

THE I-ROOM CH. 04

Ahabscribe

A family held captive confronts its true desires!

Incest/Taboo

4.78

17k words

I hope this comes as a pleasant surprise to fans of the I-Room, I sure was pleased to see this story, long incomplete, finally allow itself to be written.

As always, I hope you will send me your comments, be they positive or negative - critiques are always welcome. Enjoy!

All the usual enjoiners - this is a work of fiction with all characters existing only within the confines of the story and my imagination.

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Prologue:

And still, the so called experts bandy opinions on what is my purpose, what are the dark, underlying motivations of my actions and when will my actions spiral out of control into deeds unspeakable. Their pontifications provide me amusement as I continue on my mission to bring truth to those who have had blinders placed upon them, to bring vision to those who cannot see. When the debating is done and all has been revealed, I hope to be remembered as nothing more than an instrument of illumination.

The torch of my illumination is a simple room twelve feet by twelve feet -- stark and almost empty, save for a queen size bed, a simple wooden chair and a small refrigerator. The room has but one exit, a steel door locked from the outside. Adjoining the room is a small alcove housing the barest of necessities -- a shower and a toilet. Here the blinders of peoples' lives are removed so that they may confront the truth about themselves -- so that they may live the lives they were meant to live.

The Fourth: Dennis, Lori, Teddy and Taylor

Never has the I-Room been so crowded, albeit peaceful. In a tumble of bodies, sleeping peacefully rests a family, about to be thrust into the glare of truth -- forced to confront the realities they have refused to acknowledge. A perfect nuclear family, Dennis and Lori -- husband and wife and their son and daughter, Teddy and Taylor

Dennis is a white male in his late forties. He is in good health, not having had many bad habits and hence the bad health that strikes so many of his age. He is a minister of a conservative protestant church and he has spent his life protesting the decadent world about him. His hair, once black is now pepper gray, giving him a distinguished air.

Lori is slightly younger, having turned forty-two just this past year. She is a small petite woman with short, blonde hair and blue eyes. She works out and her body is trim and tight, her breasts little apples that still are firm and ripe. I suspect the hair between her legs is as blonde as the hair on her head. Lying on her stomach, I cannot help but admire her firm ass. Even in sleep, there is an air of disapproval about her, as if she has been raised to object to the actions of everyone around her. .

Taylor is the oldest of the two children. At twenty years of age, she is a tall, buxom young woman, her bright head of long, blonde hair and her blue eyes so much like her mother's, but there the resemblance ends. My research indicates she physically resembles Dennis's mother. At five foot, nine inches tall, she is slender with firm, prominent breasts that strain the 38DD bra she is currently wearing and her skin a pale, flawless ivory. Her long legs are muscular and shapely.

The younger of the two children, Teddy is a healthy eighteen year old male. He stands five foot, eleven and has his father's black hair. He is a bit stocky, muscular from years of lifting weights and playing on his high school wrestling team. Between his iron-muscled thighs, a considerable bulge is nestled in his jockey shorts.

All are clad in only their underwear, mother and daughter in plain cotton panties and bras, the father in boxer shorts and the son as mentioned earlier, in white jockey underwear. They are a handsome family, brimming with health.

Teddy, the son stirs first, coming awake abruptly and rising up. He is quickly on his feet and checking out the surroundings. His eyes widen as he spies his family on the bed. He moves to wake his father, but I smile as he pauses to openly ogle his sister and mother as they lay sleeping, their bodies at best only partly covered.

"Dad? Wake up, Dad. Something is going on!" He says softly, giving his father a shake on the shoulder.

Dennis snorts and slowly begins to wake, but the commotion brings his wife, Lori awake as well. She is sitting up and looking about the room and her family while Dennis is still shaking off sleep. She seems calm, albeit concerned as she realized that things are not what they should be. The frown she wore in sleep now deepens as she slips off the bed and gasps as she stares at her son staring at her. "Teddy -- shame on you, put some clothes on!" she snaps turning away from her son and then comprehension slaps her hard as she realizes they are all clad only in their underwear.

"Dennis, wake up now!" Lori barks and her husband responds to the urgency in her voice, sitting straight up, eyes wide open and awake. He takes in his partially clad wife and his eyes widen even more as he takes in the shapely, lithe body of his daughter who is still asleep. Lori rushes around the bed to her daughter, fear in her voice as she shakes Taylor's shoulder. "Honey? Taylor, baby, wake up!"

The young woman moans and mumbles softly, rolling over to face her father who is easing out of bed now. Her breasts shake and quiver as she moves and both Dennis and Teddy cannot help but stare at her magnificent chest.

Lori's face is quickly turning red, her frown now a fierce scowl. "Dennis, what's happening? Where are we?" She turns back to Taylor and says in a loud and strident voice. "Taylor, wake up right now, girl!"

Taylor's eyes snap open and she snaps right back, "All right, Mother! I'm up! Are you happy no..." Her voice fades away as she realizes she isn't in her own bedroom in her own four poster bed, nor in her dorm room at college. "Mom -- what is this, where are we?" She becomes aware of her own lack of clothes and as she scans the room, stops to stare at her brother and father, both now examining the steel door. Her brother's legs and arms bulge with effort as he tries to wrench the secure door open and fails.

I am not surprised when she lunges off the bed, past her mother and hurries to her father, arms wrapping around his waist. "It him, isn't it, Daddy?" she says in a hushed voice. "The guy they talk about on the news and the tabloid shows -- the Creep!" I have to choke down a chuckle. My research has shown me that there is a big following of my exploits among college age girls -- no doubt speculating on my evil doings.

Dennis looks down at her daughter, trying to keep his gaze steady on her face and away from her mostly visible breasts and failing terribly. He finally tears his eyes off her and looks at his wife, still standing by the bed. She stares back, fear and anger dueling for control in her face. Lori seems so vulnerable and unsettled in her unclothed condition, arms crossing over her bra covered breasts. A tent begins to take form in Dennis's boxers as he instinctively responds to the sweet sensation of his daughter's womanly flesh pressing against his and he quickly disengages himself from Taylor's arms.

Stepping away, he musters his best calm and confident voice, born of many years in the pulpit. "Let's all stay calm and not give into to panic. The Lord is with us and will see us through this trial." He reaches out a hand to Teddy who is still attempting to force the door open, his effort so intense, the muscles in his neck are knotting up. "Let it be, son. Save your strength."

Lori comes up and puts an arm around her husband's waist, discretely separating him from Taylor -- his erection not going unnoticed. "What in the world do we do, honey?" she whispers. "What will this...Creep do to us?"

I take that as my cue and key my microphone. I intone, "BE WELCOME IN MY HOME AND REST ASSURED THAT NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU. YOU SHALL BE MY GUESTS FOR A TIME."

Taylor lets out a little squeal as my voice surprises them all. As befits a close knit family, they instinctively move towards each other, huddling together in support of each other. Taylor takes both her mother's and her brother's hands in hers, squeezing so tight that her knuckles quickly whiten. Dennis stays calm despite the anger in his voice. "What do you want with us?"

"I WISH FOR YOU TO GAIN KNOWLEDGE. I WANT YOU TO KNOW TRUTH," I reply.

Dennis shakes his head, frowning at the vagueness of my words. "I implore you. If you must, keep me and my wife, but the children, do not subject them to your madness. Please release the children."

"YOUR SON AND DAUGHTER ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NONE OF YOU HAS ANYTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. YOU ARE HERE TO LEARN ABOUT YOURSELVES AND TO FIND TRUTH THAT YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEARTS BUT DO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE."

"You are this Creep person, aren't you?" hisses Lori. "You are a foul pervert and you want to corrupt us."

"I AM KNOWN AS THE CREEP -- THE NAME SERVES AS WELL AS ANY OTHER. AS TO YOUR ACCUSATION -- NOTHING WILL BE DONE TO YOU OTHER THAN AID YOU TO DISCOVER TRUTH. THAT IS YOUR PURPOSE FOR BEING HERE."

"We will not be corru..." Dennis's voice chokes off -- from anger or fear, I do not know. He pauses and looking at his family, regains his resolve. "We will not be corrupted by you. The Lord will lend us the strength to resist you and whatever evil you shall bring our way." He looked at each member of

his family and out of long practice, they form a circle, holding hands -- father facing daughter and mother facing son. "Let us pray for our deliverance."

The family bows their heads and closes their eyes and Dennis begins to pray -- first reciting the 'Lord's Prayer' and then the 23rd Psalm before evoking a long prayer entreating God to give them strength. I sense that this family will perhaps be my greatest challenge, their religious faith serving as the crutch by which they will resist. Still, I choose to respect their efforts by remaining silent. Time is my ally here. I simply need to let nature take its course.

Dennis provides an extraordinary example of his belief in prayer, going nearly an hour before he begins to go hoarse, but already I see cracks in his family's resolve. Long before their prayer session ends, Teddy is opening his eyes and taking quick glimpses at his scantily clad sister and mother. I am pleased to see the boy spending as much time looking at his slender, almost elfin mother as he does his more voluptuous sister. His arousal to so much bare flesh is evident in the hard-on scarcely concealed underneath his jockey shorts.

Before the end of Dennis's prayer, Taylor too has peeked out several times, ogling the outline of her brother's enormous cock and gazing earnestly at her father's shorts as well. Only when their mother opens her eyes and with a frightful glare admonishes them both silently do they cease their obviously interested staring. Watching them carefully for several minutes to see that they aren't looking anymore, Lori finally closes her eyes again, but not before letting her gaze shift down to the still erect penis barely hidden behind her son's white shorts. There is more than anger in her eyes as she stares at his cock -- there is fear and I think curiosity.

When Dennis ends with a hearty, "Amen!" Lori adds her own two cents, pointedly telling her children. "We must resist whatever temptations this person...this Creep places before us. Rely on the faith and love of the Lord and on your father's and my guidance to keep us strong." Her tone is both accusatory and strident and Dennis looks at her with some concern as they retreat towards the bed.

The rest of their first day with me is spent in periodic prayer and wandering in circles around the small room, exploring the alcove and discovering drink and food in the refrigerator. There is some dismay when Taylor realizes that the toilet faces outward towards the bed and she clamors for privacy with her mother instructing her husband and son to turn towards the opposing wall until she is done.

I enjoy the way both mother and father keep glancing furtively at their children, both of whom appear not as shy. Lori constantly inserts herself between her children whenever they come together and talk quietly, trying to interrupt the open stares of interest between brother and sister. Lori also watches her husband as well, scowling each time he looks at his daughter, his eyes helplessly drawn to her large breasts and her long legs.

Their first night as I dim the lights down to twilight level, Lori insists on arranging the manner in which they will sleep. She and Dennis will sleep in the middle and Teddy outside next to his father and Taylor on the far side next to her mother. Another long prayer ensues, followed by much heavy sighing as everyone tries to get comfortable, all squeezed in on the single queen sized bed. It is a tight fit and both mother and father, try to lie on their sides facing each other, bodies pressed close to allow their children more room. Even so, flesh is touching flesh everywhere.

Early in the morning, Teddy rises to use the toilet and upon his return, pauses at the foot of the bed to stare at his mother and sister. Taylor is sprawled carelessly on her back, one foot hanging off the

bed and the other resting atop her mother's toned thigh. Her panties have been tugged tight against her mound, leaving her pussy clearly outlined against the fabric. If Teddy didn't know his sister shaved her pussy or kept it heavily trimmed, he does now. His eyes keep roving upwards to watch her breasts slowly rise and fall as she breathes. His morning piss erection that had awoken him is now replaced by an erection of arousal.

Teddy's eyes turn towards his mother and his mouth gapes open as he realizes his mother's bra has slipped upwards, revealing her left breast -- firm and hard, an apple sized tit with a long nipple as round as a nickel. Teddy stares and almost unconsciously, his hand finds his cock and rubs it slowly through the cotton of his shorts before he slips his hand inside the waistband and strokes his shaft for almost a minute before Lori snorts and rolls over towards her daughter, making Teddy scurry back around the bed and to gingerly climb back in next to his father.

He sighs dejectedly several times, reaching down to stroke his cock before finally falling back asleep. As he tries to fall back to sleep, I am more than pleasantly surprised to see his sister, eyes apparently not as closed as it appeared, smile to herself. If anyone will serve as the catalyst for this family's reformation, I know it will be Taylor.

The second day sees this family continue its prayer vigil amongst growing tension. Several times, Dennis and Lori will attempt to engage me in conversation, but I chose to remain silent. Becoming used to the confines of their small living space, all become restless. As always, I keep the temperature ever so slightly warm -- not hot enough to be uncomfortable, but enough that any physical effort will break one out into a sweat.

Teddy is the most active, prowling restlessly around the room, unable to take his eyes off his sister and his mother and unable to do anything about the almost constant erection in his shorts. Lori watches her son almost constantly, trying to limit his up close contact with his sister, quite aware that he is responding sexually to his lovely sister, but not as aware that when she summons her son to her side that he is more than content to sit and listen to her while his eyes roam up and down her petite body. Lori herself isn't immune from these forbidden feelings. As she chats with her son, her eyes continually are drawn downwards as well, memorizing the outline of Teddy's cock as it almost visibly throbs underneath his cotton shorts.

Lori becomes more distraught with each passing hour, running interference between Teddy and Taylor and becoming aware of her daughter almost flirting with Dennis. Her husband seems to be acting more calmly than I would imagine given these circumstances and almost seems pleased by the attentions of his daughter. Taylor constantly hovers around him, especially when her mother is occupying Teddy's attention.

Taylor has almost a compulsive need to touch her father -- quick hugs or reaching out to touch his arm or holding on and squeezing his hand while the family prays. She is constantly flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder, using the motion to capture her father's attention, hands fluttering over and around her large, firm breasts. Whenever possible, she seems to sit next to her father, naked thighs pressing together, turning to make a point or leaning across him to speak to her brother or mother and dragging her breasts against Dennis's arm or bare chest.

Lori scowls angrily at him whenever she notices tenting of his boxer shorts -- scolding him with her eyes. At these times, Dennis usually calls for another prayer session -- lasting anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour. During these times, it's almost a game of peek-a-boo and son and daughter sneak peaks at each other's bodies as well as their parents' mostly unclothed forms, trying not to

get caught by their mother who takes her fair share of peeks as well -- mostly at Teddy, but now and again, studying her daughter's sexy body as well.

After several whispered and heated discussions between Dennis and Lori, I notice that the prayers begin to carry a slightly different tone, entreating God to not only give them strength to prevail over me, but to strengthen their own resolve to give into evil temptation. Dennis's calm exterior appears to be cracking ever so slightly as the day goes on. Ultimately Lori pairs off with her daughter while Dennis pairs off with Teddy, trying to occupy their attention. It fails miserably. Dennis and his son try and play a game of mental chess, but cannot keep their moves straight in their heads as both keep gazing over to the women. Taylor doesn't help as she restlessly moves around on the bed, seeming to find a myriad of ways to keep showing off her legs or spreading them to reveal her panty clad crotch to the staring eyes across the room or stretching the kinks out of her body and thrusting her bosom outwards to devastating effect.

Lori too is restless and tries to counter Taylor's "innocent" displays with moves of her own and although her back is to Dennis and Teddy, she is also providing a show with her tight ass and I dare say she doesn't comprehend how each over her shoulder glance at the menfolk is in itself a sexually exciting thing, unconsciously mimicking the look a female gives a male to encourage mounting her.

By the end of the day, all are very tense, especially Taylor who has acted the innocent tease all day long. The twenty year old is well aware of how her actions have stimulated her father and brother -- indeed her own actions have excited her and her now very soiled panties have an obvious wet spot over her mound. She is like a cat, stalking around the room, hungry and anxious. She eyes both her father and her brother like a scrumptious meal she'd like to devour.

Before they retire for the evening, Taylor asks her parents about using the shower. Lori is adamant about not stripping down in front of each other, saying, "All we're doing is playing into this Creep's hands. I'm sure he has cameras set up and he's dying to get us naked so he can film it!"

"But, mother," moans Taylor. "I stink. We all stink! Can't we just shower and nobody looks at anyone?"

"Sis is right, Mom. I know I reek and think of how bad it's gonna get when we all get in bed again tonight." Teddy rolls his eyes. "If Dad raises his arm up, I may puke!"

Taylor giggles in response to her brother's joke and even their father smiles. Only Lori frowns and says, "We need to stay strong and resolute and resist."

Dennis begins to speak and then stops as if to consider his words. "We do have to stay strong, Lori, but sweetheart, I don't think there is any harm in all of us getting a shower. The kids are right -- I know I could use a hot shower."

"No! Dennis, we'd just be playing into his hands. If we aren't careful, he'll have our minds all messed up!" Lori stands before her family, hands on hips, angry and defiant. Before she can go on, Dennis is in front of her, his hands help up in a placating manner and he points towards the shower alcove and taking her by the hand, walks away from the kids.

Despite being just a few feet away, they attempt to keep their voices at a whisper. With the mikes I have installed, I can hear every word they say. Lori is almost tearful in her insistence that they not submit in any way or form to my perverse plans while Dennis argues that there is nothing perverse about cleanliness. They quietly argue for several minutes, but Dennis asserts his 'authority' as

husband to have the final word. Lori does demand certain conditions for taking a shower and Dennis will agree to them.

While their parents argue, Taylor and Teddy sit on opposite ends of the bed, leaning up against the wall. They are silent, but constantly glancing at each other. Teddy cannot help but stare at the exposed halves of his sister's breasts, watching their slow up and down movement as Taylor breathes with utter fascination. His attention is only diverted when she draws one knee up, exposing the wet front of her panties, her hand moving slowly back and forth on her upper thigh, slowly moving inward until her fingers almost touch her cotton covered pussy. Taylor smiles evilly as she sees her brother's cock swell until it threatens to peek out from the waistband of his jockeys.

"Taylor!" The girl practically jumps out of bed at her mother's near scream. I am even startled at the strident and angry urgency of her voice. "Come here. Your father has made a decision." Everyone can tell from Lori's voice that she doesn't approve of his decision, but feels compelled to obey.

She explains to both her children that they will shower in turns -- first each woman and then the men.. As she talks, Dennis picks up the wooden chair and places it at the foot of the bed, facing away from the shower alcove.

"Teddy, you will sit facing the wall and you WILL NOT turn around until I say so," Lori commands. Dennis pats the bottom of the chair and when his son is sitting, he stands behind him, also facing away from the shower.

When Lori is satisfied with everything (as much as I suspect she can be), she whispers to Taylor to take her shower. Taylor gleefully peels off her bra and panties. To my delight and her mother's surprise, Taylor's pussy is as bald as a baby's -- smooth and glistening from the day's tensions. Taylor giggles at her mother's disapproving expression and then steps into the shower. She lets out an almost orgasmic sigh as the hot water showers down on her naked body. She quickly soaps up, the lather looking incredibly erotic as it drips down her body, rolling off her jiggling breasts.

Lori struggles to maintain a watch on both her daughter and the men, making sure neither one turns around to take a peek. And for the men, it is a struggle. As Taylor showers, her almost constant happy sighing has a tremendous impact on the men, both growing harder with each moan or sigh. Dennis actually takes a step back from the chair as his boxer's tent outward and he closes his eyes and his lips move in silent prayer. I cannot read lips, but I have no doubt he prays for strength of will.

Bit by bit, Lori finds her own attention drawn to the lovely spectacle of her daughter showering. Whether she is intentionally doing it or not, Taylor looks incredibly erotic as she washes her body, her long, shapely form glistening wet, nipples hard and erect and labia blossoming with desire. With increasing frequency, Taylor's hands find their way between her legs to gently stroke or caress her cunt -- her eyes closed as she savors each brief moment of pleasure.

Lori licks her lips as she takes in the charming yet carnal scene before she shakes off the almost hypnotic state watching her daughter puts her in. "Taylor," she whispers hoarsely, "Finish up -- quit...quit fooling around."

Taylor opens her eyes and stares at her mother who is staring at her and blushes. "Yes, Mom," she says with both a tinge of embarrassment and frustration. Rinsing quickly, she steps out of the shower, looks around and shrugs, pulling her perfect, large breasts upward and making them jiggle so enticingly. "I guess we air dry," she giggles as she gently bounces on the balls of her feet, making her mother's eyes go wide at how her daughter's body can bounce. "Your turn, Mom!"

Lori bits her lip, trying to banish her thoughts and remain in control. She nods and quickly slips out of her own bra and panties. I nod approvingly to myself. At forty-two, Lori is in splendid shape with the body of a woman half her age. Her smallish breasts are still firm, only her nipples dark and long and swelling now show evidence of use -- nursing two healthy babies in her youth. Below her flat stomach is a mass of golden curls -- for a natural blonde, she possesses one of the hairiest muffs I have ever seen. She ducks her head away from her daughter's steady gaze and slips past her to the shower.

Lori washes herself quickly and thoroughly, but even she cannot resist a few caresses between her legs, her short, thin labia spreading eagerly to her touch. She does her best to turn away from her Taylor as she touches herself, seeking just a moment's respite, but she doesn't full her daughter who watches her with a smirk on her lips and desire in her eyes. Lori doesn't let herself go too far before she brings her considerable self control into play and rinses herself off. She steps to her daughter, waving her arms and moving about in an effort to shake off the water and dry off.

Glancing at Taylor's nakedness, her own efforts to dry off so incredibly sexy, Lori mutters, "That's enough, get dressed."

Taylor rolls her eyes and picks up her bra and panties and looks at them with disgust. "They're so nasty, Mom! Do we have to?"

"Yes," Lori snaps back. "Do it!"

"Mother! This is so gross!" Taylor rolls her eyes. "I don't want to. I'm not ..."

She never gets to finish the sentence as her mother's hand darts out and slaps her across the face. "Stop your arguing and do what I say, Taylor. I am tired of all your crap!" Lori snarls.

At the sound of the slap, both Dennis and Teddy turned around, more out of shock and surprise than anything else. Both gasp -- perhaps because for the first time, their mother has struck Taylor, but more likely because they see both woman stark naked, bodies wet and tensing as if to fight.

Lori turns around and screams, "TURN AROUND, BOTH OF YOU! THIS IS BETWEEN US!" Both men quickly turn back the other way, the shocked looks on their faces not fading as both men digest what they have seen.

"I'm not telling you again, Taylor. Get dressed right now."

Taylor sniffs and does as she is told, her disgust forgotten in the violence of the moment. Lori struggles into her panties and bra as well, not waiting to dry off and in her anger not realizing what donning her underwear while wet is doing. "Dennis, you and Teddy go on and hurry up. Get it over with."

She pushes Taylor past the men and sits her down in the chair. She places trembling hands on Taylor's shoulders and as her anger passes, tears roll down her cheeks as what she did strikes home.

Dennis goes first in the shower which seems to suit Teddy fine. While his dad washes, Teddy turns his complete attention to his mother, who doesn't seem aware that in donning her cotton panties while still wet, has turned them almost transparent. The tight fitting panties have molded themselves to her pert ass, her ass crack quite visible. Teddy's eyes gleam with hunger as he memorizes every curve of Lori's backside. I am sure that as they had passed each other, his eyes devoured the sight of her pussy, all but visible underneath the now transparent cotton. With his

father's back turned and all eyes off him for a minute, Teddy quickly reaches into his shorts and strokes his cock.

Too soon however, his father finishes up, emerging to see his son's hand coming up from the bulge in his shorts. Dennis sighs, noting his son's continuing glances at his mother's butt. "Get in there, son," he says softly. "You might consider a long, cold shower!"

Teddy looks away from his father, guilt all over his face and he quickly steps out of his shorts and under the shower. He also tries to stay turned away from his father, quickly lathering up and paying a lot of attention to his aching cock. It's not too long before he is full jack-off mode, head thrown back and eyes closed as he strokes his cock frantically.

Dennis who has been focusing on his own wife's shapely rear end, turns and catches him in the act and before Teddy can come says forcefully. "You've been in there long enough -- rinse off...now!" I see sympathy there in Dennis's face, but a lifetime of prudish behavior kicks in and overrides everything else.

When both have dressed, Dennis gathers everyone in a circle and talks quietly to them. "Loved ones, we are in a difficult place and we cannot turn on each other. We must work together and with the help of the Lord, we will get through this trial. Turn your stress and anger to something that will help you endure -- we get through this together or not at all."

He is staring at his wife as he speaks. So is everyone else. Only Teddy's motives are clear as her water soaked bra, little more than straps and swatches of light cotton do little to reveal her breasts to everyone. Teddy stares at his mother's breast with a hunger that is almost tangible.

Lori looks down dejectedly and says, "You are right. I lost my temper and I shouldn't have." She looks up at her daughter, tears flowing again. "Taylor, I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?"

Taylor sniffs and nods and then mother and daughter are in each others arms and both are crying and sobbing as their tension finds at least a momentary release. Although I think Dennis is relieved that his wife has comprehended his message, it provides little comfort to him or his son as they watch the two women press against each other.

The family's second day ends with an incredible amount of tension in the small room. It will be a long time before anyone falls asleep. There is more than one drawn out sigh of frustration and gingerly carried out tossing and turning. Sometime late when both parents have fallen asleep and are softly snoring, Teddy eases from the bed and walks quietly towards the alcove, his eyes fixed on the other sleeping bodies, especially those of his mother and sister.

Lori, in her sleep is sprawled a bit, her right leg lying draped over her husband's thigh, revealing her crotch, pussy dark and mysterious underneath her panties in the dim light. Once again, her bra has slipped, revealing a small, pert breast, nipple hard and puckered as she dreams. Teddy quietly drops his shorts and sits on the commode and with his eyes locked in on the lovely spectacle of his mother, he begins to frantically stroke his swollen cock.

Teddy has been aching for release for two days and it is quick in coming. He presses his lips together to squelch any moans of pleasure and quickly explodes, a torrent of hot, fresh semen gushing forth that he captures with his free hand. He cums hard, muscles knotting and swelling as his sperm keeps spurting and spurting.

Just as his ejaculations ease up, Teddy is jerked to his feet as he hears his mother groan in her sleep and roll onto her side towards Dennis. Teddy yanks up his shorts and begins to edge back towards the bed -- his face showing the fear of being busted by his mother.

He is brought up short in surprise when his sister suddenly sits up in bed, a nasty smirk on her face. In a voice barely above a whisper, Taylor says, "You forgot to flush, little brother!"

Teddy swallows, his eyes wide as he watches his lovely sister slip silently from the bed, the look of the cat that swallowed the canary. Taylor sidles up to her brother, so close, her barely constrained breasts almost brushing against his naked chest. "Boys are so lucky -- a few quick strokes and you get relief," she whispers in his ear.

Teddy shivers as she reaches out with one hand and brings it to rest on his shoulder. "T-Taylor?" Teddy stammers. "What are you d-doing?"

Taylor smiles up into her brother's eyes as her fingers slowly trail downward and until she takes his hand and turns it over and slips her fingers into the slick, gooey streamers of semen pooled there. "Hmmm, what were you going to do with this, Teddy?" she whispers. The young woman stirs her fingers around until the tips are covered with sperm and while her brother watches in shock, brings them to her mouth and sucks them clean.

"I've learned a few things at college, little brother," Taylor says. "I found out I like hard cocks and cum. I always wondered if you would ever notice anything besides sports..." She turns and glances at their mother. "I guess you have. I just wonder if you were masturbating over me or Mom?"

Taylor reaches down for Teddy's hand and brings it to her mouth. "Am I a bad girl, Teddy? Am I a sinner for loving the taste of cum?" Her tongue extends and laps at her brother's cum coated palm. "Am I going to hell for loving my brother's sweet sperm?"

Teddy lets out a groan as his sister hungrily licks his hand clean of semen, stopping only when their restlessly sleeping mother calls out, "No, that's not right!" and rolls over to face Taylor's side of the bed. Both her children move like they've been scalded -- Teddy hurrying back to his side of the bed and Taylor stepping to the alcove.

Moving gingerly, Teddy slips back into bed, careful not to wake his parents. Taylor sits down on the commode and pees. When she is finished, she flushes the toilet, but does not rise up. Her eyes shine in the dim light as she studies her family on the bed. Satisfied that her parents are still asleep, she stares earnestly at her brother and slowly spreads her thighs apart. Even in the barely lit room, her brother can see the glistening wetness of her labia, blooming like an erotic hot house flower.

Teddy raises up on his elbows, taking in his sister, panties around her ankles, as she slips a hand down across her stomach and into the bare, wet flesh between her legs. As her brother watches, Taylor begins to play with herself, fingering her young, hairless cunt, plunging first one, then two, then three fingers into her luscious, slick pussy. She smiles both shyly and naughtily at her brother, eyes hooded with lust as she finger fucks her own juicy twat.

Minutes pass with Taylor becoming more frantic in her masturbation with every single second. Teddy stares, occasionally licking his lips as his sister fingers herself, fingers now dripping with pussy cream, the aroma becoming pungent in the small room, making his nostrils flare and causing the return of his erection. Taylor is almost lifting herself off the toilet, toes trying to dig into the floor as pleasure begins to wrack her body, her full breasts bouncing as she begins to cum.

Somehow, she manages to muffle her noises of orgasm, her teeth clenched together and her face screwed up as she cums, her only noise a low, whistling noise as she breathes through her nose. Finally, her muscles unclench and relax as her orgasm fades. Taylor's breasts heave heavily as she gasps for air, all the while looking lovingly at her brother. She heaves herself to her feet and on shaky legs, makes her way back to the bed, walking silently around to her brother.

She glances at her sleeping parents and then leans down, her breasts all but spilling from her soiled bra and whispers to her brother, "You have no idea how bad I needed that. I'm going crazy walking around and seeing yours and Daddy's cocks all stiff and big in your underwear. I am so horny!"

She moves her mouth from Teddy's ear to his mouth and brushes her lips against his. Softly, almost too softly for even my mikes to hear, she says, "I liked having you watch me, Teddy -- it made me just that much hotter." She kisses him again, not a soul kiss, but a passionate one anyways. When the kiss is done, she continues in her soft, bedroom voice, "I got to taste you, little brother -- it's only fair you get to taste me!"

Taylor extends the hand she had fucked herself with, fingers wet with her cream and brushes them over Teddy's lips. Teddy stiffens in shock and surprise, but quickly recovers and his tongue emerges and he opens his lips wide so his sister can stick her fingers into his mouth and he eagerly sucks them clean.

Taylor smiles down at Teddy and starts to whisper something to him, but their mother start suddenly and rolls onto her back. Her hand reaches out to the narrow empty space next to her and she murmurs, "Taylor." In the blink of an eye, Taylor, like a young gazelle seems to leap and appear at the foot of the bed just as Lori sits up, blinking the sleep away and calls out, "Taylor?"

In a whispered voice still hoarse with arousal, Taylor replies, "I'm here, Mom."

Lori looks at her daughter, still waking up. She seems confused and then as she sniffs the air, she becomes confused and turns to check on Teddy, who is flat on his back, eyes slammed shut in a poor imitation of a person sleeping. One can almost see his jaw muscles clenching in fear. Turning back to Taylor, Lori murmurs, "What are you doing? Why are you up?"

Taylor lets out the eternal sigh of the exasperated teenager and replies, "I went and peed, Mom. Do you mind -- I figured you didn't want me doing it in the bed!"

Lori studies her daughter thoughtfully and again turns to look at her son, before saying, "Don't be a smart mouth. I was -- I'm just worried is all."

Taylor shuffles back to her side of the bed, letting out another long suffering sigh. "Give it a rest, Mother and relax." She climbs into bed and rolls away from her mother, relief of not getting caught evident on her face.

I settle back to watch the family all fall asleep, but then something catches my eye and I focus in on the father, Dennis. I curse myself and then laugh. I was so caught up in the mischief of the children that I ignored Dennis. I zoom in to confirm it. An enormous tent is sticking up from his boxer shorts. Dennis is awake! I feel my heart pounding, wondering how much he seen. Did he watch his daughter finger fuck herself or watch her lick Teddy's cum off his hand or realize Taylor was feeding her brother her own pussy juices? Why didn't this man of God stop them? I am grinning as I retire for the night. I am seeing great progress here, I think as I fall asleep.

Morning brings new tensions as Dennis struggles with his knowledge of his children's actions of the night before. He seems to be hesitant to bring it out in the open, perhaps in light of Lori's volatile temperament. He takes an opportunity to speak quietly with each of his children separately, Teddy visibly paling at his words and looking somewhat contrite as he and his father engage in prayer where the key theme is to resist temptations.

Dennis's efforts with his daughter bring a somewhat different response. Taylor does not appear as repentant, but rather appears both bored and amused by her father's whispered comments to behave, especially around her brother. She kneels with her father and while he prays with her, stares over her father's shoulders at Teddy, smiling at her brother who is dividing his attention between his mother and Taylor.

When Dennis finishes and they rise to their feet, Taylor leans in, brushing herself against her father as she kisses him on the cheek and says in a sweet voice, "Thanks, Daddy!" She walks away from him, glancing back over her shoulder to confirm that he's sporting another erection.

Another day is spent with four adults prowling around, pretending not to be affected by each others mostly naked body. Lori seems more resigned and while she keeps a vigilant eye on her children as they sit and talk, she no longer tries to keep them separated. I do think she notices her husband's lingering looks at Taylor as she seems to strut and pose, very much aware of her father's hungry stares.

It is early evening when revolution occurs. Teddy brings up showering before bed and Taylor declares, "I have had it with this grungy underwear. I'm not wearing it anymore!"

Her mother's face clouds up and she stands to face her daughter and says, "You'll do what you're told. We're not going to give in to this pervert and walk around naked in front of each other."

Taylor goes nose to nose with her mother, bending over as she yammers back at Lori, causing her breasts to sway in their soiled restraints. "Fine, Mother," she snarls. "You can walk around in your bra and panties until everything rots, but as of now I am going to get clean and I'm going to go naked." She turns and looks up at the ceiling and yells, "Unless the Creep wants to give us clean clothes?" Taylor pauses -- waiting for an answer that does not come. "That answers that, Mother. I am now a nudist!" Grunting with effort, she peels off her bra, freeing her proud breasts and flings her bra into a corner.

Lori grabs her by the arm and begins dragging her to the same corner, her voice shaky as she says, "No daughter of mine is going to act like a slut!"

Taylor breaks her mother's hold and steps back, making a fist. "Give it up, Mother! Going nude isn't going to change anything. Daddy and Teddy are walking around with hard-on's all the time anyway. Going naked doesn't mean we're going to start fucking each other like rabbits." Taylor pauses and licks her lips and with a mean smile adds, "Although, getting laid would do you a world of good...Mother!"

Her mother's eyes widen and she screams as she flies into her daughter, slapping her twice before Taylor begins flailing back and the two women exchange several blows before Dennis and Teddy can separate them, Teddy grabbing his sister around the waist and physically carrying her away from their mother while Dennis takes hold of Lori's wrists and blocks her from pursuing her daughter -- struggling with her for several seconds before bellowing, "DAMMIT, THAT IS ENOUGH!" shocking everyone into silence and immobility.

"I am not going to tolerate this. Everyone will behave. This Creep wins if we turn on each other," Dennis says in a tight voice. He turns to glare at his daughter, unable to keep his eyes solely on her face, unable to keep from looking at her large, firm breasts capped by nipples now swollen in the passion of the moment. "Taylor, I will not tolerate you speaking to your mother like that. Apologize...now."

He does manage to raise his gaze to look sternly into her eyes and her defiance falters momentarily and Taylor whispers, "I'm sorry I said what I said, Mom." Then she regains her courage. "But I meant it about these filthy clothes -- I'm not wearing them anymore." She puts her hands on her hips and strikes a defiant pose, mostly unaware of the striking pose she is creating, her breasts jutting proudly outward.

Dennis nods and tears his eyes away from his daughter's shapely body and looks into his wife's eyes. "No more hitting, Lori. In all the years we've been married, I've never raised a hand to you, but if you hit one of the kids again...just don't do it. They're both adults now."

Lori looks at her husband, her expression of defiance so much like her daughter's. But under his gaze and as she is visibly affected by his words, her defiance crumbles and she nods as tears begin to flow down her cheeks. "It's wrong, Dennis -- us together like this, it's just wrong."

Dennis pulls her against him and hugs her, saying, "We just have to stick together, honey -- we're all we have." He gives a start and adds, "I mean all we have is each other and the Lord."

Teddy enters the discussion, saying softly. "But, Mom -- Taylor's right. We can't keep wearing these nasty things. I'm chafing like all get out. And she was right about the other thing too. It doesn't matter that if you and Sis are naked or not, being around you is making me hard all the freaking time."

Dennis turns and snaps at his son, "Watch your mouth -- do you realize what you're talking about -- this is your sister..." His voice rises as he finishes -- "THIS IS YOUR MOTHER!"

Teddy doesn't back down. "But it's the truth, Dad. You know it is. Are you telling me you've been walking around with an erection for the last few days just because of Mom - that you've not been staring at Taylor too." Teddy turns and smiles at his sister. "I'm with you, Taylor!" he says and shucks his jockey shorts off and with his cock hard and swinging, he uses his foot to fling his soiled underwear in the corner with Taylor's bra.

Lori gasps and stares amazed at her son's now revealed erection -- his cock long and thick. "Oh my God! Teddy, you can't be -- not over your sister and not over..." Lori can't seem to take her eyes off her son's hard penis. "Teddy -- I am your mother!"

Teddy shrugs his shoulders and replies. "I know, but Mom, you're a good looking woman -- you're sexy, just like Taylor is sexy! Its no big deal, we're just reacting like our bodies are designed too. Its just what's gonna happen. Dad can't help it either, getting hard over you or Taylor, it's just biology!"

Dennis is red faced over his son's words and is about to say something in reply when Taylor says, "You tell them, little brother and shoves her panties down and kicks them into the same corner as their other underwear. Both Dennis and Lori gasp as their daughter stands proudly before them, somehow seeming to thrust out both her upright breasts and her bare naked pubic mound.

Lori begins whimpering and turns and presses her face against her husband's bare chest, not noticing the hunger in his face as he stares at his daughter. The room is silent as this father and his

children stare at each other -- each exhibiting a different expression. Teddy stands resolute, determined to be serious and to stand his ground. Dennis wears a frown as he struggles with his own emotions, emotions betrayed by his cock which has thickened even more, brushing against Lori's thigh through the material of his boxers, as he stares at his daughter. Taylor is wearing a defiant and triumphant smirk, knowing what her naked body is doing to her father. Her tongue peeks out and rolls along her lips as if anticipating a delicious meal soon to be presented.

Dennis licks his own lips and then shakes himself out of whatever thoughts are dominating his mind. He rubs his wife's back consolingly and I see a decision being made. "Lori," he begins slowly. "I hate to say it, but the kids are right. We can't keep wearing these filthy clothes. My shorts can almost stand up and walk on their own." He takes his hand and lifts his wife's chin upwards so he can look into Lori's eyes.

"Besides, if we don't make a big deal of it, the sinful thrill of seeing each other naked will quickly wear off." Taylor snorts derisively, letting everyone know her opinion about that. Dennis ignores her and as his wife looks at him in disbelief, he slips the straps of her bra off her shoulders and then reaches behind her and deftly unhooks it.

"No," Lori whispers, slowly shaking her head from side to side, but not fighting as her husband removes her bra and drops the thing to the ground.

"Yes, darling." Dennis replies softly, his fingers slowly caressing the chafed strap marks on her shoulders. "It all we can do. Just remain strong and have faith that God will help us resist all temptation." He turns and looks at his children and drops his boxers to the floor and steps out of them. His cock, long restrained, leaps free to slap against Lori's stomach, making her gasp. His cock, while not as thick as his son's is longer by at least an inch. Taylor is now smiling and giving her father a pleased, appraising stare.

Dennis flushes anew under his daughter's scrutiny, but gathers his strength and adds, "We will resist any and all temptation!" His voice although firm contains an underlying tremor, hinting that he has doubts of his own resolve. Dennis turns back to his wife and whispers, "We will resist temptation, Lori." As he speaks, he slips his fingers into the waistband of Lori's panties.

His wife bites her lower lip and nods and takes action on her own, sliding her soiled panties over her slender and shapely hips to pool at her feet. Taking her by the shoulders, Dennis turns her and guides her over to her children, her eyes downcast, unable to witness the yearning stare of Teddy whose eyes roam eagerly over his mother's slender, naked body or to confront the frank and interested gaze of her daughter.

Dennis holds out a hand to Taylor and Lori follows his example with Teddy when Dennis says, "Let us pray for strength." All four kneel on the concrete floor and join hands and both Dennis's and Lori's voices can be heard entreating God for help -- Dennis relying on his trained voice for confidence while Lori's is uncertain.

Were it not for the tension rife within the room, the next several minutes would almost be comical. As they pray, each person is constantly yielding to temptation and glancing at the others, ogling each other's bodies. Teddy is perhaps the most guilty, happily seeing his heart's desire in the form of his mother's nakedness -- his cock so hard it slaps up against his stomach and is dribbling precum as his eyes roam over Lori's body, no doubt fantasizing about her firm, ripe breasts and the now glistening and partly open labia peeking from her nest of blonde curls.

Lori for her part never raises her eyes to see her son staring at her, but again and again she lifts her head enough to see the magnificence of his erect penis, long and thick, her own prayers fading as it catches her attention and her imagination.

Dennis never falters in his entreaties to his god, but he appears to be on auto-pilot, saying the words without heart as he cannot bring himself to keep his eyes closed, unable to keep from ravaging his daughter's nubile body with his eyes. His own cock is quivering with need -- aching for release and like his son, he is leaking precum.

Taylor takes her family in with her eyes, a satisfied look on her face as she turns her gaze from brother to father to mother before starting over again. Her looks towards her mother intrigue me -- I see so much potential there. Taylor is very aroused, her pussy lips blooming like a hot house flower and her wetness spreading to her thighs. I truly expect this to be the moment of truth -- that Taylor will seize the moment, but I am surprised when the family ends their prayers and retire for the night.

All are restless and the room echoes with heavy sighs -- sighs of longing and need. The room smells of unsatisfied sex -- the aroma of aroused pussy is thick, inspiring towers of aching, throbbing cock to stand waving in the air. As the hours pass, Lori slips whimpering into a troubled sleep. Teddy succumbs as well, rolling over from his father to face the empty wall, his hand on his cock as he sleeps. Taylor appears asleep as well, although I know she has fooled me before.

Then Dennis stirs and eases his way out of bed until he stands at the foot, cock hard as he stares at his wife and daughter. He makes his way to the wooden chair and sets down, placing his hands over his face and letting out a long sigh that is almost a sob. "Lord, guide me now in this time of trouble. Give me the strength to resist the terrible urges inside me. Heavenly Father, show me, guide me, tell me what I need to do."

"Daddy?" Dennis's head jerks up to find Taylor standing before him. In the desperate need of his prayer, he did not notice her climbing from the bed.

"Taylor...what's wrong, honey?" he whispers. He shakes his head and I can almost hear his thoughts -- 'is this God's version of a sign?'

His daughter approaches him and reaches out a hand to him which Dennis takes. "Daddy, are you mad at me...mad about what happened? Do you still love me?" Taylor says in a humble, almost worried voice.

Dennis shakes his head and replies, "No, honey, of course I still love you.. Daddy's not mad -- it's been a strain on all of us."

Taylor sighs and with effortless grace, slides herself into her father's lap, causing him to jerk with surprise to suddenly have a healthy and naked woman sitting on him. "I love you too, Daddy!" she says happily and wraps her arms around her father's neck and hugs him to her, her breasts flattening against his chest.

They sit still for a moment savoring more than a father -- daughter moment. Taylor leans her head against her father's, coming almost eye to eye and mouth to lip. In a voice laden with sexuality, Taylor whispers, "Daddy, what's going to happen with us?"

Dennis sighs and says, "Well, we can only hope to be rescued or that this Creep fellow will let us free like he has others."

Taylor giggles and kisses her father on the corner of his mouth. "No, silly Daddy. I mean what's going to happen with us." She wiggles on his lap and I can only imagine how heavenly her soft cheeks feel against her father's cock. Taylor presses her lips to his father's ear and in the faintest of whispers, says, "I see how you watch me, Daddy. I know you want me."

Dennis tenses up and in a dry voice replies, "Taylor! Shame on you -- I'm your father."

His daughter again wiggles sinfully on his lap and answers, "I know -- that's what's so hot about this. My daddy's cock is all big and hard for me." Her tongue flickers out and rolls around the rim of Dennis's ear before she moves to look at him eye to eye. "You want to fuck me, don't you, Daddy?"

Dennis appears to be nearing panic and his voice rises a little and becomes more strident. "No! Stop this, Taylor. It's a sin! What you're saying is a terrible sin?"

Taylor smiles and I see both the little girl and the terrible seductress in that smile as she replies, "Is it, Daddy? I know they preach that in the Old Testament, but Jesus said it's all about love. I know you love me, Daddy and isn't this just another way we get to show how much we love each other." She pauses and moves her head forward until her lips are almost brushing her father's lips. "Besides, if it's a sin, it just makes it all naughtier and sexy!"

Dennis starts to reply, but Taylor kisses him, her tongue darting between his lips before he can react. His protests are muffled and squelched as she kisses him harder. His hands flutter in protest for long seconds before finally coming to rest on her back and then...ever so slightly he pulls her into him, her bountiful breasts pillowing against his chest.

Now it is Taylor's turn to stiffen in surprise as her father kisses her back. She redoubles her efforts and I can only imagine the tongue lashing she is giving her father. The kiss goes on for long minutes before finally Dennis rediscovers his control and breaks it off, the kiss ending with a wet smack. Splatters of saliva land on Taylor's chin and lips. Giggling, she licks her father's spit off her lips while Dennis looks on in fright and awe.

"Taylor, this is so wrong. We must stop this awful madness." Dennis doesn't sound like even he is convinced by his own words.

Taylor makes her hips roll and jiggle around one last time as she smiles at her father and says, "It's not wrong. I want to fuck you, Daddy and your big dick tells me you want to fuck me." She begins to slide off her father, his left thigh trapped between her legs as she scoots towards his knee. In the dim light, even I can see the slick trail of cunt cream she leaves behind as she slides her aroused pussy down his leg. "We're going to be lovers, Daddy. It's not wrong cause we love each other." She winks at him in such a lascivious way that his cock jerks as it grows harder in response. "When you're ready, Daddy, we're really get to know each other." Taylor winks again. "You understand, Daddy -- we're going to know each other in the biblical sense!"

Taylor moves towards the bed, but pauses and looks over her shoulder at her father and says, "Sleep on it, Daddy. You know I'm right!" The beautiful young woman climbs back into bed and closes her eyes and pretends to go to sleep while at the same time drawing her knees back and then spreading her thighs, opening herself to her father's hungry eyes, her slick pussy blossoming with desire, her luscious pink folds glistening wet and enticing to the eye.

Dennis stares at his daughter's pussy for a long time -- long after she finally falls asleep. Sometimes I hear him praying softly, but even my mikes cannot pick up what he's praying for. It will be a long

time before he can bring himself to return to bed and even longer before he will find relief in slumber.

The fourth day begins with no relief in sight for anyone. The sexual tension is building like thick dark clouds before a terrible storm. Food is eaten in silence with everyone casting hungry, furtive glances at each other. Lori almost appears to be in pain as she struggles not to stare at her son, his cock seeming to be almost eternally erect. She retreats to the bed where she fidgets from one position to another, her hands fluttering aimlessly, trying not to touch herself even though her body is clearly responding to the nakedness of her son.

Teddy is again the restless beast, pacing the room, pausing only to do exercises to relieve his stress. Countless pushups and situps make his muscles swell and his body sweat, his musky aroma mixing in the air with the undeniable musk of aroused pussy. He glances enviously at his sister who is constantly hovering around her father, both taking turns sitting in the wooden chair, now unabashedly staring at each other, devouring each other with their eyes.

Little caresses and touches flow back and forth between father and daughter -- there is laughter between them. I sense Dennis has crossed the Rubicon -- that his relationship with his daughter is about to change. They chatter about inanities like impending lovers do, not openly acknowledging the inevitable.

Lori senses it too, but is unwilling to say anything. She spares an occasional glance their way, knowing that something is amiss, but her world has been so rocked, she cannot bring herself to object. Instead, her focus is on her son, her eyes looking hungrily on his muscled legs and arms and on the thick, erect shaft between his legs.

Lori averts her gaze whenever she realizes that he is staring back. She shifts position constantly, not seeming to be aware that she is posturing herself almost like an animal in instinctive heat, especially when she rolls onto her stomach and turns her head back to continue watching him. I doubt Teddy's mother even realizes that she is undulating her hips, entrancing her son with every moment of her hips and cunt. When she rolls back over, Teddy almost groans as her arousal is evident -- her labia open like the petals of a flower.

As morning passes into afternoon, Dennis and Taylor begin to touch even more -- caresses lasting longer, becoming more daring. Dennis leans into Taylor, nuzzling her face, hardly talking now, communicating with only their eyes. This incredibly intimate posturing has its biggest effect on Teddy who can barely restrain himself from getting relief. His condition is worsened by his mother's ashamed, but almost craven appearance on the bed. She is like some great hunter cat that has been tamed and is struggling to resist her basic instincts to sate its hunger.

Finally, Teddy reaches his limits. "I'm taking a shower," he mutters to no one in particular and strides into the alcove where he hits the water and begins to lather up. Once his body is soapy, he wraps his hand around his cock and begins to masturbate. He turns to glance back at his family. Lori is gazing at his profile, eyes tracking the stroking movement of his fist. Taylor's eyes are closed as Dennis kisses her neck, his hands stroking the tops of her thighs.

"No," whispers Lori, coming to her hands and knees. There is a look of madness in her eyes. She glances to her necking husband and daughter and wails, "Noooooooo!" Lori scrambles from the bed, hissing at Dennis and Taylor. "Stop this, this is so wrong!" She walks resolutely towards the alcove. Her daughter and her husband are ignored as she approaches Teddy.

"Stop this, son," she pleads, stopping in front of him -- her smallish, pert breasts heaving, nipples swollen like ripe strawberries. "This isn't right." Lori's voice is small and desperate. Teddy just stares at his mother, his hand never pausing as it strokes his cock while the shower sprays away the soap from his body.

"Oh please, Teddy. Do what mommy says," whispers Lori, reaching out to stop his moving hand. She misses his hand and her fingers find his cock instead. Her eyes widen as she looks down and watches helplessly as her fingers betray her, wrapping around his thick, erect penis.

Lori is wide-eyed with wonder and fear as she slowly turns her gaze upwards to look into her son's lust glazed eyes, mumbling almost incoherently, "Do...do what Mommy...do Mommy...son..." Her hand is slowly moving up and down the length of Teddy's cock as she looks up at Teddy, the fear gone now, replaced by hunger.

A low growl begins somewhere deep within Teddy and builds until with a roar he springs at his mother, wrapping his arms around her body and pulling her to him while he mashes his mouth against her lips. A terrified squeal from his mother draws the attention of Dennis and Taylor who jump to their feet as they watch Teddy's hands slide down Lori's back to cup her tight ass cheeks and lift her up.

As Lori's feet leave the ground, Teddy moves forward. His mother's fists hammer ineffectually on his brawny shoulders while her legs kick and flail. Lori gasps as her back slaps against the alcove wall and then she screams as Teddy lifts her up, hands somehow cupping her ass cheeks and urging her thighs apart, and then thrusts upwards, the head of his cock pressing into her open flesh.

I am myself caught by surprise and before I can deliver my traditional offer, Teddy has wormed several inches of his cock into his mother's wet cunt. Lori's face is contorted by pain and pleasure and she stops hitting her son, now her nails digging into his flesh.

Dennis stands slack-jawed with amazement for several seconds, staring at the spectacle of his son fucking his mother against the wall. Finally, anger clouds his face and he takes a step forward, but Taylor takes his arm and spins him around. Her expression is one of utter lust and her hand drops and takes his still stiff and throbbing cock and she pulls him backwards towards the bed until she falls onto her back. Dennis, his wife and son's incestuous activity forgotten climbs between Taylor's wide flung legs his breathing ragged as he prepares to mount his daughter.

I have to laugh as I almost miss my cue a second time. I open up my microphone and release the magnetic lock in one motion. "THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IS AT HAND!" I announce as the door swings open. "YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE BASIC TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELVES. YOU MAY PROCEED TO EXPLORE THIS NEW ASPECT OF YOUR LIVES OR YOU MAY CHOOSE TO LEAVE."

Lori and her son are oblivious to me. Lori's arms are wrapped tightly around her son's neck, knees drawn back and heels digging into Teddy's ass cheeks as he buries his cock deep in his mother's womb again and again. Steam from the shower adds to the sweat on their bodies, making their skin glisten as mother and son fuck furiously. Lori's face is screwed up in pleasure as she draws blood biting Teddy's shoulder.

The only response I get from Dennis and Taylor is a snort of laughter from the daughter as she flings her pelvis upwards to meet her father's initial thrust into her cunt. Her laughter turns into a long, drawn out cry of pleasure as Dennis slides his hard and very long cock inside her, burying himself to the balls in one long drawn out motion.

"PRAISE GOD!" Dennis bellows in his best revival shout. He lowers his body on top of his daughter's, her flesh hot and yielding and kisses her madly while his butt begins to moving in a blurring motion, fucking in and out of Taylor's claspng cunt. They kiss like lovers too long denied each other, sucking and biting at each other's lips, tongues whirling insanely against each other, the whole time hammering her bald cunt with his cock, grinding his pubic hairs against her slick flesh.

Taylor's legs fly upwards, muscles cording on her toned thighs as she holds them in the classic "I'm getting the life fucked out of me" V formation. Her pleasure is reflected in her loud moans and in the clenched toes of her feet.

In the Alcove, Teddy is relentlessly fucking his mother, Lori's body trapped and suspended in the air between the wall and her son's body. Teddy's ass is quivering with exertion as he thrusts again and again into his mother's cunt. He tries to go faster, but despite her pussy overflowing with the juices of her ecstasy, her pussy is simply too small and tight to allow for the quick thrusts Teddy is seeking. No matter, both are moaning between wet kisses from the intense pleasure that mother and son are giving each other.

Lori tries to beg her son to fuck her, but her words get tangled up in the delicious friction building in her pussy and the best she can do is grunt and sob a word from time to time. "Oh godddd....fu-fu-FUCK...oh fu-yesss-fu...LOVE...Te-teddy!"

Teddy's world centers around his cock driving in and out of his mother and the messy kisses they share between groans. As his cock becomes more coated with his mother's slick creams, he does manage to worm his thick meat in and out more quickly, driving Lori to hitherto unknown heights of carnal pleasure.

Across the room, Taylor is shouting, "FUCK ME, DADDY, FUCK ME! I LOVE DADDY'S COCK!" The young woman's body is writhing and bucking, meeting her father's strokes with the reckless eagerness that only a young woman can muster. Dennis has an almost manic look of lust etched on his face as he slams his cock into his daughter's pussy again and again. He covers her bouncing breasts with love bits, making her scream even more as he bites down hard on his daughter's long nipples.

So into their own incestuous fuck are Dennis and Taylor that they don't even look up as Lori begins to scream shrilly as her son suddenly tenses up and slams his thick penis home and with the roar of a rutting lion begins to cum inside his mother. I wince as Lori slams her head back against the wall as she has the most intense orgasm of her life -- spurred on by the knowledge that her womb is being pumped full of her son's hot and vital semen.

Both their naked bodies, hot and sweaty, lock together and for an exquisite moment they are an erotic statue of mother and son love perfected, both bodies straining to get that one more sweet inch of son-cock inside a motherly pussy. Lori's head slumps forward then and her whole body seems to collapse, impaled on her son's cock -- a pleased smile on her face.

Teddy pauses to catch his breath and then he grins at the naughty spectacle of his mother stuck on his still hard cock, her legs dangling along his thighs, held up only by his strong hands and his massive pole. He groans, "I love you, Mom," and then using the wall for partial support, he begins to thrust in and out of his nearly unconscious mother again -- his cock never having lost its erect state.

On the bed, Dennis's efforts are reaching their natural conclusion. "I'm cumming in you, daughter. I -- I love you, Taylor," he moans to his daughter before covering her mouth with his and then driving

as deep as he can, grinding his crotch into her hairless folds, Dennis begins cumming in his daughter's cunt.

Taylor, wild-eyed with pleasure explodes with the heat of her daddy's sperm bathing her insides into a monster orgasm that sees her wrenching her body around underneath her father before she gains enough self control to make him groan as she begins milking his cock for the jets of steamy semen he is giving her. Their moans mix with that of Lori and Teddy and I sit watching in awe as I savor this family's headlong plunge into incest.

Finally, Dennis slips off his daughter's body with a sigh, rolling over to expose his half erect and cum covered cock. Taylor shakily sits up and falls atop her father, showering him with kisses as she says over and over again, "I love you, Daddy!" Her kisses gradually travel southward and as she begins to lick and suck his cock clean of their mixed juices, both turn eyes to the nasty spectacle of mother and son.

Lori resembles a life size and beautiful rag doll impaled by a huge shaft of hard cockmeat. Teddy is driving his cock home steadily, making her limp arms and legs waggle as his cock disappears inside his mother's body, forcing sperm and cunt cream out with every thrust. Lori's head is on her son's shoulder, mouth open and tongue peeking out. Through slitted eyes, she watches her daughter cleaning Dennis's cock with her tongue. With each movement of Teddy's massive cock into her tight cunt, Lori lets out a little cry or moan, each one a little louder than the one before. Teddy's strong hands squeeze her toned ass cheeks and her nipples scrape deliciously against his chest, the sweet friction only adding to her pleasure.

Dennis's eyes are aflame -- not with anger at watching his son mercilessly fucking his wife, but with suddenly realized desire. He understands now -- I can see that, if nothing else, it's evidenced in the quick recovery of his penis, spurred on by his daughter's hard working mouth.

Taylor sucks him into another hard cockstand and giggles as she follows his gaze and she joins him in watching mother and son fuck, her hand slowly stroking her father's cock. "Isn't it beautiful, Daddy? Don't Mom and Teddy look so sinful and nasty?" she sighs as she works her father's cock with her fist. She sits up from between her father's legs and kisses him with her cum crusted mouth. He returns her kiss eagerly -- hungrily, the whole time keeping his eyes on his son's ceaseless pumping of his cock inside Lori."

Taylor moans into her father's mouth, "I need you inside me, Daddy!" and she climbs onto her hands and knees, raising her young, shapely ass in the air and wiggles it as she looks over her shoulder. "Fuck me, Daddy -- show me how good you really fuck!" Taylor knows well what she is doing, positioning herself so she and her father can make love while watching her brother and mother continue their all consuming fuck.

Dennis looks with amazement at his daughter's wiggling ass, her cunt exposed below, labia spread wide and his own semen slowly dripping from her young cunt. I hear him mutter over and over, "Praise God, Praise God, Praise God!" as he rises to his knees and guides himself to his daughter's pussy. "I do love you, Taylor -- you're my slut daughter and God be praised, I love you so!" With a triumphant shout, Dennis pushes his cock into his daughter's cum filled cunt and as she cries out in incestuous triumph, pushing her butt back to meet his thrusts, both turn their eyes to Teddy and Lori.

Lori slowly emerges from her cock induced trance, becoming more aware of her surroundings with each passing second. She finally lifts her head from her son's chest, pausing to suck on his pebble

hard nipple before looking into his eyes and uttering her first coherent sentence in a while, "Teddy, Mommy loves your cock!" She wraps her arms and legs around her son's body, pulling herself tight against him and kissing him with all the passion and desire that only a mother can muster. Their tongues dance and play as their bodies quiver with the exertion and delight they are sharing.

Finally, their kiss ends, slivers of saliva hanging wetly between their lips as they both turn and look cheek to cheek across the room where Dennis and Taylor are fucking while watching them in turn. Taylor's fingers are digging into the mattress as her father slams his long dick into her again and again, making her ripe, meaty tits sway back and forth. Taylor is almost slack-jawed with pleasure as she revels in her father's cock while she moans, "Look at Mom and Teddy, Daddy! Don't they look beautiful? Teddy's really fucking Mom good with his big cock and Momma loves it! It's almost as good as your big cock, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me hard!"

Taylor's face suddenly scrunches up and she struggles to stay on her hands and knees as an intense orgasm sweeps over as her father's cock probes deeper within her than anyone ever has. She wails, "SO GOOOOD, DADDDYYY! LOVE IT -- LOVE YOUR COCK -- LOVE YOU, DADDDDDYYYY!" Dennis leans forward and helps support her by cupping her meaty tits while his cock pistons in and out of her claspng pussy.

Taylor's powerful orgasm sets off a sympathetic response in her mother. Lori, already on the verge of cumming from her son's thick dick falls over the edge and begins sobbing with pleasure as another orgasm explodes within her pussy, reducing her body to spastic jerks and twitches as she is swept away by the sheer ecstasy Teddy's cock is giving her. She babbles and cries as again her son presses his lips to hers, kissing her as he holds her up and continued to drive into her wet, sperm filled cunt.

Dennis in turn never pauses as his daughter squirms and quivers under his continuous thrusts into her young pussy. Having cummed once, he seems determined to fuck his daughter forever. He now longer frowns at the erotic sight of his wife and son locked, indeed he seems more aroused than ever, able to tear his sight away from seeing Teddy's thick meat driving in and out of Lori only when he looks down and marvels at the sight of his own cock, long and as hard as he has ever known, sliding in and out of his daughter, his shaft coated in his own semen and Taylor's pussy juices.

Teddy is shaking with effort now, the strain of not only fucking his mother, but basically carrying her in his arms and his cock causing the sweat to pour from his body and his muscles to bulge. His mother is again slumped against him, exhausted and stunned from her second orgasm in about twenty minutes. Teddy eyes the bed and gathering his strength, moves away from the wall, Lori now only supported by his hands on her ass cheeks and his cock buried deep inside his mother. He slowly walks towards the bed -- each step causing his cock to momentarily sink deeper inside Lori's womb and drawing a small sound of pleasure from her lips. It is as erotic a scene as I have ever been privileged to witness. Teddy carrying his mother reminds me of an adult carrying a sleeping child to bed -- a child really to old to still be carried. She is slumped in his arms, her legs hanging down and swinging freely.

Dennis recognizes Teddy's need to lay his mother down on the bed and awkwardly backs himself up, guiding Taylor back slowly, tugging on her tits to make his direction clear. Teddy kneels on the bed and eases his mother down, bringing himself to rest atop her, arms braced to keep his weight from crushing her. He does this with care and tenderness, never allowing his cock to slip from Lori's pussy.

Teddy looks up at his sister and father. Taylor leans back between thrusts of her daddy's cock and Dennis gives him a smile and a slow nod, conveying his approval of this incestuous situation. Teddy seems to be choking back tears as he mutters in a strained voice, "I love you," to both of them. He looks down at his mother, her expression one of almost utter bliss and joy and he begins slowly to fuck her again.

As he slides his cock in and out of his mother, her eyes flutter open and she moans, "Oh God! I don't know how much more I can take, but baby, please don't stop!" She arches her body, driving herself up to meet her son's stroke, slowly spreading her legs, trying to open herself up more to him. She realizes she's on the bed and she turns her head to see Taylor looking down, almost above her.

Mother and daughter share a silent conversation with their eyes and Lori drops one hand from Teddy's shoulders and slides it across the mattress to cover Taylor's hand. Teddy continues to thrust and soon finds himself matching his father's rhythm -- both moving in and out of mother and daughter together. Perhaps it is intentional, perhaps not. Soon mother and daughter are moaning in unison as Teddy and Dennis increase their thrusts. Lori's pussy is adapting to her son's dick and she is wet beyond all belief.

Cries fill the room as Lori and Taylor beg son and father to fuck them harder. Cries become screams and the sound of sweaty flesh slapping sweaty flesh becomes greater and then Taylor squeezes her mother's hand and shouts, "CUMMING, DADDDDDY! MAKE ME CUM CUM CUMMMM, DADDDDDY!"

The sight of her daughter having an orgasm induced by Dennis sends Lori over the edge as well and she begins bucking and shaking as she comes again while impaled by her son's cock. Teddy groans and succumbs then, crying out, "I LOVE YOU, MOM!" as he drives deep one last time and begins to unload another massive load of hot semen inside his mother's womb.

Seeing his entire family having orgasms around him almost staggers Dennis and he bellows wordlessly as he sinks his shaft all the way inside his daughter and begins to fill her cunt with his sperm.

The cries of the whole family echo around the room for what seems forever before Dennis falls back, sliding out of his daughter's pussy. Soon after, Teddy uses what little energy he has left to lift himself off his mother, his cock slowly worming its way out of her clasping cunt, his penis still amazingly stiff -- drawing a long moan from his mother as he does before he tumbles onto his side, gasping for air.

Taylor collapses next to her mother, their faces just inches apart. Both struggle to breathe as they descend from the tremendous heights of their orgasms. When Taylor has her breath back, she says in a quiet voice, "Mom, I'm so sorry for all those terrible things I said and the way I acted. Can you forgive me?"

Lori, already wiping tears of pleasure out of her eyes, begins to tear up anew as she reaches out and strokes her daughter's face. "Oh, Taylor, there's nothing to forgive," she says in a hoarse voice. She grins and says, "You were absolutely right about one thing. I definitely needed to get laid!"

Taylor laughs and leans over and begins showering her Mom's face with little kisses. When finally she brushes her mother's lips with her own, both women stiffen and then Lori raises her head and kisses her daughter more firmly, slipping her tongue into Taylor's open mouth!

Mother and daughter share a long French kiss, both leisurely and passionate at the same time while Dennis and Teddy look on in amazement. Teddy has an evil grin on his face as he watches his mother and sister kiss while Dennis sighs and says in an almost reverent voice, "I give thanks to thee, Lord, for showing me the glories I have ever been too blind to see!"

Teddy's cock, now at half mast, begins to recover and even his middle aged father is aroused by the sight. Teddy grins at Dennis and says, "Amen, Dad!" and returns to stare at the two beautiful women.

Lori gives a happy sigh and then almost purrs as Taylor begins nuzzling and licking her throat, lapping up the fuck-sweat, trailing her tongue down from her mother's neck towards her pert breasts. Lori looks upwards on the bed where her husband is watching her and their daughter with lustful delight. "Baby...Dennis, is everything..."

Her husband smiles and nods before he replies, "It's all good -- we have had a revelation. Perhaps this is why we're here -- to see all the love God offers us that we ourselves deny. I love you, wife!"

Lori again tears up and says, "I love you, husband, now more than ever-OH!" She jerks in surprise as Taylor closes her lips around her mother's swollen nipple and less than gently bites down. Lori purses her lips and blows a kiss to her husband before returning her attention to her daughter who is eyeing her as she sucks her mother's breast.

Taylor's face is full of mischief as she makes her mother groan by tugging on her nipple with her teeth. Finally letting it slip from her mouth, Taylor says in a teasing voice, "Mom, I smell cum! I smell a cunt full of hot, nasty Teddy cum!" The girl kisses her way down her mother's stomach, taunting Lori as she goes. "It smells so good, Mom. Hot jizzum, hot son cum inside a nasty pussy!" Taylor rolls her tongue across her mother's trimmed bush -- making a satisfied sound as she licks off flecks of semen and cunt cream.

"I'm going to eat your pussy, Mother," Taylor teases. "I'm going to suck Teddy's hot spunk right out of your mommy cunt!" The young woman, her strength recovered and now aroused as never before, climbs atop her mother straddling Lori's face -- her own cum filled cunt above her mother's own face. She waggles her hips, flaunting her pussy and flexing her cunt muscles causing a glob of sperm and pussy cream to fall and splatter on her mother's chin and neck.

"Are you hungry, Mother?" Taylor taunts her mom. "Are you dying to find out what Daddy's hot cum tastes like inside your little girl's twat?" With a growl, Taylor dives between her mother's thighs, her tongue lashing out to run the length of Lori's labia, slicing deep to scoop up her brother's cum.

"Ohhh Taylor, that's lov..." Lori moans before her words are muffled by her daughter's descending pelvis, grinding her bald mound against her mouth. Lori watches in delighted awe as mother and daughter slurp and lick each other's cunts. The room grows quiet except for the obscene noises of Lori's and Taylor's tongues and mouths devouring pussy and semen. Dennis and Teddy watch amazed, aroused and enraptured by the sapphic and incestuous scene before them.

Lori, her pussy already incredibly sensitized by the tremendous fucking by her son, succumbs first, her body beginning to writhe as Taylor's tongue and lips quickly bring her to a powerful orgasm. Taylor traps her mother's clitoris between her lips and seems to be humming as Lori screams and sobs, actual streamers of pussy juice ejaculating from her cunt.

As her mother's screams of pleasure fade, Taylor undulates her hips, rubbing her cunt over her mother's face and hisses, "I'm so close, Mom -- please don't stop. Lick my clitty -- suck it and lick it,

make me CUM, Mother!" Taylor tightens her thighs against Lori's face and digs her hands into her mother's tight cheeks and rolls them over, still locked in a sixty-nine, bringing her mother on top.

Teddy groans as he takes in his mother's face, red and glistening -- smeared with his father's sperm and his sister's juices. She eyes her son's again erect and throbbing cock and moans, "Fuck Mommy, Teddy!" before focusing on her daughter's pussy, spying Taylor's swollen clitoris and taking it into her mouth.

Taylor's response is immediate as her body stiffens as if electrified and we all hear her muffled sobs as Lori grinds her cunt down on her daughter's face. Lori, unused to female loving, perhaps is not gentle enough and Taylor's screams of pleasure overload reach her and she eases her grip on her daughter's throbbing nub.

Teddy glances at his father and says, "I gotta fuck Mom some more!"

He's not asking his father for permission, but Dennis nods anyway, his cock now stiff and long again. He and his son knee scramble on their knees until they are lined up with their hearts' desires. Dennis is between Taylor's twitching legs and when Lori senses his presence, she looks up just in time to see three quick spurts of cunt juice shoot from her daughter's cunt to splatter against Dennis's cock and groin.

Lori's eyes widen as she sees Dennis's angry shaft approaching and she groans, "Fuck her, baby! Fuck our little girl!" Dennis does or does not hear her. With the touch of his daughter's hot cream, he is consumed with lust and without hesitation, he rams his cock home, bringing more muffled screams from Taylor as he buries his penis inside her.

Teddy holds off long enough to see this happening, grinning as he moves behind his mother, hands taking hold of her ass and ogling the carnal scene of his sister licking their mother. He places his erection against the wide open folds of his mother's cunt, her flesh hot and glistening from her juices, his sperm and his sister's saliva. Taylor, despite being near mad with pleasure still has the presence of mind to abandon their mother's pussy for a moment and lick her brother's shaft.

"Oh Lord almighty!" Teddy gasps as he watches his sister somehow wrap her lips around his swollen cockhead and clean it of their mother's juices from earlier with her twirling tongue. Taylor gives him a last lick and wheezes, "F-fuck Mom! Fuck Mom now!"

Now comes Lori's turn to scream as her pussy, already quivering from their previous monster fuck and her daughter's tongue is again assaulted by his thick, erect penis! Seeking comfort, Teddy's mother presses her face into her daughter's naked flesh, currently engorged with Dennis's erect penis. Lori's fingers claw the mattress as she tries to find solace in licking her daughter's pussy and her husband's, her tongue slithering around Taylor's engorged clitoris.

Both women are soon exchanging moans as they duel to push each other past the breaking point, tongues rolling over aroused cunt flesh and licking pussy cream and semen from the constantly thrusting shafts. I am almost moved to tears as I see these four distinct individuals become as one, merging into one loving and incestuous entity bent only on giving and receiving pleasure -- no petty differences or hatreds or resentment, only love in its purest form.

For this family, time has no meaning as they glory in the wonder of their new found understanding of love and it seems as if the music of pleasure echoes off the walls of the I-Room for immeasurable hours before in a crescendo of sobs and cries, all four are in the throes of a mutual

orgasm that seems to go on and on forever before the family as one collapses in a weary and well deserved sleep.

I dim the lights and then observe that even exhaustion will not keep them from experiencing their new world. In near darkness throughout the night, kisses and caresses will be traded, pussies will be mounted and fucked sweet and slow, cocks will be tongued and sucked with sweet delight, cum from cunt and penis will be shared and shared again.

Like a family on the point of starvation given free reign in a buffet, Teddy and Lori, Dennis and Taylor will gorge themselves over the next several days, unable to keep their hands off each other. At first, they pair off, parent with child, Lori insatiable when it comes to her son's thick cock. The very act of kneeling in front of Teddy becomes a moving, religious experience as she seems to embody something both sacred and obscene in the intense loving way she sucks her son's cock.

Dennis fucks his daughter with the intensity of a new convert to the faith, his eyes almost glowing with new comprehension of the world. I have to wonder -- did Luther have the same intensity...were the evangelists of the Great Awakenings as profoundly affected as this man as he realizes that there is so much more to believe in? As he strokes in and out of Taylor's slick, wet pussy, he sings praises to his God, thanking his deity endlessly for allowing him the privilege of truly knowing his daughter.

As the days pass, I am pleased to see a rebirth in the romance of Dennis and Lori. By expanding their love to include their children, they have somehow rekindled what had been best a flickering flame into something akin to a raging fire. Taylor and Teddy will watch in awe as their parents make wild, passionate love, overjoyed at the happiness they have never seen before in their parents' faces.

Likewise, Dennis and Lori are enraptured as they watch their son and daughter fuck like mad beasts, Taylor driven almost insane by the intense pleasure Teddy's cock gives her. From the first, they come together like longtime lovers, almost by instinct knowing how to best please the other.

And Lori confesses to her family her utter delight in enjoying lesbian love, allowing Taylor (who will own up to being actively and enthusiastically bisexual since high school), to teach her how to better love another woman. Both women consider pussy a delicacy, even more so when filled with a generous amount of hot semen. Many hours will pass with the men recovering while enjoying the erotic spectacle of mother and daughter eating each other's wet pussies.

New experiences will be had by all -- perhaps none greater than Taylor's leading the men to take Lori together. Lori will weep with joy, suspended between her two male lovers -- her husband's long cock deep in her ass while her son fucks her pussy. She is like an erotic rag doll -- impaled on two large dicks, her body in constant frenzy as she savors being completely filled by cockmeat.

Taylor enjoys those moments too and does what Lori cannot. Although there is much screaming, sweating and pain, Taylor somehow worms her brother's thick penis into her asshole, her orgasm resembling nothing so much as an erotic seizure -- breasts bouncing madly as she comes again and again and then screaming herself hoarse with incestuous pleasure as her father mounts her as well, her long, athletic body trapped between Teddy's and Dennis's insatiable cocks.

I am a long time bringing this sexual spectacle of biblical proportions to a close. Ten days will pass after the family first understands the truth before I can bring myself to intrude on their incestuous Eden. All are resting on the bed after a morning of making love. Teddy is on his back with his mother curled up beside him. Lori is idly fingering herself, occasionally lifting a semen covered finger to her mouth to suck languorously while she waits for her son to recover. Dennis and Taylor

too have just finished making love. Dennis is on bottom, trying to catch his breath and his daughter is still riding him, making her orgasm linger as she works her cunt muscles around her father's shaft, delaying his eventual shrinking as she milks every little bit of sperm remaining in Dennis's cock.

"HAVE YOU FOUND ENLIGHTENMENT?" I say, scaring each of them momentarily. "HAVE YOU DISCOVERED YOUR TRUTH?"

The family look at each other, all eventually turning to the head of the family, knowing he should speak. Dennis sits up, wrapping his arms around his daughter, still slowly rocking on his dick. "I think we have found what you brought us here to find."

"AND WHAT IS THAT?" I ask.

Dennis pauses to consider his words, smiling as Taylor leans forward and nuzzles his neck, a little sigh escaping her lips. "The truth is...the truth is that we were blind. We did not see all the possibilities that God offers us -- all the ways of love that are there to be enjoyed and savored and relished."

"YES, THAT IS PART OF TRUTH. PLEASE GO ON."

Dennis nods and replies, "I think that here we found that we get too wrapped in old tradition and morals -- that we lost the meaning of what Jesus taught us -- that love is the greatest thing of all and that love is everywhere around us."

He glances over at Lori and smiles as he sees her slowly stroking their son's cock back to an erection. She is looking at her husband with loving pride and she looks up to the ceiling and says, "We learned that we shouldn't deny the love right in front of us and that love shared only produces more love."

"AND WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE -- WILL YOU CONTINUE TO PRACTICE THIS NEWLY DISCOVERED TRUTH?"

Dennis nods vigorously. "Absolutely!" He looks at each member of our family. "We have experienced a revelation of holy proportions. One would be a fool to deny God's offering of love. We will never give this up and we will, with the Lord's help, try and spread the word -- in our own way, join you in this missionary cause."

"THANK YOU -- I AM HONORED THAT YOU FEEL THAT WAY. I AM PLEASED TO HAVE HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF WITNESSING YOUR REBIRTH AND YOUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER."

I confess that I am sad to see them leave -- they embody so much what I believe and want to share with the world. Come morning, they wake up back in the world, dressed and in their family van not three miles from their home. As always, the media descends upon them after the authorities announce their safe return. The family is grilled mercilessly by the various involved law enforcement agencies. They provide no more insight into their abduction than any of the previous "victims."

As our government offers up its latest salacious scandal, the media will eventually abandon the family and they will try and pick up the old threads of their lives and attempt to weave their new understanding of the world with their old ways. It is difficult. Dennis is a changed man and his congregation quickly picks up on it. His sermons of hellfire and brimstone are replaced with impassioned sermons on embracing the love that Jesus offers -- to be like him and embrace the concept of loving your fellow man and woman. His traditionalist church is not amused.

Nor are they happy with the more affectionate and passionate woman who is Dennis's wife. She embraces life more freely than ever before, her happiness exhibited in the sexier clothes she wears and the attitudes she expresses. When Taylor, who four months after the ordeal becomes pregnant, it is clear to both the family and the church that they are not compatible any longer and Dennis offers his resignation.

At this point, I send my representative, both with the compensatory boon contained within the bank deposit book in their name, but with an offer. Many people in the world assume that the enlightened ones who embrace family love have no use for religion, but nothing can be further from the truth. We are of many faiths and we, like everyone else, have need of spiritual guidance. I have served in that capacity, but acknowledge that I am just a layman in such matters. Our island has need of a minister and though my representative, I offer Dennis the position and he accepts.

I will be in the third row when Dennis delivers his first sermon, praying for everyone to find their god's blessings. I will be there when his and Taylor's new daughter is christened and proudly accept the duty as little Tina's godfather, a duty I hope to be offered again when Lori gives birth to Teddy's child. Lori, wise as only a mother can be is correct. "Love shared only produces more love."

Again, I pronounce the I-Room a success. I offer up prayers of happiness, knowing it will not be the last.

The End...for now.