. There was no access but shared a common patio with a waist high wall that jutted out and separated them. With little effort you could walk around the wall and into the sliding door of the next unit.

We had a week of adventures planned and paid for. It was a wedding gift mom gave us. Theme parks, water parks, air boat rides, parasailing, and fishing charters filled the days. The three girls even planned to skydive! Evenings were for seafood dinners and card games around the table. Of course lounging on the beach was an option for anyone at any time.

Our guests flew in Sunday afternoon. We rented one of those seven passenger vans for the week. We also had Heathers new car to provided additional transportation. We picked the others up at the airport with the van, excited stories filled the trip back to the condo. I think the kids were in their suits and on the beach before their suitcases were carried in their rooms. Sandy got settled and joined us on the patio overlooking the beach. The sun was too low for tanning but still warm and bright for being in the water.

Dawn and Kit could have been sisters they look so alike. From the back only color of their bikinis and the length of

their hair seemed to be the difference. Kit has long flowing hair reaching almost to her butt, Dawn's was a short bob style. Matt and Steve could have been cousins, hair color and complexion the only differences.

For the first night we walked down the beach to a nice outdoor restaurant. The three "adults" wearing shorts and shirts the "kids" in their suits with cover ups. I mention this only because it would be with few exceptions the normal attire for each group.

The kids wanted to play some card games so we set up a table in our condo. Sandy decided to opt out preferring to sit on the patio and listen to the waves. The six of us played for an hour or so. Heather asking to be excused so she could do some planning for the next day. I bowed out so the four of them could play euchre.

I went to the screen door and looked out at the water and Sandy on the couch like patio furniture. It was wicker and had soft cushions with broad wrap around arms. It was at an angle so that only her left shoulder was visible and the side of her face. There were two of these and two matching large chairs. I suppose this could hold three but was more suited for two, the chairs may hold two but would be comfortable for one.

"Mark would you be a dear and bring out a blanket, the air is getting a bit chilly?"

"Sure mom, I'll be right there." I replied.

"Mark don't be such a dork, go sit with your mother and keep her warm." Heather winked at me as she publicly scolded me.

I grabbed a blanket. I repositioned Sandy so I was against the arm, she was leaning against me wrapping both of us in the blanket. The kids were playing cards, the waves were crashing on the beach, and just a sliver of moon lit up the sky.

I wrapped my arms around her Sandy snuggled deeper into me. Feeling bold I slipped my hand under her top. Sandy looked over our shoulders nervously. I could tell she was both excited and scared. I found her nipple stiff and waiting for me. As I caressed the nub I could feel her shiver in anticipation.

"Mark!" She whispered.

"Sshhh." I replied softly.

Knowing she was mine to do with as I pleased Sandy melted against me. I toyed with one tit then moved to the next. I kissed the back of her neck I heard a silent mew. Sandy opened her legs, I knew what she wanted. I was tempted but the kids were still just twelve feet away.

Sandy grabbed my hand and forced it over her shorts right above her pussy. I rubbed it twice then pulled my hand back. I could tell she was horny and disappointed when she got up. Sandy moved passed the table, Kit looked at her and then at me. Her eyes left mine while mom kissed her goodnight.

Kit watched as mom moved to Matt and kissed him goodnight as well. Sandy went to the entrance to the hall and stopped to look at me. Kit watched as mom gave me a knowing glare. It was shortly after when the kids decided to go back to their condo. Kit walked over and gave me a wet sloppy kiss to the cheek.

"I think mom forgot to give you a kiss goodnight." Kit whispered.

If Kit didn't know she at least suspected.

I finished cleaning up the table and kitchen. I started to the hall listening for what I expected was happening. They were both in our room. I undressed and joined them in the bed.

Heather saw me first and positioned Sandy. I entered her from behind.

"God I love that cock in me!" Sandy howled.

Her pendulous tits hung down as I pulled her to her knees. Heather reached down and stroked her fat clit.

"No!" Sandy squealed!

"Yes you greedy cunt!" Heather teased her. Cum for us and I will let him fuck your ass!" Heather hissed.

"You ...selfish...bitch!" Sandy struggled to hold back her orgasm.

"Cum mommy, feel that big fat cock fill your greedy pussy!" Heather tormented her. Heather knew Sandy loved being reminded it was her son fucking her. Sandy loved how wicked and shameless it was. I realized that she also loved it when Jerry use to fuck her.

I could feel Heather tugging and rubbing Sandy's clit. Sandy was bucking against me ready to cum at any moment. I let

some saliva drip on the crack of her ass and rubbed it against her puckered hole.

"OOOhhhh ffffuuuccck!" Sandy groaned. "I'm cumming!"

Her announcement was unnecessary as it was clear she was in the throes of a massive orgasm.

I pummeled her cunt from behind as her excitement oozed around my cock. Sandy pulled herself off leaving me with a raging hard on. I moved to Heather, she grinned and spread her legs wide offering me her tight pussy.

We were both so excited it didn't take long for her to wrap her legs around me and for me to fill her pussy.

Sandy had her ass lubed up and was starting to lube my cock as I recovered. I fucked her ass as she ate my cum from Heather's pussy. It was almost thirty minutes later before I filled her ass and we all collapsed together. Against our better judgement we all slept together that night.

Monday was a bright and sunny day. We went on an airboat ride down the ST. John's River searching for alligators. The scenery was beautiful and the gators plentiful. After lunch we all went to the beach. Heather talked Sandy into wearing

a bikini for the first time. Sandy had worked hard over the last year to trim and tone her body. I was glad to see her have the confidence to be seen in public in it. Nothing as daring as Heather's, Kit's, or Dawn's it was age appropriate but still appealing.

We played some volleyball, swam, boogie boarded and just caught some rays. Tuesday we went to a theme park. In the morning the seven of us went on some tame rides and had a blast. After lunch Heather and I went with the kid's and hit the most extreme rides. Sandy was going to catch some shows. Sandy wanted to be off her feet so she would be rested for later. I offered to go with her but she wouldn't hear of it.

I noticed it on the first two rides. At the last minute Matt and Steve would switch as the ushers paired you up with your partner. This left Steve with Dawn and Matt with Kit. Heather noticed it too. Steve and Dawn seemed ok with it, they seemed closer than they were letting on. We all met up for dinner in the early evening. The kids went to hit some last minute rides the three of us hit the shops on Main Street.

Wednesday the kids took the car and did their own thing. I stayed at the condo Heather and Sandy went to town looking for souvenirs. When the kids came home and Sandy asked where they had gone the answer was vague. When Matt said

they had just gone down the beach to catch some rays Kit gave him a scolding look.

The card game ended early, Sandy and Heather were going to watch some chick flick in Sandy's bedroom and asked me if I wanted to watch it with them. I really didn't want to, but figured that was part of being married. The kids went back to their own condo. It must have been ten when the movie started. I watched the first hour but was just not into for some reason. I walked to the kitchen and grabbed a beer. Without turning on any more lights I opened the screen door and headed to the patio to listen to the ocean.

There was a new moon that night (meaning no glow) and except for a few excursion ships on the horizon the ocean and the beach was pitch dark. The soft glow of the lights dotted along the shore outlined the view. I was shrouded in darkness not having even turned the lights on in the living room.

As soon as I sat down I smelled the distinct smell of weed being smoked. I thought nothing of it at first and then realizing which way the wind was blowing. I thought it might be coming from the condo where the kids were staying. Fuck! I don't want to be an asshole but this isn't fair to the owners. Besides Heather and I really didn't want to be around that any more. I figured I should at least say something and tell them to take it else ware.

I saw the light casting on the patio on their side of the wall go out. I walked around the wall the living room was dark with just a dim light from the television outlining two body's. They must be watching some horror movie the screen flicked images of a dark house in the rain. I could see Kit with her long hair and Steve kneeling only their silhouettes visible. They were embracing and kissing.

They were obviously not smoking so I continued down the beach in front of their condo to see where it was coming from. The bedroom facing the water was next, the window open the blinds closed. A light was on in the room I could see Matt and Dawn on the bed. They were just brief glimpses as the blind floated in and out with the wind.

The crashing of the waves didn't let me hear anything but on one brief glimpse I saw the bud in her hand glowing. The aroma and seeing them brought back so many memories. There were good ones but most were not. I must have been standing there for a good long time, five minutes or more maybe. I could no longer see the joint then Matt moved closer to Dawn.

It was no use interrupting now, the joint was gone, and they were getting ready for bed. I figured it could wait till morning, we were here for fun not drama. Still I need to set down some limits in the condo.

It was time for me to leave, almost, just one quick look at them kissing and I would leave. The opportunity came. Like before it's amazing what your brain can process in an instant. The flick of the blind couldn't have been more than one, maybe two seconds. The light had to be just right, their positions perfectly aligned. Their heads moved closer, Steve's lips were moving to the prize, the lucky bastard I thought at first.

BAM! Whoa, that was Steve not Matt with her. A second breeze caught the blind, I didn't even look at Dawn, I had to make sure this really was Steve. It was.

If that is Steve who is with Kit? I knew the question was redundant. I didn't want to know but I did. Heather even suggested it yesterday. I retraced my steps heading back to our condo. I wanted to but couldn't look. I reached the wall and started around it when bright flash caught my eye. It was a commercial, the television acted like a spot light illuminating the once dark room. I couldn't help but look.

I was standing on our patio when I saw Heather enter our living room obviously looking for me. Though I was in the shadows from their condo Heather could make me on our side of the wall. It was still dark but the soft light from our kitchen highlighted my position just enough. I motioned for her to be quiet. Pulling her close we stepped back in the

shadows looking around the wall. Heather's gasp was muffled by my hand over her mouth. The light level in the room allowed her to see who it was and what they were doing.

Mathew was flat on the floor his head at a slight angle facing away from us, his feet at the other end. Kit was facing us at the same angle as Matt, her left shoulder pointed right at us. She was naked, Matt still had on his boxers or swim trunks.

Long and slender Kit was five nine maybe five ten, her tits were small and pert she had the most beautiful puffy nipples. The plump end swelled to another succulent plateau then the fullness of her breast, a small B cup I would guess. Her flat stomach led to a small wisp of hair and then to Matt's mouth. He was eating her.

Her gasps were usually drowned out by the crashing waves along the beach. Even a deaf person could tell she was in heaven. She dipped her head the long straight hair hiding her face and upper body and then she would jerk sending it all flying behind her head. Dipping again it floated to shroud Matt only to begin again. Her nipples were tensing and the puffiness now starting to get firmer.

Heather dropped her robe and was naked. She moved in front of me pressing her ass against my hard cock. Gripping

my wrists she placed my hands on her tits begging me to be firm with them. I pinched her nipples eliciting another silent gasp. I could tell her hand was on her pussy.

We were watching Kit with so much intensity we didn't even hear Sandy come out.

Sandy saw what we were doing. I think she thought we were being naughty then she looked around us to see what was so captivating. Before I could stop her my hands still on Heather's tits Sandy cried out!

"Mark! Tha..." I covered her mouth before she could say anything else clasp it tight. I looked back to see if Kit reacted or if the tide was loud enough to drown it out. She didn't flinch. Matt his ears covered with her legs couldn't hear I figured. I could see Sandy was pissed but she only knew half the story. I slowly uncovered her mouth indicating she should be quiet.

"That's your sister!" Sandy scolded me in a whisper.

"Oh Matt, Oh Matt...yyyyyyyyeeeeesssssss!" Kit squealed throwing her head back.

It wasn't a scream but it was clear. It wasn't really that loud but the three of us each knew what she was saying, better yet what she was feeling. Kit arched her back thrust her tits out and scraped her pussy along Matt's face. Each pulse in her hips was another wave of ecstasy racing through her body.

The three of us watched in total awe as Kit enjoyed her orgasm. Totally spent she slipped down and lay on top of him. Kit kissed him deeply and licked his face. I could feel Heather getting hotter the longer she watched. Her fingers pumping in her pussy.

I thought of leaving but we could see Kit started squirming on top of Matt. She caressed his chest with her tits lightly kissing him with her lips. Her hair hung down caressing him softly. The television was still the only source of light changing our perspective and clarity constantly.

Kit was whispering or if she was talking we couldn't hear, the surf was an endless energy all its own. The fact is that was ok, words were not needed to tell this story. Matt was blowing her hair from her face she said something he grabbed for her but she stood up too quickly.

Turning she went to her purse on the table and found what she was looking for. It was a hair thingy, she gathered it up facing his raised head and tied her hair in a neat bun. Her

legs spread slightly the TV flickered we could see her wet swollen lips. Something passed down another generation, a big plump clit. Heather grabbed for Sandy and pulled her robe off. She reached down and stuffed her fingers in Sandy's cunt.

"OH Sandy! It's as beautiful as yours!" Heather hissed.

"You're going to make me cum!" Sandy murmured. They kissed with passion.

Kit moved to Matt his hands holding up his head. Kit reached down and started to pull his boxers off. He raised his hips and let her slip them past his butt and then lifting his legs she pulled them clear. All eyes are what was going to happen next. Kit lowered her lips to his cock.

Heather released Sandy and turned to me. She lowered my shorts and removed my shirt and started to go down on me. I reached for Sandy and held her from moving. Matt was enjoying it as much as I was.

He suddenly pulled Kits head from his cock saying something as she knelt over him. I pulled Heather off me she looked to see what was wrong. With my eyes I wanted her to know the scene was changing. Heather stood just in time to see Kit spread her pussy and lower herself on Matt's cock.

I knew Sandy would protest so I pulled her in front of me covering her mouth. Oh how I wished we had a video recorder. Kit lowered herself a big smile beaming across her face. I remember the same one Sandy had the first time I fucked her. Matt was hard I could see he had an average cock, but it was big enough for his sister.

Kit was almost down two thirds when she stopped. She bit her lower lip her body shuddered as she tried to support herself. I don't know whether she was teasing him or she was that tight but they paused for a long time. Then with one quick thrust she forced herself down.

"SO GOOD!" This time it was clear what she was saying. Kit flopped down on Matt he lowered his head I could see the grin before she took his mouth with hers. I could feel Heather stroking me and then she whispered.

"Fuck her!" I looked at Heather. What the hell is she saying, Kit is with Matt I thought.

"Fuck her! Sandy! Fuck her now, she wants to feel it. She wants you inside while Matt fucks Kit!" Heather explained.

I turned mom slightly and I could see the glassy eyes, her hand was at her pussy. I looked around the patio, there was a curb she could stand on. I shifted her to it and from behind I slipped my cock in her pussy. She was drenched, one easy push and she was bottomed out. My mother is a voyeur and I love it.

Looking back at Kit she was supporting her torso with her hands stretched to the floor her back arched her puffy nipples dangling down like ripe fruit. I could see Matt thrusting into her, I paced myself to do the same with Sandy. I could feel another hand stroking Sandy's pussy from the front and stroking my cock on the out strokes. This was all too much, I knew I couldn't last.

Looking at Matt and Kit was just too much. She was so beautiful he was so right for her. You could see they were so much in love it was perfect. I saw him lift up and suck first one tit and then the other. Her nipples suddenly became hard and pointed. Heather was stroking Sandy's clit now, she was starting to begin slam her cunt down hard on my cock.

Sandy was almost there, I was close behind. I looked on to see how the twins were doing and at just that moment the TV went bright and drowned out by the ocean I could see him say he was cumming.

"Now Mark! Now!" Sandy begged. She had no idea what she said and how loud she had said it.

I looked at Heather and we both looked at Kit, she was pulverizing Matt.

"Fill my pussy, fuck me Mark!" Sandy yelled. I was too far gone to stop her outburst. Kit looked in our direction. I unloaded my cum filled balls in Sandy's needy cunt without a sound.

If it was all not quite simultaneous it was damn fucking close. I am sure Matt heard nothing but I feared Kit did. She closed her eyes faced our way and let the joy of good sex settle in over her body. I did the same.

Heather sent Sandy to bed with me taking the other room herself. We had tried to keep appearances up but we agreed she should not be left alone. In the morning I woke with a new perspective on life. As I thought about Sandy and now the twins, a certain calm came over me. The pieces were fitting together.

"Mark what have they done?" Sandy looked wracked with guilt.

"The same thing we have done. They shared their love." I explained.

"But..." I didn't let her finish

"Mom, trust me I will handle it. They are in love. If you try to stop it will only make it worse. Take it from a person who knows. Give me some time and trust me." I kissed her she started to push me away.

"Trust me?" I repeated. I let her know I wasn't going to stop.

"You will?"

"I will, promise." I dove for her and kissed her until she melted in my arms.

"I love you Mark!"

"I love you too Sandy."

"They do look so beautiful together." Sandy whispered her mind thinking back to last night.

Heather was in the door looking on as she said that.

"You two look just as good!" I held my hand out and welcomed her in bed with us.

It was a late Thursday morning start, seems everyone was in a happy mood. Breakfast became brunch. Kit and Dawn were talking with Heather, they kept looking in the direction of the boys and myself. Heather winked. I knew they were up to no good, in a good way.

Bikinis and bathing suits was the attire. Blankets and towels the cargo. Beverages and snacks the fuel. When we were done the van was packed. Matt guided me as we headed down the coast, pointing me to a turn off. The sign said clothing optional beach. I smiled at the thought of it.

Sandy didn't see the sign so you can imagine the look on her face when she saw the first set of sunbathers. Kit, Dawn and Heather wasted no time shedding their tops and heading down to the edge of the water. Matt and I set up the large blankets one it the shade.

Steve and Matt dropped their trunks after about a fifteen minutes, I think only because their arousal had finally been kept in check. That left just Sandy and I setting on the blankets something I'm sure didn't go unnoticed by Kit.

I knew Heather was a bit of an exhibitionist. I was surprised that Kit and Dawn removed their tops so quickly. When Matt and Steve did it I knew how much of a prude I really was. Then I remembered they had been here a few days ago. Still I was self-conscious. Kit was walking back. I tried not to look, ok stare, but her tits are perfect. She seemed happy I was checking her out. She moved to the cooler the behind mom.

Kit caught her at just the right moment, no one was close as they were all at the water's edge. I noticed Heather was plying water Frisbee with the other three.

Sandy was looking for help with sunscreen. Kit offered and when Sandy was holding the sunscreen and had just put a dollop in her other hand. Kit released the clasp and removed the band style top Sandy was wearing.

"Kristen give that back!" Sandy hissed so she wouldn't be heard.

"Mom, chill! Everyone is doing it, relax, if you make a scene everyone will look. Here let me put some sun screen on you." Kit laughed.

Taking the bottle she coated her back first. Sandy nervously scanned the beach. Then Kit moved so tight against Sandy's back Kit's tits touched her shoulder blades. Kit reached

around liberally and coated Sandy's tits also. Sandy's nipples stiffened as Kit worked her magic.

"Don't want to get these puppies sunburned do we?" Kit whispered in her ear. She winked at me.

"Kit, Matt will see my breasts!" Sandy moaned. She leaned her head back resting it on Kit's shoulder.

"Well if you are going to let Mark touch and suck them the least you could do is let Matt see them!" Mom was shocked by her suggestion. Kit looked at me. Our eyes met I realized then she knew about us. Kit also knew we had watched her and Matt.

"Drop your trunks!" Kit ordered.

"That may not be a good idea?" I replied. Kit was looking at the tent forming in my trunks by her little display with mom. I looked around, the coast was still clear.

"Drop them, you have seen Matt's and you have seen all of me, now drop them." Kit held firm.

Kit made it clear she knew about last night.

I stood and lowered my swim trunks. The scene with Matt and Kit last night had started to arouse me even more, my cock was semi hard dangling between my legs.

Kit still behind mom leaned close to Sandy's ear. She looked at my cock clearly impressed with what she saw.

"That must feel so good going in when it's hard! If he tried to fuck me with that monster he would split me in two. I think I better stay with Matt's." I could see her move and kiss Sandy on the cheek. One hand was on Sandy's tit the other moved down her side. "Tell me mom how does it feel in your pussy?"

Kit's hand slipped inside Sandy's bottoms. Sandy resisted at first but then opened her legs slightly. I could see Kit's fingers slip into Sandy's pussy. Her head back against Kit, Sandy moaned.

"Tell me mom, does your sons cock feel good in your pussssssyyyyyyyy" Kit was teasing her unmercifully. "Did you enjoy the show last night?"

"Kit don't!" Sandy begged. I could see mom lift her hips to let Kit go deeper.

"Ok, I just want to get you warmed up for when we get back." Kit slipped the slimy fingers from Sandy's bottoms and licked them clean. "You owe me one!" Kit said to her. Kit stood up leaving Sandy to lie back on the blanket.

"Owe you one what?" Sandy asked. She was left frustrated and shaken.

"Watching Mark fuck you! It's only fair." Kit bent down and kissed mom on the lips. "You watched your other son fuck me!"

Sandy was so shocked by Kit's vulgar talk she turned red with embarrassment.

Kit threw a towel at me.

"You better cover that up or you will have the whole beach over here trying to ride that thing!"

I looked down I was almost hard.

Upon returning I went to the condo the kids occupied and gave them a little speech I had prepared about smoking in

the condo. No threats just asked them to respect the fact we were renting and the consequences of their actions. I made it clear if they were going to continue they should take it off site. Steve seemed a bit defensive but Kit put a damper on that.

I thanked them for their time explained that I was the only one that knew and the subject wouldn't be discussed again as long as my wishes were observed. I went out to the van and started to unload from the day's adventure. Kit walked out as I pulled the first blanket from the back.

"Here let me help you with that!" Kit took one end and we started to shake the sand from the blanket."Matt and I are not into that, it's Steve."

"I am glad to hear that." I replied happily. We both looked at each other. She wanted to say something else but was holding back. I knew it was about last night.

"No babies between you two!" I let her know I wasn't preaching just concerned. We were folding the blanket she moved closer handing me the corners.

"I knew it was you!" She smiled.

"Kit I am serious I know the desire is there but I have lived that life and you don't want to go there. Promise me." I said.

"And you are ok with this otherwise?" Kit looked for my approval.

"Could I stop you if I wanted too?" I quizzed her back.

"Do you want to?" She asked.

"I want you both to be happy! This is no game, Matt isn't strong like you. He could get hurt..."

"I won't let that happen!" Kit shot back.

"Promise me then!" I insisted. She was avoiding my point and I wasn't going to let her.

"But what if..."

"There are other ways, you're smart, figure it out. You can deny many things but there are tests." I could see she had considered it. "Promise me!"

"I promise but it isn't fair!" Kit pouted. We finished the first blanket and moved to the second. "So how much did you see?"

"Enough." I blushed.

"Heather and Sandy too?" Kit asked. I nodded.

"I thought so." She grinned

"Is she always so vocal?" Kit asked. She was turning the screws to me, that and she wanted me to know she heard mom orgasm.

"Matt?" I asked.

"Nah, he's kind of got just one thing on his mind right now." We both laughed at the inference.

"I could see how that can happen! Pun intended!" I complimented her. We closed to fold the second blanket again. Kit tilted her head and gave me a serious look. I had seen that look before. Sandy had that same look when we played our games in the basement. Kit was trying to seduce me?

"Pervert!" She said seeing I saw through her.

"Exhibitionist!" I replied.

"Guilty." She confessed.

"What about mom?" Kit asked. She turned the tables as I pulled the last blanket from the van.

"She's concerned. Just keep it casual around her for now. Don't rub it in her face, keep it behind closed doors if you can. It will take time but she will come around." I tried to assure her.

"Did you before? You know, Hank and all." Kit asked seriously.

"No."

"Never?" Kit was surprised by my answer.

"Not once, not until she moved out." I was proud I could say that honestly.

"Why not?" Kit pressed on.

"Out of respect for Hank." I replied. It was partially true.

"You're a good man." Kit said. "Jerry would be proud of you Mark."

"He should be proud of his sister, she is a special woman!" I said showing some emotion.

"So you really do?" Kit questioned. She looked at me, I could see she was scared of the answer.

"What love her? We both do, completely." I felt best to be honest, she deserved to know the truth.

"So Heather and you? Mom and you, mom and Heather?" Kit was more thinking out loud than asking. "The three of you? How is that going to work?"

"Yes we have but not as much as you think. Not sure, but we'll work it out." I answered all her questions as she moved handing me the corners of the last blanket. "Whatever

happens it will be discrete, drawing attention is a recipe for disaster."

"Point taken." Kit let me know she understood what I was telling her.

"And Kit no more nude beaches. That was dangerous, exciting but dangerous. There is only so much some guys can take!" I looked at her perfect body.

"And some girls!" She looked down at my shorts.

"Not going to happen!" I shook my head.

"Well at least you didn't say never, a girl can dream can't she?" Kit teased. I could see the disappointment in her eyes. There was no way I was going to go there and she needed to know it.

"We're done here. Remember your promise Kit. I take that very seriously." I replied.

"I know Mark, so do I, I promise." Kit was walking back to the condo when she turned to me.

"Thank you. It means a lot that you trust me." Kit pulled her bikini top aside and flashed me one more time. Matt walked out just before she got to the door. He looked at me then at Kit, he didn't say anything just kind of took a moment then followed her in.

I turned to see Heather walk out to check on me. Clearly she saw Kit flash me before she went inside.

"What was that all about?" She was teasing me.

"That was her being a brat!" I kidded her.

"Do I need to worry about her now too?" Heather winked.

"Not as long as Matt's around, they are pretty serious right now." I let Heather know.

"Are you ok with that?" Heather asked seriously.

"Like the pot calling the kettle black? They'll be fine, she is smart enough for the both of them." I looked back in the direction of their condo. "She knows about us?"

"Mark they were at the wedding, how could they not know?" She was trying to be cute.

"Funny. No seriously, she knows all of it."

"I know. Sandy told me what she did at the beach." Heather said with a gleam in her eye.

"I think she needs you and Sandy to talk to her. She needs to know we see her as an adult. Matt doesn't know but she does." I suggested. "Kit needs someone to talk to. It's easy to get scared and confused at that age. She is alone with these secrets. Kit needs someone that she can trust." I continued pulling Heather to me.

"Let her know she can come to you without judgment." I was looking in the direction Kit headed as I said it.

"Mark. I love you! You are such a good man!" Heather embraced me and we kissed. "I will make sure she is looked after." Heather kissed me again.

"Now come with me your mother and I need your help!" I closed the van, picked up the remainder of the beach things and followed Heather back to our condo.

Heather held the door as we entered the condo. Setting the rest of the stuff down she led me to the master bedroom. Mom was naked on the bed her eyes closed, legs spread, and two fingers in her pussy.

"She has been waiting for you since we got back from the beach." Heather whispered. She slipped my suit off as I pulled off my tee shirt.

Sandy opened her eyes when she felt me get on the bed. She moved her hand to show me her swollen clit and dripping pussy.

"Fuck me Mark!" Sandy begged. "I need you in me!"

Already hard, I hate to say this, but I mounted her. There was no love in the, act just animal instinct. I drove in deep and hard with the first stroke, Sandy wrapped her legs around me and pulled me deeper.

I noticed Heather left as I started to drill mom. Sandy moaned beneath me, she was still slippery from the sun tan lotion. I pressed my chest against hers and slid over her tits, her hard nipples stroked my chest.

"Harder!" Sandy urged. I stuffed my cock deep in her pussy. "Mark our baby knows!" Sandy moaned. She thrust up desperate to allow my cock deeper. "She knows we're fucking!"

"Yes my love she does." I whispered. "Does that get you excited?" I teased.

"I let her finger me!" Sandy quivered in ecstasy.

Shadows changed in the room I knew Heather was back. I dare not look as mom's eyes bore into mine. "I am such a slut!"

"No mom you are anything but!" I replied.

"Oh Mark, I was naked on a public beach!" Sandy protested. I knew she was excited by the very thought of it. She thrust up hard against me I could feel her juices flow.

"Just your tit's you bad girl." I teased, she thrust again.

"I wanted you! I wanted you to make love to me!" Sandy hissed. "Oh Mark I wanted you on the beach just like Kit said."

Now I was getting excited! My mom just told me she wanted to fuck on the beach. She wanted to do it in broad daylight. Our bodies slapped I could smell the sweat and lotion in the air. Sandy's nostrils flared she was still fixed on my eyes. She wanted me to know how wanton she felt, and it turned her on.

"I need you to come!" Sandy moaned. She pressed her head against the mattress and arched her back. "Oh god I need you to cum in me!"

Our bodies were a blur we both looked down and watched as her angry clit rubbed my slick cock.

"I would have Mark I would have fucked you on the beach! I would have fucked you to show the world how much I love you!" Sandy was rambling on.

"I would have mom! I would show them!" We were both right on the edge.

"When Kit said she wanted to watch I wanted her to! I wanted her to see you fuck me Mark!" Sandy was gasping for air. "I want her ...to ..see .. how much ...we ...are in ...love..."

"Show me now mom! Cum for me!" Kit said clearly. She startled us both. Kit approached us quickly still in her bathing suit.

"No Baby!" Sandy whimpered. I knew they both wanted this. I slammed hard into mom her clit raised and mashed against my cock.

"AAHHH FFUUUUUCCCKKK" I growled.

Sandy reached out her hand. Kit grasped it and held on as I filled mom with my seed.

"MMAARRRRKKK! YESSSS!" Sandy squealed. She pulled my ass tight with her legs forcing me to fuck her deeper.

"MOM! Kit is watching!" I said. Her body jerked again as I reminded her of what she already knew.

"Yes darling! I'm cumming for her!" Sandy cooed. She was flushed with her afterglow and the realization of what Kit just witnessed.

"Again!" Kit whispered. "Don't stop! Fuck her again!"

"No baby! Please?" Sandy pleaded. Her pussy clenched my cock begging it to stay.

"Do it Mark!" Heather shouted. She walked to the other side.
"Slowly this time so we can watch!"

Heather sat on one side holding mom's hand Kit held her hand on the other side. All but spread eagle mom opened her legs and let me make love to her pussy. I was so aroused by having Kit watching it was a wonder I didn't come again right there. Heather leaned over near me.

"Pull out and let her see Sandy's clit!" She whispered.

I couldn't help but do as she said.

"Oh mom, it's just like mine!" Kit squealed. My cock was red and angry, our excitement dripped from the end. Sandy's pussy was gaping open. "Mom he's so big!"

"Yeeess!" Sandy moaned as I slipped back in. "So good baby!"

"I know Matt feels the same way!" Kit whispered in her ear.
"He isn't as big but he fits in my pussy just right!"

Sandy's pussy contracted as she thrust up hearing all about her other son. Heather removed her top and played with her nipples. Kit slipped her hand inside her suit to rub her pussy.

"Does he make you happy?" Sandy groaned as I pressed against her cervix.

"He is wonderful mom! Your sons make wonderful lovers!" Kit was starting to pant with mom. "I love him mom we are one!"

"Oh baby, I feel the same about Mark!" Sandy wiggled beneath me, she was ready to cum again.

"Does Heather make you feel that way?" Kit asked. She was slipping off her top to squeeze her tit. Sandy looked at Heather.

"She does baby, she completes me!" Sandy looked at me her eyes begged me to understand. "She completes us, right Mark?"

I looked at them both they kissed passionately Sandy's pussy contracted again. I looked at Kit she moved closer and kissed me deeply on the lips. This was no meaningless kiss, this was

passionate. I knew she wished I was fucking her. I needed to cum

"Cum on her! I want to see your love cover our mother!" Kit begged me. "Please Mark just this once. If we can't make love... please"

See, she said it! She did want me to make love to her. Kit's hand was still inside her suit working her pussy. I felt Heather turn my face to kiss her.

"It's ok I will look after her!" Heather reminded me of our earlier talk. She touched my hip and lifted me gently out of mom. Gripping my cock she stroked the slippery snake as she kissed me. "Now cum!"

I looked into her loving eyes and knew she wanted this for Kit as well. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Heathers hand expertly stroking me like only she knew how to do. The first surge left my cock to places unknown.

"OH!" Kit gasped. Each successive surge left with less force and volume but Kit acknowledged each one.

"Thank you honey!" Heather whispered as she pulled me to her side of mom.

"KIT!" Mom screeched.

I opened my eyes Kit was naked now, her fingers in her pussy. She had moved on top of mom who had strings of my cum from her tit's to her pussy.

"I love you mom!" Kit lay down on top of Sandy and started kissing her. Cum pushed out in places as she locked lips with her. Sandy tried to push her away at first, but soon she was pulling her close. I watched as Kit worked her leg between moms she started to hump her pussy. "Cum for me Sandy!"

"Oh Baby no, you're my daughter!" Sandy started to protest.

"Just this once mom? Please? I want you to know!" Kit was getting excited herself.

I kissed Heather and moved from the bed. Heather leaned over Sandy.

"Show her how you make me feel!" Heather kissed Sandy
"Cum for us!"

I watched from the door as they worked themselves into a frenzy. Mom and Kit came at the same time, well almost the same time. It was hard to tell who was coming and when, their cries were so loud and so close together.

"Does your brother know?" Sandy asked Kit.

"No mom, he has no clue." Kit explained.

"Promise me you will not tell him?" Mom asked Kit. "I think I have corrupted enough of my kids."

"I promise, as long as he can still fuck me?" Kit blackmailed her.

"You young lady are a very bad girl." Mom teased. "Heather come lay with us I think we have a problem on our hands."

I went to shower in the spare bathroom, they were still together as I took a nap on the couch.

Chapter 5

On Friday I took Matt and Steve and we went deep sea fishing in the morning, we didn't catch anything worth keeping but we had a great time. The three of us bonded but more than that Matt and I got to spend some quality time just being brothers.

"She loves you, you know?" Matt said when we were alone.

"Who loves me?" I asked kidding around.

"Kristen." He said soberly. "She thinks I don't know, but I do."

"Maybe but..." I patted him on the back. "...but you are the one she is bonded to. She loves you!"

"You know about us don't you?" Matt asked sheepishly.

"It's all good buddy." I reassured him.

"Mom and Heather too?" He looked up.

"Yeah I'm afraid so." I grinned. "Just keep it behind closed doors and you'll be ok." I said. "Preferably not glass doors either!" I teased him a bit.

Matt looked up a bit confused, obviously he still didn't know about the other night. He smiled at me nervously. Then he did something that took me back. Matt hugged me.

"Thank you Mark." Matt whispered. "You're the best friend I have."

I was truly affected by what he said. I felt closer to them both than I ever had before.

After lunch we joined up with the girls and went parasailing. Now one thing about me is I don't do planes. Hanging from a kite in the air behind a boat just wasn't going to happen. I was in charge of the video camera as they each took turns going up. Matt and Steve were skeptical at first, but Kit and Dawn talked them into it.

Here we are three macho men and we were all afraid to fly! After the initial hesitation, I think Matt had the most fun of all. For Sandy, Heather and Kit this was just a preview for tomorrow. They were going skydiving.

Dawn and Kit had been tanning earlier, and both looked a bit pink by the time we got back to the condo. By dinner my suspicions confirmed they were both sun burned. Dawn fared little better than Kit who was just plain red. Steve and Dawn were leaving tomorrow Matt and Kit on Sunday.

Sandy was staying with Heather and me for another week. I took everyone out for dinner that night at the local seafood dive joint. Steve and Dawn thanked us for having them along. I think they even knew their presence was no longer needed. Kit took my words to heart. Matt and she were clearly together but didn't show it publicly.

Sandy came to bed after checking up on Kit, she was hurting pretty bad but seemed ok otherwise. Heather invited Sandy to our bed that night, it was one of those rare times the three of us made love together.

When I woke around two Sandy and Heather were entwined in each other's arms sleeping. I went to the bathroom and then headed to the living room and stood looking at the ocean. I walked out on the patio the cool breeze washed over me, it was so peaceful here. If I ever had money I could get use to this.

"You look happy!" Kit whispered from her side of the wall.

"I guess you could say I am." I winked.

"Are they?" She teased. I looked back in the direction of the bedroom.

"They were when I left them." I was bragging a bit, but she asked. "And Matt?"

"Sleeping like a baby!" She winked. "Normally I wouldn't complain but it took him long enough to get there! I guess it's my fault for getting sun burned. "

"You ok?" I asked truly concerned. "That and everything else?"

"I am fine just really tender, fortunately for Matt not in the important areas!" Kit teased. She was still pushing my buttons. "After you left, Mom and Heather talked to me. Thank you Mark. Mom was glad you and I talked."

"Kit, you know, you and me. I can't ever..." I tried to explain. "...Matt is in love with you."

"I know. After today..." She just looked at the water.

"I could never do that to Matt. Not even once. Are we clear?" I refused to let it hang open like this. I knew I was being presumptuous but things had gone pretty far today, on and off the beach.

"I know. I couldn't do that to Heather and mom. I guess I have been a bit over the top lately." Kit looked up at me not at all sorry however.

"If you ever need me I will be there." I replied.

"I know, thank you Mark, I love you!" She whispered

"Same for me. We better go, tomorrow is a busy day." I said turning to the living room. "Good night Kit."

"Well I better go let him have round three or he won't let me sleep in!" She winked at me. I didn't know if she was serious or jerking my chain. "Good night Mark!"

Breakfast was late, Steve and Dawn were packed ready to go. They were going to return the van and fly out. Matt and I were going to take the girls and video tape them skydiving just after noon. On the ride over setting in the center of the back seat, it was clear that Kit was in pain anytime mom or Heather even brushed up against her.

"Kit I don't think you should go honey." Mom looked at Heather concerned. "Baby you will be in a harness and covered head to foot. There is no way you will enjoy this!"

I could see Heather agreed.

"But you paid for it already! I'll be ok!" Kit put up a brave face.

"If you say so dear but you can hardly be in the sun and you are in pain. We'll be in an open field taking lessons for an hour!" Mom replied. "And you will be strapped to another person don't forget!"

"Maybe Matt would like to go?" I blurted out. I looked over at Matt, he looked surprised but excited. "Just a thought."

"Matt, would you like to go honey?" Kit asked. It was the first time she had called him that around us.

"Not if you want Kit, this is your adventure." He replied. I wasn't sure if he was hoping to go or needed her to make up his mind.

"Well since I messed up maybe it would be better if you went today?" Kit smiled back at him.

"Are you sure Kit? I will go but only if you don't." Matt replied. I was proud of him, he always put her first, I knew why she loved him so much.

"Then it's settled. As long as we don't lose the money you should go." Kit announced. She wasn't happy but I knew her mind was made up. Matt was going.

They spent half the time in a class room the other on the field practicing the landing. Three instructors would be strapped to Matt, Heather and Sandy. Another couple are jumping solo for the first time. I adjusted the camera and prepared for the take off.

Kit was inside the air conditioned terminal watching from there. The twin engine prop plane started loading, everyone waved as they boarded. The plane taxied to the end and started to motor down the runway. I steadied the camera as the plane picked up speed and lumbered by me.

Through the viewer I watched expecting it to lift off any second, I seemed forever before the wheels left the tarmac. I watched as it looked like it wouldn't clear the trees. My heart pounded and then at the last minute I saw daylight between

the plane and the trees. God that looked close in the viewer. Looking up I saw the plane continue to climb as it headed away.

I turned and started walking back to the terminal. I was going to set up in the shade for their descent. They told us the plane would be flying out several miles based on the wind speed and height. Then they would be heading back our way in about ten or fifteen minutes. The landing area was so big I knew a close up wasn't possible.

I had gotten great shots so far, I gave Kit the thumbs up as she looked at me. I was about half way back to the terminal. Suddenly Kit looked beyond me, she and others ran from the building heading my direction.

"MATT!" She screamed.

I turned and looked for the plane. I searched the sky and then to my horror there was a large black cloud rising up from the horizon.

"MOM!" She screamed.

"Mark do something!" She yelled. It was all I could to hold her. "Please Mark do something!"

I was numb. I knew then there were no survivors. I held Kit as she pounded my chest. She pulled on me to take her to the car. I knew it was no use. I could feel it. She broke free and started to run down the airstrip I followed knowing she wouldn't get far. She fell to her knees sobbing as she finally realized there was little chance they survived.

I bent down and just held her. Time stopped for those few precious moments. Even though I knew she was in physical pain as I held Kit she refused to let me go. Time started again.

Sirens wailed in the distance. I picked Kit up and carried her back to the terminal. By the time we made it back to the police, a fire truck and an ambulance were already on site. I could see from the faces of the skydiving company that my fears were true.

I approached the officer explaining who I was and how I was related to the passengers. The paramedics were tending to Kit's skinned knees when I returned. I will never forget the look she gave me knowing Matt, Sandy and Heather were not coming back.

The doctor prescribed some sleeping pills before the trip home. The funerals finishing hours ago. I shook the last hand as friends and loved ones left the funeral home. Every box of

tissues was empty. I gave the last sleeping pill to Kit when we arrived back at my house. I tucked her in bed and stayed stroking her hair as she refused to let go and drift asleep.

It was a valiant fight but the drug was too powerful and finally her eyelids drifted close. I stayed as long as I could then closed the door making sure it was open a few inches. Getting her to sleep was challenging enough not being here when she woke was worse.

Hank offered to have Kit stay with him but she wouldn't hear of it. We had not been apart for more than a few hours since the accident. Kit wouldn't let me out of her sight and she knew I wouldn't be welcome there.

Hank responded better than I expected under the circumstances. Losing Matt hurt deeply, much more than Sandy, deep down I knew he blamed me for it. He never came out and said it but I could tell by the way he looked at me, and, by what he didn't say.

I unloaded the last of the flowers and changed my clothes. Picking up the house I started a load of dishes. I knew she would be hungry so I started dinner. There was a stack of mail filled with sympathy cards. I set them out so Kit could see them. There was a card addressed to Kit from the college.

I took a shower and started the laundry looking in on Kit each time I passed the door.

"MARK!" I heard her scream from down the hall. I rushed to the room and found her covered in sweat. "I killed him!" Kit screamed.

"NO baby, it was an accident!" I pulled her tight one more time. She was so wet her perspiration dampened my fresh clothes. "This isn't your fault!"

We had been through this over and over, some say its survivor's guilt but this was much worse. Kit was to have been on that plane. I was the one that suggested Matt take her place not Kit. If anyone was to blame it should be me. Still she had this nightmare almost daily.

"I loved him Mark!" She wept in my chest.

"I know you did baby, he knows you did!" I tried to console her.

"You don't understand..." Kit sobbed. "...he wanted to make love that morning but I was in so much pain. I told him no! I had never done that before, I loved when he fucked me. Why

Mark? Why did I tell him no? All he wanted to do was share his love, he was like that...I loved him!"

"SSSHHHhh. No more of that." I pressed her face to my chest. "He loved you Kit, you know he did, we both know he did. "

I held her until she settled down. I could feel the tension drain from her body. When the time felt right I stood up.

"Take your shower and I will have dinner ready for us." I kissed the top of her head.

After dinner I cleaned up, Kit did her laundry and read some cards. I stayed with her again that night until she closed her eyes. Making my way to my room I got ready for bed making sure to leave the door ajar. I woke with Kit pressed against me. Each night I would put her to bed in the spare room and every morning she would be in bed with me.

I decided to add that to the lists of things we needed to talk about. For now I decided the time wasn't right. I'm not sure if it would ever come, if not I would need to just do it and hope for the best. The end of the month was coming up, I would use that as a deadline.

I actually had to work for a living, Monday I would start back. I couldn't leave Kit alone and Hank wasn't an option. We had friends but this would be too much to ask. Besides she still clung to me like a leach and leaving her would just make things worse.

I decided she could go with me. I worked alone outside the office, Kit could help with paperwork when I was there. We actually worked well together although she found real estate boring. Through it all I actually closed some deals.

The next two weeks were trying at first but we slogged through. The weekend was coming and with it the month's end. I had been dropping hints that we needed to talk. Friday night we ordered in pizza. It was a favorite of Kit's and Matt. She ordered it just like they always did along with a salad.

Kit showered and dressed for bed. Gone were the sexy clothes she wore for Matt, instead it was just old sweats. She came and got me, like always I sat with her until she was sleeping.

Kissing her hair I went to take my shower . Slipping on my boxers I went to the living room to look over some listings. I had just sat down after getting a beer when I heard her call out. Jumping up from the chair I rushed to her room she wasn't there. Her sweats were on the floor, I panicked. I ran

to the bathroom, it was empty. I heard her call out again. It sounded like it was from my room.

"I'm on my way Kit!" I called out as I darted down the hall. Kit was naked in the center of my bed. She had one hand gripping her tit the other working between her legs. I could hear the sloshing in her pussy as she writhed on the bed moaning.

"Kit!" I shouted kneeling on the bed to lean over her. Her eyes were closed she was breathing hard.

"Matt baby I'm here!" Kit grabbed me firmly and pulled me down for a kiss. "Kiss me Matt!" She demanded.

"Kit I am not..." Her strength was super human as she pulled me down and locked onto my lips. I struggled briefly but didn't want to hurt her.

"Fuck me baby! I need you Matt!" She was dragging my shorts off and still trying to kiss me. I tried to see if she knew it was me but her eyes were still closed. With my shorts to my knees she grabbed my cock and stroked it.

"Kit! It's me Mark!" I tried to impress on her.

"Hurry baby it will be morning soon!" Kit tried to kiss me her hand still stroking my cock. I was hard now, the circumstances working against me. "Please Matt fuck me. "

Kit wiggled around until I was kneeling between her legs. She was like a serpent dodging my every attempt to block her.

"No Kit! We can't do this!" I yelled firmly. "I am not Matt!" I shook her loose and pinned her to the bed.

Kit finally opened her eyes and gazed at me.

"Why Matt? What did I do? I won't hurt you again, I promise!" The look she gave me broke my heart. "Please Matt, this one last time? Please baby?"

"Kit I can't I don't want to hurt you." I explained softly. The meaning was twofold, physically and emotionally.

"Don't worry Matt it's only a sunburn, I'll be fine you'll see." Her eyes begged me to give in. "I need this Matt, please baby? I will never turn you down again."

I knew her sunburn had healed weeks ago. Was she faking or did she really think I was Matt. She firmly pulled me in for a kiss a slow, wet, sensual kiss. Just like the ones I am sure she gave Matt. My defenses down my cock swelled in her hand, she guided me to her pussy. There was just no way I could stop now.

"Gentle baby, just like the first time." Kit looked up at me her eyes begging me to continue. My cock grazed her pussy lips. Kit sucked in air and held it as they parted. "Yes Matt, I want this we both want this."

Maybe she did, but I did not. Not now and definitely not this way. Don't get me wrong Kit is smoking hot, smart, and personable. Any other person on any other day I wouldn't give it a second thought. But she wasn't any other person, she was my half-sister. That and Kit thinks she is going to fuck her dead brother. This is wrong in so many ways.

As the warmth of her pussy spread over the tip of my cock all thoughts of what and why dissolved, I was committed now. I bore down slightly Kit shifted to accept my cock.

"Yes Matt! Show me how much you love me!" Kit whispered. She was looking at my cock spreading her pussy. "I love you baby I really do!"

"I love you Kit." I whispered back. Her head snapped up and she found my eyes. "I do Kit, I do love you!"

"I know Matt, I have always known!" She gazed in my eyes, I wonder who she really saw?

One minute I am feeling guilty the next I am confessing my love. Kit closed her eyes her hips rolled up I hear her gasp as my cock sunk deeper. She pulled me down and kissed my chest. I don't know where that came from but it felt divine. Something about this night was just not right. Kit's fingers dug in my back she urged me on.

'Fuck me.'

It took several minutes to work my cock more than half way in. Kit moaned but continued to urge me on. Finally we started a slow and rhythmic pace. She wasn't giving up, Kit continued to force me deeper. I could feel the discomfort I was causing her.

Kit had grown into a fine young woman, tall for a girl, maybe five ten give or take, and slender. She has small b cup tits, puffy nipples adorned the peaks, Kit's hips were all but nonexistent.

She has a cute face with a button nose, long flowing hair and an infectious smile. All that and one trait she shares with our mother an enlarged clit. The one concern I could see is she has a small vaginal opening. Unlike mom she didn't have large pussy lips that parted and spread open. Kits were smooth and tight her mound hidden between her legs.

"I'm hurting you!" I protested.

"It's only a sunburn! Fuck me Matt! I need to feel you cum!" Kit replied firmly.

Suddenly it was like she willed her pussy open and my cock forced it's way to new depths. It felt like the first time I fucked Sandy's ass. I was getting that familiar feeling.

"Faster Matt!" Kit was whimpering now, her wetness and the new found depths started to affect us both. "I want it all Matt!"

"No baby, please, I don't want to hurt you!" I was almost begging her now.

"I need you to hurt me like I hurt you! Please Matt all of it! Please Matt I beg of you, I need this." Kit gouged my back and pressed up with her pussy.

I slammed down hard pinning her ass to the bed. Kit grimaced as my cock found her limit. I wasn't close to being in all the way. I caught a break as Kit seemed ready to cum herself.

"YES! Now cum!" Kit demanded.

She grabbed my hips and urged me to pick up the pace. We were fucking now, my balls were boiling her breath was shallow, I groaned, she whimpered again. I could feel her stomach tighten.

"Hurry Matt I can't wait much longer." She hissed.

"Come for me Kit!" I whispered.

"You first Matt! I need to feel you cum in me, I will be right behind you!" She promised. Kit gripped my back digging her nails in deeper. "Please cum!"

I lifted my shoulders higher I looked down on her flushed body. We were both covered in sweat, her nipples hard, she was gritting her teeth. Kit's eyes still closed she willed me to cum in her.

"Look at me Kit!" I said firmly. Startled she opened her eyes. I wanted her to see who she was fucking. She could call me Matt all she wanted but she had to see it was me. "I love you Kit."

"I know Mark. Please let Matt cum in me!" Her words set me off. The first surge of cum pressed up against her cervix. The thought of her getting pregnant had not even crossed my mind. Right now I didn't even care.

"Yes Matt I feel it, I feel your love. " Kit cried out. Her body spasmed as the second surge pushed past the first. "I'M CUMMING FOR YOU MATT!" Kit yelled.

She pulled herself up and held tight against my chest. I was still pounding her pussy our juices spilling out of her cunt.

"Good by love!" Kit started crying. "I love you Matt. Take care of mom and Heather. Mark misses them so much...Yes baby I will take care of him!"

Kit let me go and looked up to my tear filled eyes. I stopped fucking her pussy letting my cock feel the heat of her tight cunt. I can't explain it, if she was faking making love to Matt she did a commendable job.

"He's with them Mark." Kit pulled me close as I rolled to the side. "Matt will take care of them. Come here my love let me hold you."

Kit moved and kissed me deeply. She stroked my hair and wiped my tears. She kissed me again then sat up. She felt like Sandy and Heather all rolled up in one. Something changed that moment for us both. Somehow emotionally we were closer than before. Yes we just had sex but this was different somehow.

"Good night Mark. If you need me I will leave the door open." Kit stood naked at the side of the bed. "I love you Mark. See you in the morning, we can talk then. "

Just like that she left. I rolled over trying to piece it all together, what just happened? Did I really fuck her or did Matt? It all seems so surreal, it was happening, but then it wasn't. I closed my eyes and drifted to sleep with questions still unanswered.

The sun was up early the next day, I showered and changed the sheets before starting breakfast. I heard Kit in the bathroom as I poured a fresh glass of orange juice. I called my uncle Randall and left a message to call me back.

I wasn't really thinking of last night but at the same time I was curious to see how Kit would react his morning. I had started to make a list of talking points. I wanted to be prepared and concise. Just like selling property. You go in organized and ready to handle any contingency.

It didn't take long to find out as Kit entered the kitchen. Gone were the sweats, back were the sexy shorts and thin loose fitting cotton top. Her hair was still wet hanging over her shoulder covering her right breast. I turned on the chair to face her.

"Good morning Mark!" Kit sat brazenly on my lap facing me. "You wanted to talk?"

I could smell her shampoo, and her perfume. Setting on my knees her legs on each side of mine her shorts rode up tight presenting a camel toe. She leaned forward slightly the deep cut of her top threatened to expose a breast.

"I thought... I mean...Kit about last night?" God why was I so nervous. I have closed million dollar deals, this is just Kit! I didn't want to bring it up, the plan was for her to.

"What about last night?" She smiled. "I slept like a baby for the first time since the accident."

There was no hint of being funny or teasing me. She seemed serious and wasn't looking for further comment. In fact she seemed almost unaware of what I was alluding to.

"About college..." I started. "What are your plans?"

"Kiss me and I will tell you!" Kit grinned.

"Kiss you?" I repeated. She caught me off guard and planted a firm kiss to my lips.

"I am going back to college!" She explained. "Want to know where?"

"Ok where?" I asked still reeling from the kiss.

"It's going to cost you another kiss!" With that she landed another one right on my lips.

"Kit!" I protested.

"I am going to school here!" She answered ignoring my protest.

"What" My head was spinning. "This isn't half the school you and Matt went to."

"You want to know why?" She gave me a wicked glance then with no defenses left I just let her kiss me. Her top shifted as she straightened back up, her right nipple poked through her wet hair. Momentarily distracted I hesitated, her eyes followed mine. She flung her head the wet hair flung to the other side, her whole breast now in view.

"Why?" I asked. She kissed me again, this time longer.

"I need to take care of you." Gone were the grins and laughter. She was serious.

"I think I can take care of myself, it's you I'm worried about!" I pulled the top up covering her naked breast.

"I know you are Mark. You have been so strong for both of us since they passed." Kit leaned forward and kissed me again. Her top slipped down again. "But I promised him."

"Promised who?" I asked confused.

"Matt!, when you were fucking me last night! I promised him I would take care of you!" There wasn't a hint of a smile. "He told me you were the only man he would let me be with."

"Honey I know you were in love with Matt, I loved him too." I lifted the top to cover her breast again. "He's gone Kit. You and I, it just can't happen."

"But it already has!" Kit reminded me.

"That was different!" I tried to explain. "You thought I was Matt."

"Matt never fucked me like that!" Kit teased. "God you're big. Now I know how mom and Heather felt ..."

"Kit!"

"I'm sorry Mark, you've had to be so strong for both of us." Kit whispered in my ear. "It wasn't fair for you not to grieve too. I love you Mark."

Kit pulled me up and kissed me passionately this time, her tongue searched for mine. Reluctantly I let her find it we danced inside each other's mouth.

She guided my head to her breast it reminded me so much of Heather. Kit flung her head back and gasped silently. I felt her hand reach for my cock. I was embarrassed to feel it getting hard.

"Kit...I ..." Just then the phone rang. Looking at the display it was Randall.

"I know Mark, it will take time for us both." She kissed me then stood up. "Regardless how you feel for me, I do love you."

I answered the phone.

"Hello Randall." I watched Kit saunter out of the room.

"Hey buddy how you holding up?" Randall could be a real tool, but at the same time he really did care about people. This was Hank's brother, and yet I always felt he cared more about me than Hank.

"I'm ok." I lied just a bit. "Kit and I were just talking about where we go from here."

"How can I help?" Randal asked truly concerned.

"She wants to go to school here, but she is too smart. I would like her to go back to the university where she and Matt went." I explained. "I think she can keep her scholarship."

"So you want to know where you stand financially?" He asked.

"Yeah, I don't need much, but ..."

"Mark why don't you come down and see me. Bring Kristen if you can, she has some decisions to make as well." Randall suggested.

"Great, when is a good time?" I asked.

"I am due in court after lunch how about 4:30, I should be back by then?"

"We'll be there." I confirmed.

I went to the office, and had one meeting. Kit stayed at home offering to clean and do laundry. It was the first time I had left her alone since the crash. I wanted to go check up on her

at lunch but my meeting was clear across town. I arrived back at home just after three. Kit was curled up in the chair in the living room. She had been crying.

"You're going to send me away aren't you?" She looked up at me with blood shot eyes.

"I think its best you go back to the university. Kit you are much too smart to stay here." I kneeled in front of her. "You have too much invested, a degree from that school will open doors!"

"I don't care! I can't leave you!" Kit flung herself at me. "You are all I have left, please don't send me away!"

"Kit, you have your whole life in front of you, I think this is best." I said firmly.

"But I have feelings for you!" She blurted out. I pushed her back from me to see if she was serious or just being emotional.

"Are you mad at me?" Kit asked. She lowered her head to avoid looking at me.

"Mad, no. Flattered yes." I lifted her chin. "I care for you, you do know that right?"

"But not like I do you?" She blushed.

"I don't know?" I said honestly. "But I promise you we'll figure this out."

"Can you kiss me right now?" There was desperation in her voice.

"Sure, I don't see any harm..." Kit pressed her lips to mine cutting me off.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me close. I let my hands slide along her sides, my thumbs stopped at the bottom slope of her small breasts. Kit was so skinny I could feel her ribs. My hands are so big they started to wrap around her back. I let her finish. When she backed off Kit was smiling.

"You better change, we need to go see Randall." I said. I stood taking her hand and helping her to her feet. I spanked her butt as she walked away, this brought another smile.

We were in the car heading to Randall's office.

"Matt was more than a brother or lover to me, he was part of me." Kit said softly as I drove. "The first time we did it he was so nervous. Matt came before he could get it inside!" Kit laughed looking at me.

"And you are telling me why?"

"I got him settled down..." Kit looked over teasing me. "...he got hard almost right away. The moment he slipped inside me I knew he loved me." Kit continued disregarding my question. "After that there were days he wanted to fuck all the time. I could never say no, he was just so happy when we were connected. He could just give me that look and I knew he wanted me. The next thing I knew we were at it again."

"Kit why are you telling me this?" I pressed a bit more.

"I knew he would never be the best lover in the world. But I knew when he was fucking me I would never be more loved." She looked at me. "I just thought you should know."

We were almost to Randall's office so I decided to let it drop for now.

"Mark, Kristen, welcome!" Randall greeted us at the reception desk. "Come with me."

For the next hour he laid out what he knew at this time.

"When Sandy finalized her divorce she set up a trust for her assets. Mark is the administrator of this. Sandy had a sizeable bank account. You will both get a small sum now, as will Hank and a few other people." Randall explained. "I will go over with Mark what he needs to do with the rest and when. Kristen you should know that you will both share equally in the cash."

"Thank you, but I trust Mark to look after my part." Kit smiled at me.

"She has some life insurance, one she left to Mark but after expenses there will not be much left. She had a 401 K at work that is outside the trust."

Randal stopped then looked at me with chagrin. I couldn't help but let him know it was ok.

"Go ahead, we both need to hear it." I nodded to him.

"She left that to you and Heather." Randall replied. "With her passing you are the sole beneficiary." We both looked at Kit nervously.

"I understand, that is the way it should be." Kit looked back at me still smiling. I could see it still stung a bit.

Randall went on about some of the smaller points. Sandy left a small amount of money for other family members.

Randal was also handling Heather's will. She had left it all to Sandy and me, so again it was left to me. She didn't have much but it was enough to cover the funeral expenses and then some. I also held an insurance policy we got before we married. Sandy had another policy that paid out to Heather.

"What about the accident?" Kit asked. "Who is going to pay me for my brother and mother?" She started to get emotional.

"That's up to you. There was insurance, and that will be substantial. But since there were five passengers, three instructors, a co pilot there will be many claims. We could sue the owner but he perished and his main asset was the plane. He leaves a family behind, it would come from their pockets." Randall was brutally honest.

"Mark we can't do that!" Kit cried out.

"Let's see what the insurance is offering." I replied taking Kit's hand. I reassuring her we wouldn't go after his family.

"One last detail we should discuss." Randall looked at me again. "If we put a claim in you can go individually or together, if you go together do you want to include Hank?"

It never dawned on me that he would be involved. It made sense, he did lose a son and his ex wife.

"I say we leave Hank do his own thing." I suggested.

"Very well, I will be in touch." Randall walked us to the door. We said our goodbyes.

"You up for dinner?" I asked Kit as we drove back home.

"Pizza?" She perked up.

"Sure." I took her to a place Heather and I liked. It was a cozy place, since we were early there wasn't much of a crowd.

I was in the office back at home. Since it was just the two of us there was no need for a third bedroom. I moved my stuff back in and took the bed to the basement for storage. I had gotten a tip on a new listing coming out. If what I heard was true I needed to go see it the next day.

I was done for the day, had showered and changed into my boxers and a tee shirt. I heard Kit leave the bathroom after her shower. I had much to think about this afternoon. As much as Kit thought she knew what she wanted I felt it was up to me to keep her on course.

She was an adult and could do her own thing. Soon she would have money to do it. August was coming and that meant I needed to convince her to go back to the university.

Whether she had a crush on me or was just hanging onto me because she felt I was all she had concerned me. There was no way I was taking advantage of my sister.

"Are you still planning on shipping me off?" Kit came in her hair wet wearing the same clothes she had on the other night.

Passing the open chair she came and sat on my lap sideways this time. She smelled intoxicating as she wrapped her arms around my neck. .

"I think it's the best for you and your future." I replied politely.

"You are best for me and my future!" Kit countered.

"You aren't going to make this easy are you?" I asked.

"Mark, I will do anything you tell me to do. I love you and trust you. But..." Kit laid her head on my shoulder.

"But what?" I asked as she pulled me tight.

"Don't send me away. I need to be near you." She found my lips and kissed me. "I'll do anything you ask but please don't send me away!"

"Anything I ask?" I teased her, changing the subject.

"Anything Mark!" She perked up.

I picked her up her top shifted exposing her tit again. I took her to her room and sat her on the bed. She giggled in anticipation as I sat her down.

"Good. Get some sleep we are taking a trip tomorrow." I kissed her forehead.

"I hate you!" Kit yelled. Her disappointment obvious as I turned to leave.

I was having a hard time sleeping. The minutes ticked by, I couldn't stop worrying about Kit. I had been laying there almost an hour when I sensed her enter the room. I didn't move waiting to see what she was up to. Kit stood for some time probably trying to decide how far to go.

Kit lifted the covers and slipped into bed with me. She stayed on the other side to avoid touching me. I heard her sigh in relief as she realized she made it without waking me. Content to know she was close, sleep came easy.

I was up early so I picked Kit up and put her back in her bed. I covered her up and kissed her forehead. "I do love you baby." I whispered.

"When did you put me back in my bed?" Kit asked as we drove down the street.

"Kristen today we are going to just be brother and sister. I need you to try and remember that." I said hoping she understood.

Picking up it was more than a suggestion we started to act and talk like we had before the crash. We talked about Steve and Dawn and the new movies that just came out. After that we just listened to music. We were almost there when she recognized where I was taking her.

"Mark you promised!" Kit protested. The campus came into view.

"I need you to trust me." I looked at her as she pouted.

"This isn't fair you are treating me like a child." She complained further.

"Then stop acting like one. In case you haven't noticed life isn't always fair!" I felt bad scolding her but I need her to understand this was hard on me too. "If you want I can drop you off and pick you up later. You can come with me but if you do you need to behave."

"Fine! I will come with you just don't expect me to be happy about it!" She voiced her displeasure. "Where are we going?"

I laughed. She wanted to come and she didn't even know where to.

"I have some properties to look at for a client. This may take some time..."

"I said I am going with you!" She cut me off.

I knew prices for properties in college towns are just insane. I also knew the recent market conditions had changed real estate dramatically. I had a pretty good feeling of the one I wanted but decided to check out several. Kit followed without complaint for the first two.

The agent Alex was an older gentleman, he knew I was in the business and spared me the sales pitch. We had lunch at a small sandwich shop across from the main campus. School was out so the place wasn't packed for the lunch hour, still we waited for a table. By the third building Kit was showing the signs of boredom I was expecting earlier.

Alex handed me a set of keys and said I could meet him back at the office. We drove back to the center of campus and parked. I looked out Kit's side window.

"What are you looking at?" She asked.

"The building." I scanned it over again.

"The one with the sandwich shop?" She seemed surprised.

"Yep?" I replied. "Are you coming?"

"Is it ok if I sit here?"

"Suit yourself." I agreed. "But you did say you were coming with me earlier."

"Ok! Last one?" She rolled her eyes.

"Promise." I went and opened her door.

She looked stunning as I helped her out. The short summer dress looked great on her. Her legs looked perfect, it hugged what ass she had, the scoop in front was daring but appropriate. Kristen is a cute girl.

We walked across the street, instead of going in the front I guided her around the corner to the side street. We past

another store front facing the side street then headed to the back entrance. I unlocked a security door and closed it behind us.

The elevator was across the spacious foyer. The doors opened I pushed # 3 and the doors closed behind us. It stopped at the top floor and the doors opened. I pushed the B button and the doors closed. The basement was just that. I looked around at the mechanicals, then the floor and the floor above us. I smiled as I walked around.

"What are you looking at?" Kit saw what I saw but to her it meant nothing. Back to the elevator I pushed #2. The doors soon opened and large cavernous space greeted us. It wasn't wide just 35 feet but it was deep at 75 feet. There was over 2600 square feet in front of us the ceilings at least twelve feet. Back to the elevator and up to the third floor.

This is what I really wanted to see. Out the door to the left was a large wall of glass. In the middle was a sliding door, on the other side was a large patio surrounded by brick wall almost four feet high. The view was only ok but the space was incredible. Back in the large foyer was a powder room and a large door heading into the apartment.

Unlocking that door we entered. The kitchen was to the right to the left was the dining area. It too had a door wall opening

to the patio. In front of the kitchen was the great room to the left was two average bedrooms beyond that a large master suit. The master suite and the great room looked out on the campus with tall narrow windows at least ten feet high. All told there was 2200 square feet of living space, the patio accounting for some of the footage below.

"Do you like it?" I walked over to Kit and leaned against the island in the kitchen.

"Needs some updating, the woodwork is beautiful!" She looked around as I watched her glide in that soft flowing dress. She sure was easy on the eyes.

"How would you decorate it?" I asked frowning like she wouldn't have a clue.

"Antiques for sure, Victorian if possible, you know ornate, hand carved. Nothing to plain like most early American." She looked closer at the detailed wood around the fireplace. "I hope your customer has money, he's going to need it."

"She has enough." Kit looked at me when I told her it was a woman. "The thing I need to really find out is if she would want to live here."

"Mark anyone would love to live here! Of course she would."
Kit scolded me for being so lame.

I moved to where Kit stood. I looked where she looked. I followed her into the master suite.

"Is she a professor?" Kit asked as she looked in the bathroom, then the closets.

"No." I answered plainly.

"Is she a student?" Kit asked as she headed to the other bedrooms.

"She was before." I replied emotionless. Kit stopped and looked at me. I acted distracted.

"What does she do then?" She started back to the bedrooms.

"I'm not sure. Let me call her and ask her what her plans are."
Kit walked in the direction of the second bedroom as I dialed the phone. I waited until she was in the adjoining bathroom then pushed send. I could hear her phone ring.

"Mark?" She answered.

"If we lived here would you go back to school?" I almost dropped the phone she screamed so loud.

"YOU! You son of a bitch!" Kristen ran from the room and chased me to the kitchen. "Mark don't do this to me."

"Do what?" I acted confused.

"You said 'we' would live here." Kit pointed her finger at me. "Don't tease me."

"Kristen." She knew I was serious now, I never call her that. "If we lived here would you go back to school?"

"Mark please tell me you aren't fucking with me?" Kit was so confused I thought she would break down.

"I want you to go back to this school. This is where you belong in your life right now." I pulled her against me. "You said you wanted me near you, so here I am."

She looked up with tears in her eyes.

"If we live here we'll need a place to stay." I continued. I pulled her tight against me. "So do we by this dump or look some more?"

"You're serious? We can buy this and live here together?" Kit jumped up and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I love you Mark!"

"I love you Kristen." Kit kissed me over and over. My hands slipped under her ass holding her up. God she felt so good! For the first time I didn't feel guilty thinking that.

Kit slipped her chin over my shoulder and tightened her grip. "Doesn't this feel right to you too?" She whispered.

Kit kept her grip around my neck probably afraid of my answer. She was still fragile, I wanted to lie and say no, to discourage her, but the fact is I was conflicted.

"I really don't know baby." I answered honestly. She squeezed harder.

"I'll take that as a yes." She replied. Releasing her arms she leaned back reading my reaction. She thrust forward kissing me with the most passionate kiss we had ever shared. "I'll try and go slow."

I let her back on the floor she ran from room to room then grabbed my hand and headed to the elevator.

We rode back down to the second floor then walked across to the service elevator. It was big enough to hold a full size car. That is how the previous owner got his collection to the second floor. We rode it down to the store front that faced the side street. It had been empty for years, but was good sized. We walked out and locked the door then went around back to look at the parking lot. Like the roof it had been recently redone. There were over twenty parking spots assigned to our building three of them behind an automated gate.

We met Alex's in his office, he was kind of a one man show. My guess is he was in his late sixties and was just dabbling in real estate to stave off retirement.

"Needs some work Alex." I gave him the woe is me story.

"Mark cut the bullshit! I told you on the phone I would hold off listing it until Monday." He grinned as he rejected my lame attempt to negotiate. I liked his style. "You want it or not?"

"I had to try if not for my client at least for my pride!" I laughed with him. "Seven fifty?"

"Cash?" He countered.

"Can't do cash." I replied. "Not sure I can get a loan, money is tight."

"Then the offer stands, eight hundred, 25% down cash, ten year land contract, and 6 % interest." He leaned back in his seat. Kit looked at me she seemed to slowly understand what we were negotiating. "Three years ago we could have gotten double that or more cash."

"Kit do you want to live there?" I turned to her. She was shocked I had put her on the spot.

"Yes, but Mark that's a lot of money!" She looked at me, I winked. "I trust you Mark whatever you say."

"Alex it looks like we have a deal. Send the paperwork to Randall to look over. I will have the money by the end of the week." I handed him Randall's card. "Kit you just bought a building!"

"Well congratulations young lady!" Alex congratulated her. If he was surprised it was her he didn't show it.

"Thank you!" Kit said surprised.

"Would it be ok to talk to the tenants before we leave?" I asked Alex.

"I don't see why not. I would ask that you don't disclose the price to anyone. This is a private transaction." Alex warned me.

"Agreed. I think it's the best interest of everyone for now that wasn't divulged." I looked to Kit letting her know that included her.

We stopped and talked to the owners of the sandwich shop. It was a young married couple in their early thirties. We introduced ourselves, they seemed happy we bought the place once I made it clear we wouldn't raise the rent. They had three small kids the oldest was ten the youngest just under two. Kit and I loaded in the car for the long ride home.

"Did I really just buy a building?" Kit asked me.

"You did." I replied.

"But I don't have that kind of money!" She protested.

"You will, I am splitting moms 401 k with you." I explained.

"Mark! You can't do that!" Kit grabbed my arm. "Mom wanted you to have it!"

"She left it to me expecting me to do the right thing." I place my hand over the one she had on my arm. "This is will secure your future. That is what I want."

She let my arm go and looked out the window. We drove for a while.

"When did you know?" Kit asked.

"Know what?"

"That you were in love with mom?" Kit looked at me shyly. I debated whether I should answer. It was a fair question but a personal one. Looking back again Kit was waiting.

"I knew at a young age she was special to me, more than just a mother. When I was maybe twelve somehow I knew Hank wasn't my dad." I confessed. "When I was around sixteen I noticed how Sandy looked at Jerry whenever he was around. I got jealous. Maybe that's why I wanted to be like him, so she would look at me like she looked at him..."

"Then what?" Kit waited for me to finish.

"She was pretty hard on me after Jerry died, I needed that I guess. The day I knew I was in love with her was when she forgave me." I looked over at Kit. "That was the day she moved me into the basement."

"I remember that!" Kit replied.

"Mom gave me that look she always gave Jerry. She was telling me that she loved me for not being Jerry. She loved me like she loved him but she didn't want me to end up like him. There was never any doubt in my mind she felt the same way about me as I did for her."

We drove home in silence after that.

I was laying in bed, the excitement of the day played over and over. I felt her presence in the room again. Kit stood

silently watching me to see if I was asleep. I felt the bed move but she wasn't laying down, my guess is she was sitting at the end just watching me. I let her watch waiting to see what she would do next.

"Kit don't go to sleep and fall off." I whispered.

Kit sat there but I wasn't sure why. She moved off, pulled the covers up and slipped in the other side. She was building up her courage because it took a few minutes for her to move against my back. She snaked her arm over my side and caressed my chest. I put my hand over hers and made her stop but didn't make her take it back.

At breakfast she walked in wearing her usual bedtime attire.

"When did you put me back in the bed?" She asked.

"Your bed?" I corrected her. She stuck her tongue out.

That night I was in bed laying in the same position as usual. It had been a good day, hectic but productive. I sensed Kit in the room, she was standing silently. She waited a long time hoping I wouldn't trick her. I almost nodded off when I felt the covers lift. She slipped under the top sheet, and then she moved lower. I felt her moving over my legs in front of me.

Hidden under the covers her hand caressed my chest. Her hand slid past my neck, one finger found my mouth and pressed against my lips. The next thing I know her other hand found my cock.

I wanted to protest but the finger on my mouth pressed firmer. Pulling the waistband down of my boxers Kit gently stroked me hard. The finger pressed so hard it hurt but then it left joining the other around my cock. I felt the warm damp touch of her lips on my cock. Stopping her now crossed my mind but the damage, so they say, had been done.

I struggled with this for so many reasons, obviously she wanted to do it. I thought back to the first time I tried to perform oral sex on Sandy, when she said 'no' it devastated me. I knew that wasn't what I wanted to do to Kit. The emotional turmoil was hard for me and it could be catastrophic for her. I lowered my hand to the side of her face and let it rest there. I didn't guide her, it was just to let her know I wouldn't stop her if this is what she wanted.

This embolden Kit, she pushed my hip to roll me on my back. Positioning herself over one leg she pulled my boxers down further. Kit worked her mouth over my cock, her hands gently stroked my balls. I didn't notice at first, I was distracted you know, but I felt dampness on the knee she straddled.

Kristen was rubbing her pussy over my knee, her panties were drenched. The thought of Kit using me only increased the desire to cum. She was no expert, but she was enthusiastic as she went down on me. Before long the feeling was soon too much.

She knew it was coming, I was pushing up to meet her mouth she gripped my base with one hand and milked my balls with the other. I groaned in pleasure as Kit redoubled her efforts. I could feel my cum wash past her lips and coat my cock and her hand. My body shivered as my orgasm started to subside. I realized Kit was working on her own.

She was literally fucking my knee now. I held her shoulder as she gripped my thigh and rubbed her clit over my hard knee cap. In almost utter silence, only her erratic breathing giving her pleasure away, Kit orgasmed. After a few minutes she started licking cum from my cock and balls. She slipped off her top and used it to wipe the rest.

I pulled up my boxers to be more comfortable then tuned and pulled her up inside my body. Spooning she brought my hand to her chest letting me cup her small tit and hard nipple. I kissed the back of her head thanking her. We stayed that way for several minutes.

"I better go to 'my' bed." Kit whispered sadly. I pulled her tight to me.

"Please stay." I asked. She gripped my hand on her tit and squeezed it.

"Are you sure?" She was crying.

"No." I replied.

"I'll take that as a yes." She laughed through her tears.

"I am not sure this is going slow." I squeezed her tit again.

"Don't make me wait too long Mark."

"Ok."

She pushed back deep in me. I knew how happy she was at that moment. Was this really what was best for her? I needed to sleep.

I woke early, Kit was splayed in front of me taking up half the king size bed. Lying on her stomach with the covers at

our feet I just took in her beauty. Her face was turned in my direction, her long brown hair covered most of it. I knew I should have gotten up before she woke but I decided to see how she would handle situation. I couldn't help but feel empathy for her if she felt about me how I once felt about Sandy.

Was mom right to send me away? Should I do the same for Kit? Then I thought about Heather and the time we shared. Kit has only me now that Matt is gone.

"What ya thinking?" She smiled through her hair.

"I was thinking this isn't the way a brother and sister should be acting." I scolded her.

"I won't tell if you won't." Kit smiled. She was happy with herself.

"How do you see this playing out?" I challenged her.

"I don't have a plan Mark." Kit closed her eyes and smiled. "I just know how I feel about you."

"And what if I don't feel the same way about you?" Kit opened her eyes and locked on mine. She was concerned at first. She smiled then closed her eyes.

"But you do."

I watched as she drifted off to sleep leaving me to contemplate what she just said. It didn't make me feel any better knowing she was right.

Saturday I worked late and had dinner with a client from out of town. Kit was meeting some friends. When I came home the light was glowing on the mantle. I was shocked, those lights hadn't been used since before Heather and I were married. They were our signals when we had romantic guests. Since it was summer and the sun had not set there was no reason for the light to be on. I was so rattled by it I needed find out why it was on. With my emotions in overdrive I searched the house. I noticed Kit's bedroom door was just inches from being closed.

I saw movement in the gap, there was laughing and giggling. The hair on the back of my neck stood up.

"Kristen!" I yelled. "Who is in there with you?"

The house became deathly quiet. The door slowly opened she stood in front of him.

"Steve?" I said accusingly. I glared at her. "What is he doing here?" My voice still not settled.

"He just stopped by..."

"I want him out of this house!" Kit glared back at me.

"I better go." Steve suggested.

"No Steve! This is my house too!" Kit replied firmly. She was mad with me.

"He should leave." I glared at him now.

"Sorry Kristen, maybe another time." Steve pushed past her and headed to the living room. Kit followed him apologizing and said she would call. She closed the front door then turned to face me.

"What is that all about?" She yelled at me. I looked at the lamp that was still on.

"Why is that lamp on?" I yelled back.

"I wanted you to know we had a guest!" She yelled at me.

"How did you know about that?" I asked rudely. Suddenly I was starting to feel sick.

"Heather told me...Oh my god!" Kit looked instantly flushed.
"Oh Mark..., Oh honey, I am so sorry!"

Kit ran to me she could see I wasn't well. She wrapped her arms around me to hold me up.

"You thought we were doing the nasty didn't you?" She guided me to the sofa and sat me down. "You were jealous! You do feel that way about me don't you? Oh Mark can you ever forgive me?"

"What was he doing here?" I managed to get out.

"He is planning on proposing to Dawn and wanted my help to surprise her." Kit explained. Then she started laughing.

"What is so funny?" I was finally calming down and thinking straighter.

"You scared the shit out of him! He will be so happy to know you don't want to kill him." Kit explained. I laughed with her still woozy.

"I guess I did go a bit overboard." I shrugged. Kit jumped on my lap and kissed me firmly.

"Yes you did, I couldn't be happier!" She kissed me over and over.

We shared the same bed that night, but other than kissing nothing happened.

Things moved quickly after that. I put in my notice. Randall handled all of the paper work. Kit and I set up bank accounts and transferred money. We hired one of those trucks with a couple of guys to move what little furniture we had. I figured I could work on the new building and not go back to work until the new year without depleting too much of my savings.

Randall was still working with the insurance company but I knew that could take years. Kit was able to continue where

she left off at school. The university allowed her to keep her scholarship when they learned why she was late for enrolling. In fact the university was very understanding and helpful in many ways.

I was wrapping up clients and fixing up the house we rented so we didn't lose the deposit. I was working from early morning to late at night. Kit went up to school and stayed with friends several nights. Steve did accept my apology but I have a feeling he steers clear of me when he has the chance.

In the new building we had so little furniture that the place still looked empty. I hired some student painters to update the master bedroom and the great room before we moved in. Kit loved picking out the colors and window treatment.

Friday morning I loaded the truck with the last of our stuff and headed to our new home. Kit and I had not been apart for more than a few hours since the accident. The last two weeks we had only seen each other for a few days, and only four nights.

I was proud of Kit, I felt she was moving on with her life nicely. She called constantly I couldn't wait to hear her voice when I answered. I was falling in love if I say so myself.

The drive up seemed to take forever, a man has time to think at times like this. Sandy was never far from my mind, I wondered if she would be happy with Kit and me. I knew Heather would be. She loved Kit like the sister she never had. Heather loved life and everything it had to offer. Sometimes that wasn't good, but after she joined Sandy and me all I ever saw was happiness in her.

I thought of Matt and what he might think, then I remembered the hug he gave me. I felt sure he would approve. He was such a good kid, so fucking smart, there wasn't anything he couldn't have accomplished had he lived.

The thought of him and Kit having sex surprised me in some ways. Oh he was good looking, worked out almost daily, that is what bothered me the most. He looked too good, he was anal about his clothes. Matt fretted over every detail, including his school work. I knew the rumors about him being gay, I preferred to refer to him being metro sexual. But I knew for a fact he was fucking Kit so he wasn't entirely against women.

Then there is Kristen. Maybe not as smart as Matt, but it would be close. He had book smarts she had street smarts. She was so like Heather in that way, but she was also like Sandy. She had common sense and protected Matt just like Sandy protected me from Hank and myself. Kit's an amazing young woman. Maybe I have been too hard on her. It was

time to look in the mirror and see what I was afraid of. I looked up at the sky through the windshield.

"A sign would be nice you know!" I laughed at the thought of the three of them looking down on me. "We miss you all."

I parked beside Kit's car in the back of the building the security gate closed behind me. I grabbed a few boxes and took the stairs up. It was a long ride and I needed the exercise.

Kit was in the living room studying, her classes started earlier in the week. She dropped her books and ran to greet me. I set the boxes on the counter she all but leapt into my arms. I lifted her up as she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Oh Mark how I missed you." Kit was wearing the top she always wore to bed. Her nipples poked out behind the thin material, you could make out the puffy mounds. I kissed her again my hands under the hem held her panty covered ass. "Did you miss me?"

I squeezed her ass and pulled her higher so I could kiss her again.

"I'll take that as a yes!" She squealed. Her top shifted, I could see something glitter in the opening behind her hair. "Let me down I have something to show you."

She slipped from my hands and bounded over to the master bedroom. She stopped at the door and waited for me to join her. I looked around her neck I saw the glimmer of gold. Kit turned before I could make it out. I don't remember her wearing a necklace before.

I headed to the master bedroom, she was nowhere in sight. I stopped and looked around the bedroom. The paint was perfect, the sheer drapes were framed by heavy curtains pulled to both sides of the windows. I looked around the bed was pulled back there was a note on one pillow. 'Get naked bring box on dresser to bathroom.'

"Kristen!" I called out.

"Mark please do it!" She yelled back her voice begging me to follow the instructions. I shed my clothes and picked up the box. I looked at the mirror on the closet door. I saw my cock leading the way.

Kit was sitting on the counter naked a towel on her lap. Her hair was pulled to the side a solitary pearl hung from a gold chain. It was an expensive necklace. Kit saw I recognized it.

"Matt gave me this. I was to wear it letting him know when he could kiss me. Later on it was to let him know when I was no longer on my period. God he liked to fuck." Kit explained. She was so calm. "One day he told me how you gave it to him so he could learn my moods. The nerd never did." She laughed I did not.

"Please open the box." Kit asked quietly. I opened it and looked inside.

"Mom told me you gave her that. She told me about that day, how gently you shaved her. How much she wanted you. It was the day we came back from the beach, the day I watched you fuck her. When you left Mom and Heather, we talked about you. She promised me one day she would help me with what I wanted."

"And that is?" I was scared to know the answer.

"Do you know when I first knew for sure it was you?" Kit looked at me. She knew I had no clue. "It was while we were folding the blankets. You treated me like an adult. Mark you didn't lie to me ether. You were so concerned about Matt and him getting hurt. You told me no kids between us. You trusted me to do the right thing. When I saw you fucking mom I wanted that to be me."

"And this?" I looked in the box.

"I haven't shaved since the day they died." Kit moved the towel and spread her legs. "I found them while I was unpacking, I took them as a sign."

I couldn't believe my ears. I looked at my reflection in the mirror behind her. I swear there were three orbs circling above us. That or the glare from the tears in my eyes.

"I know you are the one Mark, I can feel it. I can't explain it but I know it. Please tell me you feel the same way?" Kit looked on desperately.

"You want to know when I first knew we were meant to be?" I asked Kit. She searched my eyes for the answer.

"Tell me." She whispered.

"It started that day on the beach when you exposed mom. Sandy knew there was something special between us. I tried to deny it but you wouldn't let me. I knew for sure just now when I walked up those steps and saw how happy you were to see me. The thought of missing that in my life would be unbearable. The necklace and now this?" I held the box up.

"Mark I know you think I feel this way because they died. But I have felt this way for much longer." She kissed me softly once again. "I can't wait Mark, I am not as strong as you were. The fact is I don't want to wait another minute, even another second."

Kit reached down and handed me the scissors. Using both hands she held my face.

"I trust you to know what is best for me." She whispered

I looked her in the eyes I saw how much she loved me. I looked at myself in the mirror behind her. I saw how much I loved her. I scooted her tight against me her ass was at the edge of the counter. Letting go I lowered to one knee, Kit's hands slipped from my face as she leaned back.

My hand trembled as I started to trim her bush. Kit took my hand and held it still, then slowly let it go. Unlike Sandy whose pubic hair was course and curled Kit's was long and soft. Steadily now I trimmed as close as I dare. She yipped when the cold shaving cream touched her most private parts. Unlike Sandy's full and flowery opening Kit's are soft and smooth, her lips tight. The razor easily moved over the puffy mound only the bump from her hooded clit was an obstacle.

Kit was getting aroused as I work around her sex. She moaned several times as I moved her lips to gain access to areas. She tried to watch but then arched her back in pleasure. Her pussy dew collected on the baby smooth surfaces. The pedals of her flower started to spread. I was trimming a small patch above her mound when she reached down and grabbed my hair.

"Later!" She hissed. "I need you now!"

I laid down the razor, I licked along her slit she was oozing. She pulled hard on my hair.

"Later!" She repeated. "I need you in me!"

I stood, the counter was a bit low but I lined my dripping cock up with her pussy. As I moved it in place my precum drizzled over her slit. Holding herself forward by my shoulders Kit watched as my large cock pressed between her lips. Her legs wrapped behind me she pulled her pelvis closer. The mushroom head disappeared and then inch by inch I moved deeper.

"Oh God!" Was all she said.

Kit had fire in her eyes. Only about four inches had entered her and she was already on the edge of cumming. Her legs pulled harder but her pussy wasn't prepared for my girth.

"More!" She begged

"Trust me." I replied.

There were times to be aggressive and domineering, and there were times to be gentle and patient. I pulled back until my cock was poised at the entrance, we both watched as her large clit danced along my cock. Kit shivered in response, her pussy started to convulse. I reversed and started back in. Kit held her breath as I found her limit. Pulling back her clit rode my cock again.

Kit squirmed in delight. Her breathing ragged her body shimmered in perspiration. Kit's tits were hard mounds of desire, her long hair now strewn about. Her eyes were closed as I reached the precipice then opened to see her clit peaking from under the hood. She looked at me knowingly, I was watching her start to climax. I pushed in quicker but still gently her legs clamped tighter.

"Mark..." She couldn't get the rest out as I started back out. We both watched as her clit protruded even more riding the veins in my swollen cock.

"I know,... it's ok to cum." I encouraged her. I pulled out so she could see the how big the head had grown.

"Now!" I whispered.

Kit moved her arms below mine and lunged as I drove back inside her pussy. Her ass cheeks screeched across the counter top, her whimpers reflected off the walls. Kit dug her nails deep in my back, she had lost her voice but her body screamed in release. Her legs pulled so tight, as she tried to force my cock deeper, I couldn't really fuck her. Her orgasm released a flood lubrication but I could still feel the pressure on my cock. As her orgasm subsided Kit clung to me. I could feel her tits press into me and the quick beating of her heart.

"More!" Kit begged.

She didn't even look up she just caressed my back and pulled tighter. My legs were shot I was still hard inside her. Slipping my hands under her ass I carried her to the bed. She held onto me like a baby orangutan does its mother. I sat down, she released her legs holding on with her arms. I moved from the edge and lay back, turning so were secure in our position she was lying on top. I kneaded the cheeks of her ass, she took this as my need for her to start fucking me. Lifting slightly Kit smiled as I took in her beauty. She teased my

chest with her nipples. She started riding my cock, I held her ass cheeks keeping her from trying to take all of me.

"Later!" I scolded her.

"I want it now!" She whined.

"Trust me!" Kit knew I was only think of her. "I will enjoy it more if we wait."

Satisfied by that explanation she set out to pleasure me. As you can imagine at this point it didn't take much. Being on top frustrated her, she indicated we should roll over.

Propping up on my elbows I was able to look between us as I drove in and out of her pussy. Kit squirmed beneath me. We watched her clit grow to its full length. It bobbed about as I drove her crazy with desire. I could feel my balls boil, Kit sensed I was close.

"Cum with me Mark!" Kit purred. She wrapped her legs behind me.

The first swell and release of my cum triggered her second orgasm. I could feel her pussy contract each time I came. Kit

pulled me down to smother her body, she moaned, I grunted. Her pussy opened slightly and I drove a bit deeper. Kit replied with a muffled squeal as she came again harder.

I rolled to the side she instantly moved against me so we could kiss. Her hand caressed my chest, her leg brushed up against my semi hard cock. I pulled her on top so I could feel her body against mine. It was all I could think of she was so intoxicating. We lay there for several minutes.

"Mark?"

"Yes?"

"What were you thinking about while we made love?"

"What?"

"What were you thinking about?" Kit's cheek pressed to my chest.

"About you I guess, how happy I wanted you to be." I replied confused.

"Yeah, me to." She answered. I could feel her smile on my chest.

"So? Isn't that what I was suppose to think of?" Not sure where this was going.

"What did you think of the first time we fucked?" Kit raised up grinning at me.

She was right! This time the only thing I thought about was her, and making her happy. Nothing about Matt, or Sandy or Heather. Nothing about right or wrong, sister, half sister, in fact...shit...nothing about birth control!? She saw me react as I thought about all those things.

"Well?" She asked, waiting for an answer.

"I see your point." I replied smiling.

"It proves you love me!" Happy she made her point she lowered her head back to my chest.

"Kit?"

"Yes?"

"How do we feel about kids?" I thought it was a polite way of asking. She rose up grinning.

"Remember what you told me about Mat and I having kids?" Kit asked. She was almost scolding me.

"I do." I replied sheepishly. "I'm sorry about that. It was wrong of me to meddle."

"Would you like some?" She teased. Kit gave me a forgiving look.

"Someday." I suggested.

"Me to." She replied. She laid her face back to my chest. She didn't continue which made me concerned. She let me fret for a few minutes.

"Let me know when you're ready and I will stop taking the pill." She kissed my nipple.

Kit was laughing at me now.

"How about two years?" I teased. Kit rose up to see if I was serious

"I will put it on the calendar." She replied.

I pulled her up so we could kiss. Kit met me with her tongue searching for mine. I could feel my cum dripping from her pussy on my stomach.

"In the mean time maybe 'I' can find ways to keep you distracted." Kit started stroking my hard cock. "Let's go eat I'm hungry!" She jumped off of me and headed to the bathroom.

"Hey you can't leave me like this!" I complained.

"Sure I can, you did to me!" She replied, making her point. Then she took pity on me. "Come on you big lug, you can wash my back!"

I followed her in the shower. Taking my cock in her mouth she brought me close, then just when I was ready, she pulled off and jerked me all over her tits.

"You better have more where that came from tonight buster!"
She hugged me coating my body with my cum.

We unloaded the truck and went to lunch. On the way back I took her to an antique store on the edge of town. We shopped for a while when Kit found a small table she liked. The price seemed reasonable so we bought it and loaded it in the truck.

She studied as I unloaded the stuff, I brought the table up the elevator. I ordered pizza from down the street and went to pick it up. We shared some wine then curled up on the couch. Kit nuzzled inside me and brought my hand around and held it in front of her.

"Mark can I ask you something" She nervously played with my hand.

"Sure." I replied.

"Will I be enough for you?" She continued to fidget with my hand.

"Enough what?" I wasn't sure what she was asking.

"You had mom and Heather. I tried girls but they just do anything for me. Will I be enough?" I could feel her tense up waiting for an answer.

"Kit, stop." I replied.

"I'm not very big, and my tits well I barely have any... I guess I could get implants. They are sensitive! Maybe after babies...? My pussy is tight, I know guys like that, but you have more than I can take, well right now anyway." She was facing away I let her ramble on so she could just get it all out now. "I know mom loved anal, I never tried that, Matt thought it was gross. She told me how to prepare for it but, Mark you are sooo big."

"Kristen please stop. Don't do this." I pulled her tight. "I love you just the way you are."

"Will I be enough for you?" I asked her just to make a point. She turned to face me.

"Why would you say that?" She asked. There was something in the way she said it.

"Well Matt, you two seemed to, you know a lot." I grinned. "I don't know if I can keep up with that?"

"Mark if I tell you something you promise not to hate me?"
She had that look again.

"No secrets Kit." I said.

"I loved Matt, he was part of me. We would go for weeks without sex, then he would want it all the time. Sometimes it was just...I think at times he was doing homework while we made love.

"But I thought you said..."

"No one could love 'me' more? That's true." Kit searched again. "Oh I loved him Mark I would do anything for him. I would have married him and had his kids. But deep down I wanted more. I didn't know what that was then, but now I do. I saw it when you were fucking mom, I felt it both times you made love to me."

"I don't know what to say." I replied. She kissed me.

"You are by far the best lover I have ever had!" She gave me a cautious grin. "You make me feel like a woman, not treat me like one. You care about how I feel!"

"So you're saying I have spoiled you?" I teased.

"You have! Now come spoil me some more!"

Kit stood and pulled me up, holding my hand she guided me into the dark bedroom. She pulled me by the windows. We looked out across the campus, soft lights glowed throughout. There was a building with a dome that looked gold in the lights. "Isn't this beautiful?"

"You sure are." I bent over and kissed her neck from behind. "I am in love with you Kristen, thank you for helping me see that."

"Mark if you ever change your mind on adopting please tell me." Kit whispered. She turned to face me.

I could see the pain in her eyes. How could I tell her she and Matt couldn't have kids and then tell her it was ok to have mine.

"Kit, I don't know what to say." I replied. "After what I told you and Matt."

"Mark do you trust me?" Kit asked soberly.

"I do Kristen." I answered.

"Will you let me decide then?" Kit asked. It was almost as if she wanted to take the burden off my shoulders.

"Ok if that is what you want." I replied relieved.

"No secrets?" Kit asked.

"No secrets." I replied.

"I flushed the pills earlier today." Kit explained.

She stood waiting for my reaction. There was a moment of indecision on my part, but just that just a moment. It is amazing how much our brains can process in an instant. Did I, didn't I want kit to risk having our kids, should we adopt, was this all wrong? One look at her and I knew I couldn't say no.

"I can't think of a better time to start!" I responded picking her up. "You are obviously a woman with a plan."

I threw her on the bed as she squealed in delight at my answer. I hovered over her.

"No plan just a woman that knows how much you love her."
Kit grinned. "I love you Mark."

"I love you Kit." I confessed.

That was the first day of the rest of our lives.

THE END